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QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

DURING the past decade all England has dated events from the Queen's Jubilee, when London went mad with loyal enthusiasm, and the great ones of the earth gathered to do homage to Great Britain's Queen. The fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation was then celebrated with a splendor that had never been equaled in the annals of history, and thoughtful people felt that the culminating event of her reign had been reached; but the good Queen's hold upon life has been as sturdy and unflinching as her administration of affairs, and the fleeting years have brought us to the threshold of a far more significant and unusual event,—the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee, which commemorates not only the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of "Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, and Defender of the Faith," but also the longest reign of any English sovereign. The achievements in this Victorian Age surpass the progress of any previous three hundred years; and to have given her name to this wonderful epoch in the

history of the world will be Victoria's greatest claim to enduring fame.

Queen Victoria, the sixth of the House of Hanover to reign in England, is the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and of Princess Louisa Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. George IV. and his brothers, the Duke of York and William IV., died without legitimate heirs, so on the death of the latter, in 1837, she became

Queen of England. She was born at Kensington Palace, London, on May 24th, 1819, and a month later was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, being called Alexandrina Victoria. The first name was in compliment to the Emperor of Russia, who was present at the christening; and the second name was after her mother. She was always in her minority called Princess Victoria.

It became apparent while she was a very small child that she would succeed to the throne on the death of her uncle William IV., and she was therefore trained and educated very carefully and with reference to her high destiny. Her father died in 1820, and the mother, having no private



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT EIGHTEEN.

fortune, was compelled to live rather narrowly, considering that she had in her household the Heir Apparent to the Crown, on the £6,000 yearly income allowed her by Parliament. The little Princess was not, however, told of her probable inheritance until she was twelve years old. She was educated in a wholesome and natural way, though she did not have the advantage of the companionship of other children. Her mother kept her as much as possible from contact with the profligate Court of George IV., and William IV. did not take great interest in his niece, as he cherished the hope to the last that Queen Adelaide would give him an heir. The chief teachers of the young Princess were the Rev. George Davys, afterward Bishop of Peterborough, and the Baroness Lehzen, a German woman of much faithfulness and some accomplishments.

After a long illness William IV. died at two o'clock on the morning of June 20, 1837. His death was expected, and a carriage was kept in waiting so that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain could carry the news instantly to Kensington Palace. The Princess was asleep. Being awakened she did not keep the messengers waiting, "but came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears

in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." When the messengers had made their announcement she turned to the Archbishop and said, "I beg your Grace to pray for me." This he did. Her first act was to send a letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide. Then she directed that the Privy Council should meet at eleven o'clock. Greville records that her graceful calmness and self-possession excited much praise and admiration, and the Duke of Wellington said that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. The young Queen was but eighteen, an age at which most English girls are not permitted to choose a bonnet, when she succeeded to this inheritance of responsibilities.

The day after her accession the Queen, with a splendid escort, drove to St. James's Palace to be proclaimed. Victoria and her mother, both dressed in mourning, escorted by the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lansdowne, appeared at the window of the Presence Chamber, the Garter King-at-Arms read the proclamation, then cannon in the Park fired the royal salute, which was answered from the Tower. Three weeks later the Queen took up her residence at Buckingham Palace, and shortly after she went in state



THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION, 1837.

to prorogue Parliament. She sat on a new throne in the House of Lords, and was invested by the Lords-in-waiting with a royal mantle of purple velvet. Fanny Kemble was present and has recorded that the voice of the Queen in reading her speech was exquisite. "The enunciation," she said, "was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen." It has not infrequently been said, in recent years, that Her Majesty speaks brokenly and with a German accent; therefore it is

interesting to recall what Fanny Kemble said of her first public utterance. In the autumn Parliament reassembled, and the Queen opened it in person. A bill was passed,



From a Painting by Sir George Hayter.

THE QUEEN IN 1838.

in "a liberal and confiding spirit," giving the new sovereign three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds a year. One of the Queen's first acts was to pay the debts of her father and mother.

Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, made himself very agreeable to the young Queen, and she appreciated his kindness and consideration. A parliamentary crisis arose and the Government was beaten. Lord Melbourne resigned, and Her Majesty sent for the leader of the opposition, Sir Robert Peel, asking him to form a Government. Now arose the first necessity for the sovereign to assert herself.

Sir Robert Peel requested that two of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, wives of political adversaries of his, be replaced. The Queen refused, saying to a friend, "They



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.



From a Photograph.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

wish to treat me like a girl; but I will show them that I am Queen of England." And so Lord Melbourne for the time remained in office, "protected," his opponents said, "by the petticoats of the women."

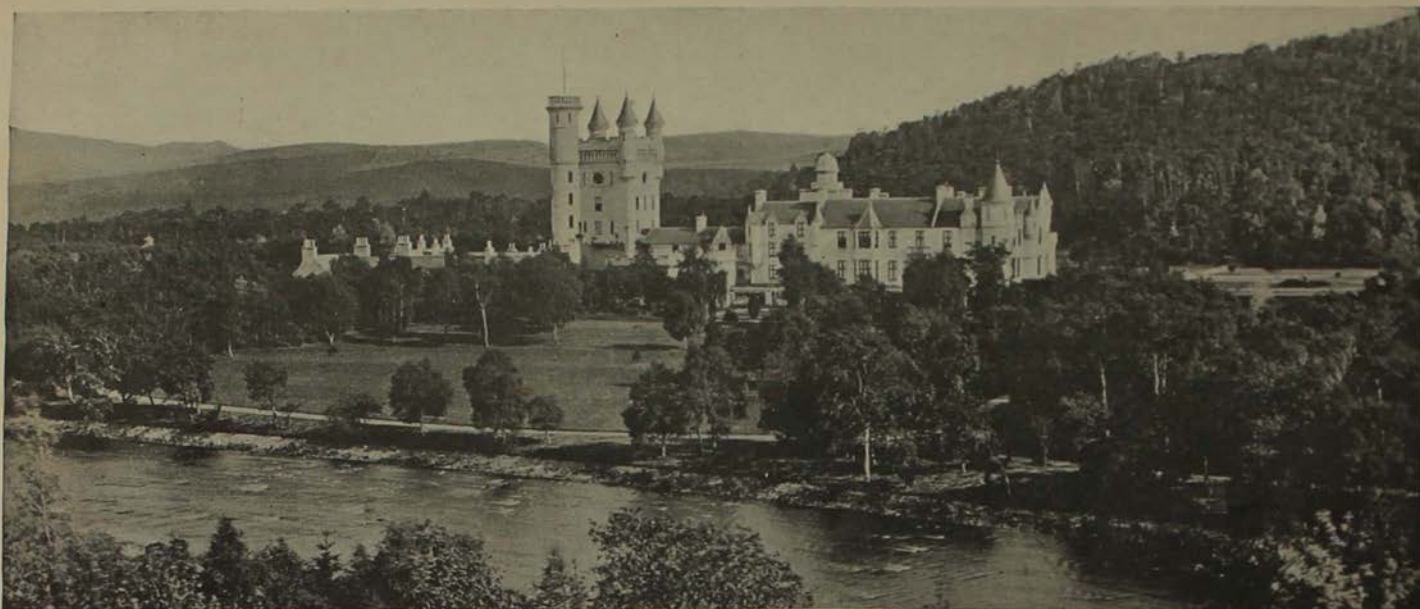
Queen Victoria's coronation took place on June 28, 1838. It was a splendid ceremony in Westminster Abbey, and the procession from Buckingham Palace and back was the most gorgeous seen up to that time in London. There was a great desire that the Queen should marry and secure the succession to the throne, as her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the next of the Hanover line, was sincerely detested by the people of England. Indeed, the Queen herself was not at this time popular, and was hissed several times in public. Political feeling ran so high that the partisans were sure that the young Queen was made use of. She recognized that it would be well for her to have a husband, and her choice fell on her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. These young people, about the same age, were genuinely in love, but the woman, being a sovereign, had to make the proposal. She had also to announce her betrothal to the Privy Council and to Parliament. In these announcements she failed to state that Prince Albert was a Protestant, and this gave rise to much talk and feeling. There was no law against a sovereign marrying a Catholic, but as Lord Brougham pointed out, "there is a penalty, and that penalty is merely the forfeiture of the crown!"

Prince Albert was naturalized on February 9, 1840, and the next day was married to the Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in West-

minster Abbey. After a wedding breakfast the young couple drove to Windsor Castle, the streets and roads for twenty-two miles being lined with people. The Queen's husband was a very handsome man and had many accomplishments, probably also a good deal of solid learning. It is hard, except by personal contact and observation, to get at the truth as to the learning of any royal personage. For a prince to know chalk from cheese is frequently considered by the courtiers to be evidence of great natural ability and profound scholarship; if a royalty can pick out a tune on a piano, here is musical genius, and so on. But Prince Albert must really have been a man of much more than ordinary ability, and he did a great service to his adopted country in the assistance he rendered to the Queen in the performance of her public duties. He acted as her private secretary, and assisted her in the consideration of the business which had to be brought before her. His place was a trying one, and it is doubtful if he ever really gained the affections of the English people, who persisted in regarding him as a foreigner,



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1847.



BALMORAL CASTLE.

and therefore as an unsafe adviser of the Queen, she being in her blood quite un-English. It is certain that at times he was most unpopular, and evidences of feeling against him were manifested as late as the Crimean War.

The Queen's first child, a daughter, was born November 21, 1840, and was named Victoria; she is now the Dowager-Empress of Germany. On November 9, 1841, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born, and there was great rejoicing in England. Princess Alice, afterward the wife of Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born on April 25, 1843; Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh), on August 6, 1844; Princess Helena, May 25, 1846; Princess Louise, March 18, 1848; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught), in 1850; Prince Leopold, in 1853; and Princess Beatrice, in the early part of 1857.

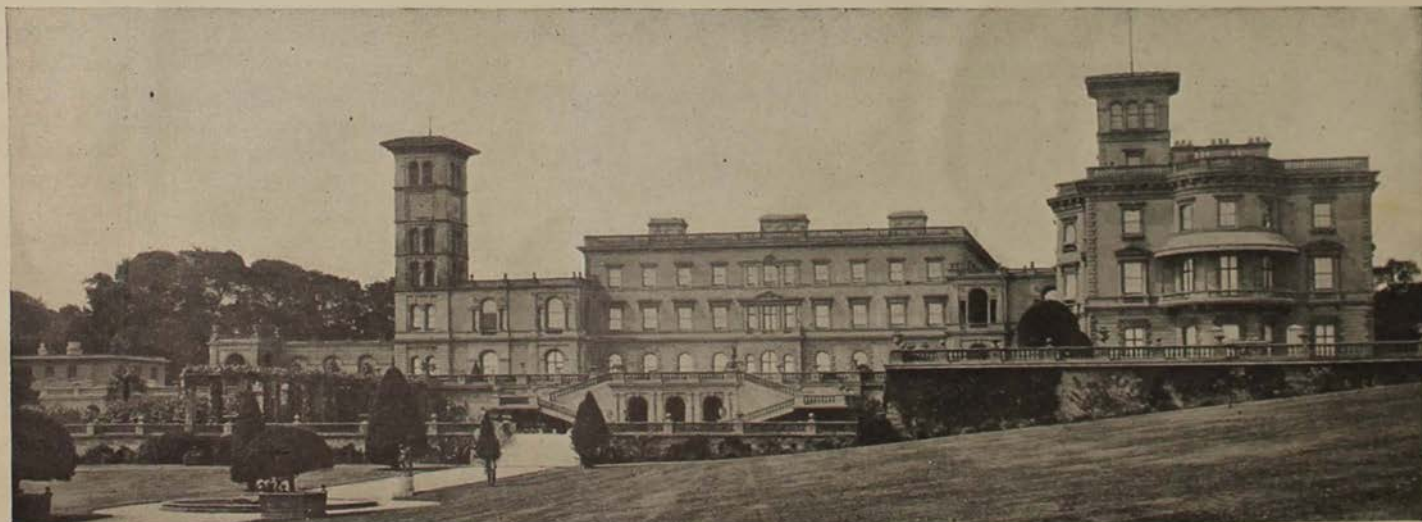
It is universally conceded that the Queen has been a model wife and mother. In the bringing up of her children she firmly repressed all inclinations toward airiness, and appears to have endeavored most sincerely to develop in her boys and girls that common sense which is her own most notable characteristic.

That the Royal Family could have a greater measure of privacy than was possible in the palaces in and near London, the Queen built Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral Castle, in the Highlands of Scotland. Neither of these places belongs to the Crown, and therefore while in residence at them the Queen does not have to keep up the fatiguing state ceremony which is said to be the plague of the life of a royal sovereign. The children,

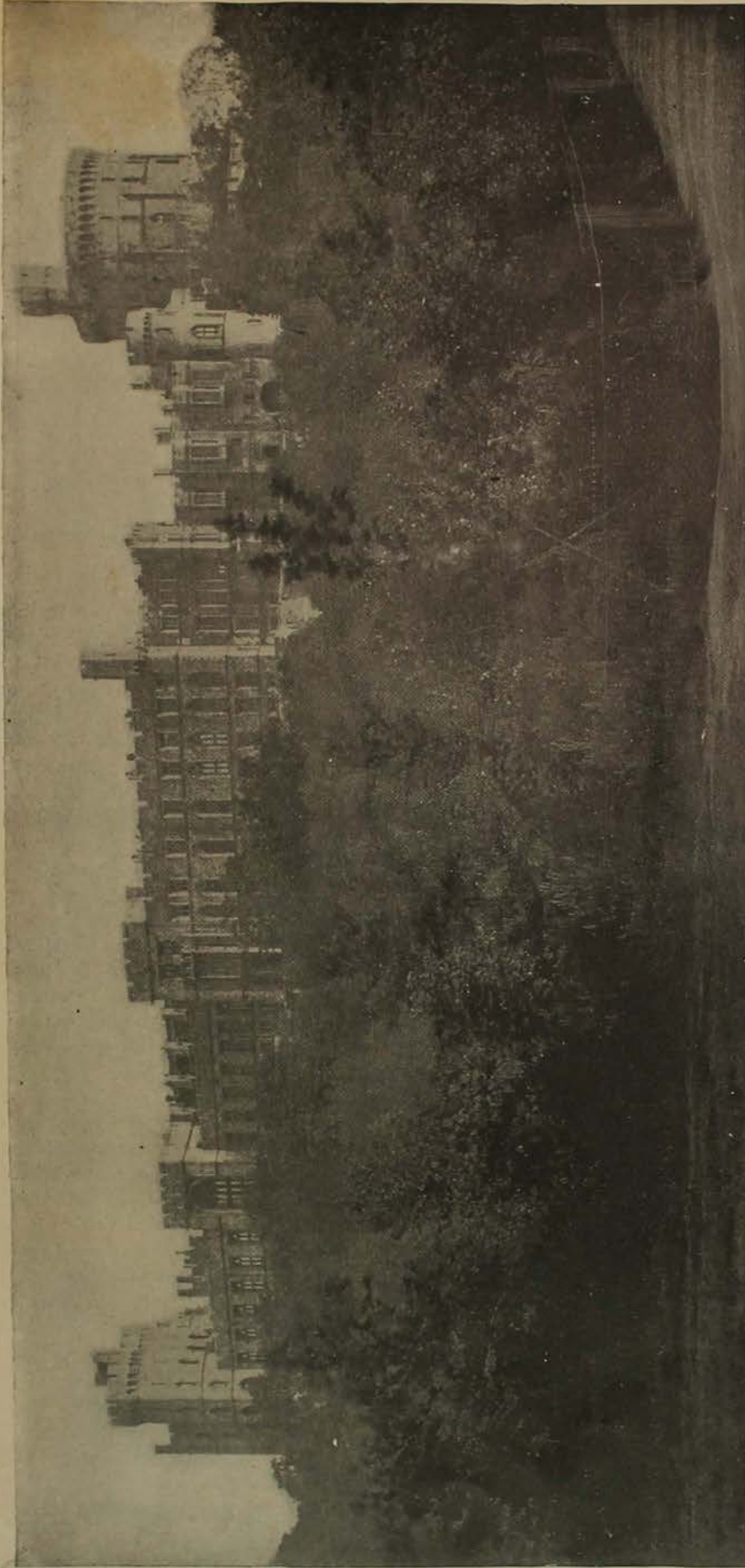


QUEEN VICTORIA AT EIGHT.

too, could live more out of doors and have more wholesome employments.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

visited Louis Philippe, King of France, and a few years later went to see Napoleon III., who had made himself Emperor. They entertained these two royalties in turn in England, and also many other wearers of crowns, including the Czar of Russia and the King of Belgium.

In 1861 Queen Victoria lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and in the last month of the same year the Prince Consort died. The Queen had been very happy in her married life, and there has never been a suggestion that she would marry again, though she was only a little past forty when she became a widow. For many years she appeared no more in public than she was obliged to, and delegated to her son, the Prince of Wales, those formal duties of ceremony which he could perform. The duties which attached to the Crown she continued, however, to attend to herself.

It is a mistake to believe that the duties of an English sovereign are purely formal. The sovereign in England is compelled to give personal attention to much of the business of state, and every now and then Queen Victoria has interposed her will and her wishes with such effect as to change the policy of the ministry governing in her name. Indeed, she rebuked Lord Palmerston, when Foreign Minister, for not consulting her regarding his dispatches; and later, for what she considered an indiscretion, she compelled his retirement from office. It is well known that in the "Trent affair" with the United States her intervention at the instance of Prince Albert prevented a declaration of war by Great Britain.

In nothing which the world at large can judge her by has Queen Victoria shown greater wisdom, diplomacy, and far-sightedness than in the marriages she has arranged for her children and grandchildren, by means of which England is united by the close bonds of family affection and interests to the most important monarchs of Europe. When, in 1863, the Prince of Wales married the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian, heir to the throne of impoverished Denmark, it did not seem a very important alliance, though it gave perfect satisfaction to the English people; and the moment she set foot on England's soil the Princess won their loyal devotion and enthusiastic admiration. But most important connections resulted, for the Princess of Wales' sister, Princess Dagmar, married the heir to the throne of

Soon after the birth of the Prince of Wales the Queen and her husband began making tours in their own country and abroad, and they continued these during the life of the Prince Consort. They visited various parts of England, then Scotland, and then Ireland. In Scotland and Ireland they were greeted with noisy enthusiasm. They

Russia, and is now the Dowager-Empress, mother of Nicholas II., Czar of Russia. The oldest brother of the Princess of Wales married a daughter of the King of Sweden and Norway; the King of Greece is also her brother, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark married Princess Marie of Orleans.

From a Painting by Winterhalter.



THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY, ABOUT 1846

Her Majesty's eldest child, Victoria, Princess Royal, married the Crown Prince of Prussia, whose tragically short reign as Emperor of Germany is one of the saddest events in the history of this royal family. She is the Dowager-Empress Frederick, and her son William is on the

throne. Of her eight children, six are living, and all are married, the most notable alliances being that of Prince Albert Henry to Princess Irene of Hesse,—sister of the Czarina Alexandra and the Grand Duchess Sergius,—and Princess Sophia Dorothea to the Crown Prince of Greece.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

The first wedding in the family of the Prince of Wales was that of Princess Louise Victoria, who, following the example of her aunt the Princess Louise,—Marchioness of Lorne,—married out of royalty. She has been the very happy wife of the Duke of Fife since 1889. Her brother, the Duke of York, married Princess Alice of Teck, and great interest is felt in his three children, as they are in the direct line of succession to the throne, which is now assured to the third generation.

The Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, only daughter of Czar Alexander II. and sister of the Czar Alexander III., thus, like his brother the Prince of Wales, becoming son-in-law, and afterward brother-in-law, to the Russian ruler. These close relations have greatly confused the public mind, and the fact that the present Czar is nephew of the English Princes has led some who should write with authority and accuracy to allude to him as the Queen's grandson. This he is not by ties of

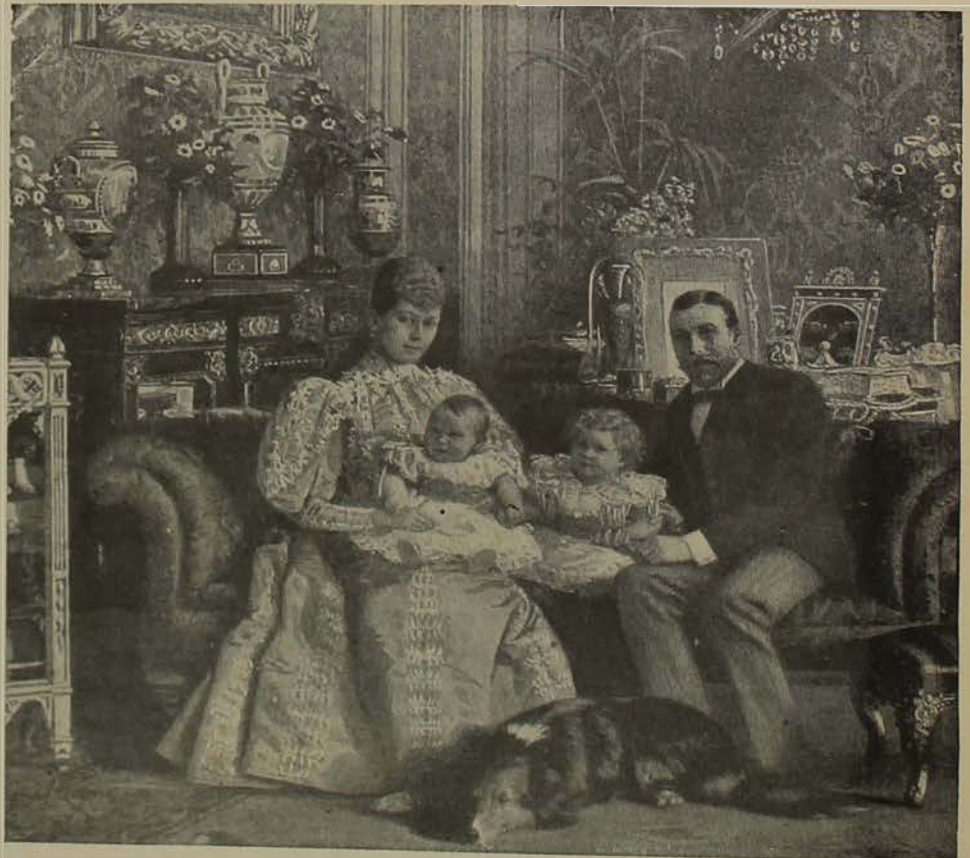
blood, only in law, through his union with Princess Alix of Hesse, dearly loved grandchild of her Majesty.

The Duke of Edinburgh inherited the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha from his uncle, Ernest II., and so of recent years has lived a great part of the year in Germany. Of his five children, three daughters are married, the eldest to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, and Princess Victoria Melita to Ernest Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse, and brother of the Czarina.

Her Majesty's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, married Princess Hélène of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a sister of the Queen Regent of Holland. His health was always frail, and he died some years ago, leaving two children who are the favorite cousins of Queen Wilhelmina.

Of Queen Victoria's large family, seven sons and daughters are living, and she has had thirty-nine grandchildren, who have given her twenty-seven great-grandchildren, making seventy-five descendants in all.

Early marriages have been



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THEIR ELDEST CHILDREN.

the rule in these royal families, and the announcement of the betrothal of Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen, granddaughter of the Dowager-Empress Frederick and eldest great-grandchild of her Majesty, to Duke Alfred, only son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, makes it not at all improbable that the good Queen may yet pose for a picture which will show us four generations of her children.

The widowed Queen has spent more and more of her time each year in the Isle of Wight and in the Highlands, and she has stayed in London and at Windsor Castle only when it was necessary. She has very frequently, also, gone abroad, visiting Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France. The Princess of Wales has always been most popular in England, and for many years she has relieved the Queen of the necessity for holding formal Drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace.

In 1877, at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli), the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. For many

years the majority of people in England were inclined to think that this was a mistake on the part of a minister with a too Oriental imagination; but of late years they have become accustomed to the title, and would not willingly suffer it to be dropped. In 1887 the Queen celebrated her Jubilee after a reign of fifty years. Only three other sovereigns of England ever reigned to celebrate such an anniversary; these were Henry III., Edward III., and George III. But Queen Victoria's reign has been the longest of any English sovereign, and much more glorious in those triumphs of peace which make a people greater and stronger than the bloody victories of the battle-field. Victoria will be remembered, not for what she did or refrained from doing, but on account of the great achievements of her subjects in art and in literature, and, most of all, in the applied sciences. These are making the Victorian Age the greatest in English history, and through them the Queen's name will gain an illustrious immortality.

VICTORIAN DRESSES.

REPRODUCED FROM PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA MADE DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF HER REIGN.



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No. 1.—Queen Victoria in the robe she wore at her coronation, which was of crimson velvet lined with ermine and bordered with gold lace, the sleeves trimmed with Honiton lace. No. 2.—The Queen at Brighton in 1840. No. 3.—Queen Victoria in fancy costume. No. 4.—Her Majesty reviewing troops in Hyde Park. The habit was of scarlet, trimmed with gold braid. No. 5.—The Queen in the habit she wore at a grand review of the troops in the Home Park, September, 1837. No. 6.—The Queen and the Prince Consort with their eldest children, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales.



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No. 7.—Her Majesty in her state robes. The skirt is of embroidered white satin, bordered with ermine; the overdress of red velvet trimmed with gold and lined with ermine. No. 8.—The Queen as she appeared at a review of troops in 1840. A large felt hat, feathers, and a veil were worn with the habit. No. 9.—Queen Victoria in walking costume, about 1839. No. 10.—Queen Victoria in 1838, wearing a house-gown of silk, with an embroidered black satin apron and a lace fichu. No. 11.—The Queen in 1841, in summer costume, holding the Prince of Wales. No. 12.—Her Majesty in her wedding gown. Robe of rich white satin trimmed with orange-blossoms, and veil of Honiton lace.

ENDURING.

I MADE this bitter bread myself ;
The flour was fine and white,—
How could I guess such bitterness
Dwelt in a thing so light ?

With my own hands I pluck'd the grapes
That spilled this awful wine.—
They looked so tempting and so fair,
Purpling upon the vine.

As some poor, starving bird, perchance,
Crouching on broken wing,
With sudden passionate memory
Of highest heaven might sing.

But ere my last note breaks and dies
I bow myself and drink
This awful wine, and eat this bread,
And murmur not, nor shrink.

But since I made the bread myself,
Myself plucked every grape,
I eat and drink,—their bitterness
I seek not to escape.

But sometimes—oh, I hunger so
For things I used to eat !—
I dare to sing a little song
Of luscious things and sweet,

ELLA HIGGINSON

THE LAST SIX MONTHS OF CAROLINE LENOX.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

I.

MISS LENOX moved as close to the partition as honor would permit. The partition divided the waiting-room and the consulting-office. Miss Lenox was in the waiting-room. Her niece was in the other. As she and Silvia had bowled along the brilliant avenue she suddenly pulled the check-cord, and the horses brought up in the most approved fashion before the stone monument to people's ills and nervous fancies which Dr. Goldthwaite called his home.

"Silvia," impressively said Miss Lenox, "I am going to consult Dr. Goldthwaite."

Her niece looked conscience-stricken, Miss Lenox thought, though she did not see Silvia's face at the time. But then, Miss Lenox was one of those favored people who gauge facial expression by the movements of the other portions of the anatomy. And Silvia became elaborately attentive.

"I did not know, auntie," she ventured, "that you were ill."

For answer, Miss Lenox gathered herself together preparatory to alighting from her carriage. She always said that not one woman in twenty knew how to descend from a carriage. "Do you care to come in?" she asked, civilly.

"If you wish to have me," returned Silvia, with meekness, "I will come."

Now the consulting of Dr. Goldthwaite had been the inspiration of the moment with Miss Lenox. She had for some days been conscious of an incipient attack of indigestion, brought on by Silvia's affairs, and she thought that here was a good chance to impress the girl with the terrible effects of her obduracy. For Dr. Goldthwaite was a specialist in heart troubles!—many nervous women imagine they have heart troubles, when it is only a slight disarrangement of the digestion,—so why not play the rôle of nervous woman for once in her life?

It was all done to impress Silvia, who knew that her aunt was the least nervous woman of her acquaintance. So into the luxurious waiting-room Miss Lenox preceded her niece. It was only to find that the eminent authority on cardiac irregularities was alone and would see her at once. Miss Lenox had rather expected about two minutes' preparation while another patient was undergoing diagnosis, and in those two minutes she might have arranged her inspiration with all manner of plausibilities. As it was, she was ushered at once into the august presence.

But Dr. Goldthwaite was scarcely an august presence with her; she had known him too long and had dined at too many tables with him for that. All the same the doctor was both pleased and surprised to see his present patient. But she went at the matter heroically, and described her symptoms with the utmost ingenuousness.

Of course she knew that he would smile and say that her heart was sound as it ever had been, and that a little stricter regimen as regarded her diet was all that was necessary after a social season when heavy dinners and late suppers had been the rule. He did all that she expected him to do, and told her there was nothing the matter with her. Then she talked gossip for a few minutes; Silvia in the adjoining room must be made to think that her aunt's case was serious and took time, and thus feel conscience-stricken more than ever. But it ended at last. Then the doctor came out with her into

the waiting-room, where he shook hands with Silvia.

"And now, doctor," that young lady proceeded to say, "I should like to consult you."

Miss Lenox wheeled round and stared at the girl. Silvia to wish to consult a specialist in heart troubles,—she whose hard heart went against the tenderest of aunts, who had cared for her since her babyhood, when her parents had died!

But Silvia had gone into the consulting-room and closed the door. Miss Lenox was furious. Had Silvia detected the ruse, found her aunt out, as it were, and did she wish to let her know that such was the case by imitating her in consulting Dr. Goldthwaite?

As has been said, Miss Lenox moved as near to the partition dividing the rooms as anything short of listening to what went on at the consultation would permit.

What she heard froze her. For in Dr. Goldthwaite's clear-cut tones came this dictum:

"Not six months to live."

She understood immediately. The words were not descriptive of Silvia's case, of course; what physician would tell a weak-hearted patient such a thing? It meant only one thing: that Silvia had indeed been impressed with the thought that her aunt was ill, and had determined to know the truth from the doctor. And he had told her, "Not six months to live!"

Miss Lenox gasped. Few of us could hear such a sentence pronounced on us and be exempt from the sensation that was now hers.

"Not six months to live!" Dr. Goldthwaite had naturally laughed at her and made her think she was only nervous; doctors always do so. She had come here in order to impress Silvia with the flagrancy of her obduracy in persisting in not giving up Lucius Barrington, and this was what had come of it,—"Not six months to live."

Then her heart *was* affected! Was it clot? Hardly that, for Dr. Goldthwaite had once told her, while he sat beside her at dinner, that you never know you have clot till it kills you, when such knowledge becomes about as useless as it well can be.

"Not six months to live!" Why, letting alone her indignation over Silvia's obduracy, she had never felt better in all her life. But that is the way it always is. The words buzzed in her ears; she knew not how long she stood there, though she was conscious of the wish that Silvia might not find her thus; she hated weakness, she must pull herself together; Silvia must find her as usual when she came in.

When Silvia *did* come into the waiting-room Dr. Goldthwaite accompanied her. He turned to Silvia's aunt.

"I presume I shall see you at Mrs. Gordon-Foxe's dinner to night?" he said.

It seemed heartless to ask her such a question at such a time; not six months to live, and yet expected to go out to dinners,—and by your own physician, too.

But Silvia was looking at her, so she told him yes, she was going to that dinner; told him boldly and haughtily yes, and even added: "And I trust I may have a pleasant man allotted to me. The Gordon-Foxes are so scientific one usually has protoplasm and animalcules in evening coats to sit beside one at table."

Dr. Goldthwaite, though he seemed to regard this as a personal thrust, cordially bade her good-morning.

She hardly expected Silvia to be talkative when they were once more in the carriage, for she made up her mind that by arrangement everything was to be done to make the woman who had not six months to live believe she had the whole of time before her, and as Silvia had been sullenly quiet for some time past, that order of things must not now be interrupted and so alarm the sick woman. But she detected a kindness in Silvia's silence, and she resented it. More, on alighting at home, Silvia must needs hold out her hand to assist her aunt. Miss Lenox waved her aside; she might have less than half a year to live, but she would not have any advantage taken of her for all that.

She sailed up the wide staircase as usual. Another of her sayings was that not one woman in twenty-five knew how to ascend a flight of stairs. But once in her room, she sank upon a chair and did not attempt to remove her outer wraps. She sat there looking at nothing. Then a fierceness came to her; she was no coward, and what she knew she was right in she would carry out, despite the sentence to which she had been condemned. There should be no weakness in this matter.

A grim smile touched her face, which at forty was said to be finer than ever before. She felt like one of those gladiators who went into the arena knowing they should never leave it alive, yet bravely hailing the Cæsar who relegated them to useless fighting and spoke of their bravery when praise was silence in their ears. Those gladiators were consistent. She, too, would be consistent. And the consistency in this case should be her dislike of Lucius Barrington as a nephew-in-law.

For what had she trained Silvia and made her a belle in her first season? Surely it had not been that she should marry a poor young lawyer who had little to recommend him but some talent, ambition, and reprehensible fondness for Silvia.

From the first she had told herself that Silvia should make a brilliant match; she had given herself up to the welfare of the girl, and the climax of that welfare meant a suitable settlement. And she would not permit any change in her plans. Much might be accomplished in six months; dynasties had been lost and gained in that time. The season was on the wane, and London and St. James's might work wonders for Silvia in the spring—wake her ambition and emulative womanhood, and all that sort of thing. She checked off on her fingers how long she might go on without succumbing.

All at once she let her hands drop. Why had she not thought of that before? Why, she had a further hold on the girl; Silvia, knowing her aunt's physical condition, would not thwart her in the slightest, fearful of consequences. Well! Wasn't it Scott who had said, "Better a short time of fullest life than a long period of negative existence," or something to that effect? Yes, she would have the fullest life possible, for the time was short; the shorter it was, the fuller it must be, heathenish though that might sound, and like "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

She did not again see Silvia till it was time to start for the Gordon-Foxes'. Miss Lenox had taken special pains with her toilet, and the new excitement had added a lustre to her eyes and heightened the bloom on her cheek. Silvia exclaimed when she saw her.

"How lovely you are, aunty," she said—and she had not ventured on such familiarity for weeks before. Miss Lenox set down the expression of admiration to what Dr. Goldthwaite had told her niece in his consultation-room, and she prized it accordingly.

She was harsher than her wont all the way to the Gor-

don-Foxes', and effectually put a stop to any blandishments Silvia, in acute atonement, might have felt called upon to bring to the fore. She felt exhilarated, almost wildly gay; even when she saw that Lucius Barrington was among the guests, she was not cold as she had been lately when she met that young man.

He came up to her, wearing a flower in his coat. It seemed that the shortened span of her life already made her perceptions keener than formerly, for now she noticed that he was a very well-favored young man, and that he had about him an air of distinction and leadership but infrequently met with in young men in these days of general likeness. No, she had nothing against Lucius Barrington, except Silvia; he was no match for Silvia.

"I believe," he said, "I am to take you down to dinner, Miss Lenox."

She laid her gloved fingers upon his black sleeve and joined the little procession that was moving from the drawing-room.

In the dining-room she seated herself in her place,—Miss Lenox said not one woman in a dozen knew how to sit down at table. She looked about her and saw that Silvia was joined in prandial wedlock with a lovely old man of some three-score years, who had discovered things about microbes and made your meals a torture. She turned to Lucius Barrington.

"What delightful people the Gordon-Foxes have at their dinners," she said as she removed her glove and looked at her niece's partner.

"Very," assented Barrington, also looking at the man beside Silvia. "Very. So restful and all that."

It was notorious that Barrington was of a jealous turn, but who could be jealous of three-score years and microbes?

"The pity of it is," Miss Lenox went on, dallying with her oyster-fork, "Silvia and I shall have few more such delightful meetings. We go to London next month."

She knew that Barrington's heart gave a jump by the way he disposed of his "Blue Point."

"Do you," he asked after a while, and as casually as he could, "stay long?"

"Indefinitely," answered Miss Lenox, with sweetness. "Indefinitely." She afterward said that Barrington uttered not another word during the meal, and that he seemed to think the different courses mere theatrical viands, made to be looked at.

When they were once more in the drawing-room Dr. Goldthwaite approached her. She saw great interest in his eyes, and put it down to what he had told Silvia in his consultation-room in the morning, that her life was a mere forfeit.

"Oh, doctor," she said, beamingly, "how delightful it must be for you to so combine science with society. I believe I have met you out a dozen times this month."

"Perhaps," retorted he; "I have not been out the thirteenth time."

The hidden meaning of this speech did not strike her at once. When it did she experienced a little shock; he had known of her condition a long time, and had attended those social functions where he knew she would be, in order to look after her in case of accident; he had done this for sake of old friendship; she saw it all. When this thought assailed her she felt strangely old; she looked round for Silvia. Silvia had just parted with Lucius Barrington and was coming toward her aunt with a very pale face.

"Aunty," she said in haste, "you know we have Mrs. Cummings's dance. Shall we go?"

Miss Lenox positively dimpled. It was working beau-

tifully; Silvia, fearful of the consequences to her aunt, had given her lover his *congé*; at that moment Miss Lenox was as sure of this as she was some hours later, when her niece told her that such was the case.

Miss Lenox took leave of Mrs. Gordon-Foxe. Another saying of hers was that not one woman in ten knew how to take leave of a hostess. As she was entering the hall Dr. Goldthwaite crossed her path.

"One moment," he said, with terrible directness. "I should like to see you to-morrow. At what hour shall I call?"

At what hour should he call!—Dr. Goldthwaite, who seldom called on his patients. Her case must be imminent, indeed. But she was brave; he could not tell her more than she already knew, even though he felt that he must come and see her and warn her as to her condition, perhaps advise her not to go out so much.

"Oh," she said, easily, "you know we have instituted five o'clock tea."

"Say three o'clock," he returned, incisively, "when you will be alone."

When she would be alone! Of course; who ever heard of a physician prescribing for his patient in the presence of a dozen chattering people?

"Three," she answered. "I shall certainly be alone at three."

He went all the way to the carriage with her, so solicitous of her was he, so careful. She could have laughed in his face. She made some happy remark about the dance she was bound for, and how she enjoyed such things. His only rejoinder was to ask: "Is your wrap warm enough?" At which Silvia leaned forward and dragged the satin affair across the jeweled throat of her aunt.

Miss Lenox pushed her hand aside. "I like it that way," she said, crisply, and, nodding to the doctor, gave the coachman the signal for moving.

II.

At the Cummings's dance Silvia was distraught, her aunt thought dowdy. As for Miss Lenox, she was perfect. It had been said all winter that Caroline Lenox, at forty, could carry it off against the freshest of "buds" when she chose to exert herself. She chose to exert herself to-night. It had also been said that at forty Caroline Lenox might have married any man she elected. To-night even the men she would never have thought of electing said that she was the handsomest woman in the room and didn't look a day over twenty-five, sir,—or twenty-seven at the utmost. But it palled upon her at last, and in the midst of a French vicomte's description of his ancestral chateau which sadly lacked a mistress, she rose and indicated with her eyebrow to Silvia that it was time to go. Miss Lenox always said that not one woman in five hundred knew how to telegraph with the eyebrow.

All the way home she was chatty, while Silvia had not a word to say; at which her aunt waxed merry, promising that this silence was occasioned by anxiety for the invalid. And, odd to relate, Miss Lenox felt not a bit tired, and before to-night she had owned that this season had been particularly wearing.

When she had dismissed her maid she sat before the low fire in her dressing-room. The vague, confused night-noises of the street came faintly to her,—the roll of a carriage, a man's laugh, a far-off bell.

There was so much for her to do and so short a time in which to do it. She loved Silvia, and wished to do the best with her and for her. Silvia must make a brilliant marriage, and have done with sentimental nonsense.

As for herself, she had never been sentimental but once in her life, and that had been twenty years ago, when young Guy Goldthwaite had come home from his German studies with all in the world to make for himself. Her father, after some uncomfortable time, had made her see how preposterous all that nonsense was, and she had owned that he was right. How strange it was, though, that this same Guy Goldthwaite should have pronounced her sentence of death only this day. It was lugubrious, this thought of the end of it all, and yet it was interesting.

There was so much for her to do. To-morrow,—or was to-morrow already here? How fast the time would fly now! To-morrow, then, she must engage state-rooms for the voyage of next month. And then,—Well, it really was odd that Guy Goldthwaite was coming to-morrow to tell her what she already knew—that she had not six months to live. How glad she was that she knew it before he told her. She had always been cool and nerveless in her acquaintance with him, even when she had turned from him twenty years ago, and did it so gracefully that she salved any feelings of defeat he might otherwise have had. Miss Lenox said not one woman in a hundred knew how to reject a suitor so as to retain his friendship afterward.

But there were other things to do besides arranging Silvia's marriage with a yet unselected scion of a wealthy and prominent house. Miss Lenox had never made a will. She thought of her will now. Her will!

Of course her fortune should go to Silvia, if Silvia did as she wished her to do. Otherwise? Well, there were a dozen charities Miss Lenox subscribed to, and one of those ought to come in for the lion's share, calling it "The Lenox Memorial." She was on the point of deciding between the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen and the Asylum for Foundlings, when a low knock came on her door. She knew that it was Silvia, and she knew what brought her there, though perhaps she was scarcely prepared for the ghastly face of the girl.

Silvia seated herself at her aunt's feet and looked into the little flare of the fire.

"Aunty," she said, in a low tone, "I can no longer bear this estrangement that has come between us. I should be untruthful if I said I did not understand it. I do understand it, and I have removed the cause of it. I told Lucius—Mr. Barrington—to-night that he need not call on me again."

She said it so listlessly, so slowly, that Miss Lenox was amazed. This was the girl who, only a few weeks ago, had angrily denied her aunt the right to separate her from the man of her choice; the girl who had said, like the heroine in a cheap novel, that she would rather share a crust with Lucius than a feast with another husband.

Miss Lenox looked down at the white, drawn face. Then she understood it all. Silvia was repressing all expression of emotion, fearful of its effect on her aunt, whose life hung in the balance. All the same, Miss Lenox could not help experiencing a feeling of contempt for the girl who could thus easily rid herself of the man she said she loved. She recalled some stormy scenes in her own life, before her father had made her acknowledge the correctness of his strictures regarding beggarly young medical practitioners. And yet, Silvia had done as she wished and had long tried to make her do, and which she would not have done had her aunt not been in immediate peril of dissolution.

"You could hardly have done otherwise," she said, dryly, "under the circumstances. It was all very foolish, you and that young man. Now leave me, please; it is time we were both sleeping. Good-night."

Silvia rose and moved toward the door. Then, with a rush, she came back and flung herself at her aunt's feet, exclaiming :

"You will not even kiss me, when you know how much I have given up for your sake;" but, without waiting another second, got to her feet and, like a little fury, flew from the room.

Miss Lenox breathed heavily. It was like a chapter out of her own life, this passion subsequent to enforced calmness. It was a repetition of scenes with her father twenty years ago.

Her cheval-glass confronted her. She suddenly became conscious of a chill. The fire had grown ashy ; she would better go to bed. She rose in silken dressing-gown, her still beautiful hair in a great plait over each shoulder. She looked in her glass. She was glad it was over with Barrington. Now for London and success. To-morrow she would see about the state-rooms, and—yes, send for her lawyer to come to her about her will.

Her will ! A strangeness touched her. Looking at her reflection in the glass it was almost as though she looked upon another woman, to whom she had suddenly become an object of great interest.

Her will ! She was about to give away what was her own, all that was hers, and which had helped to make her of account. Now it must go from her ; she could take nothing out of the world with her. Out of the world !

The face confronting her in the glass had grown old, and the eyes were startled. It was as though the woman whose face she saw there put to her questions of strange significance.

What had she in the world but what the world had given her ? What had she done with the great gift of life which had been accorded her ? These seemed to be the questions.

Nearer and nearer she brought her face to the face in the glass, fascinated, helpless. Had she been selfish to the uttermost, vain, inconsequent ? What good had she done ?

The lips of the face in the glass moved and she heard that question asked and asked in the quiet room :

"What good have you done ? What good have you done ?"

She had not six months to live, and what good should she do, even at the last ? "What good have you done ? What good have you done ?" What good was there in the world but that which soared above the world ?—love and all its attributes, loving kindness, gentle forbearing, unselfishness. She had been kind to Silvia, but had it been loving kindness when she would deprive her of love ? She had been gentle with Silvia, but had she been gently forbearing ? Had she been unselfish in her desire for a brilliant marriage for Silvia ? What had she done in the world ? She had not six months to live, and yet she planned for that length of time, and planned only a furtherance of vanity and selfishness. Must she go out of the world worldly, of the earth earthy, leaving life but little better because of her having called it hers ? She had brought nothing into the world and it was certain she could take nothing out of it. What did it mean but that she had never given herself up from herself ? Never ! Oh, think of that time, twenty years ago, when young Guy Goldthwaite had stood before her, loving, but fearing to speak ! He had never married, and he was coming to-morrow at three to warn her to be careful of her short tenure of life.

Her life ! She tried to smile at the face in the glass, but it looked out at her with terror in its eyes. Six months ? Why not six days ?—six hours ? And she had

sent Lucius Barrington away from Silvia ! She herself had never married because she had never let another man come into her thought after Guy Goldthwaite was put aside, and yet she was forcing upon Silvia the untold misery of marrying without love. Not six months to live, and till the very last bent upon giving pain ! Silvia's mother had loved her husband ; must she go and meet Silvia's mother's eyes and all the blame in them ? Love ! All the world, all of heaven, time, and eternity, were but the apotheoses of love, divine, unending, and in her was the power to do as the Greater Love would have her do. Not six months,—not six months ! The face in the glass told her how hers would look at the last.

Her hands outstretched, she sped away from the glass, out into the hall, and so to Silvia's room.

"Child !" she cried out, "hold me !—hold ! I have seen myself face to face. Hold me !—hold me !" —and fell in a heap upon the floor.

In the morning she would not leave Silvia's chamber ; she lay there till noon. Her own room seemed haunted by herself as she had suddenly seen herself, an accusing ghost. She felt changed, marvelously changed, as though some shadow had gone out of her life and left it clean and spotless.

She thought little of what Dr. Goldthwaite had said to Silvia in his consultation-room ; there was but one thought in her mind, and that was for Silvia. She must recall Lucius Barrington. She wrote a note to him, an humble note, in which she took upon herself all the blame of Silvia's act of the night before, and signed it "Caroline Lenox, a woman who has not six months to live."

She felt happier than she had been in years, she told herself. Little tendernesses she had once known came to her now, though she had long ago relegated them to the limbo of hysterical foolishnesses. She handed one of the maids a hundred dollars because cook had told her last week the girl was about to be married. She sent for the coachman and gave him the means of getting his little son the high-priced appliances which should enable him to walk. She thought of a hundred things money might do and make life brighter for many, and she determined to do them.

At two o'clock she sent Silvia out for her usual walk, and watched her tenderly as she put on her hat. She looked at her till the door closed on her. When she was alone the fear came to her that Barrington would not heed her note. In this she was mistaken. Barrington came a few minutes after Silvia had gone from the house.

"I would not have come," he told her at once, "except for the last line of your note,—that line regarding the serious condition of your health. I trust that you mistake the character of your illness.

"Never mind me," she interposed. "Never mind me. It is Silvia."

When he would have hung back she urged, entreated. And then she commanded with the authority of a woman who made the last request of her life.

Still he demurred.

"Then you do not love her," she said, sharply. "Is that it ?"

The light in his eyes contradicted this.

"And she loves you," she went on, almost in tears. "It was all my fault. I demanded of her what no one has the right to demand from any human soul,—the giving up of her heart's purest and dearest wish. Go to her ! go to her !" She scarcely knew what she said, only that she was pleading, unselfish, loving, and gentle as she had never been before. "Go to her ! go to her !"

And she conquered. When her maid came to tell her

that Dr. Goldthwaite was in the drawing-room Barrington said he would go and try to find Silvia. She knew that he knew precisely where Silvia went for her walks, but she called him back and gave him minute instructions. Then she took his face between her two hands and kissed him.

"As Silvia's mother would have done," she said, and so dismissed him.

When she entered the drawing-room Dr. Goldthwaite was standing beside the mantel. She went up to him, her hand held out.

"I know why you are here, Guy," she said. She called him by his name as she had not done in twenty years.

A rush of color dyed his face. But it seemed he had nothing to say, and this arrested her. She slipped into a low divan, motioning to a chair opposite.

"Yes," she went on, "I heard you tell Silvia yesterday. I know it all."

He looked at her.

"It is not so hard now," she said, "as it might have been. I am thankful I heard it. It has shown me the weakness of my life and its selfishness. I shall do all that I can to amend many things——"

"But," he interrupted, "I do not understand you."

"Ah!" she smiled, wistfully. "Last night I had my agony and my waking. You ought to understand me; you used to say that you did."

"I used to say," he blurted out, "what I say now, and what you know is true, and which your comprehension of me when I told you last night that I should see you this afternoon proves that you know,—that I love you."

She drew back.

"It is kind of you," she said. "Everybody lets me rule, as usual. Yes, I believe that I was something to you in the old time. But that is all over, and the confession of it on your part need not precede the sadder thing you have come to tell me,—that I have not six months to live."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

She saw that something was wrong.

"Did you not tell Silvia, in your office yesterday," she said, "that I had not six months to live?"

"I did not!" he answered hotly.

"But I heard you," she persisted.

"I said no such thing," he cried. "You are in perfect health. What I did say to Silvia was, that if she persisted in worrying, as I saw that she was worrying, *she* would not live six months. I made it extravagant so that I might impress her with the nonsense of her having anything to worry her. That is what I said."

Miss Lenox collapsed. She had been selfish, as usual. She had even appropriated the last six months of Silvia's life.

"Caroline," pursued Dr. Goldthwaite, "you surely did not think that I wished to see you alone this afternoon to tell you that you had little of life left you?"

She let her head fall.

"Dear girl," he went on, "I came to press my old suit of twenty years ago. Selfish? Yes, if you can truthfully say that I am nothing to you, that you will let me go out of your life once more,—if you say that you have not known that I have gone into society this winter only that I might meet you."

Poor Miss Lenox! She put both her hands up to her face. She had accomplished something through her sad selfishness of thinking that what the doctor had told Silvia in the consultation-room referred to herself,—she had made Silvia and her lover happy, she had made a servant happy, she had benefited the son of a coachman. But it had not entered her mind, so bewildered at this moment, that Dr. Goldthwaite,—oh, well! well!

"Caroline," he was saying, rather impatiently, "thank Heaven for your mistake if it prevents your making a greater one. Dare you tell me that I am nothing to you? You know I have ever loved you alone and lived in my thought of you. We are not so young as we were when a sad mistake parted us, but your kindness to me then gave me hope, and the hope will not die unless you bid it die to-day."

Oh, the confusion and bewilderment that were hers!

"Place your hand in mine," Dr. Goldthwaite went on, masterfully, "and let that be your answer to all my years of waiting. Not six months to live? Not as Caroline Lenox. Shall it be so? For——"

Now Miss Lenox always said that not one woman in fifty could accept a husband gracefully.

THE END.

WE TWO IN ARCADIE.

WE two have been to Arcadie—
But it was long ago;
The wild syringa blossomed there,
Gold hearts set sweet in snow,
And crimson salmon-berry bells,—
Ah, me, so long ago!

We two went into Arcadie
Without one backward glance:
Deep thro' the brown breast of the earth
The sun had sent his lance,
And every flower straightway sprung
Up from her long, sweet trance.

We two alone in Arcadie!
The road thro' forests ran,
A silver ribbon; and we heard
The mellow pipes o' Pan,
And followed as he fled thro' lights
Of green and gold and tan.

We two went on thro' Arcadie
In joy too deep for words;
The little clouds were tangled in
The tall tree-tops like curls.
We heard the stammering speech of rills
And the passion-calls of birds.

Ah, me, from pleasant Arcadie
We two came out,—alas!
No more to lie beneath the trees
In the pale-green velvet grass,—
To listen to the pipes o' Pan
And hear his footsteps pass!

Still, still, I know in Arcadie
The blossoms fall like snow
On happy lovers,—as they fell
So long, so long ago!
But, oh, my love, thro' Arcadie
No more shall we two go!

ELLA HIGGINSON.

OLD TRINITY AND ITS TOMBS.

TRINITY CHURCH, with the God's-acre around it, constitutes a shrine which no stranger within our gates neglects to visit, and which is an object of familiar veneration to all New Yorkers.



REV. DR. MORGAN DIX,
RECTOR OF TRINITY.

Mother of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, it celebrated during the first week in May the bicentennial anniversary of the founding of the parish. Occupying the site consecrated by it from Colonial times, the church building to-day stands in the commercial heart of the city, surrounded by dizzy modern structures that overtop the very cross upon its steeple. It is a lull in the roar of Broadway, an eddy in the rushing tide

of life, a *memento mori* at the head of Wall Street.

The antithesis of the peaceful churchyard and the rush and turmoil that fret around it favors a certain mood of reflection; and, no less than the royal tombs of Westminster Abbey, its lowly monuments may inspire the pilgrim's mind, as Addison says, "with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable." Lingering there to-day, one finds himself lapsing into sympathy with those quaintly carven heads of stone, that from imperturbable sepulchres smile their smile of bitter irony upon the procession of careworn men wending feverishly to the Stock Exchange.

The first of the three churches that have occupied the site on which the present Trinity Parish Church stands was begun A. D. 1696, finished and dedicated to divine service in 1697, exactly two centuries ago. There is at least one tombstone in the churchyard to-day antedating the dedication of the original church building by several years. But this merely shows that the occupant of the grave, one Richard Churcher, died in 1681, not that he was buried here, or the stone put up, in that year. Few, if any, other tombs bear dates more ancient than the beginning of the eighteenth century. From that time on, until within fifty years of the present day, old Trinity saw many a notable interment. While on the subject of the century-old gravestones, it is interesting to note in the Colonial newspaper, the *New York Chronicle*, of date October 5, 1769, the advertisement of Anthony Dodane, marble, tomb, and head-stone cutter, "at the back of the Old English Church, *betwixt Marston's and Laffart's Distileries.*" Thus early was the need of a Raines law foreshadowed!

William III. was king, and Mr. Fletcher the provincial Governor, when, in May, 1697, divine service was first performed in Trinity Church, by the Rev. William Vesey, rector of the parish. The building was a small, square edifice, yet large enough to accommodate the Episcopal congregation until the year 1735, when an addition was made. In 1737 it was enlarged to its relatively noble size at the time of its destruction. This occurred in the great conflagration of the city, on the 21st of September, 1776; and the burning of the church "made one of the most awful parts of that dreadful spectacle." A local poet, whose name has fallen into oblivion well deserved, judging from the surviving specimen of his work, wrote

for *The New York Gazette, Revived in the Weekly Post Boy*, a kind of elegy, beginning:

"Come, see this Edfice in Ruin lye,
Which lately charmèd each Spectator's Eye:
See, and lament the well proportion'd Frame,
Consum'd by a relentless cruel Flame."

The following description of the church is by a contemporaneous chronicler: "It was a spacious and venerable edifice, 146 feet long, including the tower and chancel, 72 feet wide, and ornamented with a steeple 180 feet high.



TRINITY CHURCH, AT THE HEAD OF WALL STREET.

The inside of the building was decorated with a fine organ, several pieces of handsome painting, and some very beautiful marble monuments [among the latter, that of Sir Henry Moore, the only American ever appointed Governor of the Colony by the British Crown, and whose body was interred in the chancel in 1769]. From the size and height of this noble structure ; the simple stile of its architecture ; the Gothic arch of its windows, the glass of which was set in lead ; from the lofty trees which embosomed it and the graves and monuments of the dead that surrounded it on every side, it presented to the passenger a striking object of contemplation, and impressed him with pleasure, corrected by reverence."

The blackened ruin left by the conflagration was cleared away after the evacuation of the city by the British ; and the second Trinity Church, begun in 1788, was dedicated

The fane thus auspiciously dedicated housed the congregation for half a century until, in 1839, being considered in an unsafe condition, it was pulled down to make way for a new church, the Trinity of to-day. This edifice, built from the plans of the distinguished American architect Richard Upjohn, was begun in 1839, completed in the spring of 1846, and consecrated on Ascension Day, May 21, of the latter year. The handsome Gothic pile, of well-dressed brownstone from New Jersey, with its graceful flying buttresses, and spire uplifting the cross two hundred and eighty-four feet above the pavement, is one of the best-known church buildings in America. Many New Yorkers who are not yet aged can remember when the "new church" was approaching completion, and scaffoldings, sheds, lumber, and piles of stone held desecrating control over the many-tombed necropolis.



WASHINGTON, THEN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ASSISTED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SECOND EDIFICE BUILT ON THIS SITE.

in March, 1790. The *Daily Advertiser* of that date says : "The new church lately built in Broadway on the site of old Trinity Church, was yesterday solemnly consecrated and dedicated to the service of God, by the Right Reverend Father in God, SAMUEL [Auchmuty], Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York ; assisted by the several gentlemen of the clergy belonging to the church. A great number of people were assembled on this occasion. The President of the United States [Washington], together with the reverend clergy of the different denominations in the city, and many other persons of distinction, were present. An excellent sermon adapted to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Doctor Beach, from the 28th chapter of Genesis, 16th and 17th verses."

To the dead the passing centuries are but as a day ; the gravestones and their surroundings remain ever about the same, beneath the growing trees, the changing skies and seasons. So that upon passing within the inclosure of Trinity churchyard one finds a spot where Time stands still withal. The monuments are full of quiet confidences, sometimes tender and pathetic, often grotesque, worldly wise, or quaintly droll. On brownstone, granite, and marble, with numerous variations in wording, orthography, and punctuation, this hackneyed quatrain meets the eye :

"Remember me as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I,
As now I am, you soon will be :
Prepare for death, and follow me."



CHARLOTTE TEMPLE'S GRAVE.

It is enough to make one exclaim, with Elia: "Must every dead man take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, 'that such as he now is, I must shortly be'?' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters!"

Perhaps this was what caused Sidney Breese, who died in 1767, to yearn for something original in the way of an epitaph. His well-preserved headstone bears, after name and date, the legend: "Made by himself."

"Ha, Sidney, Sidney,
Lye'st thou here?
I here Hye
Till time is flown
To its extremity."

William Bradford, the Colonial printer, who died in 1752, aged ninety-two years, has a whole history engraved upon his tombstone, including the rhymed admonition:

"Reader, reflect how soon you'll
quit this Stage:
You'll find but few attain to such
an Age."

Trinity must have been a kind of "Little Church around the Corner" in its time, for here is the honored grave of an actor, marked by a very fit and modest epitaph: "Adam Allyn, Comedian, who departed this life Feb. 15, 1768. This stone was erected by the American Company as a Testimony of their Unfeign'd Regard. *He Posesed Many good Qualities.*"

On every side appear the ancient and honorable names of New York's burghers, such as the Delanceys, the Duanes, the Beekmans, the Clarksons, preserved in the nomenclature of city streets to-day. In such goodly company also sleep Francis Lewis, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a merchant prince of early Gotham; Marinus Willett, soldier, and a mayor of the city; General John Lamb, the first collector of the port; the "worshipful and worthy John Cruger, Esquire, a most tender and indulgent Parent, a kind Master, an upright Magistrate, and a good Friend;" and Mrs. Clarke, wife of a Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, a lady of noble birth, "a most Affectionate and Dutiful Wife, a Tender and Indulgent Parent, a Kind Mistress and Sincere Friend." A few paces distant, and—hush!

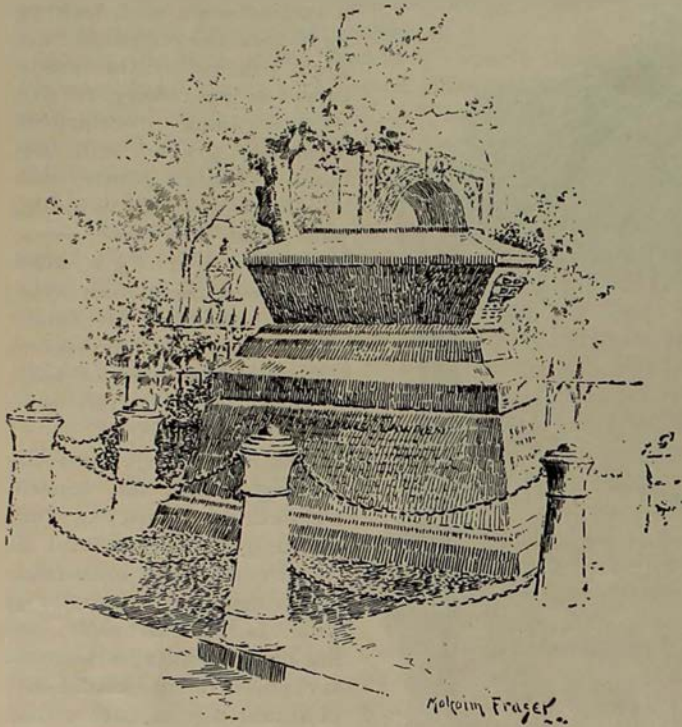
"Here a pretty baby lyes,
Sung to sleep with lullabys:
Pray be silent, and not stirre
The easie earth that covers her."

The graves thus far mentioned have been taken almost at random; they are not among the conspicuous "show sights" of Trinity churchyard. The latter would include—what need no new description here—the monument to Alexander Hamilton, killed in duel by Aaron Burr in 1804; the tomb of Captain James Lawrence, the heroic commander of the *Chesapeake*, who, dying, spoke his deathless words, "Don't give up the ship!" and that of Albert Gallatin, the renowned financier and Secretary of the Treasury. It is not so generally known, perhaps, that in the Livingston family vault, to the south of the church, lie the remains of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, who died February 23, 1813; while in another vault sleeps the gallant General Phil Kearny, of New Jersey.

who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, in Virginia, in 1862. In this part of the churchyard, too, stands the recently erected bronze statue of Dr. John Watts. On the other side of the church, in the extreme northeastern corner near the "Trinity Building," is the lofty and graceful monument erected by the parish in memory of the unknown American soldiers of the Revolution who

is a deep oblong cavity indicating either that a former inscription was effaced and cut out, or else that the empty space was originally occupied by a memorial plate of metal, subsequently removed. Below the cavity, almost midway of the stone's length, is cut in plain, almost awkward, Roman letters, the name CHARLOTTE TEMPLE. Only this and nothing more.

But is there not the book, Mrs. Susannah Rowson's century-old novel, entitled, "Charlotte Temple: a Tale of Truth," which our mothers and our grandmothers, perhaps even our great-grandmothers, read and sighed over? Yes, there is certainly such a book, and so tenacious is its hold upon the American reading public that it may be bought to-day for a few cents in the paper-covered popular "library" editions. For a tale of truth, it is surprisingly vague and chary of details. According to this story, Charlotte was the daughter of the unfortunate younger son of an English nobleman. She ran away from boarding-school with a British army officer named Montraville, and came to New York at the time of the American Revolution. When his love grew cold,—as Mrs. Rowson would doubtless say if she were writing now,—Montraville deserted the girl he had ruined, and wedded another. Charlotte died alone and destitute, but not before she had given her child, Lucy Temple, into the keeping of her (Charlotte's) father, to be taken to Eng-



TOMB OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

died in captivity during the British occupation of New York, and were interred here. About midway between this monument and the church, and within a few yards of the fence and sidewalk of Broadway, is the spot most visited of all,—the grave of Charlotte Temple.

It is the one flower of sentiment that blooms perennially in this old churchyard. It is to Trinity what the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse is to Parisian Père Lachaise,—the shrine of unhappy love. The mystery enveloping it enhances the emotional spell, enabling every "passionate pilgrim" to trace in imagination a sympathetic parallel between her—for they are mostly feminine—history and that of Charlotte Temple.

Who was Charlotte Temple?

To answer that she is a myth would be rash indeed, in view of the very substantial, though far from logical, evidence of the gravestone. Yet when we take the gravestone as a starting-point, and set out to seek information about Charlotte Temple, we find that all the information obtainable consists of what is *not known* on the subject, or else of what is "known," but palpably untrue.

An Irish gardener at work on the grounds once told a party of visitors, of whom the writer of these notes was one, that Charlotte Temple had been buried there in the year 1774. Upon being questioned as to how he knew the date, he shut off all further interrogation by retorting, testily, "Sure if I didn't know, how cud I be afther tellin' yez?"

The stone itself offers no clew. It is a plain brown-stone slab, lying flat upon the earth,—in fact sunk two or three inches below the level of the surrounding turf. In the place where, ordinarily, the name would be engraved,



THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

land, there to become the heroine of "another story." As for Montraville, the novelist tells us that "to the end of his life he was subject to severe fits of melancholy, and while he remained in New York frequently retired to the churchyard, where he wept over the grave, and regretted the fate of the lovely Charlotte Temple." But she does not say in what churchyard her hapless heroine was interred, nor is there in the entire book a single mention of any street, house, or public place in New York. Consequently, tradition has had a clear field.

There are at least three places in the city where it has been "always" said that Charlotte Temple lived, or died. One is in Doyers Street, near the Bowery; another, in Broome Street. Most remarkable of all, on a map of old New York, published in 1886 by the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, on the occasion of its centennial anniversary, a spot in Astor Place, between Broadway and Fourth Avenue, is conspicuously marked as "Charlotte Temple's house." These three traditions do not agree with one another, and they are all more or less at variance with the tale of Mrs. Rowson, as well as with the facts and dates of history. But the more irreconcilable they are, the more they are stuck to by their respective adherents. After all, who can prove anything to the contrary?

At the risk of being charged with iconoclasm, we must have recourse to the not unpalatable hypothesis advanced by the late "Felix Oldboy," who metaphorically lifted up the mysterious gravestone of Charlotte Temple, and found beneath it no dust that was once a fair young life. At the time she is supposed to have been buried in Trinity churchyard, that place, and all around it for many blocks, was a waste of ruins, from the great fire of 1776. A somewhat similar condition prevailed there in the years from 1839 to 1846, when the present church was building. Disorder reigned, some of the tombstones were broken, and many were moved out of place. After the new structure was completed, order was gradually restored to the graveyard, so far as outward appearances went. But, with the church occupying more than twice as much ground as its predecessor, to say nothing of the slice cut off by the Trinity office-building on the north, a general readjustment of such inscribed stones as remained intact necessarily ensued. Among the waifs and strays was the brownstone slab. The metal memorial tablet having been lost or stolen, "Felix Oldboy" surmises, some workman, or perhaps some sentimentally in-

clined parishioner in charge of the work of restoration, conceived the idea of filling in the blank with the fiction-name of Charlotte Temple. This would have sufficed to insure the preservation of the stone, on the supposition that it represented some member of the old and well-known Temple family of New York.

All this, however, is but a conjecture; and, lacking as it does the elements that give vitality to the traditions, is not likely to displace them. "Charlotte Temple's grave" will not cease to attract gentle footsteps along that winding path, and bid them pause for her memory's sake. None need think their sympathy wasted; for, alas! there were only too many Charlotte Temples in fact, if there was not one who bore the name.

Fair and firm, amid the passing years, the venerable church stands, its spire pointing to heaven, and its tower-clock with inexorable finger marking the flight of time. Is it not a broad feeling of fraternity, a common sentiment of the mutability of human affairs, rather than any mere arbitrary custom, that draws crowds of people to Old Trinity every New Year's Eve, to join their demonstrations with the glad noise of the chimes that once again

"Ring out the old, ring in the new"?

To enter within the sanctuary, one must needs pass by the legendary bronze

doors, modeled after those of Ghiberti at the Baptistery of Florence, which Michael Angelo thought worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Shafts of light, richly stained with the glory of the pictured windows, pierce the shadow of the vaulted nave, between the massive pillars of stone. Far down the distance the richly carved reredos looks like a screen of lace. A solemn music fills the lofty arches; and then, as the chant of the surpliced choir dies away, the voice of the rector of Trinity, like an echo of the mediæval cloister, is heard, saying with strange impressiveness: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word remaineth."

HENRY TYRRELL.



THE HEADSTONE OF SIDNEY BREESE.

A PEN PORTRAIT.

Hair whose gold was deftly spun
By viewless spindles of the sun.

Eyes whose silken fringes seem
The curtains of a fairy's dream,

Words whose sweetness cannot wane
From lips like rosebuds after rain.

A heart whose softly rhythmic beat
Is timed to all things true and sweet.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

On mischief bent, yet half demure,—
The home of thoughts and fancies pure,

Where heavenly lights have equal sway
In union of the blue and gray.

THE FIRST FLAG-MAKER OF AMERICA.

(See Full-Page Black-and-White.)

THE personal element, so closely interwoven with all historical events, often forms the most attractive feature about the history of the race. So around the emblem of our nation—the Stars and Stripes—there gathers a deeper interest when something is known of the woman whose fingers first fashioned it.

About the time of the Boston Tea-party there lived in Philadelphia a young girl named Elizabeth Griscom. She was skilled with her needle, and in many housewifely ways; and when, soon after her marriage to John Ross, she became a widow, her ability in sewing, upholstering, and laundering became her chief means of support.

A "Friend," or Quaker, by birth, she possessed the sweet cleanliness which characterizes her people; and when Washington's shirt-frills and sleeve-ruffles required an especial touch of freshness he was in the habit of calling upon the young widow and leaving them in her hands. No doubt the love of her country, which filled the heart beneath the modest Quaker kerchief, was the cause of many an extra rinsing and clear-starching of the frills which were to adorn the person of the great general; albeit her work would never see the battle-field, but would be reserved for scenes of state which the quiet life of Elizabeth Ross could know only in imagination.

As the time approached for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and for our country to draw her first breath of freedom, it became evident to the chief directors of the nation that there must be a suitable flag to represent the new condition, but nothing was decided till nearly a twelve-month had passed, when Congress passed the following resolution:

"That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

One day in June, 1777, a committee of the Continental Congress, accompanied by General Washington, waited upon Mrs. Ross,—then called, after the custom of the time, "Betsy" Ross,—bringing a design for a flag, and requesting that she undertake the work.

At that time the girl-widow (for she was but twenty-four) lived in a small house on Arch Street (now No. 239) above Third, and in the little back parlor where she sat at her sewing she received her distinguished visitors. The members of the committee were Robert Morris and an uncle of Mrs. Ross' husband, Colonel George Ross.

As Washington showed her the design of the proposed flag roughly sketched on a piece of paper, Elizabeth, hesitating about undertaking so important a work, said simply, "I will try." On further consultation, she suggested that as the stars in the sketch were six-pointed,—the same as those employed in the English heraldry,—it would give more individuality to the American flag if the stars were of five points. Washington demurred a moment, on the score of the difficulty of cutting a star with an uneven number of points; but the deft fingers of the seamstress promptly folded a piece of paper, and with one clip of the scissors, which hung with pin-ball and needle-case at her side, produced a perfect five-pointed star. Much pleased with her gentle manner and ready skill, the members of the committee submitted to Mrs. Ross their remaining suggestions, and after the design was partially redrawn she was left to make her sample flag according to her own arrangement of form and proportions.

When the flag was finished and sent to Congress it

received the approval of the entire body; and word was sent to Betsy Ross that, her flag being accepted as the national standard, she was authorized to proceed at once with the making of quite a large number, to be subject to the disposal of the Continental Congress.

Such a sudden rise in her fortunes caused much trepidation in the heart of the modest flag-maker. As she sat silently considering her new responsibility, her uncle, Colonel Ross, stepped into the little parlor. Betsy was a great favorite with him, and he knew well her ability to perform the task appointed; but knowing also her self-distrust and the limited state of the family exchequer, he laid upon the table a bank-note of ample denomination, cheerily giving his niece a word of encouragement, and bidding her buy immediately all the bunting she could secure in Philadelphia. Since shops were few and supplies limited in those early days, the city's stock of bunting was not large; but it was enough to keep Betsy's hands and those of her assistants busy for many days.

The size of the first flag made is not known; nor is there any information as to what became of the flag itself. According to a tradition in the family it was first floated from the mast-head of a merchant-ship lying at Race Street wharf, but there is no really authentic statement about it. This is hardly a matter for surprise when we remember the tumultuous condition of public affairs at that time, and that few of the many events which were then making history were reckoned at their true importance. We may, however, chronicle with certainty that the business of flag-making as established at that time by Elizabeth Ross was continued by her and her immediate descendants for some sixty-odd years.

Mrs. Ross was twice married after her first widowhood, and lived to see the new republic well established, her death occurring in 1836. The small house on Arch Street, where she lived, is still standing; between the higher buildings on either side it nestles snugly with its two and a half stories and its many memories. The solid beams of wood which support its floors project through the masonry of the outer wall in the rear, and prove how substantially our forefathers builded; while the heavy shutters and window-sashes, the curious hinges and locks, the corner cupboard where doubtless the best china was stored,—all speak of a day that is gone.

Standing in the little room where the Quaker widow once sat at her work, with the summer sunlight streaming through her open door, and the hum of bees among the hollyhocks, perhaps, making pleasant music as she sewed—we of to-day may appreciate, as probably she did not, the real significance of her task. We know now that it was something more than a stitching of seams, than the snipping of threads or the cutting of bunting, that was going on as the flag grew and grew under her steady workmanship. The little room was big with the spirit of a mighty movement; and the flag-maker and her flag marked the parting of two ways. Herein—in the making of the first Stars and Stripes—was epitomized, and brought as to a focus, the revolt of a people who preferred any hardship and privation to a supine submission to tyranny's dictates, and the rising of a nation of freemen giving their testimony to the great principle of democratic government,—a nation that was to give, and has given, a master impulse to the progress of the world.

ELISABETH MOORE HALLOWELL.

AN AMERICAN MINIATURE-PAINTER.

AMALIA KÜSSNER.

THIS last decade of our memorable century has seen the revival of miniature-painting, an art so wholly charming that the wonder is it should for so many years have suffered an eclipse. Miniatures were to be found, it is true, in public and private collections, and among the most treasured of family portraits, but they were mostly antiques belonging to the period of powder and patches, the era of Beauty Books and knee-buckles. Those by Ramage and Peale were painted before and during the Revolution; Malbone, the greatest of American miniaturists, died at the beginning of the century; and Fraser, the last famous American miniature-painter, laid down his brush nearly fifty years ago.

It was therefore a surprise to many to see so large and beautiful a collection of miniature-paintings at the first Portrait Show, held in 1894; and the most noteworthy fact, that which excited the liveliest interest, was the discovery that most of the famous beauties of our own time, and well-known women in the social circles of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington, had been sitting to miniature-painters, who all unheralded had been wielding their dainty brushes with magic touch, and producing work quite equal to that of the famous masters of the last century.

Probably to no one person is so much credit due for fostering and reviving this beautiful art as to

Mr. Peter Marié, whose chief pleasure for the past twenty-five years has been to increase his collection of miniatures, and especially to include in it portraits of all the beautiful women of his acquaintance. So it has come to be considered an order of merit to be painted for Mr. Marié; and when a part of his superb collection was shown at the Portrait Show, the first opportunity offered the general public to become acquainted with it, these modern miniatures proved a stronger magnet than the larger portraits on the walls.

It was on this occasion that a small collection of Miss Küssner's miniatures was first exhibited, and coming as it did in direct contact with the work of the most famous miniature-painters of the last century, its exquisite delicacy and rare fidelity were immediately recognized by connoisseurs.

When Amalia Küssner came to New York she probably knew as little of the history as she did of the technique of miniature-painting. Born and reared in an isolated Western village, remote from every artistic influence, she

had no opportunity for study; and it should be remembered that there were no acknowledged masters of miniature in this country, even in the largest cities, at that time. Up to her coming to New York, Amalia Küssner had seen only one miniature, by an unknown artist, which she used to pore over by the hour. But in her blood was the love of art, inherited from old-world ancestry which was eminently musical and artistic. Her father is a musician, and her young brother is the author of the exquisite melody "Moon Moths," which the best critics claim places him in the front rank of American composers, and which bears, by the way, a beautiful portrait of Amalia Küssner on the title-page.

Hereditary influences seem in her case to have culminated in the divine spark which glows regardless of environment, of nationality, of everything



AMALIA KÜSSNER.

but its own irresistible power. Thus driven by a compelling force that she herself scarcely understood, this little country-girl, a child in size and a school-girl in years, came to New York, alone and friendless, to plunge into the great city's seething sea of life, in which older and stronger swimmers are daily going down. There can be no question of her ability, from the first, to do what she wished, since her earliest miniatures are as fine as her latest. The real difficulty was to bring her work to the attention of those who could appreciate its quality, and



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

who could afford to patronize so rare and costly a method of portraiture. How hard this small circle is to reach, only those who have tried to reach it can ever know; and it is hardly necessary to say that even Amalia Küssner, with the open sesame of genius, did not succeed at once. Yet within a year after coming to New York she had painted many of the most fashionable women of the



MRS. "WILLIE" JAMES.

city; and the exhibition of her miniatures at the National Academy of Design during the first Portrait Show—the only time, it may be mentioned, that her work has been publicly shown in this country—was doubly notable by reason of the social prominence of the subjects and the beauty of the work. Among well-known New York society women painted by Miss Küssner are Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Miss Blight, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, and Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt.

Last spring Miss Küssner went



to England and was introduced to the ultra-smart set of London by Mrs. Arthur Paget, who is as recognized a leader in London as her mother, Mrs. Paran Stevens, was in New York. Artistically, Miss Küssner's reception was also most cordial. Sir John Millais was especially interested in her work, as was also the Princess Beatrice, who is herself an artist of considerable ability. The Royal Academy opened so soon after Miss Küssner's arrival in England that there was not time to finish any of her English miniatures for exhibition, so several miniatures of American ladies, which she had fortunately taken abroad, were

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.



MATHILDE TOWNSEND.



MRS. JOHN MAYER.

entered instead. These miniatures were reproduced in the leading society and art journals of London, and in connection with the publication the statement was made, on the best authority, that Miss Küssner had revived the art of miniature-painting in England. The full importance of this fact becomes apparent only when it is remembered that London was the home of the greatest miniaturists for more than three hundred years; that from Hol-

the question of her reviving the art of miniature-painting in England, should there be any dispute upon that point. There is much to appeal to the imagination in the thought of this little American girl in these old historic palaces painting great ladies with famous titles, and creating works of art worthy to keep company with the masterpieces of the greatest miniaturists that the world has ever known. It is interesting, too, to know that her first work



MRS. W. S. WALKER.



MRS. JOHN GEROW DUTCHER.

bein to Chalon the famous miniaturists have all been drawn to London sooner or later, no matter where they may have been born. And not since the coming of Angelica Kauffmann, a century before, had London society been so delightfully excited as over the advent of Amalia Küssner, between whom and Angelica Kauffmann there are so many points of personal and artistic resemblance that the history of art seems to be repeating itself.

According to the London papers it almost immediately became the rage to be painted by the American miniaturist. Ladies of the highest rank flocked to her, and there was much spirited rivalry as to precedence in sittings. Every Englishwoman of fashion seemed seized by a desire to have her own miniature to place beside her grandmother's by Cosway and her great-grandmother's by Cooper; and the fact that not one of them had a miniature of herself until she was painted by Miss Küssner would seem to settle



MISS THORA STRONG.

in England was at Blenheim Palace, painting three miniatures of her lovely young countrywoman the Duchess of Marlborough. Since that time every duchess belonging to the English peerage has either been painted by Miss Küssner or has arranged to be painted on her return to London with the opening of the present season. Lady Warwick, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Colebrooke, Lady Sturt, Madame Van André, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Miss Muriel Wilson, the reigning beauty—in a word, most of the prominent women of the Prince of Wales's set were among Miss Küssner's subjects during her stay in England.

These facts speak for themselves concerning the international reputation won by the young American artist in a shorter space of time than, perhaps, any other painter has ever achieved equal fame. Yet the closest observer of Amalia Küssner's wonderful career would find it well-nigh impossible to define the qualities which have given her work its pre-eminence;

and she herself is less able to do so than almost anyone else. As has been said, she has had no lessons and has never studied. She knew little of the work of the great miniaturists until she saw her own beside theirs in the homes of the English aristocracy; and she has never adopted any model nor consciously followed any method, so that it would be impossible to say to what school her painting belongs. She paints entirely from life, and the likeness apparently grows on the bit of ivory as a flower opens, without consciousness or effort. The modeling is singularly true, the coloring is pure and delicate, and the flesh tints are especially fine, suggesting Bouguereau in their truth and warmth. In the painting of hair there is something in Miss Küssner's manner that recalls the graceful locks which constitute one of the charms of Cosway's miniatures, but in the main the effect of her work is that of the French rather than the English school.

It has been said that her miniatures are too highly idealized, making every sitter beautiful; and to this

criticism the little painter smilingly replies that the charge is probably true, inasmuch as she could not paint anyone who did not seem lovely to her. The unlovely makes no appeal to her; she seems unable to see it, and the first thing that she always does when beginning a miniature is to seek the best and the finest to be found in every face. This may possibly respond more readily to the subtler art of the miniaturist than to other methods of portraiture; certainly a feeling of greater intimacy surrounds a miniature, as though the artist came nearer the inner life—the spiritual nature—than other painters are able to come. At all events, the vivid, living, flashing little thing has held a place peculiarly high and tender, apart from all other portraits, for hundreds of years. Kings have done honor to the rare art of the miniaturist, and every patriotic heart should thrill with pride that an American girl has risen to take up the brush the last great miniaturist laid down nearly half a century ago.

JOHN D. WENDLING.

A MAJOR-GENERAL IN PETTICOATS.

MRS. LYNNTON was riding rapidly home, thinking over the events of the afternoon, half vexed at herself that she had said so much, three-fourths triumphant that she had been able to send so telling a shot. She had been entirely justifiable, she told herself; that upstart Mrs. Newberry ought to have been put down long ago,—only she was sorry it had fallen to *her* lot to do it.

There had been a little informal tea in Mrs. Le Normand's boudoir,—a ceremony distinctly feminine, to which only women in the daintiest tea-gowns were admitted. The ceremonies were nearly over, and several had declared they "really must go," when some one spoke of the last sensation, the frightful *mésalliance* of Freddy Benton with his little sister's governess. A nice enough girl, every one admitted, but not even reduced gentility, and what Freddy Benton could be thinking of—! Immediately all tongues were loosed.

"Oh, well, what do you expect of young men in these days?" exclaimed Mrs. Newberry, who was well known to be of mushroom growth, but moneyed, nevertheless, and therefore well gilded.

"I expect them to have respect for their families," replied Mrs. Lynnton, drawing herself up severely.

"Oh, pshaw! that's all gammon," replied flippant Mrs. Newberry, irreverently. "Wait till *your* son marries a governess, and you'll think differently. Why, I fully expect *my* son to marry the gardener's daughter."

And then had come the reply that had flown all over Gotham before the evening was out, and was discussed at the clubs with nearly as much interest as the latest cricket match. Drawing herself a shade higher, Mrs. Lynnton had looked straight into the bold blue eyes of the flippant Mrs. Newberry and said, suavely:

"I do not doubt it in the least, my dear Mrs. Newberry; but *my* son *could* not do such a thing. He has always to remember that he is a Despard on one side and a Lynnton on the other. Good-afternoon, ladies. Good-afternoon, Mimi dear," and she had swept quietly out of the room. The dead silence that followed her exit had proclaimed to her the effect of her words.

As she rode home she was reviewing the situation step by step, but whatever her reflections were, they were cut

short by noting a crowd upon her own pavement as she drove to the door.

"It's a organ-grinder, ma'am," said the coachman at the door. "He have had a fit. I think, ma'am, if I might say it, we'd better go round the block till the crowd goes."

"Help me out at once, Benson; I'm ashamed of you! I wish to see the poor man."

In a moment she had decided his nationality.

"*Qu'avez-vous donc?*" asked she, in a low, distinct tone. The glazed eyes opened and sought with pitiful eagerness the face that bent so kindly over him. One word issued from the stiffened lips:

"*Française?*"

"*Non, mais.* Benson, see that this man is taken to the little sewing-room at once;" and she turned her back upon the gaping crowd and went into the house, only pausing for a brief moment to speak in a low tone to the organ-grinder.

When Mrs. Lynnton looked into the Frenchman's face she saw more than a "fit,"—she saw hunger and cold and destitution and *death!* She felt that the poor soul had not many hours to live, and her sudden, warm, womanly impulse had taken him up into the little sewing-room. The same impulse had led her, an hour or so later, to promise the poor man something which her better judgment would have led her to refuse had she thought for a moment. But then, there really seemed no time to think. And how often it happens that just at an important crisis we are hurried on to a decision, when we would give worlds for a few moments to weigh possible results.

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed the dying man, "I haf wize me one leetle chil'. Madame is so good,—good *comme un ange!* Oh, madame, take my—leetle girl! She will be—good—servant. She know much—she ees leetle, but she know—much. She can—what you—call it? *Coudre?* Sew. *Oui;* she can—to sew. She haf—been teach."

"Did her mother teach her?" asked Mrs. Lynnton, gently. "Has she no relatives in France?"

"No, madame. *Ma pauvre petite*—she all—alone. Her *maman* she dance ze ballet—she die qveek—some day—ze sky fall on her—in ze *théâtre*—an' she die—qveek—like ze *chandelle*. Oh, madame, say you vill keep—my leetle girl wize you—to be your own—leetle servant."

And for a second time that day Mrs. Lynnton had made a remarkable reply. She had promised the dying man that the daughter should have a home with her as long as she should need one.

Quickly as the horses flew to bring Suzette to her father's side the winged messenger of death was more swift, and when the grief-stricken daughter arrived it was only to find that her father's spirit had flown.

Philanthropic and kind-hearted as she was, it is to be doubted if, even on the impulse of the moment, Mrs. Lynnton would have accepted this charge had she seen the girl beforehand. But who was to suspect that the person a poor French organ-grinder described as his "leetle girl" was a young woman of sixteen, of rare beauty and charmingly developed figure, and all the rich coloring that belongs to her race?

To say that Mrs. Lynnton experienced a certain sense of shock when she saw this girl walk in would not express her feelings in any degree. She was paralyzed, and for once the stately Mrs. Lynnton, who was never known to be at a loss, found herself in a very awkward predicament.

"Well, there's no help for it!" she exclaimed with a sigh, after a long and rather painful meditation in her boudoir. "I must make the best of it all," and she set her teeth as one whom it would take a most extraordinary circumstance to defeat. Then she examined her watch.

"Half-past six and Felix not in yet! What can have kept him, I wonder?"

When he came in at half-past eleven he found his mother waiting for him in the library, dressed in the daintiest of *négligé* costumes, her pretty feet in delicate slippers, and his own dressing-gown and slippers warming by the open fire. He knew the signs—he knew that his mother had something to say, and he smiled to himself as he thought of the many confidences that had come between them in this way.

"We had quite a pleasant little feminine tea at Mrs. Le Normand's this afternoon," she said after a while. "I'm sorry to say it, but I had to snub that horrid little Newberry woman."

"Oh, mother! mother!" laughed Felix, "what had the poor woman done, first to be snubbed and then to be stigmatized as 'that horrid little Newberry woman'; and by my lady mother, too?"

"Why, dear, she said you were going to marry a governess." (It was plain that Mrs. Lynnton was growing excited.)

"I going to marry a governess. Why, I don't even *know* one! The woman must be insane!"

"No, no, Felix, she didn't say that. She said 'Wait till you did.'"

"Then I think I'd 'wait,'" answered the son, relieved, but with much inward wondering as to the cause of his being the subject of a conversation at an afternoon tea. "Suppose you tell me all about it," he said a moment later.

And then his mother told him the history of the afternoon, and repeated to him her memorable reply to "that horrid little Newberry woman."

"Well, mother dear, you certainly did hit her pretty hard, but no harder than she deserved," laughed the son.

"Felix," said his mother, pleadingly, throwing her arms round his neck and drawing his head upon her bosom, "you never told me a lie nor broke a promise to me in your whole life. Promise me *now* that whenever you feel your heart involved you will tell *me* first—before you speak to *her*."

Felix tried to turn his head so as to look in his mother's face, but she kept him close to her, and would not permit him to submit her to any scrutiny.

"Certainly, dear; I promise you," he answered, gently. "It is a very easy promise to make and to keep."

"Thank you, dear," sighed his mother with relief. "No matter *who* it may be?"

"No matter *who* it may be," repeated the son.

For some reason Mrs. Lynnton felt a reluctance to speak to Felix about her latest deed of charity. She told herself there was no hurry; she could tell him any time, to-morrow evening, perhaps. But she had reckoned without her host, or, what is quite as bad, without the public press. The public press delights to handle the doings of the upper ten, so on the morrow the daily papers were full of an account in which a "charming widow" and a "reduced foreign gentleman" figured most largely. Nothing was said about the "beautiful daughter" of the "reduced foreign gentleman," probably because she did not come till after night; but the "brilliant son" of the "charming widow" was not spared, and flourished in the account quite as conspicuously as if he had been present. No one reading the highly colored narrative would for a moment have suspected that he had not as yet even heard of the affair. But with his avidity for morning news this could hardly escape his eye, so when his mother came into the breakfast-room Felix was ready with a hundred-and-one questions. Mrs. Lynnton had hardly expected to be forced into an explanation so soon, and, not having offered it earlier, felt her position to be a little awkward. However, her tact enabled her to answer the hundred-and-one questions with credit to herself and satisfaction to her son, though both were exceedingly vexed that it should have been so broadly discussed.

* * * * *

So soon do we become accustomed to new environments, that before Suzette Delacourt had been in the house three months the day of her coming had been forgotten, and morning after morning she sat in her own quiet way in the little sewing-room and plied her needle upon those bits of daintiness with which Mrs. Lynnton loved to adorn herself, and with which her son loved to see her adorned. The time passed smoothly for mother and son: a dinner more or less each week, the opera this week, where it had been the theatre last week,—nothing more. But Mrs. Lynnton's heart was ill at ease. She looked at her stalwart, handsome son and wondered when he would confide in her as he promised. She had grown accustomed to the presence and ministrations of the pretty little French girl, and it had filled her heart with an unspeakable longing for a daughter of her own; but though she watched her son closely, by no word or sign could she discover that he was touched by the beauty and sweetness of any one of the daughters of Gotham.

One day a new trouble came to her. Felix was taken ill, and lay for days between life and death. So slow, so weary was the watching, so imperceptible the advance toward health, so numerous the slips when it seemed that the battle was lost all over again, that Easter was upon them before they realized that three months had come and gone.

Easter Sunday Felix was to be permitted to dine downstairs for the first time; and to see the flush of excitement upon the mother's face, and the loving touches given to everything, one might imagine her a bride making ready for the groom. And was he not her love? The man whom she adored as she adored no other man in the wide world? Who more worthy than Felix, her beloved?

Dinner over, pale and thin, exhausted with the effort, he lay back in his easy chair. He was so quiet she thought he slept.

"Mother," he said after a long silence.

What is the instinct that clutches a woman's heart—a mother's heart particularly—and makes her know that *it* is coming? Whatever it is, that one word of Felix's carried instinctively to his mother's heart a note of warning. But no sign gave she.

"Well, darling?"

"You never refused to give me anything I wanted; then give me what I want now!"

"What shall I give you, beloved?"

"Give me Suzette!" and he opened wide upon her his large eyes, deep sunken with the fever, until they seemed to burn with an unnatural light.

With a moan of anguish Mrs. Lynnton flung herself on her face upon the lounge, crying, "Not that! Oh, Felix, not that! Oh, and I have been so *proud* of you,—so proud of you!" she moaned, sitting up and wringing her hands. Felix crept slowly over to where she sat, and brushing her disordered hair gently from her eyes, stooped and kissed her. The mother felt the quivering lips, and knew all the physical weakness of this, her son, so recently wrested from the grave. Reaching up her arms, she drew him down beside her and placed his head upon her breast as she had done when he was a baby, fondling and caressing and kissing him the while, but speaking no word. So they sat, mother and son, silent, almost motionless, until the quiet twilight fell and covered them like a cloak.

There was a noise at the door.

"No; no lights just now. I will ring when I want them."

"Who was it?"

Mrs. Lynnton hesitated. She could hardly bring herself to speak the name.

"Suzette," she said, after a moment's pause.

Felix started up to call her back, but his mother held him tightly.

"You have said nothing to her?" she questioned, quickly.

"Mother!" A world of reproach was in his tone.

"I know! I know!" she cried, rocking backward and forward. "You promised, dear, but it is so hard to believe anything. I felt as if the house were falling around my head. The daughter of an organ-grinder! The daughter of a ballet-dancer! A girl who has gone around with a man and an organ and taken the money as a monkey might have done!" she cried with passionate bitterness, throwing up her head in despair. "And my son a Despard on one side and a Lynnton on the other!"

Her own words recalled to her mind the scene between herself and "that horrid little Mrs. Newberry," some six months before, and she buried her face against her son's cheek for very shame. And the tears which she had been able so long to control gushed forth from the very depths of her bitter humiliation. Truly, the blow was more than she could bear.

"When did it begin?" she asked, finally.

"I can hardly tell. You know she has been waiting on me a great deal during my illness, and——"

"So have I been waiting on you a great deal," broke in his mother, jealously.

Felix smiled. "And do I love you any the less because you have done so?"

"Are you sure of yourself, Felix?" asked his mother, ignoring the question. "Will not this fancy pass away? Come, let us go to Europe; let us travel," she continued, eagerly. "You have not spoken,—she does not know,—you may forget."

"No, mother; I shall not forget," answered Felix, sadly. "I will say nothing in opposition to your wishes, but you will be blighting my whole life in opposing me."

"Oh, you shall have it, Felix, my boy," moaned the

distracted mother; "but oh, Heaven! it is hard, it is hard! My only son! My only hope! A Despard on one side and a Lynnton on the other! And what people will say! That horrid little Newberry woman will be triumphant. Oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! Felix, give up this wild notion!"

But her pleading fell upon deaf ears. The excitement had been too much for Felix Lynnton, and he had fainted,—a swoon so death-like and so long that the despairing mother thought she had killed her son. When he recovered, the victory was won, but not unconditionally.

It was arranged between them that they were to go abroad at once and take Suzette with them, but in her regular capacity. Mrs. Lynnton stipulated that no word should be said to her until they were safe on the other side. She had thought long and hard, and had at last hit upon a plan of campaign which opened with great satisfaction to herself, and promised defeat to her enemies. She was very much in hopes that when they once reached the girl's native land she would not wish to return, but would find friends who had more attractions for her than were presented in Mrs. Lynnton's house. It might be that her fears were unfounded, anyway; perhaps the girl had no fondness for Felix, though that was hardly likely. Besides, she'd marry him anyway. Still, she might find native friends and prefer to remain; and if not,—well, if not, she would know how to arrange it. And sure enough, when Mrs. Lynnton returned to America, six months later, with her invalid son entirely restored to health, and cheerful and bright and happy, Suzette had been left behind.

"And so you are back, my dear Mrs. Lynnton," exclaimed Mrs. Kenyon, meeting that lady in Tiffany's. "Are you tired of Europe?"

"Oh, no! I should not care to reside there always, but I shall most certainly return there for a few months when my daughter has finished her education. That will be about a year and a half from now."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenyon, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why, I didn't know you had one! I thought your son was your only child."

Mrs. Lynnton raised her eyebrows and exclaimed with assumed petulance: "Now, is it possible that you did not know I had adopted a very lovely daughter while I was abroad,—a young French girl to whom I had grown very deeply attached? I certainly am piqued that such an important event could come to me and all Gotham not have heard of it." And she laughed her musical little laugh, that revealed so much sometimes, while it concealed more.

"There!" she exclaimed to herself in triumph, as she saw Mrs. Kenyon retreating to her carriage. "Before night that will be all over Gotham, and my charming Marie will be the talk of the town. I wonder whether I shall be regarded more as a lunatic or a philanthropist? Pshaw! What does it matter what any one thinks? It was a bold stroke, but a necessary one."

As Mrs. Lynnton had surmised, before night her news had spread like wild-fire, and before the week was out she was besieged with questions. Had dear Mrs. Lynnton *really* adopted a daughter—a young French girl? Yes, she had adopted a young French girl, Marie L'Estrange, and that she was beautiful she would prove to the general public in a year or two. And how had Mrs. Lynnton come across this young beauty? Mrs. Lynnton, though she had never met the mother, had known the young girl's father. And Mr. Felix, how did he like the idea? Mr. Felix, his mother assured the dear inquisitives, was delighted with the arrangement. And that pretty little

French girl whom Mrs. Lynnton had taken abroad, what *had* become of her? Oh, she had found native friends and had concluded to remain in France. And then, some way, just at this juncture, Mrs. Lynnton's manner did not seem to encourage any further curious questions. But the matter was established beyond a doubt that Mrs. Lynnton had adopted a daughter, and that the daughter was now in Paris completing her education, and that Mr. Lynnton was pleased with the arrangement.

"That horrid little Mrs. Newberry" remembered Mrs. Lynnton's snubbing, administered months before, and saw through the whole arrangement.

"Pooh! I see it all," she exclaimed, triumphantly, in the privacy of a boudoir tea, to her dear five intimates. "She was so afraid that Felix, the adorable, immaculate Felix, *would* make a *mésalliance* after all, that she has taken time by the forelock, and adopted a charming young French girl of blue blood, whom she is going to throw in Felix's way, and secure his happiness with a ready-made wife, and her own with an aristocratic daughter-in-law at the same time. Oh, I know her! She's as deep as the sea. You don't suppose she was going to be outgeneraled after the way she had talked? Not she! She's as wise as a serpent."

The dear tea-drinkers round her nodded sagely, and applauded the speaker's perspicacity. So it became a settled fact that Marie L'Estrange was the daughter of a French count, who once owned immense estates, but who, through reverses, had become very poor. Mrs. Lynnton had known him in his wealthier days; indeed, at one time he had done her a great favor (just what, no one was able to say), and she had adopted his daughter, whom she had found in Paris at a *pension*. The poor man had strained every nerve to educate his only daughter.

Mrs. Lynnton hugged herself with delight as first one

extravagant tale and then another came to her ears, but never a word said she. She knew what she had said, and she knew what she had left unsaid, and it was all very funny.

* * * * *

Again a private tea, but this time only two at it, Mrs. Lynnton, the hostess, and Mrs. Le Normand, the guest. They sip, and chat of a thousand-and-one things, and the engagement of Felix comes up. Mrs. Lynnton has dreaded this moment, but she is prepared for it.

"Tell me something, Alice," says Mrs. Le Normand, looking straight at Mrs. Lynnton.

"Well?" replied Mrs. Lynnton, pausing in her occupation of putting another lump of sugar into her cup, and returning her friend's direct gaze.

"See here, Alice, we are old friends,—the oldest, perhaps, in this cosmopolitan town. Tell me, truly. I've been haunted by a resemblance ever since your adopted daughter came home, but I've not breathed a breath of it, even to Roy. Isn't Marie L'Estrange the Suzette that you took abroad with you, and that you said you had left in France with friends, because she had preferred to stay there?"

Mrs. Lynnton nodded in acquiescence.

"And the *mésalliance*?"

"A young girl whom I have adopted and made my daughter can hardly be called a *mésalliance*, Mimi,"—mingled reproach and dignity in her tone.

The two women gazed at each other a moment in silence, a world of meaning in their eyes.

"Well?" said Mrs. Lynnton, at last.

"Nothing. You should have been a major-general, Alice," said Mrs. Le Normand.

"Thanks," replied Mrs. Lynnton, and dropped the sugar into her cup.

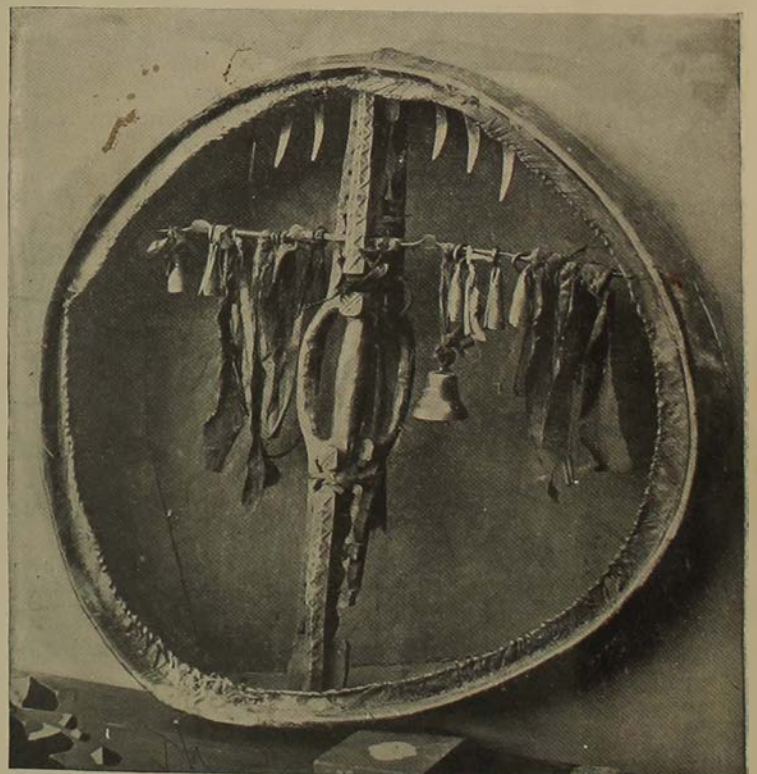
EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

SIBERIAN ABORIGINES.



ALL the local traditions, confirmed by many objects found in the old burial-places, speak of a civilized people formerly occupying Siberia, and collectively known as Chudes. The excavations for archæological purposes now carrying on by the zealous founder of the Minusinsk Museum are bringing to light various objects, including arms, armor, and jewelry, besides porcelain and bronze vases, which show that these people were possessed both of taste and great

skill in metal working. The remains of canals several miles long, the foundations of sluices and windmills, bespeak a really advanced state or civilization, which cultivated fruit-trees that have since perished, and which reared an excellent herd of swine still bearing the name of "Chude."



"TOM-TOM" USED BY SIBERIAN ABORIGINES.



YAKUT AND REINDEER.



YAKUT FAMILY AND HUT.



YAKUT MAN AND WOMAN.



YAKUTS IN BIRCH-BARK CANOES.



AN OLD TUNGUS HUSBAND AND WIFE.

But although the Chudes, as a nation, have vanished, they still doubtless survive, intermingled with the indigent semi-barbarous populations, themselves destined either to merge with, or disappear before, the Russians. Although their dialects enable us still to group the various peoples, there can be no doubt that there has been a great mixture of races in this region, embracing even the Slav type itself. While the Russian emigrants, for example, become assimilated to the Yakuts, many Tunguses are being slowly Russified. These two last-named tribes, of all the Siberian aborigines with whom I came in contact, impressed me with the most peculiar interest.

According to their pursuits and mode of life, the Russians have divided the Tungus tribes into "Horse," "Cattle," "Reindeer," "Dog," "Steppe," and "Forest" Tunguses. Dwelling in the same climate as the cunning Yakut, the dull Buriats and profoundly silent Samoyede, the Tunguses afford a striking instance of the persistence of racial traits under the most diverse surroundings. Their manner of life has been modified to a great extent by their contact with the Russians.

Those tribes which have become settled have adopted Russian ways, and, thanks to their superior intelligence, make better husbandmen than the other aborigines. But most of the nation are in the hunting state, roaming through the woods, without tents, and seeking temporary shelter in caves or the hollow trunks of trees. For their wants one animal, the reindeer, and one tree, the birch, amply suffice. With a little sleigh they will journey from the Chinese frontier to the frozen ocean, retracing their

steps with unerring certainty over hills, plains, rivers, and steppes. Nature addresses them in a multitude of ways unintelligible even to other nomads.

The territory of the Yakuts, which comprises a large portion of the Lena basin, is at least twice the size of France. It is an astonishing fact that the language of these people bears evidence to the relationship of this nation with the different peoples of Turkish or Tartar stock. The Frisian of North Hanover and the Transylvania Saxon would have greater difficulty in understanding each other than the Yakut of the Lena and the Osmanli of Anatolia or Constantinople.

The Yakuts have been called the "Jews of Siberia." They have a genius for trade, and the Tungus, through his improvidence, has become their prey. This characteristic speculative genius of the Yakut is developed to such a degree that he gets the better not only of the natives, but even of the Cossacks, and several local proverbs throw ridicule on the absurd attempt of the Russians to drive a bargain with the Yakut. "Let him be ever so knowing, he is cheated at last," is one of the most commonly quoted. The Yakut, however, is satisfied with the triumph of the moment and is heedless of the future, repeating the local saying, "Eat well and grow fat; you can do no better." When compelled to work, he will apply himself with the same diligence as the Jew or Chinese, enduring hunger and toil with the resignation of a Tungus, frightened by no danger, disheartened by no difficulty, stolid and uncomplaining, until independence is won.

THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN AND THE HOME.

SEVERAL years ago, in addressing his students at the beginning of a new year at Harvard; President Eliot is reported to have said: "You, gentlemen, are in this college in order that you may become heads of families." The function of headship in a family is one that belongs quite as well to the wife and the mother as to the husband and the father. Women themselves are not averse to becoming heads of families. All the current talk in respect to the great aversion of women to marriage is born either of jest or of a false interpretation of facts.

Some of the most able and aggressive women, eminent in public service, are wives. One needs to mention only Mrs. Livermore, of the older generation, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, of the younger. The strength of the domestic tendency in womanhood receives no stronger illustration than in the willingness of a woman—the president of a great college for women—to resign her position in order to become a wife. Several women long associated with Vassar College as eminent teachers have resigned their places to become the heads of homes.

It has often been expressed that college education tends to cause women to regard matrimony as an act not worthy of their highest powers. The instinct in nature, it may at once be said, is stronger than education. It is to be said, too, that a college education does not, as a fact, divert women from marriage. College education tends to make women more discerning of the best elements of manhood and renders them more of a husband more select. But so long as man is man, woman is woman, so long there need be no reason why a woman will be averse to the state of matrimony. But the college woman who does become a wife should be aware that marriage may open to her a

vocation. We do not say that it necessarily does so, but it may, and it probably does. This vocation is that of a home-maker. And this vocation does not usually allow the carrying on of another vocation. In certain peculiar instances it may possibly do so. Home-making does not seem to be, for ordinary men and women, husband and wife, a very exhaustive task; but experience proves that the establishment and perpetuation of a home represent a vocation which usually suffers in case another is actively associated with it.

Recently the writer was privileged to read the letters which the members of a class of the best of the girls' schools of New England had written to each other. The letters composed what is known as "a class letter." This class consisted of seventeen girls. It was graduated in the year 1887. Of these seventeen girls five are now married. We were interested, in reading these letters, to discover how far marriage and its consequences were diverting these students from their scholarly tendencies and methods and conditions. Of the five who are married one says: "You all seem to be studying so much that it makes me feel pretty ignorant, but I do not have any time at all for mental development. Never mind. Wait until my promising son makes his power felt upon the world, and then, perhaps, you will be proud of me after all." Another confesses: "I am getting to be a regular heathen, so far as reading is concerned." A third, whose life is especially favorable to a life of quiet leisure, writes: "I am like the other married girls. I do not belong to any of the many clubs, and, outside of the magazines, I do not get time to do a great deal of reading. Although my household cares are not very great, I find my time pretty well taken up."

The testimony of these women is that home-making does away with the following of scholastic and scholarly vocations. It may be said that young wives ought not to find home-making and housekeeping so exacting, so absorbing, so exhausting, as that they have no time for any mental development, no time for reading. Mental atrophy should not threaten a well-trained woman who has been married three years and has a child a year old, but, as a matter of fact, home-making and housekeeping are, for her and for every wife, duties exacting and absorbing. The work of the home is manifold, constant, and diverse. To do this work seems usually to content the ambition of most well-trained women. To carry on much work beyond the household is to most a task not to be performed, or a pleasure not to be enjoyed.

Yet certain arts are consistent with home-making, especially those arts which can be carried on within the walls

of a house. The most eminent of these arts are those of authorship and of painting. Who does not remember Mrs. Stowe wrote her great book in the midst of a hundred fold and perplexing cares? Does one forget that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was still a poet when she married a poet? In George Henry Lewes, too, George Eliot found a great inspiration to writing, and through his care and protection from those interruptions to which the head of a household who is also an author is subjected.

But as soon as one becomes an artist, whether an author or as novelist or as painter, one is brought into competition with men. To the married woman her poetical or painterly vocation, her novel-writing is usually an avocation, the man, his poetry, painting, or novel-writing is a vocation. The woman generally gives only the leisure of her time to her art; the man gives the body of his life to his. And the consequence is that the man excels

GRANT'S LAST COMRADE.

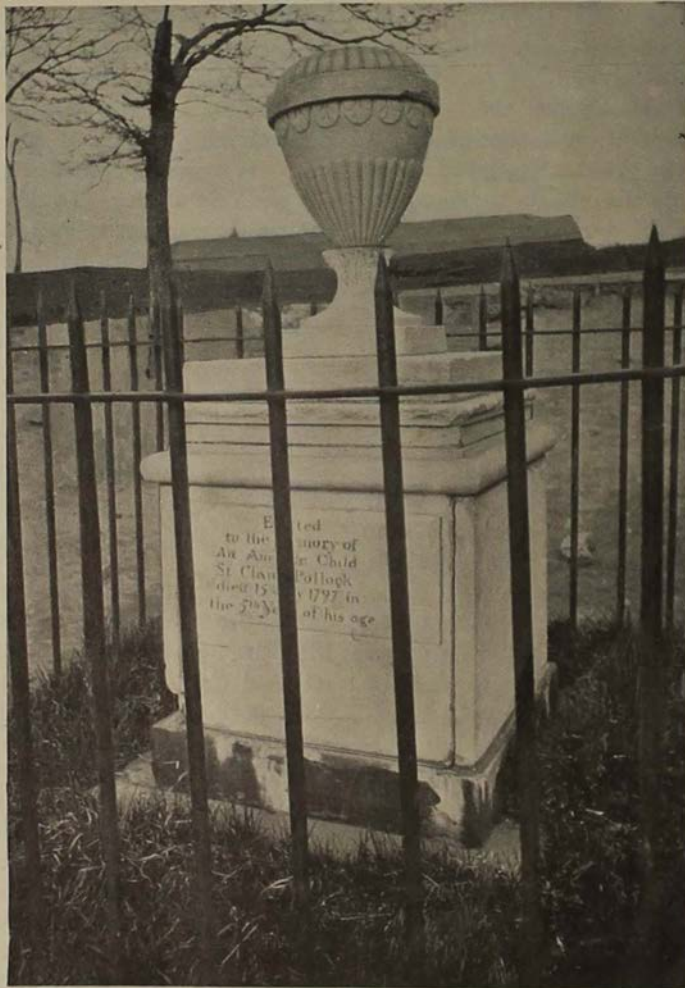
GENERAL GRANT has a close companion in his long sleep at Riverside. On the brow of the hill, a few yards away, stands a little square tomb. It is a picture of desolation, for it has long been neglected. Under it lies the body of a child. There is no other grave for miles around.

The tomb is a cube of thirty inches, and is of stone, sided up with thin marble. It was made to resemble solid marble, but a hundred years of storm and neglect and vandalism have exposed the pathetic counterfeit. In those days marble was hard to get, and the dead child's people were doubtless poor. Surrounding the grave is a low iron fence, and the inclosure about the tomb has been covered with sod. The fence and the sod were put there years ago by General Viele, the Father of Riverside Park.

When Riverside came to be laid out, it was proposed by some subordinate that the body should be taken away, as an incumbrance to the new resort; but this man of heart said it should not be done. Being the chief of the department, his word prevailed; so there the child still rests.

On the face of the cube looking across Riverside Drive to the crest of Claremont, where the Grant mausoleum stands, is this inscription:

Erected
to the memory of
An Amiable Child
St. Claire Pollock
died 15 July 1797 in
the 5th year of his age.



THE GRAVE OF "AN AMIABLE CHILD."

On the opposite side, facing the Hudson, is the reverse one hears at funerals:

"Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble; cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not."

When new the tomb have been quite handsome. The marble urn which mounts the column is of classic design, and is finely chiseled. It is sad to see it neglected, for once on a heartless villain's open, thinking to find something within to steal, a break was carefully paired under the ornament. General Viele before his the city's service for a higher call to Washington, but the device of the public capital is marred and never be restored.

No shade is near. Once there was an oak close which tradition says was planted when the child was buried; but it shared the flowers' fate and was cut down long ago for firewood by people insensible to some other things than cold. Only the stump remains.

The spot is desolate and barren; but it is not so unlovely, either. It is a borderer of charms. At its feet sweeps proudly a stream of streams. To sunward in the west glitters a leag

of gold on dancing waters, and through this flash: zone plow fleets deep-sunk with commerce and pulled spunky little tugs. Churned and fretted and lashed, current chafes its rocks. Hoarse trumpets blast "sides," and merrily salute. Sails glisten and fill flap as fat-bowed sloops go zigzag up the breeze, wh

season stately day-boats, gay with the throngs of
 el, with music and flag and streamer, pat gently the
 es and glide along. Tiny barks skim bravely here
 there. Lined sharply on a copper sky the Palisades
 l strong and majestic. In the shadows of the farther
 are pretty villages, clinging as vines on rugged
 s,—Fort Lee to the north, Pleasant Valley just over,
 Edgewater down a little way.
 nt loved children. His great heart had a warm place
 ery one of them. It was here that he found purity.
 later life he was cynical. He doubted more and
 he unselfishness, the sincerity of mankind. No man

ever lived who had a better chance to judge; few have
 suffered more from trusting men whose natures were less
 royal than his own. Soldier-like, he conceded and ex-
 pected honor in man. But no carping murmur mars his
 fame; his deep and patient nature held his griefs from all
 discovery. As years ran on, his love for children grew.
 Those who studied best his moods scarce knew the reason
 why. It was a growth from his distrust of men, and a
 noble one it was. It is not unfitting, then, that tender
 youth should be his aide, his comrade, in this death's
 campaign to Paradise!

EDSON BRACE.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS.

OF THE BRIGHTEST IN THE PROFESSION DISCUSS THE SUBJECT FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THEIR EXPERIENCES.

NO LONGER A GENTLE SEX IN JOURNALISM.

MARYOT HOLT CAHOON SAYS THAT THE WOMAN
 JOURNALIST IS NOW ON A LEVEL WITH HER
 MASCULINE COLLEAGUE.

WOMEN are not as adaptable in business life as men.
 A woman who writes is no exception to this rule. The
 man called her and she responded,—called her because
 she was a woman, and as
 such her views were novel.
 She played her part in the
 freak show; she offered
 herself as a condiment to
 the great unsatiated maw
 of the daily newspaper,
 until as a condiment her
 savory qualities lost their
 savor. As a novelty she
 no longer attracts.



MARYOT HOLT CAHOON.

It was the rejection of
 her work on account of the
 men having learned so
 well how to do it that
 pushed her into sensation-
 al lines. Here she could
 still attract attention on
 account of her freakish

idiosyncrasies. She could crawl through the sewers, or be
 allowed by a whale, or go to a hanging. This last was
 her recent assignment by a New York newspaper. It was
 new. No woman had yet been brutal enough to wish to
 witness an execution. So she went, and wrote up a hang-
 ing from a woman's point of view. Her masculine col-
 leagues could not imagine how a hanging would appear
 to a woman.

The woman journalist at last finds herself on an exact
 level with her masculine colleague. He can write a fashion
 article as well as she, and she must be able to report a
 political meeting or a food show as well as he. In the
 former case he is a welcome contributor, because he is
 a versatile, all-around worker; and in the latter case she
 is permitted to do the meeting and food show on suffer-
 ance, or because the staff is for some reason temporarily
 crippled.

Since the woman's page became a feature of journal-
 ism there have always been opposers to it. These same
 opposers objected to the Woman's Building at the World's
 Fair, and they object to woman's work generally. These
 opposers were ahead of the times, and now the times have

caught up with them. The woman journalist who succeeds
 in the large cities to-day succeeds, not because her work
 is a woman's work, but because it is good work,—because
 it is, perhaps, better than a man's work. She has always
 been relative. She must be absolute in the future if she
 would win. The field is at present not an easy one for her
 to work in. She has used her cleverness, her tact, her
 gumption, and her little smattering of knowledge in
 general, and she has used it for all it is worth. This is
 no longer sufficient. She must come to the work well
 equipped, or she must stay away altogether. This is
 indicative of a sudden elevation in the standard before
 mentioned, and the test to which it puts the intelligence
 and the adaptability of the woman journalist is a severe
 one. It means a freeze-out for mediocrity and a triumph
 for genuine ability. In the meantime the average woman
 journalist watches with interest a situation that is bring-
 ing her face to face with an uncompromising suggestion
 that she really is not wanted. There is no longer a gentle
 sex in journalism.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

MRS. OLIVE F. GUNBY FINDS JOURNALISM AS PROFITABLE
 AND INTERESTING A VOCATION AS A WOMAN
 COULD HAVE,—IF SHE POSSESS THE
 REQUISITE QUALIFICATIONS.

THE woman journalist succeeds best when her work
 shows the feminine earmarks least. "Don't take people be-
 hind the scenes and let them know that a woman writes,"
 advised an editor. "It is only certain tricks of expres-
 sion, perhaps a superfluity of adjectives to be gotten rid
 of, and the difference could not be told."

If tantalizing and fatiguing, journalism is also fascinat-
 ing. There is a certain interest in starting out to write an
 article on a subject that does not appeal to one in the
 least, and feeling sure that some phase of it, if faithfully
 pursued, will eventually yield material. If the journalist
 is made, not born, that is, if she adopts the profession
 without training (and there are certain courses of it that
 could not be taught), she is in reality going to a great
 school every day, and learning things that would have re-
 mained a sealed book to her otherwise.

There being almost as many women who read news-
 papers as men, certain space is set apart for feminine in-
 terests and affairs even by journals which aim to provide
 strong meat, and not mush and milk, for their subscrib-
 ers. In these columns, and in writing special articles on
 subjects that appeal to humanity in general, the woman

journalist finds her sphere. Ideas are welcome in every editorial office whether offered by a woman or a man. As to the public's attitude toward the woman journalist, the public is indulgent to her,—the great, busy public that might be pardoned if it denied time to newspaper representatives, who can seldom give gratuitous advertising in return.

Taken in an all-around sense, journalism is as interesting and as good-paying a vocation as a woman could select, provided she has the requisite qualifications, and some of these qualifications can be acquired. Yet no occupation could be more exacting.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NOTORIETY AND SUCCESS.

MISS EVA PETTY, A NEWSPAPER WOMAN OF THE HIGHER TYPE WHICH SHE DESCRIBES, SAYS THAT JOURNALISTIC WORK IS NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH TRUE WOMANLINESS.

WOMAN is in journalism, and she is there to stay. The length of time that the individual remains in the field depends upon herself. Two doors open before every aspirant for city journalism. One leads to notoriety; the other to success. Unfortunately, the candidate does not know this, as she is generally an out-of-town woman, so she drifts into the opening where she sees a foothold. Once on the inside, however, she is always free to walk out if she finds that she is in her wrong environment. In fact, she will be driven out; for no woman can do successful work out of her



MISS EVA PETTY.

place. In the world of modern wildcat journalism, the woman reporter lasts not longer than five years. She goes up like a skyrocket and comes down like a load of lead. She advertises herself and is advertised, and she unquestionably attains notoriety; but she prostitutes her talent in doing so, and has only herself to thank. She is the newspaper woman who is talked and written about, but she is not the successful newspaper woman. There is legitimate work upon a legitimate newspaper for a woman to do,—work that requires no apology to one's higher self, and there are women doing this work. They are well born, well bred, well dressed, womanly women, who do their work and do not talk about it. They make for themselves a good social position, and the very qualities that endear them to their friends are the qualities not less indispensable in a city newspaper office. In no profession is there a greater demand for sweetness of spirit, courtesy, refinement, and sympathetic comprehension. The women who bring to their work, along with these qualities, plenty of enthusiasm, energy, reliability, and stick-to-it-ive-ness, are the women who are achieving success from both a literary and a monetary viewpoint. To such women to achieve success does not mean merely the gratification of a personal ambition; it is not merely a selfish endeavor. It is a high, moral responsibility that brings out and broadens all the highest attributes of womanhood.

PERFECT HEALTH INDISPENSABLE FOR A JOURNALIST.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, EDITOR OF "HARPER'S BAZAR," SAYS THAT, IF PROPERLY EQUIPPED, THE WOMAN JOURNALIST FINDS MUCH ENJOYMENT IN HER PROFESSION.

WOMEN in journalism need precisely the same qualities which make women agreeable, successful, and happy in other departments of business, at home, and in society. To the daily task a journalist must bring promptness, efficiency, and, perhaps more than anything else, the serene equipoise of excellent health. A woman who is ill, or half-ill, or nervous, a woman who has headaches and is apt to be laid aside by attacks of any sort, would better not attempt the arduous duties of this profession. Granted that she has the proper equipment, the journalist will find great variety and much enjoyment in her life. It will keep her in touch with the period, preserve her youth, and give her a delightful sense of being in the forefront of her generation.



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CONSCIENCE THE FIRST REQUISITE FOR EFFECTIVE JOURNALISTIC WORK.

MRS. WESTOVER ALDEN, EDITOR OF THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE," IS CONVINCED, THROUGH EXPERIENCE, THAT WOMEN WHO LEARN JOURNALISM THOROUGHLY, AND DO CONSCIENTIOUS WORK, ARE MORE RELIABLE THAN MEN.

JOURNALISM is contemporaneous history. It involves seeing things clearly as they are, not as they might be, nor as they ought to be; describing them accurately; and reasoning, from what can be seen, to the meaning of the whole. Woman in journalism is generally hampered by her education. She has not acquired the habit of accurate observation, nor of accurate narration, nor of keen generalization. Girls' schools impart too much knowledge, and they develop far too little of real wisdom.

I have seen much incompetent and much competent work by women in the field of journalism. The worst incompetence comes from reliance on supposed fineness of style and contempt of truth. This is often accompanied by unreliability in habits of work. Sometimes it goes with an utter failure to comprehend the significance of a statement that is to be sent into a hundred thousand homes. Then the victim writes in a reckless fashion that bears as much relation to sane journalistic



MRS. WESTOVER ALDEN.

work as the scribbling of Johanna the chimpanzee bears to literary effort.

It is shocking to think how many people never fully realize the difference between truth and fiction. In a journalist, man or woman, this is a fatal weakness. Conscience is the first requisite for effective work. Others see what the truth is but are unable to express it clearly. If style does not do this it is worse than useless. Still others, seeing all that can be seen, and able to tell it, are incomplete in all their efforts because of the fact that everything does not appear on the surface of any given event. Logic is what is needed here. Logic is persistently slighted in the schools.

Aside from these deficiencies, there are others even more peculiar to women. They are, using a newspaper term, "thin-skinned." I have known a girl to ignore an important assignment, to let me be "beaten" by other papers on something of the greatest interest, because she imagined she had not been treated with due deference by somebody. That is nonsense! A man would be properly discharged for such a display of temper. But there is little use trying to discipline women; they weep, and that makes one uncomfortable. Then it is unfortunately true that regular and systematic work is a habit that is hard for women in general to acquire, and work regular and

systematic is the only sort of work valuable in journalism. I have spoken with little reserve about the failings of the woman beginner in this occupation; they are the result of woman's suppression for sixty centuries. But too much honor cannot be paid to the girls who overcome the consolidated effect of such suppression, who force themselves to sacrifice pleasure and comfort, and easy hours, and indolence, to stern duty; who strive for truth persistently; who never take anything for granted; and who learn to reason out the whole of a story, as a naturalist reconstructs an extinct mammal from a few bones, verifying conclusions before printing them. I have been fortunate enough to have much of such assistance; without it my work would have been an abject failure. Women who learn journalism, as I have described it, are more reliable than men. They do not spend, like many men, the early morning hours playing poker, and come to the office fagged out with insufficient sleep. They do not turn up drunk, as men often do, without having covered their assignments. Neither do they beg off to go down to Sheepshead Bay and "play the races." Their life and labor is an earnest of what women in general may be and may accomplish when the elevation of woman's lot and the perfection of her education have made her truly the equal of man.

SOCIETY FADS.

THE chains society women wear just now are not those of love nor of toil, but of gold; and so many are they, so richly jeweled, and so hung with quaint and curious, useful and foolish, little belongings, that it requires careful study to discover what they all mean and wherefore they are worn. But if you pursue the question and inquire of an intelligent damsel she will tell you that chains are now a part of the economics of feminine dress, and that their chief mission is to do away with that most useless of inconvenient formalities, a skirt pocket. With not less than five chains does any rightly constituted woman set out these days to shop, call, or even attend divine worship. First, over her head she passes a chain of fine gold, that falls nearly to her knees and on which is strung a quaint gold-screw pencil enameled in blue or red and set with jewels. Along with this goes a set of six ivory leaves, thin as paper, and set between gold covers, by way of memorandum tablets. Alongside is strung a knife mounted in gold or pearl, as light and keen of blade as a physician's lancet; and, lastly, a bit of a damask silk bag that holds visiting cards. This you see takes the place of a chate-laine; for be it remembered that the woman who stanchly marches in the track of the latest mode does not wear these essentials to her existence dangling from a pin at her side. A shorter gold chain, strung at intervals with large beads cut from amethyst, holds a small gold case, from which two sets of lorgnons spring. One is for long-distance sight, the other for reading; and then to another chain, made from very long, narrow links, hangs a gold net purse, with a big amethyst set in its clasp. Still another fine chain has a wee bit of a fan dangling to it; and the fifth and last thread of precious metal holds an amulet of some especial efficacy, not to speak of its historical value. One young woman wears on her chain a silver saint supposed to have adorned the hat of Louis the Eleventh of France. Another boasts that her silver keepsake was taken from the miracle-working tomb of Edward the Con-

fessor; while those who have not relics of saints and kings show ogymies from Egypt, scarabs from Rameses' tomb, or bits of jade handed down from Confucius.

AS THEIR entertainments and exercises indicate, society this summer will spend much time out of doors. Indeed, the newest fancy for daily recreation during the warm weather is a plan whereby every summer cottager, at seaside or inland, will eat two meals, at least, out of doors, on every fine day. Two strong incentives are behind this apparently irrelevant innovation. The first is, it is believed that outdoor eating acts with wonderfully beneficial effect on tired nerves and jaded appetites; at least, so an eminent physician has been credited with saying. And where is the society woman who does not believe that her nerves and her appetite always need stimulation? The second theory is that eating in the open air has a marked effect on the complexion and eyes, bringing rosiness to the first and brilliancy to the second; and, in consequence, in every garden where space, a skillful gardener, and a good location were available, a special breakfast and tea bower has been erected, and vines are already climbing over it. Many of these wire and glass pagodas, some of them most exquisitely designed and erected on circular spaces laid in colored tiles, are already in use. All the sides are open, so that plenty of sunshine may be admitted; and adjoining the outdoor tea-rooms of very rich women, miniature iron and glass kitchens are built, where the butler cooks everything over a gas-stove. So amid roses, sunlight, and sheltering grape-leaves, a modern Arcadia will be enjoyed.

THE latest *on dit* from Paris is to the effect that fine gold necklaces, narrow bangle bracelets, and small Etruscan gold earrings, as well as larger gold hoops, set with pearls, rose diamonds, and moonstones, are to be the next smart revival.

MADAME LA MODE.



OUR GIRLS

PRACTICAL HINTS TO YOUNG WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

WHEN a young woman decides, from choice or necessity, to join the army of bread-winners, the first step is to become qualified to do so. Let the choice of a special line be carefully and weightily considered, and then abide by that choice.

Do not be proud to say, "Oh, I can do 'most anything, —I have taught school, clerked, kept books," etc. If this be true, it is to be regretted; for one thing is certain: success rarely attends a person who rushes from that to this, and from this to that. The longer one follows a particular line, the more valuable becomes the service, and the labor is performed with less exertion.

When you have become competent to offer your services in some line, do not be afraid to do so. You need not expect to sit at home in a dark room and have a position come and find you. There is nothing the least bit degrading in asking an employer of help for a situation. Advertising, which is so popular, is a great help.

If you answer an advertisement in person, go early; don't wait until somebody else has the position. When you do go, do not wear all your best clothes; they will not get you the position. Do not enter a place of business with any of your society bows. Not that you need go to the other extreme and be abrupt or pert; be ladylike, and state your business briefly. Do not beg for a position. You need not shiver and shake because the man you are going to interview is a "big" president, superintendent, or something equally awful. A railroad or bank president is only a man, and one of God's creatures the same as yourself.

Be reasonably independent, but don't overvalue your own abilities. About compensation, it is usually best to consider the situation with regard to the future, and accept a small salary if you have reason to believe that your faithful efforts will receive appreciation and reward.

When you have secured the position, the first thing you must make up your mind to do is to be punctual. Let nothing you can control keep you from being on time. There can be no "ifs or ands" about this rule; a stated amount of your time belongs to your employer, and you owe it to yourself to deliver that time. Besides, the habit of punctuality will be of infinite value to yourself in many ways and afford pleasure to your friends.

One of the most important things to learn is—well, to speak in unmistakable language, to keep your mouth shut. The stenographer, the clerk, the employed person of either sex in any place, who chatters here and there of the affairs of an employer is open to severe censure, and will eventually get into trouble of some order. The man or woman who betrays a business secret is deserving of that which in the olden times wiped out a deadly insult. If questions are asked you can always say, "I prefer not to answer."

Independence, we all know, is a fundamental principle in this country, but sometimes there can be too much of any good thing. It is quite possible to be too independent, thus becoming ungracious,—even impolite. Politeness always pays, be it to the "High Mogul" or to the janitor. A pleasant smile and bright "Good-morning" cost nothing, and, besides the pleasure they give, are usually very good policy in any line of business. It may be difficult to be pleasant under some circumstances, but self-control is of great personal value, and a gentle person usually commands gentle usage.

The young woman who enters a business life must learn to pass without note what may be termed "snubs." You may be the daughter of a very respectable townsman, and yet you must not expect to be an intimate friend of your employer's wife, any more than you expect to attend the opera with Susan, your mother's kitchen maid. This is not for the reason that Susan or your employer's wife or any one of you is better than the other, only that you all have your own places to fill in the world.

It is not always necessary to know everybody you possibly can. It is far better taste for a young woman to wait for a business acquaintance to recognize her first, when they meet away from places of business. There is a lawyer in Chicago who instructed a new stenographer as follows: "Never recognize on the street any person with whom you come in contact in my office, unless he first bows to you." The stenographer lived up to the rule, and never regretted doing so.

A young woman's personal appearance is always in her favor or against her. Neat attire, tidy hair, and carefully kept finger-nails are things that denote refinement, and are by no means indications of vanity. Do not think for one moment that a busy employer does not notice such things; he certainly does. Dress becomingly, always, for that is a duty every woman owes to herself and to those about her; but dress appropriately for your business. Showy attire, jewelry, and furbelows are entirely out of place in a business office.

There was an old Blue Law of Salem which ought never to have been abolished, and we might then, perhaps, be free from our inherent love of gossip. Surely the evil thereof is one which calls for home missionary work in its most literal sense. And women are not the only ones who seem to enjoy an "I heard." However, in business life, at least, put away all temptation to gossip. Do not be suspicious. If your employer is closeted with another clerk for half an hour, don't be too quick to surmise. She may be getting a severe lecture which you are lucky to miss, or she may be receiving information that her salary is to be reduced. Do not shake your head and intimate things which you dare not say. You might feel ashamed if later you discovered that the interview was for your employer

to ascertain what Christmas gift you might be best pleased to receive.

The advent of women into business life has undoubtedly exerted untold influence in purifying the general tone of conversation, and improving personal habits and appearance in offices. But do not expect too much. I know one man who will never be without his coat in the presence of a woman; but this man has never done a truly hard day's work in his life. The etiquette of an office must be governed by circumstances. A loud demand for polite treatment will usually fail to secure it, while a quiet, dignified, and unaggressive refinement will command it always.

Sometimes one must listen to conversation which is not what might be wished, and the most simple way to meet this is with an unperturbed countenance and a consciousness of one's own purity, which will cause it to fall flat. Do not consider yourself the recipient of an indignity because a man places his hand upon your arm. He may not be conscious of the act, and mean nothing if he is, except a kind, fatherly, or brotherly feeling.

Much has been written and said about the dangers which surround a young girl who goes out to a life among business men. A woman has just published a book in which the very pure, sweet maiden, the heroine, a lawyer's stenographer, after resenting an insult from her employer, stays on in her position and finally elopes with this employer, a married man. This seems to me anything but true to life. In the first place, it is not the openly immoral man who is dangerous. Forewarned is forearmed; and although it is not always possible to leave a position where such a man exists, the most despicable man honors a good woman, and if a woman is morally weak, she is in just as great danger in one place as another. Let every young woman learn the difference between good and evil, and let her be sure that her safety depends upon her own strength, her own behavior, and not upon any chance of social position. A business life furnishes an education which none other can exactly give; and a wife, mother, and housekeeper will be all the better satisfied with a home and a husband if she has some knowledge of other men and the world.

GRACE BLAIN HANGER.

THE TRUE MOTHER INSTINCT.

AN idea obtains in all classes of society that spinsters and childless women in general have no adequate conception of parental feeling or the child's nature. In reality they may be more liberally endowed with that nobler part of the instinct which has its seat in the soul than many who have become mothers after the flesh.

Physical motherhood, to be sure, will always furnish the best opportunity for the co-existent spiritual instinct to be perfected, and a woman who has been given such an opportunity ought to feel ashamed in the presence of one who never having had it yet understands and loves children better. Such instances are not uncommon; we all meet women who would inspire us with contempt if we did not pity them for their seeming acceptance of wifehood and maternity as merely superficial episodes, experiences they have passed through without the spiritual stamp of either bond being left upon their light natures.

We frequently see maiden aunts who are the true mothers of their married sisters' families, having a superior standard and practice of the relationship, the children, too, tacitly understanding the state of the case. The childless woman responds to the tender thrill of a baby's kiss, to the trust in its upturned eyes; having all the God-given equipment for motherhood in her heart it is not difficult for her to appreciate the endless demands of the growing child or the responsibility—only ending with death—of the parent. The sublime annals of maternal love and sacrifice are none the less holy to her mind because she has not added to them herself.

Sometimes she does add to them,—on a side-track, as it were. Witness the case of a certain spinster who entered upon the charge of a parochial school in a mountain district. One glance at her pupils was enough to convince her that they were "a hard lot"; she had heard that the last teacher had thrashed them unmercifully for their shortcomings, and that they were familiar with only the same kind of government in their homes.

"Children," she said, in her inaugural address to them, "I shall expect implicit obedience from you, but I tell you, to begin with, that I shall never strike a blow while

I have charge of this school; all the same you will find that I intend to have obedience."

The sturdy young rebels, at first fairly paralyzed with astonishment, winked significantly at one another in delighted anticipation of an entire school term under the lax system proposed; doubtless it promised them only less fun than a protracted circus or menagerie riding through the village day in and day out.

At the expiration of the term, however, that teacher, soft in manner and speech, but strong in the granite courage of her convictions, had conquered that desperate parochial school without a blow, without a severe punishment of any kind. It must be said that she came out of the conflict of wills pale and worn, nearly exhausted; but she had been willing to make an hourly sacrifice of temper and of personal comfort in order to vindicate what she considered the sacredness of child life and the child's ownership of his body. The undisciplined mothers of her scholars evidently had been unwilling to make such a sacrifice of self in the control of their offspring, although most of them probably would have died to save them in a moment of supreme danger, from the force of the animal instinct of maternity.

If a jury of childless persons were called upon to cite the worst cases of unkindness and cruelty to children that ever came under their observation, they would be obliged to testify that those violations of their innate ideal of the parental relation had been perpetrated by parents upon their own offspring. The lips of some members of such a jury might be sealed by the distressing memory that their own helpless childhood had furnished the instances, happening, as such things do, sometimes, in a social sphere whereof better things might be expected.

Actual parentage, as a concrete experience, brings with it a sense of possession; this mother feeling, too often abused, that a child is her own to do as she pleases with, is the only one pertaining to the love and care of the young that a childless woman cannot enter into or understand.

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT



NOVELTIES FOR SUMMER FURNISHING.

EVERY season now the task of preparing homes for summer living is more widely recognized as a necessary duty, and is also becoming a pleasanter and easier one to accomplish. Men and women of artistic tastes, trained designers, are engaged all through the busy winter months in devising novelties which shall either fill a need, increasing the comfort and luxury of life, or anticipate one so deftly and ingeniously that we take ourselves to task for not having thought of it before. Of this sort are some of the convenient pieces of willow and bamboo furniture, which now cover so wide a field and fill so many needs for human comfort that it seems impossible to add to them; and there is also the old-time kitchen settle, which, after genius hovered over it, has blossomed into a thing of such quaint beauty, combined with convenience, that it is fit to grace the stateliest hall or fireside.

We have fortunately outlived and risen above all the little furbelows, "gingerbread" work, senseless points and scallops, which used to form the so-called ornamentation of willow chairs, adding much to their cost and fragility, and increasing their resemblance to a fancy work-basket. The improvement in design in willow furniture is enormous, and shows the influence of the Orient, where centuries of use have developed much that is practical, comfortable, and durable. Variety is given in shape and color and finish, and the only difficulty confronting the housewife is that of wise choice, where there is so much that is desirable.

When a country house is to be furnished throughout the task is greatly simplified by planning a harmonious scheme before purchasing anything; where this is done everything will seem to drop into its appointed place, and you will not be confronted with a *Récamier* couch finished in red shellac which fits no corner out of a white-and-gold room, or similar incongruities. The problem of buying summer furnishings for the city house or adding to those of the country residence is more complex, however, and it is often necessary to choose, not what we most like, but that which will look best with furnishings which are not to be discarded; and for this very reason bargain sales of household furnishings are especially to be shunned as a delusion and a snare. You would better buy one pair of portières that harmonize with your other furnishings than two pairs which can simply be made to answer—often, even do not do that—and add nothing to the character or attractiveness of the rooms. Nothing which is not just what one needs or wants is ever cheap at any price.

In the choice of color it is possible to carry out any scheme which the fancy of woman may devise, but there is nothing newer or more charming, especially for halls, living-rooms, and libraries, than forest green, which was introduced last year. This must not be confounded with that vivid, crudely brilliant green which punished our eyes for so many years in rural localities, dividing favor only with as vivid a red, and being used with lavish brush on every porch-chair and settle, as well as the flower-pots. Forest green is a delightfully cool, soft color, ap-

proaching olive in tone, and it blends most pleasingly with any bright color, in hangings, rugs, and cushions, which one may desire to put with it. Many fascinatingly quaint pieces of furniture in this finish are shown, the styles being either revivals of Old English or wholly modern conceits most cleverly adapted to the same period. Of the latter class is the King Arthur chair, which looks as if it might have come out of an old Norman castle. It is evolved from the humble settle, its high back, which frames My Lady's head most becomingly when she sinks into its capacious depths, being a large, round table-top, that can be shut down upon the arms, to which it is hinged, transforming the chair into a table at a moment's notice. As the deep seat is also a chest, this is a very convenient piece of furniture for a square hall or for those spacious veranda corners which are turned into outdoor parlors.

There are numberless tea-tables of varying size and shape, some of them distinguished by oddly irregular shelves which in contracted space afford room for everything. Among these the Tokio, finished in hawthorn green, a little darker than forest green, is a fascinating thing adapted from a Chinese teakwood cabinet. The Cliveden screen, finished in forest green, has the long, lower panels filled with simple cotton print in a tiny pattern of green picked out with yellow, while above are narrow panels of burnt-wood decoration. This screen is shown in one of our illustrations, a group photographed at Messrs. Joseph P. McHugh & Co.'s, where a specialty is made of the forest-green furniture. Their Vicarage settle is another attractive and convenient piece of hall furniture, room for which could be found in even a small hall. It has the adjustable back of the old-time kitchen ironing-table, fastened to the arms by pins, and the whole settle, with its waved or oval top, is modeled on so graceful lines that it is a thing of beauty as well as comfort. There are cabinets and writing-desks, corner seats and fitments, study-tables, the Dickens book-table,—a thing to covet,—and screens and chairs without number. Platter-racks, for the dining-room walls, have three shelves, grooved to hold plates and other precious bits of china or pottery in safety; and pipe-racks—designed, of course, for "the den"—are found convenient, as well, on the veranda.

Denim furniture is one of the season's novelties, and in blue or light olive-green it is delightfully cool and summery looking. A charming morning-room or a parlor in an unpretentious summer cottage could be arranged with this furniture, the blue sets being adapted to a Delft scheme of decoration, but harmonizing as well with the beautiful Japanese cotton *crêpes* or the Jaypore prints. One of our illustrations, reproduced from a photograph taken at Messrs. Herts Bros., shows the sofa, low rocker, table, and foot-cushion from one of these sets, the other pieces being an easy-chair and a reception-chair. All the woodwork is covered smoothly with the denim; the scroll embroidery is done with white cotton



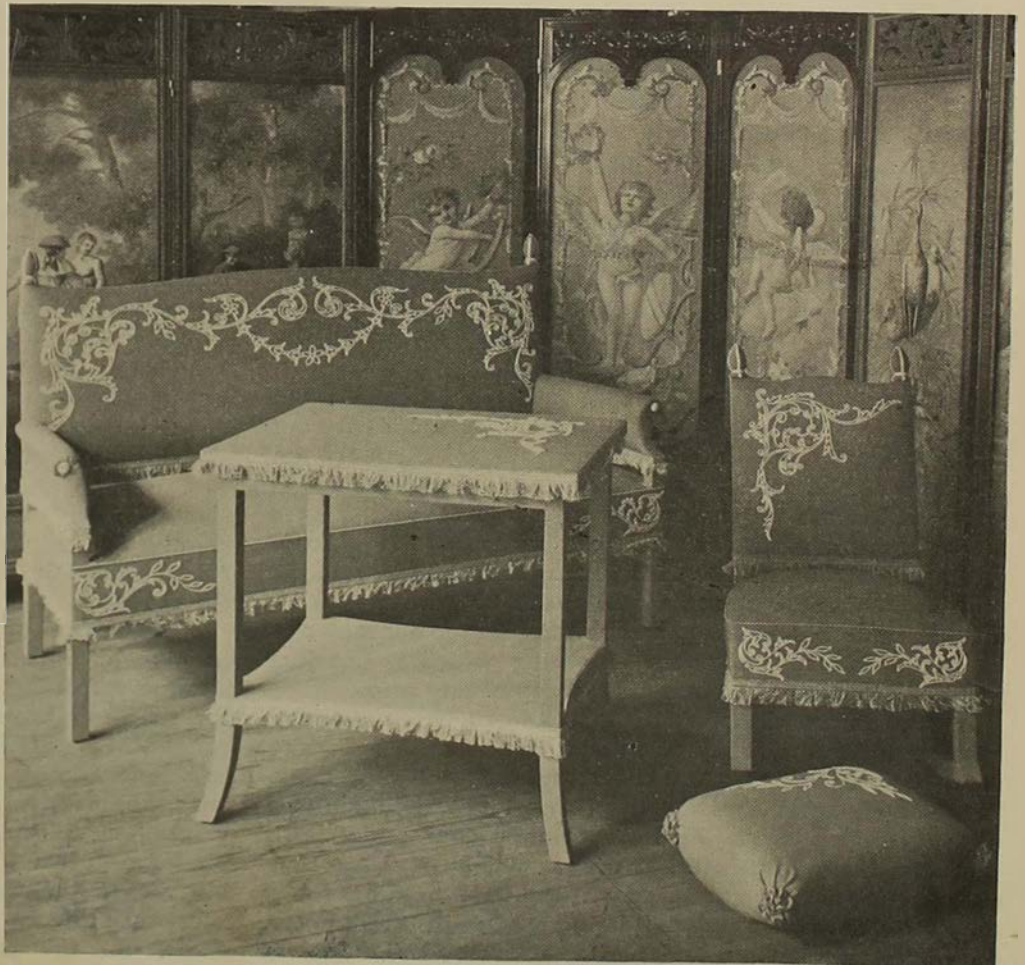
MALACCA CANE FURNITURE.

the joinings are covered with a blue-and-white gimp, and the workmanship is perfect. In a Delft room the furniture can be completed with Sconset chairs, quaint old-fashioned wooden chairs and low rockers, finished in white enamel with Delft decorations; and if the *crêpes* or prints are used, pieces of rattan or willow furniture in natural color, or Malacca cane in blue shellac would combine admirably to make an ideal room.

One of the season's surprises is that there are so many kinds of willow, cane, rattan, rush, and braided grass used in the manufacture of light summer furniture. Every country contributes its specialty, as also different parts of our own. When the high, square mission-chairs were introduced, revived from the quaint old things used in the Spanish Missions of California, it was found that Eastern rushes would not answer, and it was necessary to send to California for the right variety. All the Malacca cane furniture is made in Paris, and is stamped with the lightness and delicacy of style combined with dainty finish that marks French work. The pieces shown in one of our illustrations are from a set finished in pale green shellac. There are square-armed *tête-à-têtes* to match the easy-chair shown, and round-backed chairs to match the *tête-à-tête*; and many odd shaped, high-backed easy-chairs, round-topped and deeply curving or square, low sewing-chairs, and oval-topped and round tables as well as square ones.

Some very unique pieces of this Malacca cane have seats and backs of finely split cane woven in gay tartans of sealing-wax red and black or green and red mingled with the natural cane, with a shellac finish almost as brilliant as Japanese lacquer. There are low arm and rocking chairs, all sorts of odd occasional chairs, settles, lounges, and reclining chairs, and many tables and work-stands in this gay finish. It would hardly be advisable to furnish a whole room with this style, but a few pieces could be mingled with admirable effect among plainer ones of willow, cane, or rattan finished in solid color. It would look particularly well in a green or Indian red room, and would be a good choice for a city home where much of the upholstered furniture must be retained in use. All this Malacca cane is very light, and just the thing to put out on balconies or verandas in the evening.

The Osborne settle is one of the very odd pieces of the season. Its capacious rounded ends are capable of accommodating even the "lucky thirteen" downy cushions, and there is such an air of seclusion about its high back and ends, which curve round to the front, that it quite invites confidential *tête-à-têtes*. There are chairs to match the settle, and they are finished in white and gold, brilliant, sealing-wax red, or any preferred color, forest green and brown oak being especially desirable. Other novelties are the Russian tea-rack, with three small basket-like shelves, and the Roundabout tea-tray. The first is made of a Russian grass called *raffia*, which is braided and then coiled into shape like rope. In England this convenient little basket-rack is called "the curate's assistant," being used at those paro-



DENIM FURNITURE.

chial kettle-drums where the hard-worked curate does the service of a half-dozen other men in waiting on woman-kind. The tea-tray is a capacious affair of willow, and rests upon one of the adjustable Turkish standards. It is just the thing for the summer five-o'clock-teas, being large enough to hold the whole tea equipage, and easily carried out on veranda or lawn with absolute safety to fragile china, as its deeply curved edge prevents anything from sliding off.

Reclining chairs, couches, and other things of bamboo, upholstered with finest China matting, are greatly improved in style from the first pieces shown a year or two ago. In comfort, convenience, and beauty of finish, they leave nothing to be desired. A beautiful window-seat has the bamboo frame finished in green and browns, blending one with the other in perfect imitation of the natural fresh bamboo. The matting seat has splashes of dull browns thrown on in the irregular Chinese manner, and it is cushioned just enough to make it yielding and easy, but not hot. A low, round piece of furniture, at least thirty-six inches in diameter, which may be called an ottoman, for lack of a better name, is a convenient piece of furniture for the open-air parlor, as it could be utilized in many ways. It would

also be a fascinating Roundabout play-table for a day nursery, affording room for a half-dozen children to gather about it. It is woven of green cane and twisted grass in the natural color, a soft, pale olive, and though extremely light in weight is strong and durable. There are small *tête-à-têtes* and many styles of chairs and tables to match the ottoman.

Nothing can be more durable for piazza furnishing than the plain, substantial Canton cane chairs, which bear exposure to the weather admirably. There is a greater variety even in these than when they were first introduced; they can be had low or high, broad and deep or small, with square, oval, or heart-shaped backs and broad arms, or narrow ones sloping to nothing. The Formosa is an ideal reading-chair, with deep, square seat and broadly spreading arms. The Hong Kong combines the *chaise longue* with an ordinary capacious easy-chair, being built on the plan of a Morris chair with adjustable back, and an extension foot-stool as well. The light and strong character of all this furniture makes it an admirable choice for a summer camp. There are convenient book-racks and tables, and the Yokohama tea-table with adjustable shelves which match the chairs.

E. A. FLETCHER

SANITARIAN

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR COUNTRY NURSING.

IT is rather a remarkable fact that the majority of human beings in planning for a summer's outing arrange only for the prospective pleasures, and illness and accident are seldom considered among the possibilities. That all the ills which winter flesh is heir to are quite likely to follow the family circle to their secluded country home, out of sight and sound of nurse and doctor, is an unconsidered item of no more substantial proportion than the possibility of a special assortment of summer ailments awaiting them.

The tool-kit for the bicycle is bound to be complete; a variety of racquets, new strings, handles, etc., are provided in case the tennis apparatus should get out of order; even an additional supply of clothes is ordered lest misfortune should befall the stock on hand; but the wear and tear on the human form divine is forgotten and left unprovided for.

Now it is really important that the provisions for a sojourn in the country should include a complete home medicine-chest, a stock of hot-water bags, an ice-bag or two, for they are cheap, a box of mustard leaves, some adhesive plaster, rolls of soft muslin for bandages, and a nice assortment of old flannel and muslin cloths. This sounds a little as though the family were about to open a summer hospital, and the chances are that they will on a small scale before the season is over, with its accidents by land and water, the change of water and diet, and the suddenly unrestricted life for children.

In the medicine chest should be a quart bottle of alcohol which is good for a smart rubbing down after sudden exposure, like an unexpected shower when on a tramp, being upset from a rowboat, or too long a swim in cool water; indeed, a hot alcohol rub is almost a sure preventive of

cold, and is always approved by the doctor, when he does come. Next, a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, which is excellent for headaches, especially those caused by indigestion or biliousness, for nervousness, and in cases of weak heart-action brought on by fright, a teaspoonful in three-fourths of a tumblerful of water, taken in sips, being the usual dose. Most important is the Jamaica ginger, almost invariably the popular resource after green apples and other indiscretions in the same line; and camphor and paregoric must not be forgotten, nor listerine, for petty throat-irritations, which can be used diluted one half; a well-tested cough-mixture is indispensable, and arnica for the searchers after birds' nests; a box of mustard leaves will prove an inestimable blessing, especially if the family is boarding and the request for a mustard plaster at midnight would bring down the anathemas of landlady and Bridget alike; while a solution of bicarbonate of soda is an excellent remedy for insect-bites and burns in the absence of a doctor, indeed will often do away with the need for him altogether.

In case of an unexpected chill from any cause, the never-failing hot-water bag should be used in combination with hot lemonade or coffee, and unless the difficulty is beyond home remedies, relief is sure to follow. Hot black coffee is always excellent when an immediate stimulant is required, as after a fainting fit, or cramps brought on by sea-bathing; after over-exertion, a ten minutes' rub of alcohol and salt followed by complete rest and nourishing food is frequently all the remedy required.

When a member of the family is taken seriously ill, and weeks of nursing are likely to follow, it is well to know some few rules for home nursing, and set about putting them into practice in the most scientific manner possible.

In the first place, put the room in order, quietly and dexterously, so that the patient may not be annoyed by any confusion. If the room is hot and stuffy, close the blinds and sprinkle them well with water, or if there are no blinds, hang up green cambric and keep it wet; the hot air passing through the wet curtain will be quickly cooled. Clear out all unnecessary furniture, draw the bed out into room, and keep the patient as quiet as possible.

It is always difficult to get plenty of clean bedding in a summer place, but it is absolutely necessary for the comfort of an invalid, and, in many cases, will aid greatly toward a quick recovery. When it is impossible to procure many changes, secure one extra pillow and two sets of sheets and pillow cases, and an extra blanket. Make the bed up fresh at night, and in the morning put the other set in the sun to be ready again for the night; in this way a bed can be kept fresh, and making the change at night instead of in the morning will add to the chances of a good night's rest for the patient.

Use blankets always, not cotton comfortables; and never put down-pillows on an invalid's bed. Take off the heavy spread, should there be one, and keep the under sheet drawn tight so there will be no wrinkles. In hot weather it is refreshing to have the pillows changed several times during the day; so one may be cooling and getting fresh while the other is in use.

Ice is another luxury not easily obtained in many country houses, and is one of the hardest things to do without. Where ice is needed for external use and cannot be obtained, a cloth wrung out of cold water and waved in the air a moment can be used. Alcohol in the water, or poured on the cloth after it is wrung out, will tend to cool it. Sometimes bathing the face and hands with hot water—not warm—will prove more cooling than ice itself. Ice keeps well wrapped in newspaper, and little bits can be split off, as needed, with a hat-pin or a little "needle ice-pick" that comes for the purpose.

For the morning bath, sea salt or alcohol added to the water is strengthening, and prevents cold. In giving the sponge-bath, protect the bed with a thick towel, wring the sponge or cloth as dry as possible, bathe only a small portion of the body at a time, dry, and cover quickly; in this way a chill, as well as unnecessary exposure, is avoided. Should a patient be fatigued during the bath, stop at once and do not attempt to give a full bath until the invalid is stronger.

Immediately after the bath an invalid should have a glass of milk, hot or cold, or a cup of broth, or any light lunch; then absolute quiet for an hour or so. Of course if the patient is on diet, the doctor's orders must be strictly followed. In hot weather cold food is always agreeable to an invalid; but it must be ice cold to be enjoyed. Farina served with fresh cream is dainty; rice boiled to a jelly in milk and served cold with cream is very good. A raw egg beaten separately and stirred in a glass half-full of milk and flavored to suit is of great

benefit in convalescence; but it is too rich to be used regularly. Iced milk or buttermilk, iced beef tea, or any of the many liquid foods should always be served in thin glasses with plenty of cracked ice; the tinkle of the ice is pleasant and the appearance is inviting. It is of importance that any food served to an invalid should be attractive, otherwise it may be refused; and unless a patient is well nourished recovery will be slow. For this reason give food as regularly as medicine, and be very careful that it is just suited to the case.

Food or nourishment, whether solid or liquid, must be perfectly fresh, and well cooked and plain. Rich food and fancy dishes should never appear on an invalid's tray. It is not always easy to insist on this rule, since many people prefer pies and fried things no matter what their condition. One patient, for instance, who was very ill with gastritis, begged for fried food and rich gravies, and would eat nothing else; another, during a spasm of intense pain, saw her dinner-tray being carried away, and called out for her pie, which had been permitted her that day. No matter what the illness, refuse all but plain, simple food unless the physician directs otherwise, when the nurse has no further responsibility.

A number of plain, soft night-dresses is one of the greatest comforts an invalid can have. Big collars and much trimming are in the way and always get in a bunch. Night-dresses must be large enough to be put on and off easily when in bed, and even then if a patient is weak this is a serious matter; they should be fine, or old enough to be soft, and the prettier the better provided they are not fancy. Change them night and morning, and oftener if there is much perspiration, provided the patient is in a condition to stand the moving. Frequent change of linen prevents restlessness and discomfort from heat; but if a patient is quiet and comfortable it is unwise to disturb her unless absolutely necessary.

If a patient has long hair it will require constant care and patience to keep it in order, particularly if the illness be severe. Keep it braided in two braids, and comb or brush one side at a time, taking care that it does not become matted low in the neck.

The amateur nurse can add greatly to the comfort of the invalid by the careful selection of her own attire. She should wear a washable dress, made plainly, of course, for if it is fancy the trimming is sure to get in the way or be injured; and if it is a bright color or stiffly starched, it may annoy the patient. A cool-looking gingham, plainly made, is most suitable, worn with a large white apron, and noiseless shoes. Dress the hair plainly. Elaborate hairdressing takes much time and soon becomes disarranged; besides, elaborate bangs and excessive attention to dress are apt to annoy a nervous patient. But under all circumstances be scrupulously neat; nothing is more annoying to an invalid than a careless, untidy-looking nurse.

J. BELLE FANTON.

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THE STRAWBERRY: IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

THE wide world over, the strawberry is queen of fruits by reason of its universal popularity. A roll-call of its lovers would include most of humanity, and not even Eve's apple, which we have always with us, can dispute the sovereignty of the luscious berry. Owing to the greatly improved methods of packing and transportation, the season when we can enjoy this delicious fruit fresh from the vines has been lengthened to several months, and we have consequently discovered many new ways of serving it, so that we can have it for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, without becoming sated.

The most delightful way to serve strawberries for breakfast is *au naturel*, with hulls and stems on. Those who like sugar with them pick up a berry by the stem, dip it in a saucer of powdered sugar, and bite it off,—and this, by the way, is the ideal manner of eating currants. Many people who cannot eat strawberries and cream will find that served *au naturel* the berries agree with them perfectly. Strawberries ought not be washed, if possible to avoid it. Choice fruit is never dirty unless a violent storm has driven the sand through the mulching. A little sand is easily removed from dry fruit by brushing the berries lightly with a camel's-hair brush. When the berries must be washed, a handful should be taken at a time, agitated gently in a basin of water, lifted quickly out with a skimmer, and spread upon brown paper, which will absorb the moisture. Don't heap the berries up in a bowl till they are perfectly dry. Any other, less painstaking, method of washing them is barbarous, destroying all the bloom and most of the flavor of the fruit. One more caution is, never put sugar on any berries when they are sent to the table; sugar should never stand upon them longer than it takes to eat them.

Strawberry dumplings are nice for a luncheon dessert, and a pleasant change from the time-honored shortcake. For these make a light soft dough, mixing three cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, one salt-spoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of butter, with sufficient milk to make it the consistency of light puff-paste. Roll out to a half-inch in thickness, cut in four-inch squares, lay four or five large strawberries in the centre of each, moisten the corners, and draw them up handkerchief-wise, pinching firmly together in the centre. Set the dumpling in a buttered tin and steam for twenty-five minutes. Serve with a hard sauce made of butter and sugar creamed together, adding a few drops of lemon juice, and beating in several spoonfuls of crushed strawberries.

Frozen strawberries are very refreshing on a hot day and not at all troublesome to prepare. Add the juice of two lemons to two pounds of strawberries, and let them stand for a half-hour. Pour one quart of boiling water over two pounds of sugar and boil ten minutes; strain

the syrup, and when cold add the strawberries; then freeze.

For strawberry sherbet a syrup is prepared in the same way, except that a pint more of water is used; after straining, add the juice of one lemon and a pint of strawberry juice, and when perfectly cold, pour it into the freezer.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—Sprinkle a cupful of sugar over a quart of strawberries, crush partly, and set in the refrigerator for two hours. Pour a half-cupful of water over half of a box of gelatine, and when softened set the bowl in a tin of hot water till dissolved. Rub the strawberries through a sieve, then add the gelatine, and when it begins to thicken, beat into it a pint of whipped cream. Have ready a mold which has been chilled by standing full of iced water, pour the mixture in and stand in a cool place till firm.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE.—Dissolve a half-ounce of gelatine in a pint of warm water, and let it stand till it begins to set; line a tin mold, already chilled by having cracked ice packed around it, with large ripe berries dipped first in the partially set gelatine. Flavor a pint of cream with vanilla, and sweeten with a half-cupful of sugar; set the bowl in iced water and whip the cream to a froth. Skim the froth off and place in a sieve, and beat again whatever drains through; when all is thoroughly whipped, fill up the mold with it, cover, and set in a cool place till it is time to send to the table. Serve with sweet cream.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE is another delicious frozen dessert, and the same receipt can be used all summer with different fruits as they succeed each other. Whip a pint of sweet cream to a stiff froth; add to it a pint of strawberry juice sweetened with a cupful of powdered sugar; beat thoroughly together, put in a mold or ice-cream freezer, pack as usual in salt and ice, and freeze for three hours.

The proper time to can strawberries is when the home season is in its prime, and fine, ripe, firm berries, which can pass from the vines to the preserving kettle within a few hours, can be had. Allow eight ounces of sugar to a pint of berries, and let them boil eight minutes. Much of the success in canning fruit depends upon the bottles in which it is put, and the most scrupulous cleanliness in regard to these must be observed. Never use bottles which have contained pickles or any acid fruits, and when using old bottles, always provide new rubber bands.

Miss Parloe's method of preserving strawberries without cooking is convenient, and the result is said to be delicious. Mash twelve quarts of strawberries with nine pints of sugar, and let stand in a cool place for several hours. Stir thoroughly and pack in jars, holding each jar, the instant before filling, over a lighted candle for a moment, to exhaust the air. Close tightly, wipe the jars, and stand them in a cool, dark place. All small berries can be preserved in this way.

F. A. E.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Machinery and Progress.

Bishop Potter has discovered an influence exerted by machinery, which, if his views be correct, is altogether malign, and perhaps more injurious to the wage-earner than the blight of slavery. The bishop declares that his observation in a manufactory suggested to him that the workingman who tends

some of the machines becomes himself a mere machine, a thing, a human body with a benumbed intellect. From this single case the bishop suggests the portentous consequences to society and civilization if machinery is to take the place of the "thinking hands."

It may be that some machines are so perfectly constructed as to need nothing more than an automaton to tend them. But the preponderating testimony of those familiar with the finest and most intricate of these so-called labor-saving machines is that the greater their capacity and the

finer and more delicate their product, the higher and more skilled the artisan who tends them must be. This was the undisputed testimony of the witnesses called before a committee of the New York State Legislature appointed last winter to make investigation into the development and tendencies of "trusts."

Indeed, it is quite likely that with the development of very high efficiency in machinery and the employment of skilled labor in running such machines are to be found the hopes of the commercial supremacy of the United States; and every one who has had practical experience with labor and high-grade machinery asserts that the employment of such machinery entails also the employment of skilled labor, with correspondingly high wages.

The World's "Greater" Cities.

Greater New York is not the only one. The "greater city" is not confined to the United States. Great Britain and the Continent have their greater municipalities, the result of growth and the concentration of people in the cities. London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool have all very greatly increased their areas within recent years. Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have also found it necessary to expand beyond their ancient limits. In the French and the Austrian capitals the old fortifications have been torn down and transformed into boulevards, and the city has gone beyond the forts and into the suburbs and country. Berlin's expansion has been recent. It was made necessary by the concentration of power and wealth at the capital and the growth of imperialism. The people had so taxed the limits of the old city that sociologists were beginning to study it to note the effects of the overcrowding and packing of human beings into a circumscribed area. But the bounds were broken, and Berlin became a "greater Berlin," and grew out toward the green fields and air and light.

Paris has a population of 2,500,000, an acreage of 19,024, and the density of population is 128 to the acre. Berlin now has a population of 1,695,000, an acreage of 15,562, and a

density of 109. Vienna has 1,526,000 population, an acreage of 44,460, and a density of only 34.3 to the acre. In spite of these figures, Paris suffers less from overcrowding than any other of the great cities. This is due to the fact that the population is very evenly distributed. The average density of American cities is under 20 persons to the acre. In England it is about 50.

In New York City the average density is 72 to the acre. Below the Harlem River, however, it is 143 to the acre, while on the east side it is 448, and in the often cited "Sanitary District A" of the Eleventh Ward the density is 986, or far greater than that of any other city or any portion of any other city on the globe. In the Greater New York, conditions will be, apparently, much better. The density will be only 17.2 to the acre; but many acres of the new city will be occupied by water, and the overcrowded sections of the present city will not be immediately affected.

The Fairy Tales of Science.

A few years ago a legal battle between the Government and a powerful corporation was begun to decide the right of ownership of a patent. The patented apparatus which was in dispute was said to be the key to the control of the telephone business of the United States. The Supreme Court recently decided against the Government, and the great corporation's right to the apparatus was declared good. The decision, however, is said to be of far less importance to that corporation now than it would have been six years ago. The managers of the corporation believe that they have protected their interests by improvements of their plant. They have spent millions in perfecting their system, and claim that they have vastly increased its service and facilities, so that only at enormous expenditure could any rival seriously threaten them.

And yet, so rapid is the march of invention, it may happen that the most perfect methods for the rapid communication of intelligence in use to-day may soon become unsatisfactory, perhaps obsolete. Some of the ablest of the world's scientists and investigators are absorbed in the problem of rapid and cheap communication, such as will bring practically face to face, as the telephone does, persons who wish to communicate, by means of the simplest and most economical apparatus.

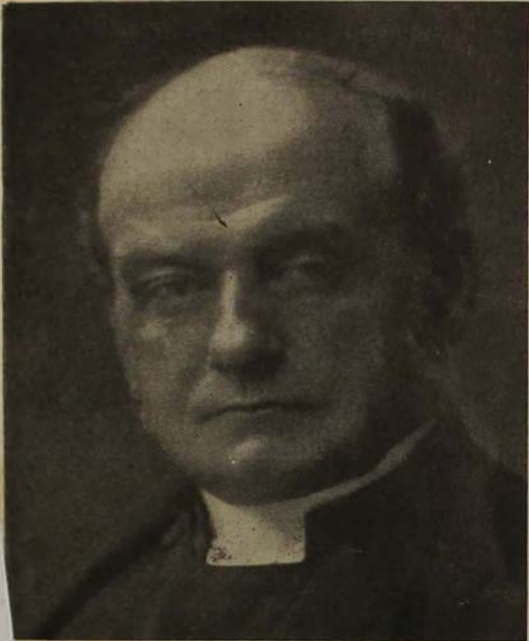
An invention has been perfected, and may be soon adopted by the telegraph companies, which will enable persons miles apart to write to each other with electric speed and in exact facsimile of the handwriting. They may thus talk with one another as the deaf mutes do, each sitting at his desk, although perhaps as far apart as New York and Boston.

Other inventors have perfected apparatus for sending by electricity messages with the speed and instantaneous effect of personal conversation, while in Great Britain a young Italian has demonstrated that it is possible to send a message for a distance of twenty miles, through a mountain, by means of the medium Nature herself furnishes. There are simply two instruments, the sender and the receiver, with no connecting wires, only Nature's channels conveying the message to him who awaits it. Preece, the world-famous electrician of the British Post-office Department, indorses this discovery and invention, thus confirming the faith of Tesla that the day is not far distant when electricity may carry messages here and there the world over without the aid of wires or any other medium than that which Nature freely offers.

Orang-Outang and Chimpanzee at Harvard.

A few weeks since, Joe, the interesting young orang-outang staying at the Boston Zoo, and his companion, the chimpanzee, Sally, were the guests of Professor James, of Harvard. Among those who witnessed Professor James's experiments with the two anthropoids were Charles Elliot Norton, Professor Royce, Dr. Everett, Professor Peabody, Dean Briggs, and Professor Dolbear.

Professor James had arranged a series of experiments, which Joe and Sally very cheerfully performed, all designed to bear upon the much-discussed relation of these anthropoids to the human race. At their conclusion Professor James remarked that Joe in particular seemed to display the human type of



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BISHOP POTTER.

mind, and that in his opinion there was a greater difference in development between the orang and the dog than there was between man and the orang.

It has been established by naturalists that the ape which most nearly approaches man in the totality of its organization is either the chimpanzee or the gorilla, and it was expected



JOE.

that Sally, who is of the former species, would exhibit the higher degree of intelligence; but such did not prove to be the case. The orang, although not so alert and active as his companion, displayed more curiosity, the stronger inclination to imitate, and a marked appreciation of the relations of cause and effect. This greater precocity of Joe may, however, be due to a difference in age and the influence of longer association with human beings. When Professor James whistled, the orang puckered up his lips and made a rude attempt to produce the sound; and when a toy snake was wriggled in front of him he exhibited great terror, throwing himself frantically into the arms of his keeper. To ascertain whether he really recognized the object as a snake, a piece of rubber hose of the same size and flexibility was displayed before him, but this he regarded with composure, and, baby-like, immediately tried to put it into his mouth. The chimpanzee, on the other hand, manifested little interest in the snake or the hose.

One of the most significant experiments, perhaps, was made with an electric bell, which was rung by pressing a button. Joe was seated on a small table, and the bell was placed on the floor just out of his sight. Then a small board with the button attached was placed before him, and the bell was rung. This seemed to interest Joe very much; he listened to the sound and watched the button with grave curiosity. His muddy, primitive brain could not grasp at once, however, the relation of cause and effect here, the perception of which is supposed by some to be an attribute of man alone; but after several demonstrations he began to see vaguely that the button before him had something to do with that mysterious sound under the table. First he tried to pull it out, then twisted, and finally, by chance, pressed upon it, and he had accomplished one step toward human intelligence. The bell rang out, which so interested Joe that he leaned far over and contemplated it for some

time with great gravity. The chimpanzee could not be made to appreciate this relation. She became querulous and ill-tempered when they persisted in showing her.

The orang seemed to appreciate thoroughly the great honor which had been shown him in inviting him to appear before the learned men of Harvard, for he behaved himself with great decorum, and manifested the same grave and polite curiosity over everything that was presented for his inspection.

The New Bridge at Niagara Falls.

A wonderful piece of engineering has just been completed at Niagara Falls, where a new steel arch bridge has been sprung across the chasm from cliff to cliff, right under the old railway suspension bridge, which it is to replace, and this without the slightest interruption to traffic on the railroad or the highway which it supports. The point of operations has been the scene of many engineering feats that called for no small amount of ability. It was here that the first bridge across the gorge was erected. The structure was built of wood, and in its construction an iron basket and cable-way were used. It was begun in 1848 and completed in 1855. In 1880 the wooden superstructure was replaced by steel, and in 1886 the stone towers were replaced by towers of steel. It is this structure the new steel arch will replace, and the new bridge is the first one of its kind across the Niagara gorge, where heretofore suspension bridges have been most in favor.

The construction of a bridge of such proportions and style as the new arch is of itself a task of no small magnitude; but when the arch is put right in the place of a bridge that is in constant use, it will be seen that the skill required is such as to make the work a notable one in engineering fields. The illustration well portrays the manner in which the bridge was constructed. Preparatory to the erection of the steel, great structures of timber, called false work, were built out from the cliffs on each side of the river to the point where the abutments are located. Then the work of placing the iron was started on both sides of the river, and day after day the arch grew toward the centre, until the two sections met over midstream and the arch was sprung.

The new arch has a span of five hundred and fifty feet, and is connected to the cliffs at each end by a trussed span one hundred and fifteen feet long. It has two floors, or decks, and on the upper floor there is room for double tracks for the Grand



METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING THE NEW STEEL BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

Trunk Railway. The lower floor has a carriage-way, sidewalks, and trolley-tracks. It is probable that these trolley-tracks will be the first to carry a trolley-car from the United States into the Dominion of Canada on its own wheels and power, one great incentive to the construction of the new arch being to afford trolley-car connection between the two countries.

IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

"CARAN D'ACHE," the pseudonym of Mr. Emmanuel Poisé, the French artist, is Russian for "lead-pencil."

MR. PAUL DUNBAR, now in England, is writing a novel. An English edition of his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" will be issued shortly.

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, of Harvard, has been made President of the Arts and Crafts Society, which was recently organized in Boston.

MR. SARGENT'S portrait of "Mrs. Carl Meyer and Her Children" is conceded to be the picture of the year at the Royal Academy Exhibition, London.

A STATUE to Queen Victoria, commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, is to be erected by the citizens of Belfast at a cost of \$25,000.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT, who has not been in very good health, has gone for a walking tour in Pomerania, where the scene of his next novel, "The Red Axe," is to be laid.

It is proposed to create at Harvard a Memorial Collection of English Literature, in memory of the late Professor Francis Child. A foundation fund of \$12,000 is being raised for this purpose.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S new novel, "The Choir Invisible," is said to be the most rapid piece of writing the author has done, being twice as long as any of his other books, yet it was written in about six months.

DR. NANSEN'S account of his Arctic journey has been required in such numbers that it has been, at times, impossible to meet the demand. In England many religious people are criticising the book because there is no recognition of God in it.

MRS. ISABEL WHITELEY, author of the successful novel "The Falcon of Langéac," is a resident of Philadelphia. She is descended in direct line from Thomas Parsons, whose great grandson was the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the father of Major Parsons, of the Revolutionary Army.

PAUL DU CHAILLU is ambitious to be a minister, not of religion, but to Sweden and Norway. No one who really knows the mercurial, irrepressible, generous little Frenchman, born in Africa and comfortably acclimated in America after all his wonderful explorations in the Dark Continent, can do other than to wish him a continuation of his good luck.

A BOOK for which students have long been waiting is in preparation in London. Mr. William Strang, the well-known etcher, is one of the authors, and Dr. Singer is the other. Their book, "Etching, Engraving, and the Other Processes of Picture Printing," will give a complete technical explanation of wood and steel engraving, dry-point, mezzotint, aquatint, soft-ground etching, lithography, photogravure, "half-tone," and other processes. There is no more awful tangle of technicalities anywhere than in the field covered by this book. If it only combines lucidity with its technicality, it will be a boon beyond price.

THE SUCCESSFUL dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has brought fame and honor to two people, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who found the great opportunity of her life in creating the rôle of the heroine, and the playwright himself, Lorimer Stoddard, who is a son of the well-known *littérateur* Richard Henry Stoddard. Lorimer Stoddard has been an actor, and his experience on the stage was of immense value in his new profession of a dramatist. He has had a request from Mme. Duse to permit her to have the play translated into Italian, which

is next in honor to being asked to write a play for the famous *tragédienne*.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN, at present residing at Bournemouth, England, is much grieved at the necessity of postponing the completion of her long novel, which was expected to appear last autumn. She writes: "I have been obliged to put away my work from absolute necessity, and not from willfulness or laziness or want of something to say. As a matter of fact, I never had more to say in my life than now, but every effort I make to finish that novel puts me further away from it, so I just have to wait until I can gather up a little strength of body and brain. It was three quarters done when I broke down over it." Miss Harraden also contemplates writing a book of children's Christmas stories.

A STORY recently told serves to recall the fact, conceded even by his admirers, that the late Lord Tennyson was brusque in his manner. Some years ago Mr. Longfellow and his family, who were then in London, were invited to spend the day with the great poet at his country house. As Miss Longfellow was walking through the rooms she happened to see a volume of her father's poems lying conspicuously upon a table, and she picked up the book to look for a certain line, about which the family had had a discussion, when suddenly she was startled by hearing a gruff voice say, "Don't you get enough of that at home?" and, turning around, she found the speaker to be no less a person than Tennyson himself.

OLD subscribers of Demorest's will be interested in hearing of Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston's success in portrait photography. The readers of Demorest's made their first acquaintance with Miss Johnston's delightful work with both pen and camera in an article upon the Mammoth Cave, for which she made the first successful pictures, by flash-light, ever taken in the cave. That was the beginning of a most successful career which has carried Miss Johnston from one field to another till she has covered the whole ground open to the camera. From wonderful copies of old portraits Miss Johnston took the natural step to photographing from life, and her work exhibited in London has brought her both fame and honor. To realize in the least how extensive her work has been, a visit must be made to this charming young woman in her picturesque Washington studio, which is a combination of Southern "hominess" and Old-World luxury.

MISS EVELYN NORDHOFF, who is making such a success of artistic book-bindings, is the daughter of Charles Nordhoff, and one of several sisters. Her botanical etchings have been highly praised, and most of her work in this field is used by one botanist. Miss Nordhoff is a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl with great magnetism of manner as well as a characteristic decision which seems to make it clear that she will accomplish what she sets out to do. She denies any sympathy with woman's rights, but it is evident that her views on the subject lean toward such independence for women as is not very different from the doctrines of firm believers in those theories. "But I do believe so much in socialism," she said recently, "that I don't like to do work that costs so much; it is a luxury that only the rich can afford. It is in order to do work that will be within the reach of the poor that I am going to organize a woman's class next year to practice in bindings that will be of the very best make, although cheap enough for anybody."

ABOUT WOMEN.

THERE are in the State of Connecticut alone fifty-four women who are daughters of soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War.

AT Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently, a woman was sentenced to three months' imprisonment because she did not keep her children clean. This, it is said, is the first case of the kind ever reported.

MRS. ANNIE DINSMORE DAVIS, of Kentucky, when studying in Florence last winter was invited to sing at a concert with the full orchestra. She is the only American singer upon whom this honor has been conferred.

THE COUNTESS VON LINDEN has been selected by the University of Halle as substitute for Mr. Brandis, Professor of Zoology, during his leave of absence. The Countess has already acted as assistant to the Professor.

LADY ABERDEEN, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, was chosen to make the convocation address at the opening of the spring term of the University of Chicago. Her theme was "The University in its Effects upon the Home."

NEXT to Queen Victoria, Queen Louisa of Denmark is the oldest queen in Europe. Princess Louisa of Hesse-Cassel was born in 1822 and was married at the age of twenty to Prince Christian of Sonderburg-Glucksburg, now King Christian IX.

MRS. SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT, better known as "Grace Greenwood," was the pioneer woman journalist in official Washington. She still lives in that city, and though seventy-two years of age, and for some time unable to write, talks confidently of resuming her work.

MISS NELLIE PEPPER, a daughter of ex-Senator Pepper, of Kansas, recently married to J. S. McIlhenny, of Washington, has been of great assistance to her father in his political career. She was the clerk of his committee while he was in the Senate, and acted as his private secretary. Since his return to Kansas she has assisted him in managing his paper.

WHILE Queen Victoria has been ruling Great Britain, Hannah Brewer, of Bitton, in Gloucestershire, has been delivering the village mail, tramping eleven miles a day for sixty years. She has just retired on a pension at the age of seventy-two years, with a record of a quarter of a million miles trudged on foot. Her father was Postmaster of the place for fifty-seven years.

MRS. JOSIAH M. FISKE, of New York City, has given to Barnard College \$140,000 to be used in erecting a memorial building to her husband. This timely gift enables the college to proceed with the construction of all three buildings for which their complete plans were designed. These comprise Brinckerhoff, Millbank, and Fiske Halls, which will surround three sides of a quadrangle, and they are all the gifts of women. Fiske Hall will contain rooms for students, and thus make provision for out-of-town students and for the real home life of the college, which has been heretofore impossible.

IN FINLAND the women are making marked progress. For more than twenty-five years the gymnasiums have admitted both sexes, and in the University of Helsingfors there are now two hundred women students. There are two flourishing clubs of women. About one thousand are now employed in post-offices, railroad and telegraph bureaus, and other departments of the public service; more than nine hundred are engaged as teachers in schools of various grades, and it is not uncommon to see among their pupils young men of eighteen who are preparing for an academic or commercial career. At least three thousand women are in business. Fifty-two of the eighty poorhouses have women superintendents, and all the dairies are managed by women.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 553. 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.

IN the beautiful white gowns of the season fastidious women find refuge from the dazzlingly brilliant combinations of color which in every fabric and in almost every article of woman's attire appeal for her favor. It is a little singular that after a few seasons when colors had been mingled with such rare cunning and art as to mark a distinct advance in design and weaving, which had cultivated our eyes and our taste to the appreciation of hitherto unthought-of harmonies, we should in a trice fall into this period of decadence, when the crudest and most bizarre juxtapositions of vivid color do violence to our eyes and our feelings.

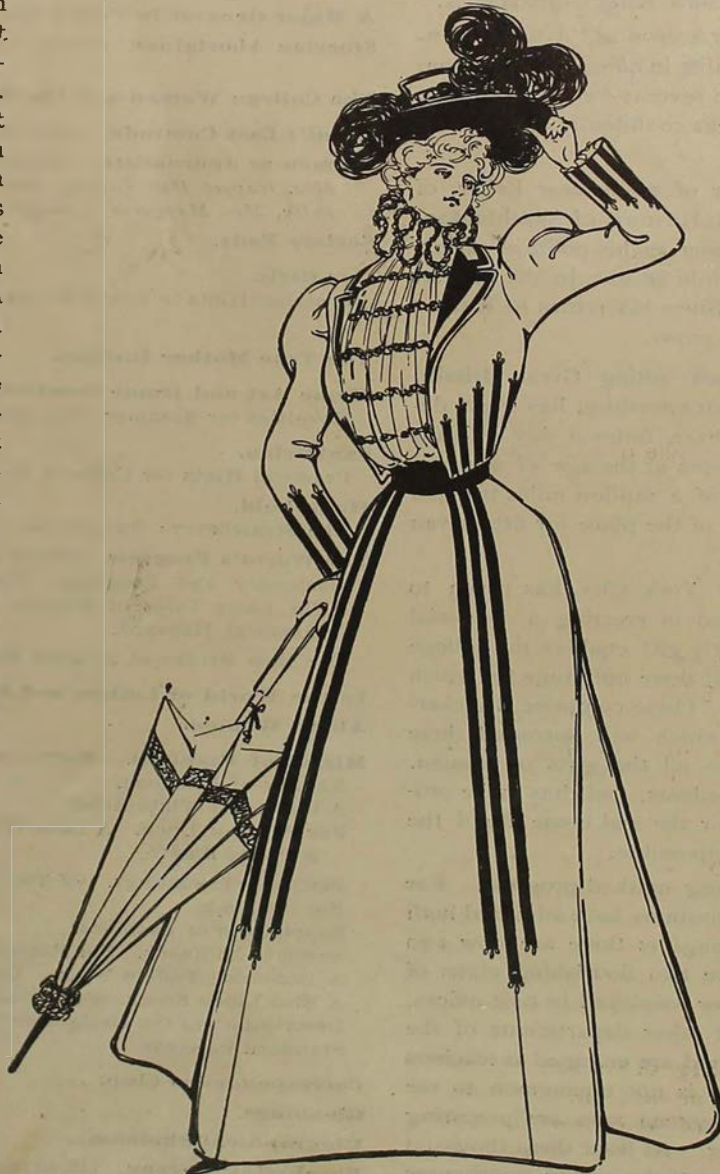
After seeing a yellow silk dress with purple stock-lar topped by a green hat trimmed with blue ribbon and "Jacque" roses, really seems more important to tell what not to wear than what to wear. Because certain shades of red and green can be used together with admirable effect the conclusion must not be drawn that all blues and greens are harmonious; if the eye is not accurate enough to select the right colors, avoid the combination for the wrong one is as tedious as the right one is pleasing. Most greens, well with the many shades of heliotrope so worn; but it is per-

ilious to add crimson and blue also, though every one of the three, by careful choice of the shades to be combined, can be used with good effect. You can wear a red hat with a gown of Russian blue, but don't offend your neighbor's eyes by adding violet ribbons to the hat, and a green stock or vest to the gown. The only excuse one can offer for some of these atrocious color combinations is that the wearers are color-blind; and the appearance of our streets indicates that this unfortunate malady is increasing alarmingly.

It is therefore with even a greater appreciation than usual of their beauty and freshness that we turn to the lovely white gowns which have been made up in every available fabric, suited to all climates and every hour in the day. For morning wear at summer resorts nothing is in better style than the smart tailor-made piqué costumes or those of white serge and *étamine*.

The first essentials for the success of these gowns are their cut and fit, and their trimming is the least important, some of the smartest suits being absolutely plain. Skirts of piqués have no trimming, or at most a row of Hamburg insertion heading the hem, or inserted in the front seams. The Eton jackets are cut round or point down in front, and may flare away or button; but all have moderate revers, trimmed with insertion or faced with all-over embroidery, and the *gigot* sleeves are sometimes trimmed at the top with deep Vandykes of the insertion. Often they are completed with accordion-plaited blouses of pale-tinted or white taffeta, but those of the delicate striped Habutai silks or of white India silk are the best choice.

Some white serge suits are trimmed with gold-and-white *soutache*, or with broader mo-



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE EFFECT.
TROUVILLE JACKET-WAIST. KIRKLAND SKIRT.
(See Page 532.)



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

FOR PIQUÉ OR DUCK.
DORABYN BLOUSE. BARBARA SKIRT.
(See Page 533.)

hair braids in black or white; but it is the exception to see the braid put on in elaborate designs. Usually a few rows only are put on to head the hem, or to define the front seams. *Étamine* is much liked for these white gowns, because of the smoothness of the fabric, which prevents its soiling as readily as the serges. The skirts are usually unlined and finished with a hem, and only a few coats and blazers are offered, some variation of the Eton jacket prevailing, and the styles are similar to those of the piqués. Dressier gowns of white *étamine* have blouse-waists banded with lace insertions, or rich embroidered passementeries in soft, *fade* colors, which run around the figure; often they are cut out slightly at the neck to show a *guimpe* of rich lace, embroidery, or brocaded satin; and most of them open on the left side, where they are frequently trimmed with overlapping frills of ribbon in several colors, or of lace. Some white piqué gowns also have these blouse-waists, with *guimpes* of all-over embroidery, and the fronts are cut in fanciful turrets extending low upon the bust, and even opening quite to the waist in the centre, all the edges being finished with fancy white cotton braid, and the front seams of the skirt are strapped with the same braid. These are very youthful-looking gowns, suitable for girls of fourteen as well as for young women.

On thin fabrics the ways of trimming skirts are legion, yet most of them can be resolved into some form of flounce or ruffle, combined with a lavish use of lace insertions. A thin white muslin, so sheer it looks like linen cambric, has five narrow ruffles finished on both edges with black "baby" ribbon, and gathered an inch below the upper edge so that standing frills head the ruffles. The full

blouse-waist has clusters of finest tucks between rows of the ribbon; the fitted parts of the sleeves match the blouse, and are draped at the top with ribbon-edged ruffles. Another white muslin has the skirt banded with many rows of *point de Paris* insertion, put on in deep Vandykes and finished on the edges with white "baby" ribbon. This is an easy way of covering the joining seams.

The amount of exquisite handwork on most of these trimmed gowns is a feature of the season, and one of the novelties is an application of Chantilly lace in sprawling rose-vines or great poppies, which are sometimes put on in a border around the foot of the skirt; again, they cover the front breadth or panels at the sides, or with lavish hand are thrown over the whole skirt. A white barege with a silky sheen is thus treated, and is, moreover, plaited in sun-plaits; the effect is beautiful, but the labor enormous. The bodice of this gown has the full drooping front and the sleeves appliquéd with the lace, while the puffs at the top are of the plain fabric, and the sides and back of the waist are swathed with it.

Social functions which have called together many smart women in their newest gowns show the characteristic features of the season to be skirts of extreme simplicity; ornate bodices, presenting oftener than not some unique, individual feature, in which exquisite materials and trimmings are used; very long sleeves, falling upon the hand,



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

A LACE-TRIMMED ORGANDIE.
CASITA CORSAGE. VIVIEN SKIRT.
(See Page 533.)

as often tucked or wrinkled as plain, and with fullness at the tops; handsome girdles or belts, and occasionally a sash. Of course, some skirts are trimmed, but they are by no means the rule; and often they have to yield the honor of greatest distinction to a plain one. Among the most attractive gowns of summer silks are the narrow stripes and small checks in black, gray, or dark blue, with white. A gown of pink-and-gray checked taffeta has a plain skirt, and the bodice, which is plain in the back, opens in front as a bolero over a full blouse of pink *chiffon*, accordion-plaited and banded across with *beurre* lace insertion. A light gray straw toque, trimmed with gray plumes and pink roses, was worn with this gown. A blue-and-white striped silk has two narrow ruffles at the foot of the skirt; the bolero is quite short in front and cut up in a point in the back to disclose the deeply pointed girdle of violet velvet, which crosses the front in soft folds below a blouse of embroidered batiste and accordion-plaited *chiffon*; this is cut out below the throat to show a *guimpe* of the velvet, and the stock-collar is of the same, with *chiffon* ruches falling over the back part. Of course, the blue in this gown is very dark, or it could not be combined with violet.

All plans for summer wardrobes include bicycle suits and others for special games and sports. For hot-weather wheeling a great variety of linen and crash suits is shown, and they are no longer confined to grays and dust colors, but are shown in changeable effects, in which the natural-colored linen warp is crossed by threads of dull red, green, or blue. A suit of the green mixture has a circle skirt of moderate fullness trimmed with four or five rows of green-and-*écru* braid stitched on over the hem,—not above it,—which makes it strong and firm, and gives just enough stiffness. The short blazer is provided with convenient pockets, has the regulation coat-revers, and is cut away in front to show a pretty blouse of corded-striped silk,—white cords upon a green ground.

Suits of plain crash have the skirt-hems stitched in many rows to give them firmness, and unlined skirts of serge and light-weight covert-cloths are finished in the same way. The general preference is for short circle skirts over silk knickerbockers; but there are still a good many divided skirts made, and some women prefer them to all others. It is a question, however, which every wheelwoman must settle for herself. Coats, blazers, and Eton jackets are equally modish, but when the last are chosen they should be long enough to meet the skirt perfectly, for a gap in the back disclosing a glimpse of the shirt-waist looks extremely untidy.

Bicycling suits answer very well for golfing and for mountain climbing, but there is a fancy to adopt brighter colors for the links than look well on the wheel. Skirts of the heather mixtures and indistinct checks and plaids of tweed or cheviot are worn with smart coats of red or green cloth, or with taffeta shirt-waists of the same colors. A white serge skirt is trimmed above the hem with

two rows of white-and-gold braid underlaid with bias bands of red cloth, which show only as a piping at the edges. The coat is of red cloth and has all the edges finished with the braid, and under it is worn a blouse of white India silk.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE EFFECT.

(See Page 530.)

EVERY season with the approach of warm weather the displays of smart white gowns grow more enticing. As we predicted some time ago, the jacket-and-skirt style prevails in the gowns that are designed for the street and promenade, whether of wool or cotton. The one illustrated is of white serge, trimmed with mohair braid.

The skirt is a new pattern—the “Kirkland”—having a very narrow front and six other gored breadths, and measuring about four yards at the foot. It is lined with white taffeta, and has neither interlining nor stiff facing. An interlining even of the thinnest cotton crinoline is objectionable in skirts like this, which must inevitably be exposed to much dampness, as at the seashore and in the mountains; for, though the serges, canvases, and *étamines* which are used for them bear the moisture perfectly, the interlining is sure to cockle and shrink, especially about the foot, defacing the gown irretrievably. Without interlining a skirt can be pressed as often as need be and always look as if fresh from the hands of the tailor. Patterns of the blouse and jacket are given together under the name of the “Trouville.” The blouse is of white India silk, and the full front is banded with rows of Chantilly insertion. The back is plain across the shoulders, and has a little fullness at the waist; it can be gathered and sewed into a belt, or cut longer to extend under the skirt. The sleeve is a small *gigot*. A ruche of lace-edged *chiffon* finishes the neck.

The Eton jacket is cut square across the back and is fitted with under-arm forms. It is trimmed all around with braid, as in front.

A row of narrow *soutache* surrounds the wide braid, and is curled into trefoils at the points. Velvet, satin, or moire, according to preference, is used for the revers facings and the girdle. The model is commended also for all heavy cottons and linens.

VERY charming are the cashmere frocks for young girls made with sun-plaited skirts and either full blouse-waists or some form of jacket. A gray frock has a full blouse-front, stock collar, and girdle, of lavender silk. The short bolero, laid in full plaits over the bust, and the blouse are fastened on the left side; ruffles of the silk edged with white “baby” ribbon trim the blouse, and white-and-gold braid the jacket.



FOR RECEPTIONS.

RÉSÉDA CORSAGE. KIRKLAND SKIRT.

(See Page 537.)



OF TAN-COLORED ÉTAMINE
AMARI WAIST.
(See Page 534.)

FOR PIQUÉ OR DUCK.
(See Page 531.)

THIS charmingly simple gown is of white repped piqué, and the only trimming is ruffles of embroidery on the waist and sleeves. The skirt is the "Barbara," having seven gored breadths and measuring about four yards at the foot, where it is finished with a deep hem. The blouse is double-breasted, plain across the shoulders, has slight fullness at the waist, and droops a little all around. Straps of piqué are fastened on the right side with handsomely cut pearl buttons, and corresponding buttons are placed at the left. It is fastened by means of a fly with small, flat buttons underneath. Similar gowns are made of dark red and of light blue piqué, as also of the colored linens, coarse crash, and linen duck. But while the colored fabrics are more serviceable, nothing is quite so smart as the pure white gowns. In town, tan-colored and russet shoes are worn with them; but in the country and on the seashore white canvas are suitable and much liked. The pattern of the skirt is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years; and the blouse—the "Dorabyn"—for fourteen and sixteen.

A LACE-TRIMMED ORGANDIE.
(See Page 531.)

ALL-WHITE gowns are prettier and more worn than ever before, there being a special fancy even to use pure white ribbons and sashes with them, instead of the colored moiré and *chiné* taffetas so much worn during the last two seasons. The white organdies have a silky sheerness which

makes them almost as pretty as the silk muslins, and our model gown is of this lovely fabric. The full, gored skirt, cut by the "Vivien," which has seven breadths, and measures a little over five yards at the foot, is hung over a slip of plain Swiss muslin, cut in a similar fashion, but not quite so full, and finished at the foot with a plain, narrow hem. The outer skirt has a hem the depth of the lace ruffle, both of which are sewed to the lower edge of the insertion. In the tablier trimming the organdie can be cut out beneath the insertion, or left; of course, the latter method is infinitely less work, but the effect is not so good. The ruffles forming the tablier are brought up almost to the waist in the back of the skirt. The corsage—the "Casita"—is fulled over a fitted lining of Swiss muslin or India silk. Some of the linings are high in the neck, and some are cut quite low and trimmed handsomely like a corset-cover. The bretelles—which run down to the waist in the back—can be of ribbon or of the organdie, and they are edged with insertion and two lace ruffles. White taffeta ribbon is used for the stock-collar and girdle, and the sash-ends are trimmed with narrow frills of lace. Handsome black-and-white organdies are trimmed in a similar manner with black lace; and all the pale tints and many figured ones are equally effective.

A PRETTY SLEEVE.

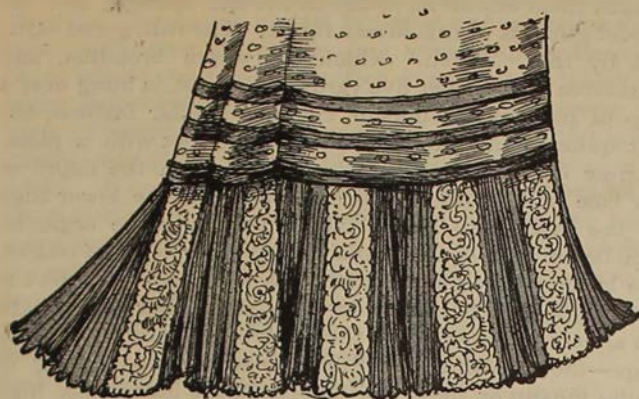
THIS is a becoming style for thin fabrics or for silks, and also a convenient pattern by which to remodel large sleeves. The butterfly puff is cut in one with the long upper part of the sleeve, the under-arm piece being narrow and without fullness, just like the lining. The puff can be arranged in many other ways, as is most becoming to the figure. The pattern is the "Butterfly."



A PRETTY
SLEEVE.



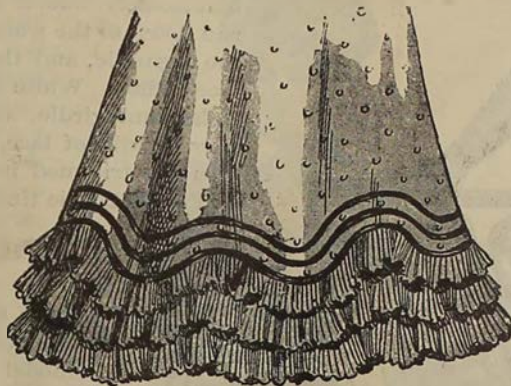
A BECOMING TAFFETA WAIST,
THE "HANSA."
(See Page 538.)



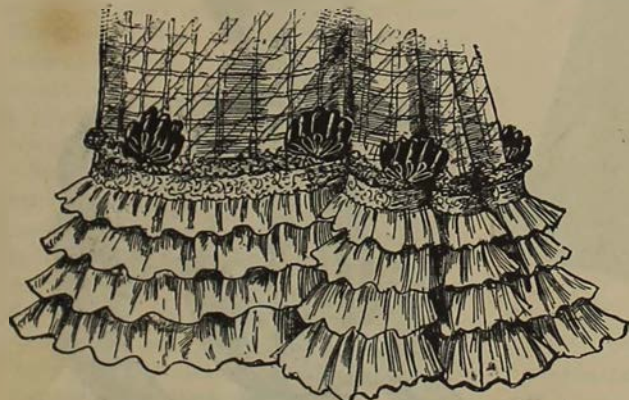
NO. 1.

PETTICOAT TRIMMINGS.

THERE is no possible elaboration or conceit in the way of fluffy flounces, ruffles, and frills that cannot be used in the trimming of silk petticoats. The more ruffles there are, yards of lace and knife-plaited Liberty *chiffon*, combined with insertions and ribbons, and the richer and gayer the foundation silk is, the smarter the petticoat. They range in cost from \$7.50 to \$75. The first price buys a pretty, well-made skirt of changeable or *chiné* taffeta, having a deep Spanish flounce finished with two tucked or corded ruffles; and from this price up the quality of silk improves first, and then more trimming is added. Quite handsome enough skirts for any purpose are those of brocaded *peau de soie*, with lace-trimmed flounces supported by several full ruffles, which cost from \$25 to \$35; while those at \$75 are miracles of dainty work, in which much use is made of insertions and ruffles of lace, as well as knife-plaited and



NO. 2.



NO. 4.

tucked silk muslin or *chiffon*. As a rule, the higher in cost the more fragile are these daintily luxurious garments.

We illustrate several pretty styles of trimming, which are the most practical choice among many elaborate ones:

No. 1.—Brocaded *peau de soie* in green and white; a ruffle of the silk finishes the foot and supports the deep accordion-plaited flounce of green Liberty satin, which is banded at intervals with *beurre* lace insertion. Rows of green satin ribbon head the flounce.

No. 2.—*Chiné* taffeta in rose-color, green, and fawn, trimmed with over-lapping, knife-plaited ruffles of plain taffeta in the three colors, the lower one green and cut wider

than the others; next the fawn, then rose-color, and these are put on in scallops, headed by rows of satin ribbon in the three colors. Such skirts as this are worn under black grenadines, which will have corsage trimmings of the bright ribbons.

No. 3.—Petticoat of heliotrope moire, trimmed with a ruffle of taffeta of same color, veiled by a knife-plaited flounce of white Liberty *chiffon*. Ruches of heliotrope *chiffon* caught by rosettes of narrow satin ribbon are put on in linked waves and scallops above the flounce.

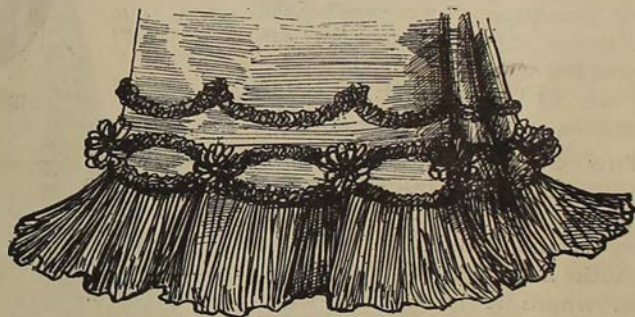
No. 4.—Satin-barred taffeta—cerise upon a white ground—trimmed with alternate ruffles of cerise and white taffeta, headed by insertions of black lace and bows of cerise and black satin ribbons mingled.

No. 5.—Skirt of brocaded *peau de soie* in shades of heliotrope; a *balayuse* of dark heliotrope silk supports a knife-plaited ruffle of the same, over which hangs a deep flounce of the brocaded *peau de soie*, cut in deep points, and finished on the edge with a knife-plaited frill of black Liberty *chiffon*. A knife-plaited ruffle of light heliotrope silk and ruche of the *chiffon*, put on in deep scallops, heads the flounce, and the points are held out fluffily by loops of satin ribbon in the two shades of heliotrope.

OF TAN-COLORED ÉTAMINE.

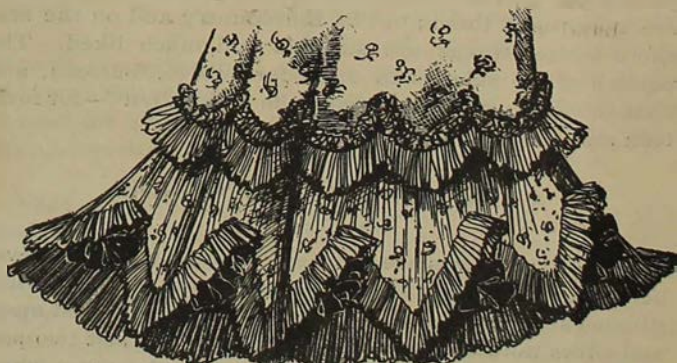
(See Page 533.)

THIS smartly simple waist illustrates two of the popular fancies



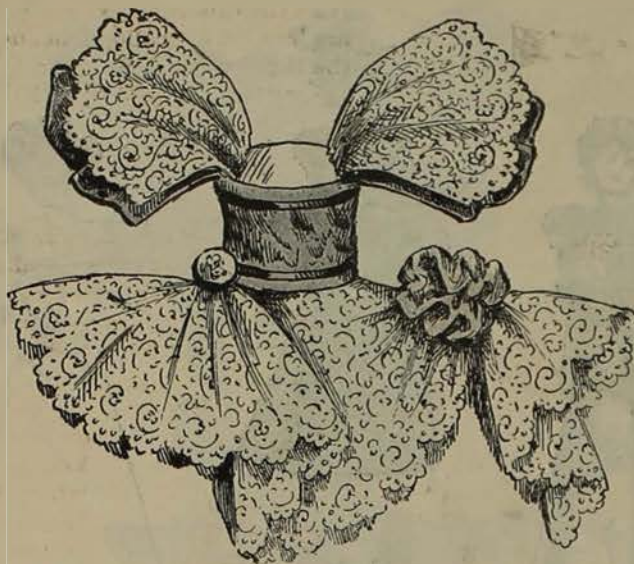
NO. 3.

often combined in the making of the beautiful light-weight woolen fabrics so much worn for semi-dress occasions, the blouse front, with the fullness drawn forward and fitting trimly under the arm, and the *guimpe*. The latter may be real, or only simulated by a chemisette; but the genuine *guimpes* are greatly affected. The skirt is without trimming, measures about four and a half yards at the foot, and is lined with American Beauty



NO. 5.

taffeta. All the seams turn inward, the lining being sewed up separately and tacked lightly to the seams of the outside, the last seam of the lining being, of course, blind-stitched down. All the seams should be pressed open before they are tacked together. Some *étamines*, *mozambiques*, cloths, and non-transparent fabrics have an interlining of the thinnest possible cotton crinoline, but many have no interlining, and none have stiff facings. The waist of the *étamine* has a fitted lining of the same bright silk, and this may fasten in the front, or on the shoulder, and under the arm, where the outside does.



NO. 1.

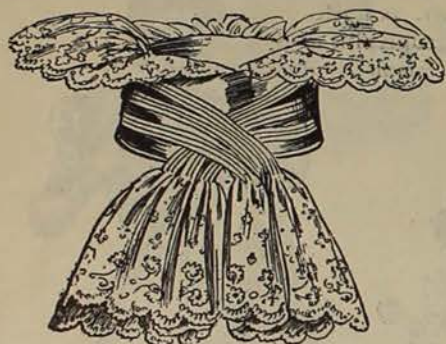
FOR THE NECK.

No. 1.—Shoulder and stock-collar of guipure lace, heliotrope moiré ribbon, and narrow black velvet. The wide lace is shaped to the shoulders in the back like a deep yoke.

No. 2.—Stock-collar of *beurre* lace and tucked *chiffon*.

No. 3.—Heliotrope ribbon trimmed with knife-plaitings of itself is used for this stock-collar; the band, of ribbon, is veiled with dotted black net.

No. 4.—Stock-collar of ribbon and polka-dotted gauze. Two narrow knife-plaitings stand up around the throat from a folded band of the ribbon; plaitings



NO. 2.



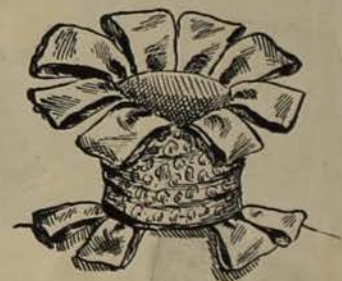
NO. 5.



NO. 3.



NO. 4.



NO. 6.

If the former plan is preferred the *guimpe* in front will have to be simulated by a V chemisette. In the model gown the lining is the *guimpe*, and it is banded across under the openings—the back is like the front—with narrow velvet ribbon; the neck-band and girdle are trimmed to match, and the epaulets have, in addition to the ribbon, a border of guipure lace. The pattern of the waist is the "Amari."

CLUNY lace is again popular, and is used for entire sleeves, jabots, and blouse fronts.

We do not furnish patterns for any designs not named in the Pattern Order.



NO. 7.

FOR THE NECK.

of gauze over the ribbon form the *jabot* in front.

No. 5.—Lemon-colored Liberty silk and satin ribbon are combined with *Lierre* lace to make this becoming collar.

No. 6.—Stock-collar of lace which swathes the band in soft folds, with loops of satin ribbon finishing both edges.

No. 7.—Tie of white *mouseline de soie*, trimmed with guipure lace and worn with a turn-down linen collar.

So great is the variety of smart neck-trimmings that every woman can find something becoming. If linen collars do not suit one, full ruches probably will; and if pure white is trying, some color of ribbon or *chiffon* that is just the thing can be found.



Fashion Cleanings from Abroad.
(For Descriptions, see Page 540.)

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



SUMMER MILLINERY.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

No. 1.—Hat of purple fancy straw trimmed with rosettes of purple malines, pink roses, and black ostrich-tips.

No. 2.—Blue straw hat trimmed with a wreath of corn-flowers, white *chiffon* and lace, and plaited blue ribbon.

No. 3.—Black straw hat trimmed with heliotrope velvet and white lace.

No. 4.—Toque of burnt straw banded with black velvet, and trimmed with yellow chrysanthemum.

No. 5.—Picture-hat of fine white straw trimmed with white plumes, white *chiffon*, and American Beauty velvet.

No. 6.—Red straw hat faced with black chip; crown of silver-embroidered black velvet put on in a big, irregular puff; a twist of red ribbon around it, held by a jeweled

ornament from which rises a black bird-of-Paradise feather.

FOR RECEPTIONS.

(See Page 532.)

BROCADED *peau de soie*, in shades of green and brown, is combined with sage-green canvas to make this becoming gown, which is suitable for any social occasions in the daytime and not too dressy for church. The canvas is a fine-meshed, semi-transparent fabric, through which the gloss and shimmer of the taffeta slip-skirt are distinctly seen. The slip-skirt can be cut by any gored pattern measuring from three and a half to four yards at the foot, and fitting trimly about the waist; it is without lining, finished at the foot with a four-inch hem, and trimmed

with two overlapping ruffles of narrow satin ribbon, in green and brown, the colors of the taffeta. The pattern of the canvas skirt is the "Kirkland," for description of which see "A Black-and-White Effect." The seams of this skirt are spread and bound, except those of the front, which are turned forward and stitched down on the outside. Groups of green pearl buttons trim these seams. A four-inch hem finishes the skirt at the foot, and is headed by a narrow piping of the taffeta; a silk cord can be used instead.

In the corsage—the "Réséda"—the canvas is used for the back and the sides of the front, while the sleeves and

the full blouse are of the brocaded *peau de soie*. The canvas parts have a little fullness at the waist, but fit smoothly on the shoulders. Revers of green satin

de soie, a green-and-gold ground, with dots of bronze and gold; and it is worn with a skirt of dark green *étamine*. The waist—the "Hansa"—is double-breasted, lapping to the left shoulder, and there is a plait on the right side to correspond with the lap. Narrow frills of the silk or of ribbon trim the front. There is a fancy for having two overlapping frills of satin ribbon in different colors matching or contrasting with the silk. Thus, a waist of changeable taffeta, in red and blue, has frills of red and of blue satin ribbon, the red being the wider and showing a half-inch beyond the edge of the blue,

which is used for the upper frill. The neck is finished with a narrow band provided with a button-hole in the back so that a linen collar can be worn with it, and for dressier occasions a handsome stock-collar of ribbon and lace is used.



NO. 1.



NO. 2.



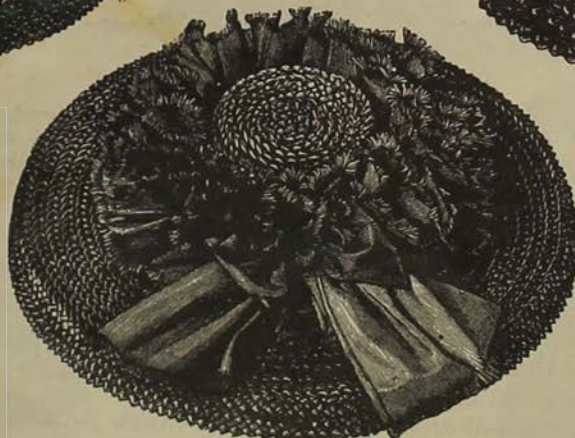
NO. 3.



NO. 4.



NO. 5.



NO. 6.

edged with Venetian guipure trim the fronts, running down to the waist, where they are clasped by jeweled buttons, and a fold of the satin.

The stock-collar is of white *chiffon* and *Lierre* lace. A burnt-straw hat, trimmed with green velvet, yellow roses, and a natural bird-of-Paradise feather, completes the costume.

A BECOMING TAFFETA WAIST.

(See Page 533.)

THIS smart waist has the drooping blouse effect all around the belt, very slight, of course, under the arms, where there is little fullness, and not quite so much in the back as in front. This style is seen in many very handsome gowns, and is extremely becoming to *svelte*, graceful figures. The waist illustrated is of polka-dotted *peau*

CHILDREN'S HATS.

CHILDREN'S HATS.

No. 1.—White chip hat trimmed with white satin ribbon and white plumes; ruche of white lace on the brim.

No. 2.—Burnt straw hat trimmed with straw lace, mignonette, and blue-and-white-striped ribbon.

No. 3.—Hat of geranium pink straw trimmed with wild roses and black velvet.

No. 4.—Traveling or school hat of brown straw trimmed with brown velvet, and silk pompons in brown and tan.

No. 5.—Round hat with white straw crown and green brim, trimmed with a scarf of polka-dotted surah in blue and green.

No. 6.—Green straw hat trimmed with a frayed ruche and loops and ends of changeable silk in green and rose color.

A BLUE LINEN FROCK.

THIS pretty frock offers a model which can be as appropriately used for challies, cashmeres, and *étamines* as for washable cottons. The skirt is gored and finished at the foot with a five-inch hem or facing. The linen frock is trimmed with an insertion of Hamburg embroidery and ruffles of blue-and-red plaided gingham; ribbon or silk is used on cashmeres, etc. The back of the waist is like the front, except that the ruffle and insertion, instead of running down to the waist, cross the shoulders, finishing the neck, which is cut half-low to show the *guimpe* of embroidered muslin. The belt is of blue linen with large pearl buttons in front and in the back. White and pale blue piqués are trimmed with ruffles of embroidery, but the plaided gingham are very effective on the natural-colored linens as well as upon



A BLUE LINEN FROCK.
THE "MINTA."

the blue, and are novel. The pattern is the "Minta," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

FOR SMALL BOYS.

THERE are no novelties in boy's shirt-waist quiet-toned, small-patterned gingham, calicoes, galateas, and cotton cheviots being the general choice. The last two though not appreciably warmer than those first mentioned are far more durable. An effort was made early in the season to introduce for men's outing-shirts, as well as boys' wear, brilliantly plaided and striped fabrics, but their only effect was to make brilliant for a short time the shop windows. Men would have none of them, and women who do not wish to make guys of their boys have followed their example. Our new shirt-pattern — the "Elmer" — has the usual side-plaits in front and three box-plaits in the back; the shoulder seams are covered with a strap, and the turn-down collar can be sewed to the band or made separate and buttoned to it. The pattern is an excellent model for a Norfolk jacket made of cloth to match the trousers, but for this use a size larger

than the shirt-waist should be used. For knee-trousers, corduroy, velveteen, storm serge, flannel, cassimere, and many fancy cloths are used. Some of the heather mixtures in Scotch fabrics give the next best service to corduroy, which is practically indestructible. The pattern of the trousers is the "Philip," and both patterns are in sizes for four, six, eight, and ten years.

GIRL'S OUTING-FROCK.

BLUE and white serge are combined in this comfortable and natty sailor frock with very smart effect. The little gored skirt is unlined and finished at the foot with a narrow hem headed by rows of white mohair braid. The blouse is of white serge; it droops slightly all around the waist, and is held in place by a fitted lining, to which, also, the



GIRL'S OUTING-FROCK.
THE "ISMA."

skirt is sewed. The V shield and fitted parts of the sleeves are banded with rows of blue braid, which also trims the sailor collar below a facing of the blue serge. A white leather belt and a broad-brimmed Panama sailor-hat complete this attractive suit. The pattern is the "Isma," in sizes for eight and ten years.

THE smartest features of corsages are trimmings which run around the figure; *guimpes*, either real or simulated; blouse effects, drooping slightly all around the belt; and surplice folds or double-breasted effects. Of course not all of these are on one and the same gown, but often two or three are combined. Revers and elaborate shoulder-trimming are the exceptions now, and when seen are greatly modified in form; and the whole effect tends to a degree of simplicity.

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.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

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

- 1.—Reception-gown of moiré grenadine, trimmed with Chantilly insertion.
- 2.—Princess gown of plain and chiné taffeta, trimmed with many overlapping frills of black lace.
- 3.—Gown of open-meshed blue canvas over American Beauty taffeta, trimmed with lace insertion and narrow velvet ribbon.
- 4.—Walking-gown of white étamine; jacket and vest trimmed with gold soutache.
- 5.—Accordion-plaited gown of heliotrope Liberty satin; jacket and sleeve-trimmings of Irish point; black satin girdle and stock.
- 6.—Traveling gown of brown and tan checked cheviot. English

walking-hat of tan-colored Panama, trimmed with brown velvet and a brown cockade.

- 7.—Green organdie gown, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.
- 8.—Reception-gown of pearl-gray peau de soie, trimmed with narrow frills of lierre lace. Hat of fine white straw, trimmed with lace and geranium blossoms.
- 9.—Garden-party gown of white organdie, trimmed with lace-edged flounces.
- 10.—Blue-serge gown; blouse of American Beauty silk under the short jacket.
- 11.—Gown of sage-green étamine, trimmed with fancy soutache; guimpe of white India silk; revers faced with white satin under plaitings of black chiffon.
- 12.—Tan-colored taffeta gown, trimmed with ruffles of itself and knife-plaitings of brown taffeta.
- 13.—Walking-gown of white canvas, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.
- 14.—Reception-gown of checked louisine in shades of heliotrope; white satin blouse veiled with embroidered chiffon.
- 15.—Dinner-gown of chiné grenadine, with accordion-plaited panel in front and sleeves of white chiffon.

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.



OLIPHANT HOUSE-GOWN.



MANHATTAN



OVA DRESS.



ELEVA FROCK.



GLOVENA SHIRT-WAIST.



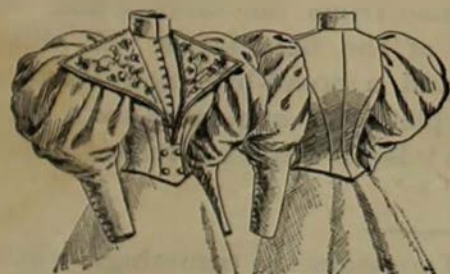
ALB



LETTE FROCK.



BONETTA FROCK.



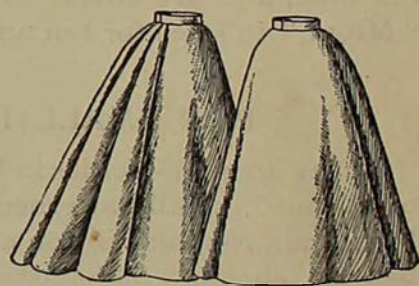
INDIMORA WAIST.



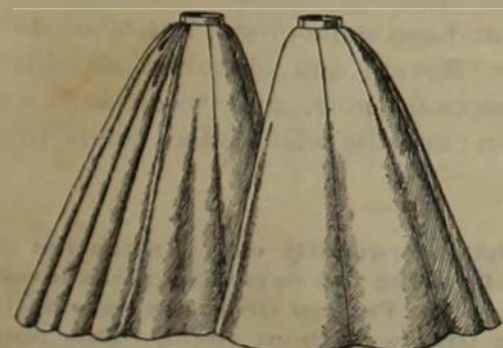
CLARA SUN-BONNET.



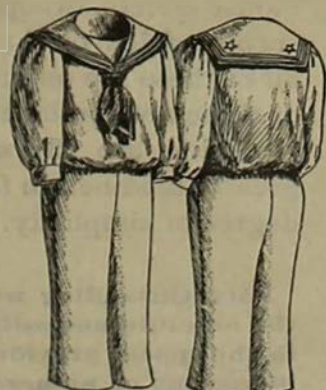
ERNEST SUIT.



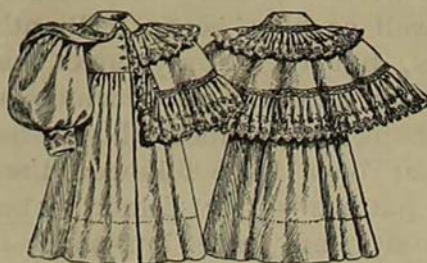
TRYME SKIRT.



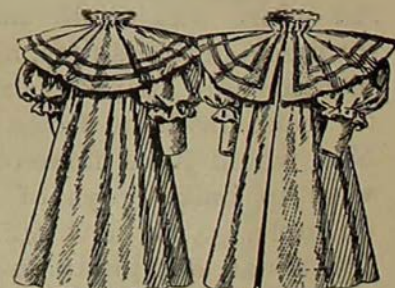
KHIVA SKIRT.



"MAN-O-WAR" SUIT.



PEARL COAT.



ELSIDORE COAT.

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.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The increased 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.

"VIRGIL."—You would better advertise your stamp collection. No business addresses can be given in the Correspondence Club.

"A. W."—We have not the pattern you ask for, and there is no demand for it. The "Hildegarde," "Norrice," and "Brunonia" waists, given in the June magazine, are all very popular styles.

"CLAYTON."—If you will re-read the Fashion Review for April and the description of "A Smart Tailor-Gown" on page 349 of same number, you will find the information you ask for.—See also description of "A Grenadine Gown" on page 411 of DEMAREST'S for May, and "A Smart Street-Suit" on the following page. For further details read descriptions "Of Embroidered Muslins" and "Of Green Canvas," in June magazine.

"OHIO."—No business addresses can be given in these columns. If you wish something made of aluminum write to the Demorest Magazine Purchasing Bureau describing what you want. If it is technical information concerning the manufacture of aluminum, get the book upon the subject, by Prof. Richards, of Lehigh University. Prof. Richards prefers the term you use, "aluminium," but the shorter name has come into general use.—Both of the sailor suits illustrated in the June Demorest's are suitable for your nine-year-old boy. Lace ruffles and embroidery are little used on boys' clothes after six years of age.

"A. L."—For your black *peau de soie* the "Valentia," "Berissa," and "Nevonia" corsages in the May DEMAREST'S are all equally suitable; in the June number are the "Edgarita" and "Lorimer," which are dressier and offer opportunity to combine rich lace or embroidered *chiffon* in the garniture; and also the model "Of Green Canvas," which would be a pretty style for the whole gown if you wish to trim the skirt. Knife-plaitings of black satin ribbon over white would be effective for this with the narrowest possible heading of spangled *passementerie*. Trimmed skirts are, however, except for thin fabrics, still the exception, and a plain skirt, or one with only a tiny *ruche* at the foot, will be equally handsome. Taffeta silks are the preferred lining, and light changeable ones are used in black silks; next to silk come ribbon cloth—which can be had in a variety of pretty colors—and percaline. There is no interlining, as we have repeatedly stated, but some gowns have a ten-inch facing of thin cotton crinoline, which is stitched to the lining before it is put into the gown. See directions for putting lining and outside together, in Fashion Department.

(Continued on Page 542.)



A good idea is to keep some Pearline in a sifter, ready to use for floor-washing, dish-washing, etc., etc. You sprinkle a little over the floor, for instance, and then just wash it over with a wet cloth. See how much more convenient to use than soap, to say nothing of the easier work!

If you're buying and using Pearline simply for washing clothes, and not for all kinds of washing and cleaning, you're cheating yourself out of a great deal of comfort and economy. 547

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Another million would if they knew its merits. We're looking for those who do not. Are you one? If so, simply send us your address, and you'll soon join the army of wise ones. **It's unlike any other silver polish.**

Trial quantity for the asking. Box post-paid 15 cts. In stamps. Grocers sell it.

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Reduced Prices on Suits.

We wish to close out our line of Summer suitings during the next few weeks, and in order to do so we have made decided reductions on certain goods which we do not wish to carry again. We have also issued a Bargain List of sample garments which we are offering in many instances at half the regular price. You have now an opportunity to secure desirable dresses at remarkably low prices:

- Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up, were \$8 and \$10.
- Bicycle Suits, \$5, former price, \$8 to \$12.
- Skirts, \$3, really worth \$6 to \$8.
- Duck and Crash Suits, \$3 up, were \$4.
- Misses' Suits and Skirts at very low prices.

ALL ORDERS FILLED WITH THE GREATEST PROMPTNESS.

Write to-day for our Summer Catalogue, Bargain List and samples of materials; we will send them to you free by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
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Stop Naturally!

Tobacco users, think a moment of the state of your body, run a few steps and you're exhausted.

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Heart.

Hold out your hand and watch it tremble, trifles irritate you. Can't think steadily and have an all gone feeling without tobacco in your mouth.

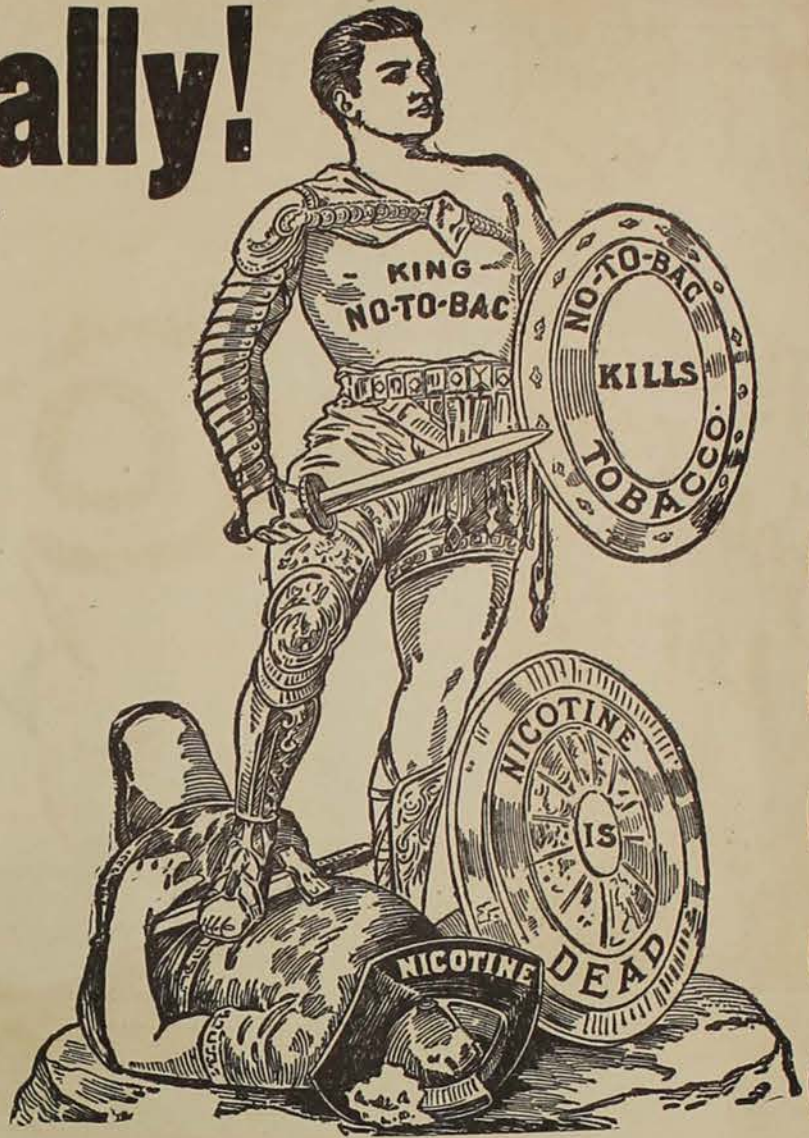
That's Tobacco at Work on Your Nerves.

Your vigor, the power to do the right thing at the right time, is slipping away.

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Manhood.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

when you can easily and forever destroy that nerve-craving and eliminate nicotine from your system with No-To-Bac. Are you one of the tens of thousands of tobacco users who *want to stop and can't* for a day without actual suffering? To you we say truthfully you will find relief in



NO-TO-BAC Guaranteed Tobacco Habit Cure.

What better proof can be offered than the sale of over a million boxes in three years. Buy from druggists anywhere, they are all authorized to sell under a guarantee to cure. Written guarantee sent on request. Start today and see how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

Sample of No-To-Bac, a Booklet with Written Guarantee of Cure mailed free. Address

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

85



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 541.)

"D. B."—Excessive perspiration is always a sign of weakness, and your scalp probably needs a tonic to restore its tone. An English remedy which has been tried with good effect is to bathe it with claret,—a cheap quality of California claret answers. Put the wine in a bottle having a drop stopper, so you can pour it, a few drops at a time, on the scalp, parting the hair as you do it; after wetting the scalp very thoroughly, rub it for five minutes, gently but firmly, with the tips of the fingers. Apply every night till you see an improvement, then two or three times a week, and always give the head a dry rub with the fingers every morning. A reliable hair-curler for damp weather is yet to be found; quince-seeds soaked in warm water make a mucilaginous fluid that assists somewhat in keeping the hair in place; gum Arabic can be used in the same way, by moistening the hair with it before curling; and powdering with lycopodium powder is also an aid.

"MRS. G. W. M."—Your letter was too late for an answer in the June number. If you had given

THE WOMAN'S WISH

Holds the skirt up, and the shirt waist down. Winter weights; as well as the finest fabrics, without tearing. Keeps the waist from bagging, the skirt from sagging, and is always out of sight even with narrow belts. The illustration is full size. Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Entirely new.



A. R. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa.

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BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.

PATTERNS for 26 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., sent post-paid for only 25 cents. A pamphlet "Knowledge for Expectant Mothers" and a copy of my paper **True Motherhood** sent free with every order. Send silver or stamps. Address



MRS. C. P. ATSMAN, Bayonne, New Jersey.

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

the dimensions of your hall and some idea of its architectural features,—as whether there was a chimney-piece, or a stair-landing which must be considered in the scheme of decoration and furnishing,—it would be easier to advise you. Supposing it to be large enough to admit of some picturesque effects we suggest furnishing it with the forest-green furniture described in "Home Art" in this number. You could use either red draperies, rugs, and cushions with it, or blue combined with shades of brown and gold. Have a matting dado, and cover the upper part of the walls with burlap in a green-and-blue mixture, or red-and-black, according to your choice of draperies. The dado should, of course, harmonize with the burlap. If possible, arrange a five-o'clock tea corner in the hall, and make it as cosy as possible with a low divan, plenty of cushions, and one or two light chairs. If there is an effective turn or landing in the stairway, make that a point for decoration, by using draperies, hung from Moorish fretwork or a bamboo lattice; it is the proper place,

(Continued on Page 543.)



Is alone sufficient to deter all particular people from using it as an article of food. Add to this the packing house method of manufacture and you have the reason why Cottolene has taken its place in every home where the love of good food and good health is paramount.

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

(Continued from Page 542.)

too, for a potted palm, and for a low seat.—Light and delicate shades of color are usually chosen for parlors, but the particular color is, or should be, decided by the exposure of the room; warm tones, as yellow or terra-cotta, being chosen for rooms opening to the north, and the cool grays, greens, and blues, for those with south windows. Furnish the back parlor as a library, with mahogany or cherry tables, book-shelves, and desks; stain the woodwork to correspond, and have terra-cotta or sage-green hangings, rugs, and furniture. Choose for your parlor either a plain cartridge-paper or a silk-finished striped one in a delicate greenish-gray tone combined with yellow or green, according to exposure—and without pronounced figures, if any; ivory woodwork; rugs or moquette carpet, in shades of sage-green or rich golden tans and browns. If you have a carpet, avoid floral designs and the mingling of many colors in intricate and elaborate patterns; indistinct, mossy effects, blending so softly that the pattern is not noticeable, are in the best taste.

"C. A. M."—Fancy is allowed much freedom in the marking of engagement rings. There is no rule that they should be marked at all, but the usual form is to have the initials or the Christian names of the betrothed connected by the preposition *to*, the man's name preceding the girl's; sometimes the year is added, as "1897."—The wedding ring is always worn on the third finger—counting from the first, or index finger—of the left hand, and the engagement ring is worn as a guard for it.

"M. A. T."—Every description of grenadine is worn now, and yours is in good style. Yes; the "Berissa" corsage would be very pretty for it.—The long "rucked," or shirred sleeve, is given with the "Réséda" corsage in this number.

"MRS. W. H. H."—Coca butter is used in massage treatment; being kneaded and rubbed into the body to feed the tissues, and give suppleness to the body.

Best & Co.
60-62 WEST 234 ST. NEW YORK

This dainty little dress is better than words to prove the economy and satisfaction of clothing children at the

"CHILDREN'S STORE"

Made of fine nainsook, Yoke, of all over-embroidery, Buffle over shoulders, White Skirt (2 yards around), Sleeves and Neck finished with fine embroidery, of edge, size; six months to two yrs.

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By mail, postage paid, 5c. extra.

For over **700 Other Illustrations** Of the advantages of clothing Boys, Girls and Babies here, send for our Catalogue. Free for four cents postage.

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DIXON'S GRAPHITOLEO No. 692.

Lubricates every pin and pivot, as well as the chain and sprockets of your bicycle.

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BOYS AND GIRLS can earn pocket money in spare moments; also handsome present to each. Send name; no cash required.

F. A. Staynor & Co., Providence, R. I.

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"EDITH."—The pronunciation of the name Guiteau is, as nearly as a key can be given, *Guee-toe*; the *u* is almost imperceptible, but gives a slight liquid tone or softness to the long *e*; the second syllable is exactly like the English word *toe*.—Coupon is frequently anglicized and pronounced as spelled; but Webster gives the French pronunciation, *koo-pong*. The French nasal sound of *on*, however, must be heard to be perfectly imitated, for the key *ong* is merely an approximation.

GLEANINGS.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

When the initiating steps toward the celebration of this great event were being taken, there were several projects started looking to the presentation of magnificent gifts to Queen Victoria from Her Majesty's loyal subjects; but immediately the Queen heard of these she announced that it would give her much greater pleasure if any sums raised for the purpose were devoted to beneficent public works. As a consequence very many projects for the founding of relief work, building of Homes for the deserving poor, etc., have been started, but the most important thus inaugurated is the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund, which is intended to provide endowments for the London hospitals.

In Canada the Countess of Aberdeen is active in forming the "Victoria Society of

(Continued on Page 544.)



Special Offer to Lady Readers of Demorest's Magazine.

This beautiful Turban of fine fancy braid, elegantly trimmed with plain all-silk or Dresden ribbon, imported French monture of fine flowers, and steel, gilt, jet or rhinestone ornaments, any color desired, a charming creation, which positively could not be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$3.25.

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BEST OF ALL!

Supply us with the names of 3 dealers, agents or business men in your town, who would be interested in talking machines, and allow us to refer them to you when your machine arrives, and we will prepay express charges to any point east of the Mississippi River on our \$10.00 outfit.

THE ECHOPHONE COMPANY,

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WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND CATALOGUE.

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

(Continued from Page 543.)

Trained Nurses," whose mission will be to care for the sick poor, and also to visit remote villages and towns where it is now impossible to obtain skillful attention for the sick.

THAT BOGUS CANVASSER.

The bogus canvasser against whom we warned our readers in the March number, has been brought to bay at Findlay, Ohio. A man giving his name as J. C. White was arrested on suspicion of perpetrating a fraud, in that he represented himself to be an authorized canvasser of the Demorest Publishing Co. Replies to telegrams sent to The Curtis Publishing Co. and The Demorest Publishing Co. verified the suspicions, and a request from the companies to prosecute him was complied with.

Ten ladies appeared as witnesses against White, and related the methods of his procedure. He had induced some ladies to pay a full year's subscription to the magazines he claimed to represent, and agreed to send them the magazines and such premiums from his catalogue as they might pick out. In other cases, White secured twenty-five or fifty cents advance payment, with the agreement that he would collect the remainder of the money when he delivered the premium. The presumption, of course, is that he never intended to call again for any purpose. He secured some fifty subscriptions in this way during three days' canvass. He put down the names of the subscribers, the magazines and premiums they selected, but in no instance did he put down the street or number.

White is a prepossessing-looking man, under thirty years of age. He claims that he is simply working for a man in Toledo, and that the latter is to make the delivery of the premiums. He therefore holds himself guiltless of any wrong-doing or any intention of defrauding. To a number of ladies, however, he represented that he had made the deliveries himself at various points, so that his stories do not agree. It is claimed that White is not the man's real name, but that he has been receiving mail addressed to other names.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVES.

Gossip has been busy during the past months with stories of Queen Victoria's early life; and in spite of the fact that for more than thirty-five years she has worn widow's weeds, and, faithful to the memory of the Prince Consort, has secluded herself so persistently from society that the London tradesmen have been in a chronic state of discontent, busy story-mongers are recalling

(Continued on Page 545.)

BEST ART TOOL Address Air Brush Mfg. Co. 1025, Rockford, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MOTHERS Your Children cured of Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. MAY, Bloomington, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

(Continued from Page 544.)

the fact that the years of her girlhood were very impressionable ones.

These chroniclers say that her first lover was the late Lord Elphinstone, a tall, singularly handsome young Scottish peer, who was sent to Madras as governor to get him out of the way. Her next was Lord Fitzallan, another six-footer, a splendid young officer of the First Life Guards, afterward Duke of Norfolk; but he was a Roman Catholic, a fatal objection. His family sent him abroad, and, falling ill at Athens, he married the daughter of Admiral Lyons, British Minister there, and sister of Lord Lyons, remembered as Minister at Washington, who had attended him through his sickness, and who is still living as Dowager Duchess.

Her third lover was Lord Alfred Paget, one of the Marquis of Anglesea's splendid sons, an officer in "the Blues," standing about six feet two, who is the father of Captain Paget, married to Miss Minnie Stevens, and who was then the Queen's equerry-in-chief. This love affair was regarded as so dangerous that King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen's uncle, was called in. The result was that Prince Albert was sent for next. Albert was at that time a courteous, quiet, accomplished prince. Over the chimney-piece of his student-chamber there hung one of Chalon's exquisite drawings of Victoria, a fair and graceful young girl. Albert had long been taught to look upon Victoria as his wife to be, and he responded quickly to the summons. The affair was quietly managed by Leopold. In the Court-Circle column the Prince's name found rather an obscure place, and as the Prince and Queen went out the evening after his arrival for a saunter in the woods, their stroll was unobserved except by the select few who were in the secret. The next morning, however, the London Times announced "Her Majesty is about to lead to the hymeneal altar his Royal Highness, Prince Albert of Gotha and Saxe-Coburg." And thus began Victoria's last love-affair that has endured for more than a half-century.

(Continued on Page 546.)

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(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896)

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Under date Dec. 23, 1896, Senator John W. Mix, of Yalesville, Conn., writes: "Sciatica had literally brought me to death's door. In less than thirty minutes after putting on the OXYDONOR, the circulation was re-established, and to my surprise the immediate relief and subsequent speedy cure came like magic. Words cannot express my gratitude. Money could not purchase my Oxydonor were I unable to procure another. It has relieved me from intolerable suffering and fully restored me to perfect health. Yours thankfully, JOHN W. MIX."

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(Continued from Page 545.)

LI HUNG CHANG'S TRIBUTE TO GRANT.

The venerable Chinese statesman has again been giving the people of Western nations a silent but eloquent lesson in that refinement of character which prompts beautiful thoughtfulness. At the time of the magnificent ceremonies attending the dedication of the Grant Mausoleum on Riverside Drive, of the few floral offerings upon the sarcophagus by far the finest were a large and beautiful wreath from Li Hung Chang, and a handsome tribute from Yang Yu, the Chinese Minister. It seems never to have occurred to other distinguished visitors that such manifestations of their respect would have been appropriate. Yang Yu has been promoted to a higher post, Minister to Russia; and almost his last act before leaving this country was to plant a ginkgo tree on the site of the old Grant tomb as a tribute from Li Hung Chang to General Grant. The ginkgo was selected as peculiarly appropriate because of its Asiatic origin, and it has a beautiful habit of growth, with very luxuriant foliage.

THE INQUISITIVE X-RAY.

Envelopes lined with tinfoil will possibly be a "fad" in the near future, if experiments with the Röntgen ray continue. It has already been demonstrated that the contents of a sealed letter, inclosed in the ordinary envelope, may be photographed. The *Gaulois*, a French paper, has photographed such private matter in fifteen seconds. By using envelopes lined with tinfoil, we could defy the X-ray in the hands of the inquisitive.

ORIGIN OF THE ISABELLA GRAPE.

The well-known Isabella grape was first grown on Brooklyn Heights about the year 1816. At that time the place was a high, rather precipitous sand-hill, crowned by only three houses, which were reached by a long flight of wooden steps. One of them was the residence of a Mr. Gibbs, of North Carolina; and he had brought from his former home a grapevine cutting which he planted in his grounds on the Heights. He named the vine Isabella, after his daughter,

(Continued on Page 547.)

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Second Hand Wheels. All sizes. GOOD AS NEW. \$5 to \$15. New High Grade '96 models, fully guaranteed, \$17 to \$25. Special Clearing Sale. Buy anywhere on approval. We will give a responsible agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. Our reputation is known throughout the country. Write at once for our special offer. J. H. BENTISS, CHICAGO.

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And 80 other snap-shot views of Fitz-Corbett fight shown by our pocket vitascope. Other subjects: Yellow Kid, Skirt Dance, Little Egypt, Yankee Cop, 85 views each. Your choice Free, with 3 mos. trial subscription to The Columbian for 10c.; any 3 vitascopes (85 views each), and The Columbian to '98, only 25 cents. Big money for agents and street men.

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(Continued from Page 546.)

and for a great many years this grape had no rival in public favor.

TONES IN THE HUMAN VOICE.

One's surprise at the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Of these, fourteen direct muscles produce 16,383, and thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while, in all, coöperation produces the total given above.

A NATURAL COLD-STORAGE PLANT.

In northern Siberia is a natural cold-storage system that is the largest and most complete plant in the world. Winter there comes suddenly, and there is no autumn. Snow covers the vegetation while yet the ripe fruit hangs on the bushes, and when in spring the warm weather melts the snow the berries are found to be as well preserved as though they were fresh. Birds have discovered this fact, and each spring the valley is visited by millions of feathered songsters, who get a good living from the store of good things preserved by Dame Nature.

"THERE'S a Blue and a Better Blue," says the Cant Proverb. There are Bindings and Better Bindings, but . . . Only ONE BEST! THE GENUINE



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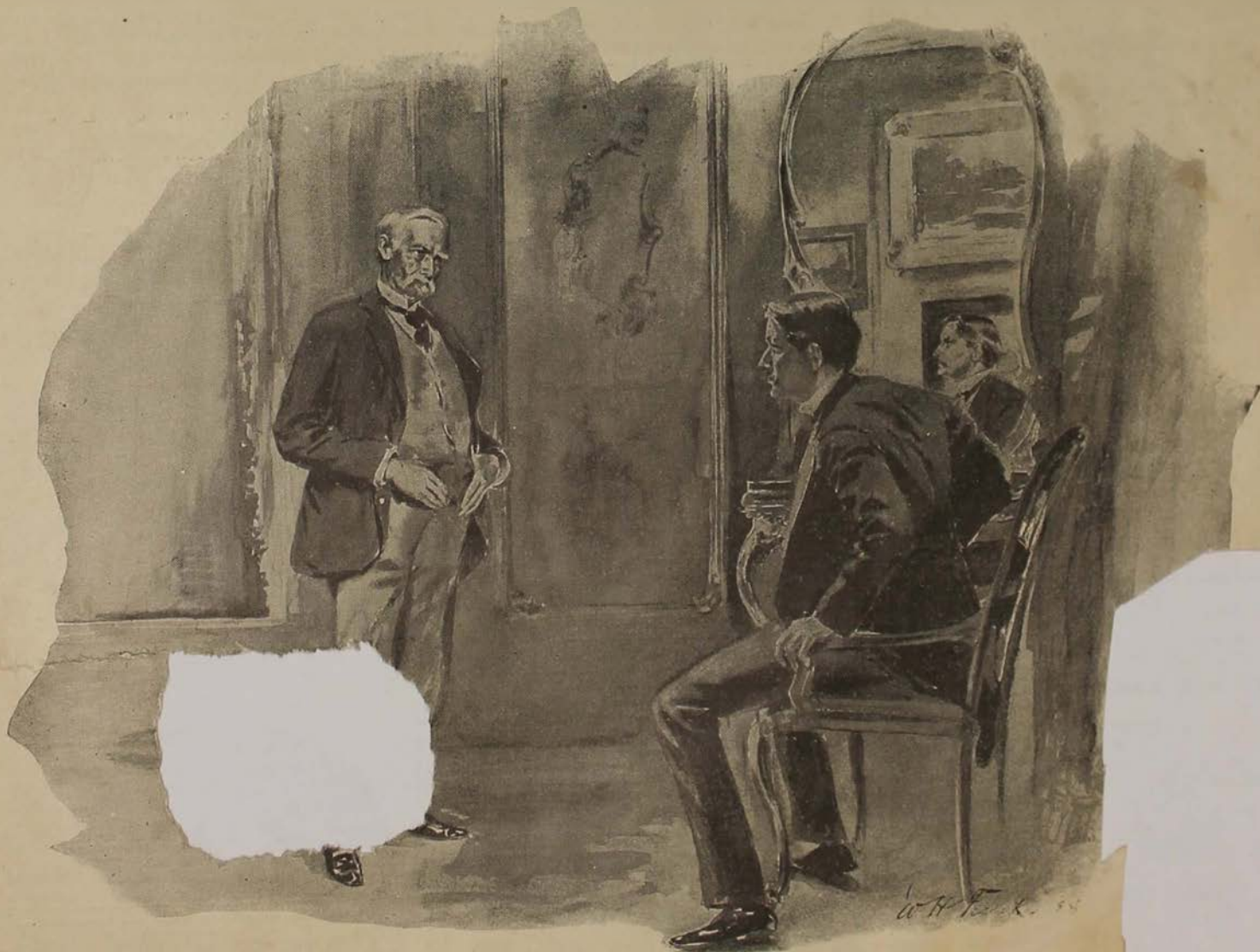
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

313. GENERAL WILLIAM F. DRAPER.

William F. Draper, United States Ambassador to Italy. Born in Lowell, Mass., in 1842. Enlisted in the army when nineteen, and served through the Civil War, coming out with the brevet rank of brigadier-general. Since then he has been identified with the largest manufacturing interests of New England, and also found time to represent his district in the Fifty-third Congress and in the Fifty-fourth.

314. GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

Horace Porter, United States Ambassador to France. Born at Huntington, Pa., April 15, 1837. He was graduated from West Point in 1860, and went into active service in the regular army as lieutenant of artillery served on General Grant's staff with the rank of lieutenant colonel, from April, 1864, till the close of the Civil War, and as his private secretary, 1869 to 1873. He was brevetted brigadier-general, but resigned from the army in 1873.

315. COLONEL JOHN HAY.

John Hay, United States Ambassador to Great Britain; an American author, journalist, and diplomatist. Born at Salem, Ill., October 8, 1839. He was President Lincoln's assistant private secretary in 1861-65; first secretary of legation at Paris 1865-67; *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna 1867-68; and secretary of legation at Madrid 1868-70. Returning home, the following years were devoted to literary work, "Castilian Days," being the result of his Spanish experiences, and, in collaboration with J. G. Nicolay, he wrote the "Life of Lincoln."

316. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, LL. D.

Andrew Dickson White, United States Ambassador to Germany, an American educator, historian, and statesman. Born at Homer, N. Y., November 7, 1832. He was graduated from Yale in 1853; studied in Europe, and entered the diplomatic service of his country as *attaché* of the legation in Russia; a man of affairs, influence, and position from early life; one of the organizers of Cornell University and its first president; United States Minister to Germany (1879-81), and Minister to Russia in 1892.

317. THE REV. DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL.D., American divine. Born at Chesterfield, Ohio, January 1, 1856. Pastor of Plymouth Church in Chicago since 1887. To the duties of his pastorate he has added the responsibilities of the presidencies of the Armour Institute and the Armour Mission; he founded the Doremus School, and gives earnest attention to a system of mission and kindergarten schools. He is one of the best exponents of the stalwart and enthusiastic ethical workers which this decade has produced.

318. MRS. JULIA DENT GRANT.

Julia Dent Grant, widow of General Ulysses S. Grant. Born in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26, 1826. She met her future husband, then Lieut. Grant, of the 4th Infantry, when he was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. They were betrothed in 1844, but the Mexican War compelled the postponement of their marriage till August 22, 1848. During the Civil War Mrs. Grant was with her husband whenever it was possible, and she accompanied him in his journey around the world.

319. CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

Charlotte Mary Yonge, English novelist and historian. Born at Otterbourne, England, in 1823. Her first book, "Abbechurch" was published in 1844, and during her long life she has been a prolific writer. Her first great success was "The Heir of Redclyffe" (1853), which passed rapidly through many editions and was translated into several languages. A complete edition of her novels has been published in German.

320. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, English statesman and novelist. Born in London, Dec. 21, 1804; died there, April 19, 1881. He entered the House of Commons in 1837, and became one of the leaders of the Young England party. He was chancellor of the exchequer, and leader of the House in 1852 and 1858-59; again chancellor in 1866; and became premier in 1868, but resigned that year, receiving the portfolio again in 1874, and holding it till 1880. Was created Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876. His novel-writing began before his public life, and was continued through it, many of his political theories being expounded in the books.

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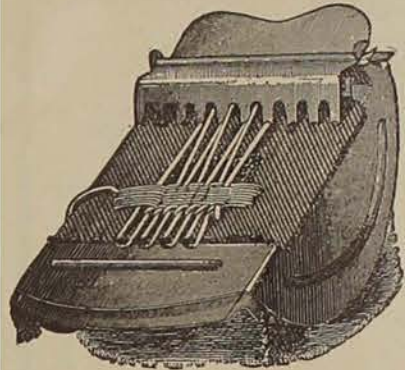
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These goods are but a few of the many things we are able to furnish at a positive saving in money to the subscriber. We shall publish other lists from month to month, and will be able to send you in a short time catalogues of all classes of goods—those for BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SOLID and PLATED SILVERWARE, WATCHES, SHOES and BIBLES are now ready. State just what particular catalogue you care for; any ONE of these catalogues will be sent free on application. Send a one-cent stamp for each additional catalogue desired.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE

Delights in a handsome, well set, dining table. Appreciating this fact, we have expended much trouble and time in making the following selections of

Artistic Up-to-Date Chinaware.

It is the best of the kind that is offered in this market, and by contracting for large quantities we are able to offer it at prices which will be appreciated by our lady friends.

THE "ACME."



Is a pretty well-shaped set and can be furnished in three colors, blue-green, brown, or pearl. It is decorated on the best quality of English porcelain and will give general satisfaction in every-day use.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$7.50
Price for 56-piece tea set..... 3.65

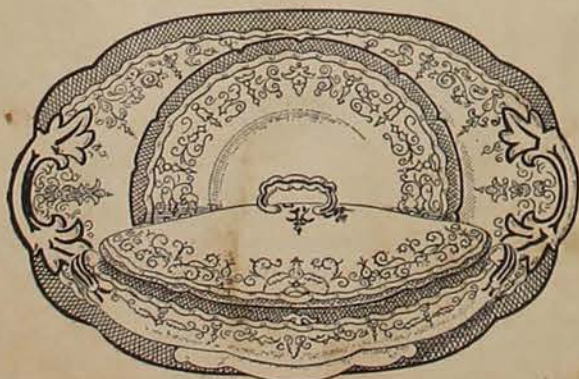
THE "MARABOU."



The design of this special set is very handsome, the decorative color being a dark flow blue with Delft border. It resembles in a striking manner the old-fashioned blues and is really beautiful. There is nothing in the market which is more pleasing.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$11.90
Price for 56-piece tea set..... 5.75

THE "MEDUSA."



This set is also up-to-date and is fashioned on the latest shapes used in the manufacture of real china,

the quality being of the best grade English porcelain. The colors are delicate and pleasing, and nothing handsomer can be gotten at near the price. Color, either blue or yellow, as desired.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$12.50
Price for 56-piece tea set... 6.15

BEST HAVILAND CHINA.



Can be furnished in either of the following styles of decoration: Heliotrope, Forget-Me-Not, or Bachelor's Button (blue). The shape you see in the photographic illustration, and the sets are complete with gold lines. They cannot be bought at retail for less than one-quarter more than the amount we require.

Price for 111-piece dinner set, only....\$34.95
Price for 56-piece tea set, only..... 14.65

All the sets in this offer are kept in open stock, and any broken piece can be replaced at any time. In ordering china, you may need goblets or tumblers. They can be purchased at the following prices, if ordered at the same time with any of the sets: Goblets, plain, banded, or engraved, for 65c., 75c., or 95c. per dozen. Tumblers for 55c., 65c., or 80c. per dozen.

No additional charge for drayage or packing. Subscribers pay only the freight. This they will find very light.

OPTICAL GOODS.

Chevalier Marine.

No. 5006—With this cut we introduce an instrument that is most useful, both as a Marine and Field Glass. It has achromatic lenses, three in each side, mounted in a metal frame, black japanned, and covered with black morocco leather. The object lenses measure 2 3/4 inches across the center, and the glass has a magnifying power of 5 diameters. It stands 6 inches high when closed, and is provided with sunshades, and brought to focus by turning the thumb-screw until the object becomes clear and distinct. Every



"Chevalier Marine" is sold with a fine leather case and shoulder strap.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$6.50.

The Day and Night Field Glass.

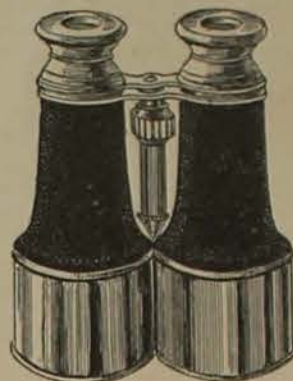
No. 5010—This Glass is to be recommended for its extraordinarily large field of vision, combined with the good power of 4 3/4 diameters. It stands 5 inches high when closed, and can be focused very quickly. The lenses are excellent and achromatic, and the eye pieces are extra large, suitable for any pupillary distance. The Day and Night Marine is a splendid glass for captains and sailors, who will find it easy to keep a moving craft in sight, on account of the big field of vision of this glass. The bodies are covered with black morocco leather, and provided with sunshades. The heads and metal trimmings are nicely bronzed, and a good black leather case with shoulder-strap goes with each glass.



Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$11.50.

The Ranchman.

No. 5012—Our "Ranchman" is quite a superior Field Glass and first quality in all respects. It is mounted in oxidized metal frame, and comes in a strong sole leather case with shoulder-strap. The object lenses of 2 3/4 inches in diameter have a power of 6 diameters, with a remarkably clear definition. The bodies are covered with morocco leather, and the glass stands almost 7 inches high. The "Ranchman" is a field glass that we can fully recommend to those requiring a first-class and reliable article, and its name implies that it is especially designed for use on the Western Plains or to discern objects at long distance.



Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$14.50.

All of our optical goods are warranted to be the best of the kind. The descriptions are exact.

SHEET MUSIC.

The quality of this music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-price copyright pieces, or most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type, and is in every way first-class, and worthy of a place in your home.

Remember—That the quality of this sheet music is the best. That the music is sent to any address, postpaid. That all the little details are up to the standard. That the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments. That the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody. That it is equal to any music published.

No. VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.

2. Annie's Love. Duet. Jos. Winters.
4. Esther's Lullaby. Slumber Song. G. Mosher
6. Thinking of Home and Mother. A. M. Cohen
8. Flossie. Waltz Song. A. M. Cohen.
10. The Sweetest Song. L. Denza.
12. The Bridge. Words by Longfellow. Carew.
14. An Outcast. Character Song. J. J. Fritz.
16. Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame. N. Kneass.
19. 'E Dunno Where 'E Are. Comic. F. Eplett.
21. Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door. J. P. Skelly.
23. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. J. P. Knight.
25. Lurline, Do You Think of Me Now? H. M. Estabrooke.
27. Ave Maria (Cavalleria Rusticana). P. Mascagni.
28. Juanita. Ballad. T. G. May.
30. Mission of a Rose, The. Song. F. H. Cowen.
32. Sweet Long Ago, The. H. M. Estabrooke.
34. By Normandie's Blue Hills. H. Trotere.
36. For the Colors. H. L. Wilson.
38. True to the Last. S. Adams.
40. Love Ever Faithful. P. Bucalossi.
42. Come When Soft Twilight Falls. Schumann.
44. Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott. F. Reissmann.
46. That Word Was "Hope." W. Nutting.
48. Little Boy Blue. H. M. Estabrooke.
50. Easter Eve. Sacred. C. Gounod.
52. Mother's Cry, A. P. Adriance.
54. Musical Dialogue. Duet. E. M. Helmund.
56. Precious Treasure. L. Weiler.
58. When the Roses Are Blooming Again. J. P. Skelly.
60. Old Glory. National Air. J. H. Woods.
62. Your Mother's Love for You. K. Koppt.
64. The Vicar of Bray.
66. For You We Are Praying at Home. H. M. Estabrooke.

No. PIANO OR ORGAN.

1. Catharine Waltzes. D. W. Roth.
3. Schubert's Serenade. Transcription. Fr. Liszt.
5. Silvery Waves. Variations. A. P. Wyman.
7. Visions of Light Waltz. S. G. Cook.
9. Our Little Agnes Waltz. G. W. Gregoire.
11. American Liberty March. S. G. Cook.
13. General Smith's March. J. T. Martin.
15. The Old Oaken Bucket. Variations. C. W. Durkee.
17. Impassioned Dream Waltzes. J. Rosas.
18. Boston Commandery March. T. H. Carter.
20. Frolic of the Frogs Waltz. J. J. Watson.
22. In Hoc Signo Vincas. K. T. March. H. M. Dow.
24. Over the Waves Waltzes. J. Rosas.
26. Village Parade Quickstep. T. F. Allen.
29. Sweet Long Ago. Transcription. C. D. Blake.
31. Song of the Voyager. I. J. Paderewski.
33. Corn Flower Waltz. C. Coote, Jr.
35. Black Hawk Waltz. M. E. Walsh.
27. Battle of Waterloo. G. Anderson.

- 39. Ruth, Esther, and Marion Schottische. A. M. Cowen.
- 41. Crack March. G. Ashton.
- 43. Leap Year Schottische. O. Kahn.
- 45. March Winds Galop. D. Mansfield.
- 47. Cleveland's Second Term March. L. C. Noles.
- 49. Full of Ginger March. W. Nutting.
- 51. Blue-Bird Echo Waltz. M. Morrison.
- 53. Greeting of Spring. C. Schultze.
- 55. Memorial Day March. L. Hewitt.
- 57. Twilight Echoes. F. A. Jewell.
- 59. Wedding March. Mendelssohn.
- 63. McKinley and Hobart March. J. W. Turner.
- 65. Bells of Corneville. L. C. Elson.
- 67. Bryan and Sewall March.

Send your name, address, and 25 CENTS, in stamps or silver, and we will send you, postage paid, ANY SIX of the pieces of SHEET MUSIC that you may select from this list; ANY TWELVE for 40 cents; or all of them for \$1.75. Always order by numbers.

Postage paid at the prices given.

IN EXPLANATION.

We have had inquiry for a cheap grade of shoe. We regret to say, that it is not to our interest, nor yours, for us to furnish them, as they will give no satisfaction. The manager of this department has furnished thousands of pairs of the following shoes, distributed over the entire country, and with the greatest satisfaction to all concerned. Do not judge of them by the price we ask; THEY ARE MUCH BETTER.

A TRIAL ORDER WILL CONVINCING YOU.

In this line you will find all the fine points of style, fit, finish, and a grade of workmanship not found in cheap shoes. Styles as follows: Stock No.

426. Dongola kid, button, razor toe, patent-leather tip, medium heel, C, D, E and EE widths, sizes 2½ to 8.....\$2 50

423. Dongola kid, button, Common Sense, plain toe, C, D, E and EE widths, sizes 2½ to 7..... 2 50

469. Dongola kid, lace, razor toe, patent tip, D and E widths, sizes 2½ to 7..... 2 50

The following goods are made by the Goodyear welt process, soles stitched on as if hand-sewed. Stock No.

425. Dongola kid, button, razor toe, patent-leather tip, medium heel, C, D and E widths..... \$3 11

424. Dongola kid, button, Common Sense, plain low heel, D and E widths..... 3 15

Women's shoes are sent by mail or express at the price given.

MEDICINE.

This List of Standard Remedies

Has been carefully prepared and comprises medicine that is in daily demand. It is important that you get it fresh and pure. The several ingredients are guaranteed to be pure and will be compounded by manufacturing experts.

"OUR OWN MEDICINE CHEST" contains the following: 100 liver pills, which act upon that organ; 100 iron tonic pills, to restore color to cheeks and lips; 100 anti-constipation pills, to gently move the bowels; 50 dyspeptic tablets, for indigestion; 25 headache pills, which cure any ordinary headache; 100 quinine pills, 2-grain, for malaria, colds, etc., \$1.25.

Persons wishing only one of the above remedies can have a box containing any one of the following: 300 liver pills, 300 iron tonic pills, 300 anti-constipation pills, 250 dyspeptic tablets, 100 headache pills, or 400 QUININE PILLS, 2-grain, \$1.25.

This quinine is the very best that is manufactured, and will often cure when inferior quinine has failed.

"HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE CASE." — 100 compound cathartic pills which act on liver and bowels; 100 anti-dyspeptic pills, a stomach stimulant; 100 iron pills, to restore color to cheeks and lips; 100 constipation pills, for habitual constipation; 100 quinine pills, 2-grain; 100 liver pills, which act directly on that organ. The above 600 pills will be sent for \$1.25.

SPECIAL REMEDIES.—There are certain prescriptions now universally used in special cases, and these can now be had in pill form as follows:

- 150 malarial pills, to be used when quinine fails or the patient cannot take it, \$1.00.
- 250 pepsin tablets, to aid digestion, \$1.00.
- 250 skin pills, to remove the causes of pimples, boils and similar eruptions, \$1.00.
- 200 tonic pills, for nervous prostration, for the overworked and overworried, \$1.00.

200 diarrhoeal pills, not more than two being required to effect a cure, \$1.00.

150 nervous pills, for those made cross and irritable by nervous debility, will calm and soothe the nerves, \$1.00.

150 kidney pills, which gently stimulate that organ and relieve the urinary troubles of old and young, \$1.00.

250 cold tablets, which, if taken in season, will break up any cold that can be caught, \$1.00.

SPECIAL REMEDY SAMPLE CASE, containing 50 each of above eight remedies and 25 headache pills, will be sent for \$1.25.

CATARRH.—Those suffering from catarrh are greatly relieved and often permanently cured by spraying the nasal passages with water in which one of the standard catarrh tablets has been dissolved. Price of box, containing 50 of these tablets, 50 cents.

WORM MEDICINE.—The best worm medicine in use—half grain each of santolin and calomel, in tasteless tablets, 50 cents per 100 tablets.

COUGHS.—One of the best cough mixtures is now put up in tablet form. Each tablet represents a teaspoonful of the cough mixtures; 250 of these tablets, \$1.00.

These prices include delivery by post.

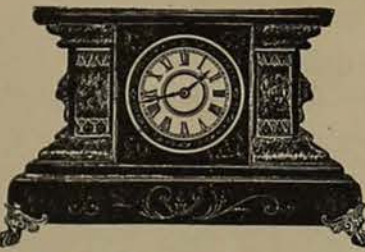
VASELINE PREPARATIONS.—Vaseline is prescribed by physicians, both internally and externally, and it has been found exceedingly satisfactory. As a base for ointments, pomades, salves, etc., etc., it is undoubtedly the best. Vaseline does not oxidize, consequently does not rancidify, and therefore ointments, etc., made with it may be kept indefinitely in an unchanged and unimpaired condition.

A SMALL BOX CONTAINING:

- 2-oz. tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.
- 2-oz. tube of Pure Vaseline.
- 1-oz. tube Capsicum Vaseline.
- 1 jar Vaseline Cold Cream.
- 1 cake Vaseline Family Soap.

The CAMPHOR ICE is an exquisite toilet article, and most excellent for chapped and rough skin, hands, lips, for relief of cold in the head, etc. PURE VASELINE is an invaluable remedy for external treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, chilblains, sunburn, &c., &c. CAPSICUM VASELINE is a concentrated extract of the cayenne-pepper plant taken in vaseline, is superior for a mustard plaster and will not blister. VASELINE COLD CREAM is good in cases of chafing, and particularly beneficial for the skin and complexion. THE SOAP is peculiarly good for all family toilet purposes. Price for the box, 50 cents, delivered by post.

MUSICAL CLOCKS.



No. 56. Size 16x13¾. no music. Price, \$6.00.

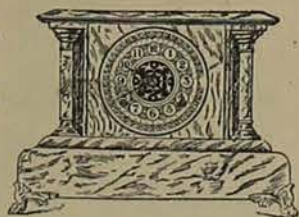
NOVEL, USEFUL, BEAUTIFUL, and very reasonable in price.

- No. 55. Size 14½ x 11¼, plays two airs. Price, \$8.50.
- No. 56. Size 14½ x 11¼, plays four airs. Price, \$11.00.

No. 50. Size 16½ x 10¾, plays two airs. Price, \$8.50.

No. 51. Size 16½ x 10¾, plays four airs. Price, \$11.00.

They are beautiful 8-day, cathedral gong parlor clocks, with wooden cases, hard enameled in a perfect imitation of marble, highly polished, lustrous and remarkably durable. The music, either sacred or popular, is played after the strike at each half-hour. The musical attachment, however, does not interfere with the high-grade clock movement, there being a separate clock work for each. Fully warranted. Subscriber pays freight or expressage.



FOUNTAIN PENS.

Are at all times desirable and convenient; then again they are absolute requisites, as the use of ink may be imperative. In this latter case the cost of a first-class Fountain Pen is as nothing compared with the loss, inconvenience and annoyance you are subjected to should you be without one.

The DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE is prepared to furnish its readers solid gold pens, with an approved and tested fount, as follows:

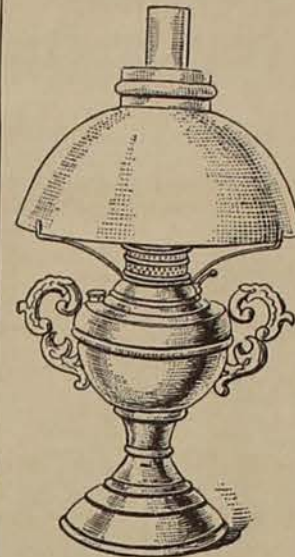
- Style A. Complete with filler, etc. \$1.75
- Style B. Larger, complete with filler, etc..... \$2.50
- Style C. Mounted with gold bands, complete with filler, etc. \$3.00
- Style D. Larger, mounted with gold bands, complete with filler, etc..... \$3.50

They will be sent with either fine, medium, coarse, or quill nib, as may be desired, and will be delivered by insured mail at the prices given.



LAMPS.

These lamps are all centre draft, are of a make that is celebrated the world over, and they have been selected on account of their beauty in design, etc., etc. As a matter of course, the illustrations can only give you an idea of what to expect in shape, etc., but we cannot do more. You will be agreeably disappointed and we prefer that it should be so. The prices, as you see, are low. This has to be the case, as we are obliged to purchase them by the hundreds, or we could not get satisfactory prices from the manufacturers.



No. 4009.



No. 4011.

Junior Table Lamp, with 7-inch opal shade. Height to burner, 10½ inches. 30-candle power. Nickel, gilt, or brass finish. Price, \$1.50.

A large-size table lamp, with either 10-inch opal dome or globe. In any finish, nickel, brass or copper. Capacity 1-3 quarts. Height to top of burner, 13 inches. Light equal to 85-candle power. Price, \$3.00.



No. 876.



No. 850.

Is a Crystal Onyx Banquet Lamp, with a stamped head. Fast well. 6-inch crystal onyx centre. Cast, open work base; finish of metal parts bright gold. Height, 18 inches. Base, 6½ x 6½. Price, including shades No. 38, as illustrated, \$2.75.

Has stamped head. Fast well. Cast base and centre representing Hymen, God of Marriage. Base and head finished in bright gold. Figure can be had in silver, bright gold or oriental bronze effect, any of which makes a beautiful combination. Height, 22½ inches. Base, 6½ x 6½. Price complete, with shade (see No. 38), \$3.45.



No. 9000.

Five o'clock Tea. The kettle has a capacity of 2 pints, and is brass, tin lined. Asbestos pot for alcohol. Height to handle, 12 inches. Price, \$1.50.



No. 5005.

Junior Banquet, gilt or brass. Height to burner, 15 inches, with 6-inch decorated globe. Gives a light of 30-candle power. Price, \$1.50.



No. 38.

14-inch "Venetian" silk shade with lamp. No. 85, at price given. Any color.

Subscriber pays the freight or expressage.

DEMAREST'S PURCHASING BUREAU.

High-Grade Flat Silver-Plated Ware.

The manufacturers guarantee that they deposit on each gross of their extra, or 5-oz., plated ware 25 per cent. more silver than is put on the regular standard plate, and all other extra plate goods of their manufacture in the same proportion. Also, that the extra sectional plated ware has 50 per cent. more than the standard.

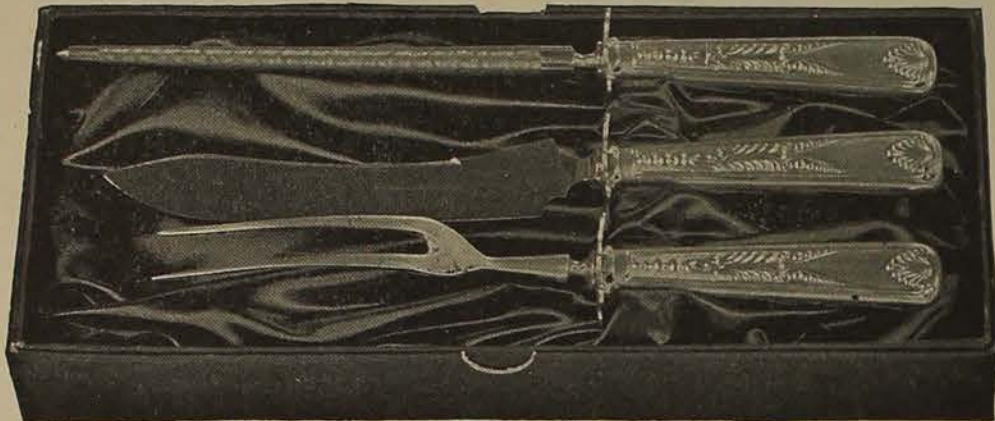
They, further, guarantee their goods to be uniform in quantity and will replace all goods bearing their trade-mark not fully up to standard.

Here are a few useful articles:

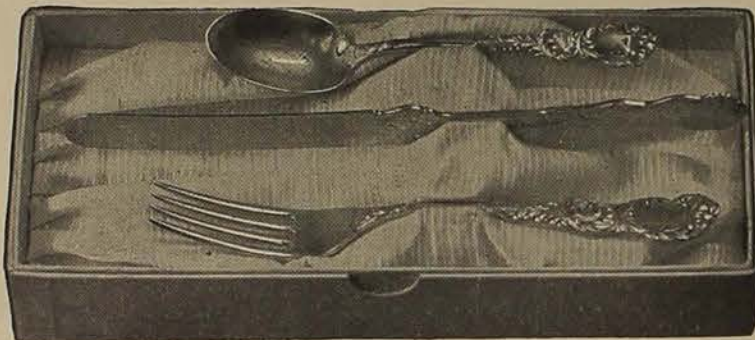
EXTRA, OR 5-OZ., PLATE.

Teaspoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.30; 1 dozen, \$2.55.
Coffee Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.25; 1 dozen, \$2.45.
Table Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.55; 1 dozen, \$5.05.
Table Forks.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.55; 1 dozen, \$5.00.

SECTIONAL PLATE.



CARVING SET, THREE PIECES; PRICE, \$5.25.



THIS CHILD'S SET, THREE PIECES; PRICE, \$1.25.

Tea Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.50; 1 dozen, \$2.90.
Coffee Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.45; 1 dozen, \$2.70.
Table Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.90; 1 dozen, \$5.75.
Table Forks.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.90; 1 dozen, \$5.75.

TRIPLE, OR 12-OZ., PLATE.



Tea Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.75; 1 dozen, \$3.40.
Coffee Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.70; 1 dozen, \$3.30.
Table Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$3.40; 1 dozen, \$6.70.
Table Forks.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$3.40; 1 dozen, \$6.70.

SOLID NICKEL SILVER—HEAVY.



Tea Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$0.65; 1 dozen, \$1.25.
Table Spoons.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.50; 1 dozen, \$2.40.
Table Forks.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$1.50; 1 dozen, \$2.40.
Table Knives.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.00; 1 dozen, \$3.85.

KNIVES—STEEL SILVER-PLATED.



Medium Knives, 12 dwt.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.15; 1 dozen, \$4.20.
Medium Forks, R. E.....	Price, 1/2 dozen, \$2.15; 1 dozen, \$4.20.

These goods will be DELIVERED by registered mail at the prices given. Compare them with those asked by the average retailer for THE SAME CLASS OF GOODS.

ARE YOU MUSICAL?

If So, This Offer Will Please You. MUSIC BOOKS.

Every Book Complete, Including Bass and Melody.

Descriptive and Special Price List of our Music Book Offer:

No. 30 contains the **ACME OF DANCES**. This book is a collection of 214 contra dances, reels, jigs, and hornpipes; German, Polish, and Spanish dances; galops, redowas, schottisches, etc., most of them with calls and figures. They are pieces which our grandparents were familiar with, and our grandchildren will call for, and the sale of over one hundred thousand copies is the best indorsement it can have. 100 pages from extra large-size music plates. **Price, 20 cents.**

No. 32 contains **THE VIOLIN; AND HOW TO MASTER IT**, being a treatise, guide, and manual on the violin and violin playing, written in the plainest and simplest language. A book valuable to all violinists, professional as well as amateur, and especially valuable to the beginner unable to obtain or afford the services of a first-class teacher; also a fine collection of violin, and piano and violin music. 100 pages from extra large-size sheet music plates. **Price, 20 cents.**

No. 40 contains **THIRTY-SIX WALTZES BY THIRTY-SIX COMPOSERS**. We guarantee that in no other collection of waltzes will a better selection and a greater variety be found than in this one, every waltz writer of renown having contributed to its contents. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Our Special Price, 25 cents.**

No. 46 contains **FIFTY EASY PIECES FOR PARLOR ORGANS**. These being all of what is known as grades one and two are suitable for beginners who have taken less than one year's lessons; and, although especially suitable for parlor organ, they can all be played upon the piano. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Price, 25 cents.**

No. 51 contains **FORTY-SEVEN EASY PIECES FOR PIANO**. Suitable only for the piano, as they are arranged for more than five octaves. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Price, 25 cents.**

No. 53 contains **FORTY-THREE POLKAS, SCHOTTISCHES AND MAZURKAS**. While these dances are not as popular as waltzes, some of the prettiest melodies ever written have been in mazurka and schottische time, and by purchasing this book you will have the best of the above. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Price, 25 cents.**

No. 54 contains **THIRTY-NINE CLASSICAL GEMS FOR PIANO OR ORGAN**. Such composers as Schubert, Rubinstein, Jungmann, Liszt, Lichner, Spindler, and Paderewski have not been the authors of many poor compositions. In this book will be found some of their very best, as well as many by other equally known composers. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Price, 25 cents.**

No. 61 contains **FORTY-TWO MARCHES AND QUICKSTEPS**. Marches, like waltzes, are always popular and in demand, and everything that we have said about our collection of waltzes is applicable to this set of marches. 132 pages from full-size sheet music plates. **Our Special Price, 25 cents.**

The books contained in this list will be delivered, post-paid, to any subscriber's address.

PROPER PRONUNCIATION.

How to Pronounce 10,000 Difficult Words.

An Authoritative Hand-Book of Words in Common Use.

There are few persons whose education is so complete as to insure the correct pronunciation of all the words met with in daily reading. Czar, Boucicault, Isolate, Balmoral, Boulanger, Coup d'état, etc., are cases in point. These words, with very many others of the same kind, will be found in the book named above. The aid offered to the reader or speaker by it is very great. It enables the orator or reader to get at once and at small cost the pronunciation of a strange word; without it he might have a dozen dictionaries and then not find what he wanted.

It also contains an extended list of words, often incorrectly pronounced, by F. M. PAYNE, 128 pages bound in Russia, indexed.

Price, delivered, 45 cents.

Remit by P. O. Money Order, Express Order, by Express or by Registered Mail, and address

"THE DEMAREST" PURCHASING DEPARTMENT,

110 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS' ADVANTAGE.

LADIES' RUBBER GARMENTS.

No lady can afford to be without a waterproof garment. It quickly pays for itself in the protection it gives in stormy weather, and, as now made up, in both light weight, single and double texture, is a stylish outside wrap, durable and comfortable in cool as well as wet weather. The outside cloths are in the double texture goods, lined with a pretty plaid lining, the rubber being between the cloths and not showing at all. The regular sizes are bust 32, length 54; 34/56, 36/58, 38/59, 40/60, 42/60. Other sizes will cost \$1.00 extra and 50 cents extra for each additional inch in length.

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



INVERNESS' SINGLE CAPE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

U. S. SIGNAL BAROMETER.



No. 5033.

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

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

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

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

ALLOW ME, IF YOU PLEASE,



To Kindly Inform You

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

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

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

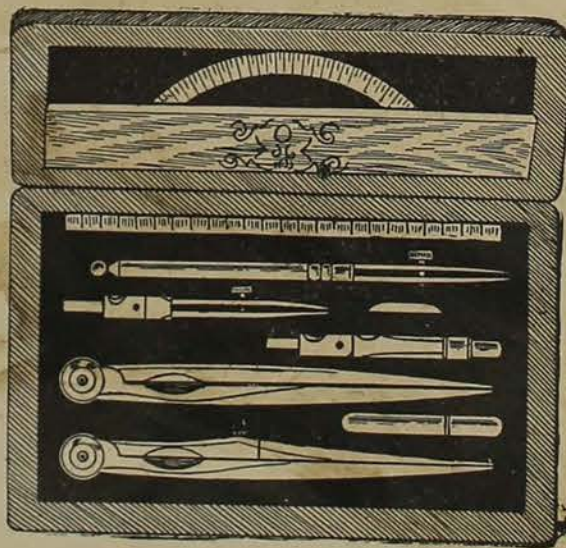
The October number—For Chinaware, Optical Goods, Sheet Music, Shoes for Ladies, Standard Medicines, Fountain Pens, Lamps, etc., etc.

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

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

If you have 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.

SCHOLARS' SET OF DRAWING INSTRUMENTS.



No. 5046.

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

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

RUBBER GARMENTS.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

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



MACKINTOSH.

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

No. 10. A serviceable Mackintosh of *Wide Wale Diagonal*, with print lining, neatly and securely sewed. Colors, black or blue, for \$4.25.

The same garment *sewed, cemented and strapped*, only \$5.00.

No. 11. *Cashmere*, print lining, sewed, cemented and strapped. Black or blue. Choice of any style garment for \$7.35.

No. 12. *Covert Cloth*; Tan; woven lining; sewed, cemented and strapped. Choice of any style garment for \$8.00.

No. 13. *Wool Tricot*; fancy woven lining; black or blue; sewed, cemented and strapped. Choice of any style garment. Price, \$9.00.

A trial order will convince you that you will save at least twenty-five per cent. on the purchase, and that the trade-mark will give positive assurance that the garments are first class. They are warranted by the manufacturers.



HOUSEHOLD MICROSCOPE.

As shown in the illustration, this is a large and complete instrument, mounted on a jointed brass and iron stand. It has three lenses in the objective, with rack adjustment to set the focus, and gives various magnifying powers up to 110 diameters. It is specially adapted to family and household use, or to the more advanced student in microscopical investigation.

Each instrument is fitted in a walnut box, containing a prepared object, glass slides, and a pair of forceps.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, including a year's subscription, \$10.25; alone, \$8.85.



No. 5032.

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SIZE, 5x3 1/2 INCHES.

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SPICE BOX.

EXCUSABLE IMPENITENCE.

SHE: "I hope that poor Mr. Janney finally died a converted man."

HE: "I'm afraid not. He was a bigamist, and had promised both his wives to meet them above."

THE RETORT TRUTHFUL.

UNDERTAKER: "How do you do, doctor? Have not seen you for a long time."

DOCTOR: "I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting you."

UNDERTAKER: "Oh, don't you recognize the man who has covered your mistakes daily for the past ten years?"

A CASE IN POINT.

TROTTER: "Do you believe that pleasant environments are necessary to achieve success in art?"

BARLOW: "By no means. I know an artist who has always lived in Chicago, who does some really good work."



THE VILLAGE GREEN.



A PAIR OF GATERS.

(Continued on Page 554.)

The fragrance of sweet flowers
is in
SOZODONT
the dentifrice of the refined.
A few drops of the liquid
daily, a little of the powder
twice a week (both in the
same package), will answer
all requirements.

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FOR DATE WHEN THIS "ORDER" WILL BECOME WORTHLESS SEE OTHER SIDE.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: ~~Albert~~ ~~to~~ ~~Basque~~ 34, 36, ~~38~~, 40 Bust Measure. If pattern desired is not in this number, see directions on other side.

Please read other side of this Order carefully.

PATTERN ORDER.

Name,.....
Street and Number,.....
Post-Office,.....
County,..... State,.....

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Amari Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 15. Oliphant House-Gown, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. |
| 2. Casita Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 16. Khiva Skirt, Medium and Large. |
| 3. Trouville Jacket-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 17. Manhattan Bathing-Suit, Medium and Large. |
| 4. Hansa Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 18. Tryme Skirt, 14 and 16 years. |
| 5. Réséda Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 19. Kenova Dress, 10 and 12 years. |
| 6. Kirkland Skirt, Medium and Large. | 20. Fauvette Frock, 10 and 12 years. |
| 7. Butterfly Sleeve, Medium Size. | 21. Eleva Frock, 8 and 10 years. |
| 8. Dorabyn Blouse, 14 and 16 years. | 22. Bonetta Frock, 4 and 6 years. |
| 9. Minta Frock, 10 and 12 years. | 23. Albia Dress, 2 and 4 years. |
| 10. Isma Frock, 8 and 10 years. | 24. Elisidore Coat, 4 and 6 years. |
| 11. Philip Trousers, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. | 25. Pearl Coat, 6 to 12 months and 2 years. |
| 12. Elmer Shirt-Waist, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. | 26. Clara Sunbonnet, 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. |
| 13. Glovena Shirt-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 27. Man-o'-War Suit, 8, 10, and 12 years. |
| 14. Indimora Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 28. Ernest Suit, 6, 8, and 10 years. |

The patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine are for subscribers and purchasers of the Magazine. Two or more patterns can be had on this Order by sending FOUR CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN. Under this arrangement as many as 30 PATTERNS EACH MONTH can be obtained ON ONE ORDER.

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Remember that all patterns ordered must be accompanied by a coupon the date of which has not expired.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from Page 553.)

SHE COULDN'T BE BLAMED.

"Were you surprised when Charley asked you to be his wife?"

"Surprised is no name for it. Why, Belle, I never gave him any provocation."

WHAT INDEED?

FOND MOTHER: "Dear John, I do wish you would not go out so much evenings; I do so hate to have you breathing this night air!"

JOHN: "All right, mother. What air shall I breathe?"

A TITLE WITH A MEANING.

CHARLIE CUMSO: "Why are girls called misses?"

FREDDY FANGLE: "Did you ever see 'em try to hit anything?"

GOING TOO FAR.

"You're an old reprobate!" exclaimed an indignant and much-abused wife to her husband.

"Hold on there!" he shouted; "I object to the word 'old.'"

THE PIONEER.

TEACHER: "When do we first hear of the use of oil?"

TOMMY TADDELLS: "Jonah must have used it, ma'am. He went on the first whaling voyage."

UNCERTAIN, BUT EAGER.

"What does the New Woman want?"

"She doesn't know, but she's going to get it."

HE WAS STILL BALD.



"Yes, sir; I am a living example of what this great hair-grower can do. Two years ago I was bald, and to-day—"

(Continued on Page 555.)

A. Powell

\$5000 REWARD FOR ANY FAILURE. HAIR ON FACE

Neck and Arms removed in 3 minutes by
MME. A. RUPPERT'S DEPILATORY.



Mme. A. Ruppert

The above offer is bona-fide. Mme. Ruppert will pay to any one having hair on any part of the person that her wonderful Depilatory will not remove in 3 minutes without injury to the skin five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Mme. Ruppert refers any one interested as to her financial responsibility to the publisher of this journal. Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory is wonderful in its action, immediately dissolving all superfluous hair from face, neck, arms or any part of the person. It acts like magic. One application removes entirely all disfiguring hair inside of 3 minutes. Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded.

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\$19.50 DEMOREST \$100 Sewing Machine.

WARRANTED FOR 10 YEARS.
200,000 SOLD IN 10 YEARS.

The only High Grade Sewing Machine sold for \$19.50. SENT ON TRIAL. Ask for catalogue of other styles. If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction, ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies residing in your vicinity who have used them.

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Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

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(Continued from Page 554.)



—ah—ah—



—chew!"

THE HAMMOCK.

Although it's all the rage just now,
In getting in be humble;
You find, unless you know just how,
You're apt to take a tumble.

SHE DIDN'T THINK SO.

Nora was in her night-dress. Mrs. Strong, having given her a good-night kiss, reminded her gently, as usual, not to forget her prayer to God that she be made a good little girl.

"Must I ask Him that every night, mamma?" Nora asked gravely.

"Yes, little one," her mother replied. Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Mamma," she said in an injured tone, "is I such a dreffully bad little girl as all that?"



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It conforms to the lines of the figure perfectly. No pinching or wrinkling, no slipping up or down. The best for men and women. Our book thoroughly explains its hygienic principles—mailed free.

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