

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

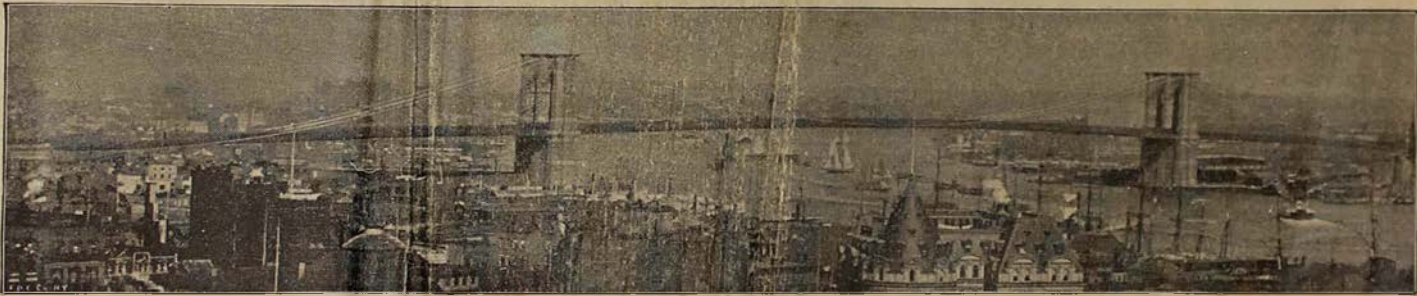
No. CCCVII.

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NEW YORK CITY.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, THE EXCHANGES, THE POST OFFICE, AND
OTHER PUBLIC STRUCTURES.



THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

MY GOOD FRIENDS:—After every day's outing, I return to my temporary home more than ever impressed with the magnitude and exhaustlessness of this great city. I often wish some of you could be with me as I stroll about or stand on some street corner in an expectant attitude, as one might do who waited for a car. I have noticed that a stranger, although free to go or come, provided he attends strictly to his own business, might find it inconvenient to be called to account for conspicuous idleness or persistent attention to any locality without an apparent object in so doing. For while there are many idle persons about the streets of New York, they may not linger very long in the same neighborhood; for should they do so they cannot fail to attract the attention either of the regular guardians of the peace or the hundreds of detectives, amateur or professional, who are always on the lookout for jobs, or for suspicious characters who may furnish them.

Acting upon the theory that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, these official and self-commissioned custodians of the public weal take it for granted that an idle person, while not necessarily a vicious one, is in a fair way to become so, and will therefore bear looking after. Whether this is one of the reasons why New Yorkers always appear to be in a hurry, I am sure I cannot say; but it is not unlikely that at least one portion of the community has fallen into the habit of haste on this account.

I have just completed a tour of the noteworthy public buildings, and for description in this letter I have been at some pains to select such as have special points of interest either in a business or historical sense, and must reserve the others for some future time.

The great East River or Brooklyn Bridge is unquestionably the most remarkable of New York's public structures. The work of years, it cost millions of money and scores of lives, and it stands as a monument of magnificent proportions to the genius of its projectors. That you may have a clear idea of the magnitude of the undertaking, and of what, for lack of a better expression, I might term the majesty of the structure, I have made a special effort to obtain comprehensive views showing the proper relation of the bridge to the land on either side; for the portion that spans the river, reaching from tower to tower, is less than one-third of the entire length. Beyond the towers, the bridge extends about one-third of a mile over the land on either side, stretching high above buildings, many of them four or five stories in height, which look small and insignificant in comparison with the span that overshadows them.

The extreme end of the bridge on the New York side is filled in with stone and concrete, but there is between the solid masonry end and the high buildings near the river, a stretch of bridge occupying several blocks, that is filled

in underneath with arches varying in height from one to three stories. These arches are utilized for warehouses and rooms for storage, and are sources of considerable revenue, as they bring high rents, being absolutely fireproof, and altogether inaccessible save from the face of the arch, which is closed by iron doors. One of the views gives a clear idea of the use to which these arches are put, and their arrangement.

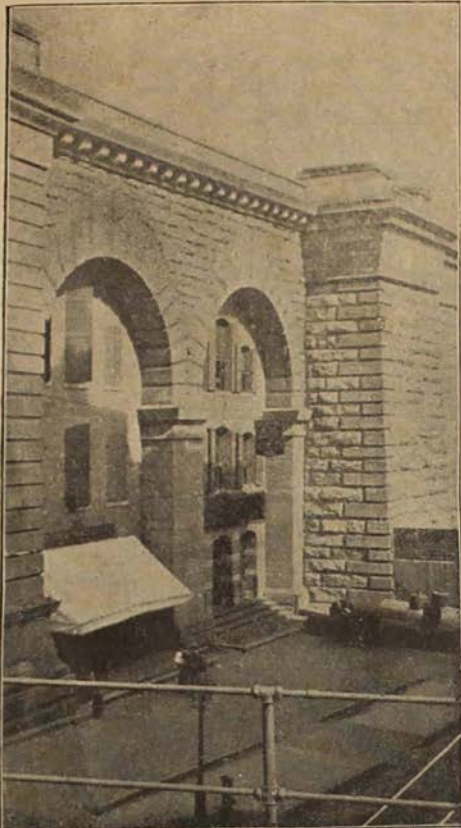
The span over the river is high enough to permit all ordinary shipping to pass freely beneath, and to one standing on the bridge, the ferry-boats, and even the largest of the Sound steamers, look like the toys of a child. A large force of laborers is kept continually at work on the bridge, and it is one of

the track is slightly curved, and a "pony" engine takes the train, which is ordinarily composed of three or four cars, and draws it out of reach of the cable, to a switch, where it is loaded and prepared for another start. From the wall of one of the drive-ways a weak-minded and adventurous youth some months since jumped into temporary notoriety and eternity at the same time. Others who have tried the same foolhardy experiment have come out of the river alive, to their unspeakable gratification, and the disgust of the sensible public.

The bridge is one of the best possible places for the study of queer phases of human nature. It is a favorite rendezvous for certain classes of young persons, who appear to enjoy the airy promenade.

I joined the throng one day and strolled leisurely along. A stiff breeze was blowing and the sky was overcast, but there seemed to be no immediate danger of rain. I was scarcely half-way to the first tower, however, when the wind increased to a gale. Men, women, and children were hurried along, and almost dashed against the walls of the bridge. Hats and bonnets were blown about, one lady suffering the chagrin of seeing her hat sail over the side of the bridge, drop into the river, and float out seaward, the flowers nodding a hearty approval of the proceeding. A moment later, and the rain came down in torrents. A

traveler on one of the Western prairies would not be more helpless before the elements. It was useless to try to find shelter behind any of the towers or supports; every portion of the bridge seemed to join in the effort of the storm to sweep pedestrians from their feet; every cable was the center of a spiral current of the infuriated tempest; the whirling, raging storm was confusing beyond expression. The crowd rushed along pell-mell, children screaming, and even men and women seeming almost



AN ARCH OF THE BRIDGE.



THE BRIDGE-WAYS.

the favorite amusements of idlers about the piers, to watch the painters as they sit on ladders slung under the bridge, working away, apparently indifferent to their perilous position.

From the other view you will understand the arrangement of the bridge-ways. The middle section is used exclusively for pedestrians, and is thirteen feet wide; on either side are the tramways, the cable running in grooved wheels midway between the rails; and the carriage-ways are on the outer edges of the bridge. I suppose you know that the cars are propelled by endless cables run by powerful engines at the ends of the bridge. Each car has an attachment that extends down to meet the cable, and by a turn of the wheel in the hands of the man who appears to act as brakeman, a strong iron grip closes over the running cable, and the cars are thus drawn from one end of the bridge to the other. At the ends,

panic-stricken. Had there been a great number of persons they might have been difficult to control, so buffeted and terrified were they.

Seeking shelter at one end of the bridge, I asked one of the officers stationed there, some questions about the structure and its size. I have read many descriptions of it, but could not recall the figures. Indeed, one must see the bridge to fully appreciate its immensity. The entire length is five thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine feet, and the width is eighty-five feet. The middle of the bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water at high tide, and the tops of the towers are two hundred and seventy-two feet above high-water mark. There are four main cables, each one fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter, and each one estimated to bear a strain of twelve thousand two hundred tons.



THE STOCK EXCH

It is a popular error to suppose of twisted wire. In reality, each thousand two hundred and nine sized and coated with an oily prep and water proof. These wires are ing preparation, and closely bound other coated wires until a solid is formed. Each single wire is three thousand six hundred feet

The cost of the bridge was mous, far exceeding the origina mate, more than fifteen million ing been expended. There a wanting those who question w all went; and certainly, as ne can estimate, there must ha some exceedingly bad manage make no stronger criticism. C the work was immense, bu million dollars is a good deal o

The bridge has made comm between Brooklyn and New Y and rapid, and the fact that ve one hundred thousand people it each day, is sufficient pr usefulness. It is estimated t ninety-five million persons ha over the bridge since it w Of course this allows ea

number, the exposure of which on the wall, message has been received for the party to used number belongs. Formerly, members' d; but it added so much to the confusion, ay was devised.

rious items which I picked up about the learned in a little chat I had with a vis-

"Do you know," he asked, "that this machine, with its eleven hundred mem- e, where it is not unusual for one hundred change hands in a single session of five ifications of which extend almost all over l, has no charter, no real organization? xchange, one must sue every member of

exclaimed. "But how is it they have organization?"

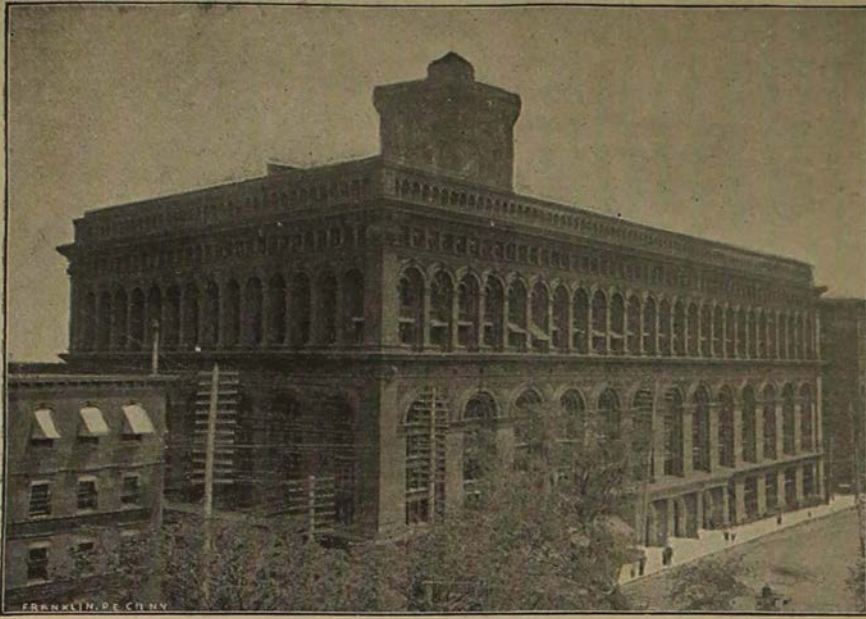
her 'Tweed' episode," he replied. "It got a charter, and wanted to sell it to fabulous price. That body respectfully ned to do business as though they had ay, however, that there is rarely any as to the fairness of dealing among all straight and square in trade."

o organization," I said to myself as I Truly the ways of financiers are past

ns of commercial New York, and one eresting, is the Clearing House, which uarters on Pine Street. As you may s purpose and methods, I must tell onging to this organization, sends its learing House every day before ten g, with all the checks it holds The Clearing House makes up the nd before one o'clock on the same gain to pay the balance due, and k, those banks that have a balance e it. The Clearing House has been he country in averting panics by of its members. It represents nd has among its members the e United States. The daily aver- nearly eighty-one and a half mill- r system is so perfect that, not- s business, no error exists in its

e late corner in wheat, when a to raise the price to two dollars much interested in the matter, the gallery of the Produce Ex- he opening of the market, and about the magnificent building. een, and covers an entire block ee hundred and seven by one d is about one hundred and e clock tower, which gives an ve feet. It is built of granite, somewhat in the style of the admitted to be one of the most gs in the city. The exchange- en feet long by one hundred s sixty feet from floor to ceil- dful telegraph and telephone pressly arranged for giving ted.

when I entered the gallery, u the main floor, directly y where I stood, is a ring,



THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

raised above the main floor by several steps; the inside is arranged like the seats in a circus tent, one step or row being ten or twelve inches below the one above it, and each one forming a complete circle, the smaller or inner one being about eight or ten feet across. This is known as "the pit." I was quite at a loss to understand the purpose of this, but did not like to expose my ignorance by asking questions.

Soon there were many anxious faces gathered about this point, all waiting for the signal to begin operations. A few men stood on the outer steps of the ring, others were grouped in parties of three or more, all earnestly talking, yet meanwhile keeping an eye on the clock. The clatter of a bell was heard, and in an instant the ring was filled, and the steps crowded with men shouting, struggling, and tugging at each other to attract attention. Had a man wheat to sell, he was actually set upon by would-be buyers. Would he buy, there were men frantic to sell. One finger held up, means one boat-load, or eight thousand bushels; two fingers, two boat-loads, and so on. After a space of fifteen minutes there was a lull in the storm, and word came up that over one million bushels had changed hands since the opening of the Exchange. It was with no little satisfaction that I learned that I had witnessed one of the liveliest scenes since the opening of the new building.

The Cotton Exchange is less interesting to the general public than it was during the war and for some years afterwards, when cotton speculations ran high, and fortunes were made and lost in a day. The Exchange was first located on Broad Street, and remained there until the completion of the present building on Hanover Square. The structure was commenced in 1870. The ground on which it stands is worth about three-quarters of a million of dollars, and to furnish and equip the building, cost nearly as much more. It is, in its way, unique, being built of very pale yellow stone. It is nine stories high, including the exchange-room, which is thirty-five feet high from floor to ceiling, and includes two stories.

A most interesting account of the opening of the new building was given me by one of the pioneers in the enterprise. When all was ready, the members assembled in the old rooms. The president, Mr. Gruner, introduced one of the first presidents of the Exchange, who delivered a valedictory address. A few remarks were made by old members, Gilmore's Band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the members and guests marched in double file to the exchange-room of

the new building, which was profusely decorated with flowers and flags.

The formal ceremonies of dedicating and taking possession were opened with a prayer by Bishop Potter. Mr. Walter T. Miller, chairman of the building committee, presented the building and a large bunch of keys to President Gruner, who received them in behalf of the Exchange, making a most interesting speech, in the course of which he said that from one hundred, the membership had increased to four hundred and sixty-five. An informal reception followed, the members wearing badges made of small cotton-bales tied with ribbons. The Cotton Exchange is, all things considered, one of the most attractive buildings in the business part of the city.

The Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange is a consolidation of various stock companies dealing in oil, mining, and similar securities. It has a regular organization, and does an enormous business. The opening of the new Exchange, which is one of the attractions of lower Broadway, took place April 16, 1888, and was celebrated

with appropriate ceremonies. The stock-room is admirably lighted and ventilated, having about ten thousand square feet of space, with arched ceiling and skylight. There is less excitement attending the sessions of this Exchange than many others, as since the adoption of a clearing system there are no such enormous risks as in the Stock and Produce Exchanges. The gallery is, however, always well filled with visitors, the building being one of the regular sights of the lower portion of the city.

The literature of every country is, no doubt, full of accounts of smugglers and smuggling. Aside from the satisfaction of getting an article for two-thirds of its market price, there is a keen relish to many persons in the risk they take in smuggling dutiable articles into the country.



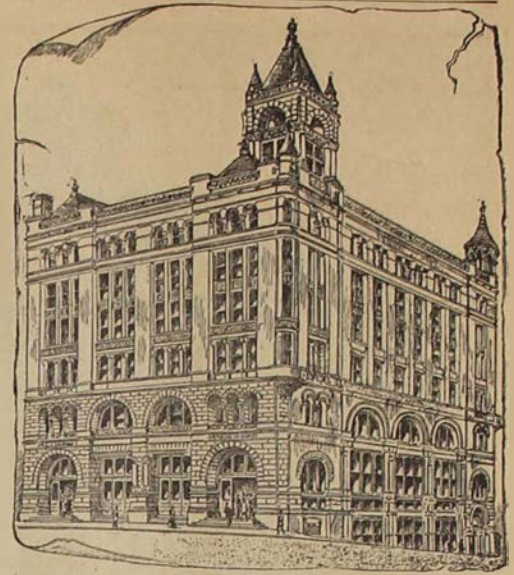
THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

The most stringent laws are inadequate to suppress this practice, and as long as there are duties, so long will there be persons who will make every effort to evade the payment of them, and bring in their purchases duty free.

Do you remember how we laughed at Charles Dickens' description of the "Circumlocution Office"? Recently I accepted the invitation of a merchant to visit the Custom House with him, as he had just received invoices of large shipments of foreign goods. To tell you in detail of the vexatious excuses, delays, evasions, and pretexts by which the merchant was put off, would take more time than I am willing to spend in writing it. I was greatly interested, and expressed a desire to watch the progress of the affair, and see if I could understand the reasons of the delay.

"Oh, I can understand it well enough, if that were all," said my friend, as we left the Custom House. "That isn't the part that bothers me. The official with whom we were talking, either wants a check or has a friend who is a broker, and wants me to put the business into his hands.

after visit with him, and seen him put off day after day during the busy season, when the goods were imperatively needed, that I could be brought to believe that these things are true. It is so entirely in the power of the Custom House officer to delay goods, and destroy a merchant's business, that some bar should exist against the misuse of this opportunity.



THE CONSOLIDATED STOCK AND PETROLEUM EXCHANGE.

If it be true, as has been alleged by officials, that the clerical force is insufficient, certainly the commercial element of this country is strong enough to bring about the necessary increase in service. It is true, however, that brokerage, which had its origin in the inability of ignorant, indolent, or over-busy men to look after their own business, has gained a foothold that makes it a most formidable stumbling-block in the way of any reform in this, or indeed in many other directions.

The Custom House building, situated at the corner of Wall and William Streets, was formerly the Merchants' Exchange. It is a massive pile, with rows of Ionic columns at the entrance and extending across the front. It covers an area of two hundred by one hundred and sixty feet, and is seventy-seven feet high. A rotunda eighty feet high is surmounted by a dome supported by eight pilasters of



THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

Now I am not inclined to do either one. I have always attended to my own business, and shall continue to do so. Of course I suffer some loss, and a great deal of annoyance; but some one must protest, and I am one of a few men who intend to fight this system until we get something better. Seven-tenths of the delay and trouble that importers experience is caused by a sort of polite blackmail which is levied by understrappers in the various customs bureaus. I tell you it is exasperating beyond expression!"

I could scarcely credit the man's statements; and it was not until I had made visit



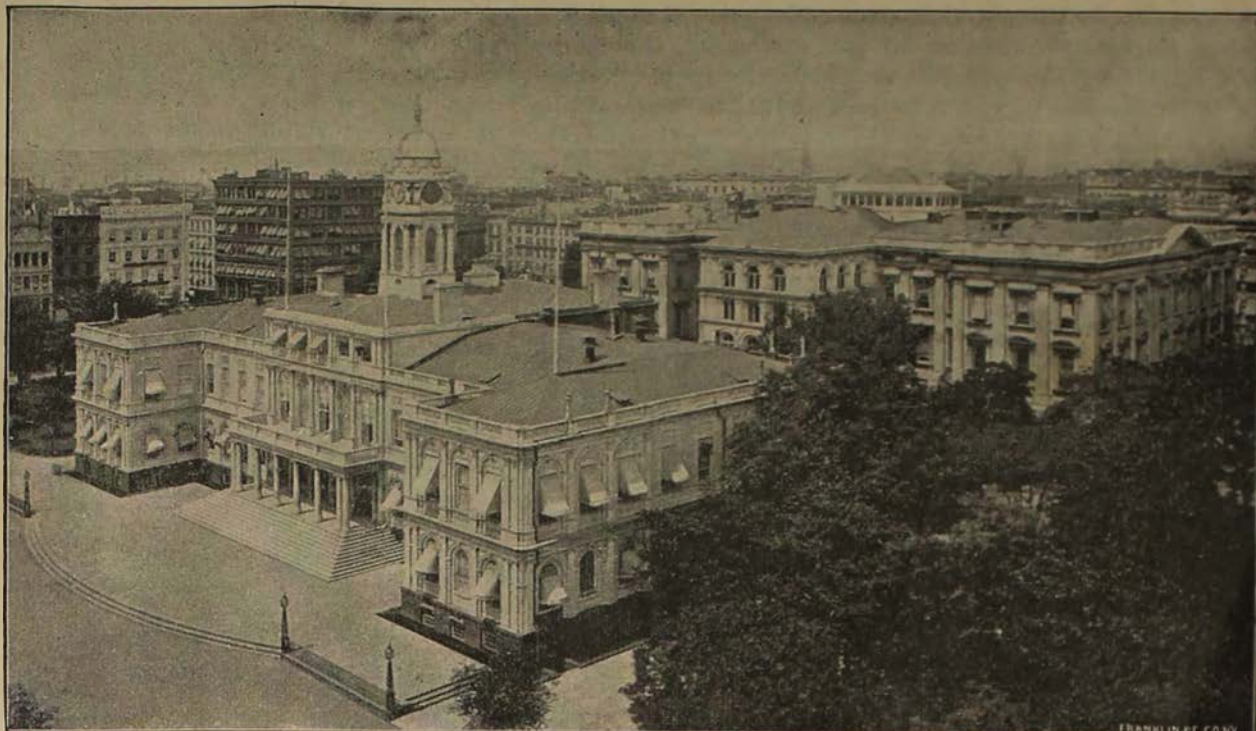
WALL STREET, LOOKING TOWARD TRINITY CHURCH.

THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY.

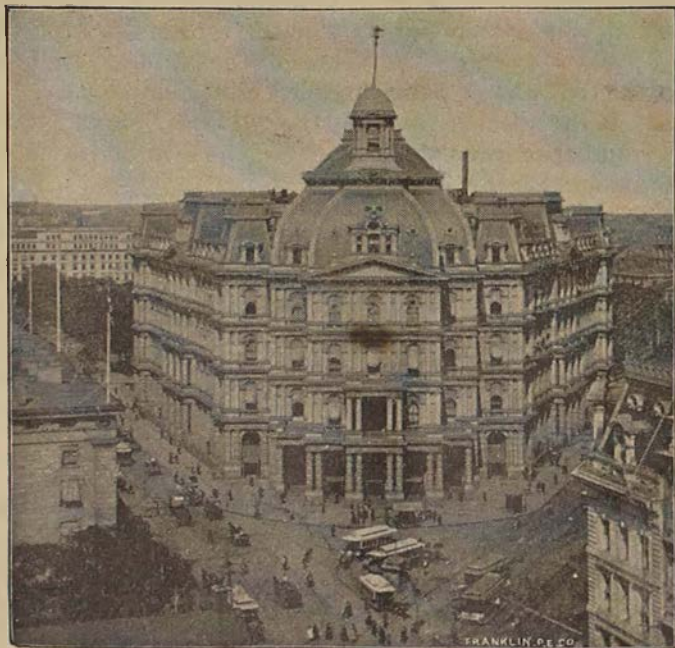
variegated Italian marble.

On the opposite side of Wall Street, a block nearer to Broadway, is the United States Sub-Treasury. This building was at one time occupied by the Custom House, but was quite too small for that purpose, and was refitted, and provided with the necessary vaults for storing coin and notes.

Following the example of a number of tourists, I went up the steps, and stood on the granite slab upon



THE CITY HALL AND THE COURT HOUSE.



THE POST OFFICE.

which General Washington stood when he was inaugurated first President of the United States. This slab was in the old Federal Hall, which stood on the present site of the Sub-Treasury. The architecture of this building is Doric. It occupies a space two hundred feet by eighty feet. The Wall-street front is eighty feet high, the Pine-street front sixty feet, the difference being made by the slope of the ground, which is much lower on the Wall-street side.

The vaults are carefully guarded, and are provided with time-locks and every appliance for safety from intruders. In the company of an official I visited these vaults, and was greatly interested in their contents as well as in the time-locks, which are among the wonders of mechanical art. These locks are so arranged that only under certain combinations can the bolts be shot. When the doors are shut with the locks set for the business hour in the morning, there is no means of opening them even though the most important emergency might demand it. Scarcely anything short of drilling out the door or blowing up the building, would avail.

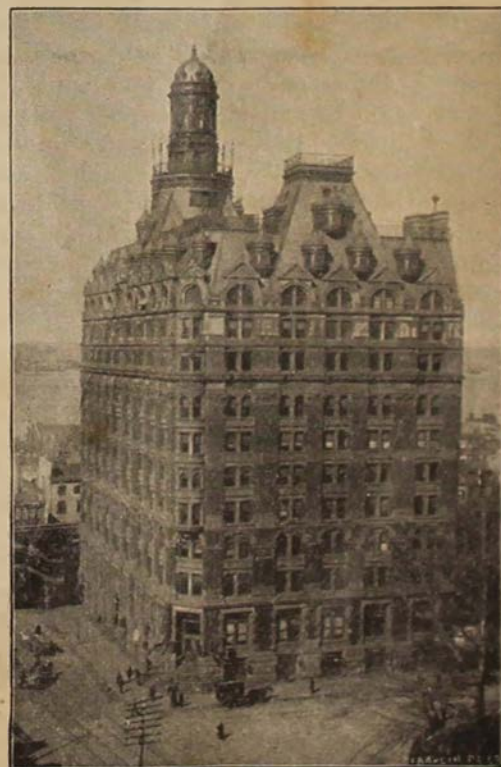
How useless those tons of coin seemed as they lay there

in huge piles, like coal or stones! It impressed me with the vanity of riches more deeply than anything I ever saw.

A notice that a registered letter awaited me, took me to the Post Office, and I realized for the first time in my life how uncomfortable life might be made for a stranger in a great city. It required more diplomacy, time and trouble to get that registered letter, than would have been needed to start a prosperous business in our own community.

The Post Office stands in what was formerly a part of City Hall Park, and occupies the lower end of the triangular space between Park Row on the east, Broadway on the west, and Mail Street on the north, the southern extremity terminating in a point just above St. Paul's Church. The building is enormous, the south front being one hundred and forty-four feet wide; the north front, two hundred and seventy-nine feet; and the length on the sides, two hundred and sixty-two feet. It cost about seven million dollars, and was completed in 1875.

About two thousand persons are employed in the regular post-office work. Upwards of eight hundred million pieces of mail matter were handled at the office during the past year. A prominent post-office official informed me that the income from the office during the past year was



THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.

more than three million dollars over and above all expenses. It seems impossible, in view of this statement, that there should have been any question as to increasing the clerical force under the new law. Why men should be worked like slaves, with a yearly profit of three millions of money in the Treasury vaults, passes my comprehension. A surplus that is piled up by grinding out the souls and bodies of men is no credit to the official who controls the grinding. The boxes for the reception of mail matter, the windows for the sale of stamps, the boxes for renting, and the general delivery are on the first floor. The basement is used for the sorting and arranging of mail matter, and the sub-basement, for engine-rooms, fuel, stores, and the like. The post-master's, registry, money order, and secret service offices are on the second floor, and the United States courts with their offices, and the Law Institute, occupy the third and fourth floors. The fifth floor is required for storage and the necessary janitors' and other offices of the building.



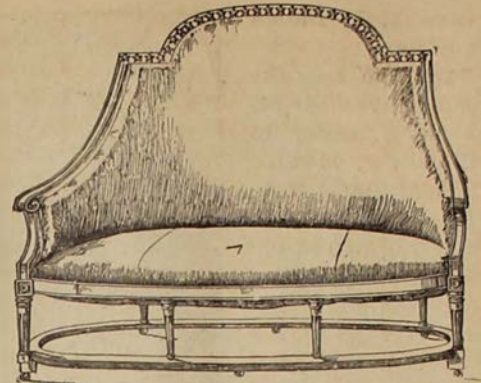
A CHAIR USED AT THE FIRST CONGRESS.

But little is known by the public of the workings of the Secret Service Department of the Post Office. It is through this bureau that many frauds are detected, and counterfeiters and lottery schemes are traced and broken up. Whether the outside co-operation of certain societies has been any benefit to the community, is an open question. The Secret Service, as it has stood for some years past, ought to be able to do this work thoroughly, and would without doubt do it quite as satisfactorily without such assistance.

North of the Post Office, in City Hall Park, and facing southward, stands the City Hall, an imposing building of white marble, with a clock-tower in which are four dials, which are illuminated at night by gas and are visible for a considerable distance. The City Hall is the headquarters of the City Government, and contains the Common Council Chambers, the offices of the Mayor and other members of the City Government, and an extensive city library. On the second floor is an apartment known as the "Governor's Room," which is used for official receptions and ceremonious occasions. In it are the chairs used by the first Congress, the desk upon which General Washington wrote his first presidential message, and the chair in which he sat on the occasion of his inauguration. There is also a gallery of fine paintings, among which are portraits of old-time and latter-day heroes of battle-fields and political arenas.

The Court House, at the northern end of City Hall Park, stands as a monument to the "ring" of city officials whose chief business seemed to be the plundering of the city treasury. Enormous sums were appropriated, and almost immediately exhausted without apparent results, as far as the

progress of the building was concerned. Work was begun on it in 1861, and although not completed, it was occupied in 1867, the work on the building and the drain upon the city's finances being carried on simultaneously. The



GEN. WASHINGTON'S FIRST INAUGURATION CHAIR.

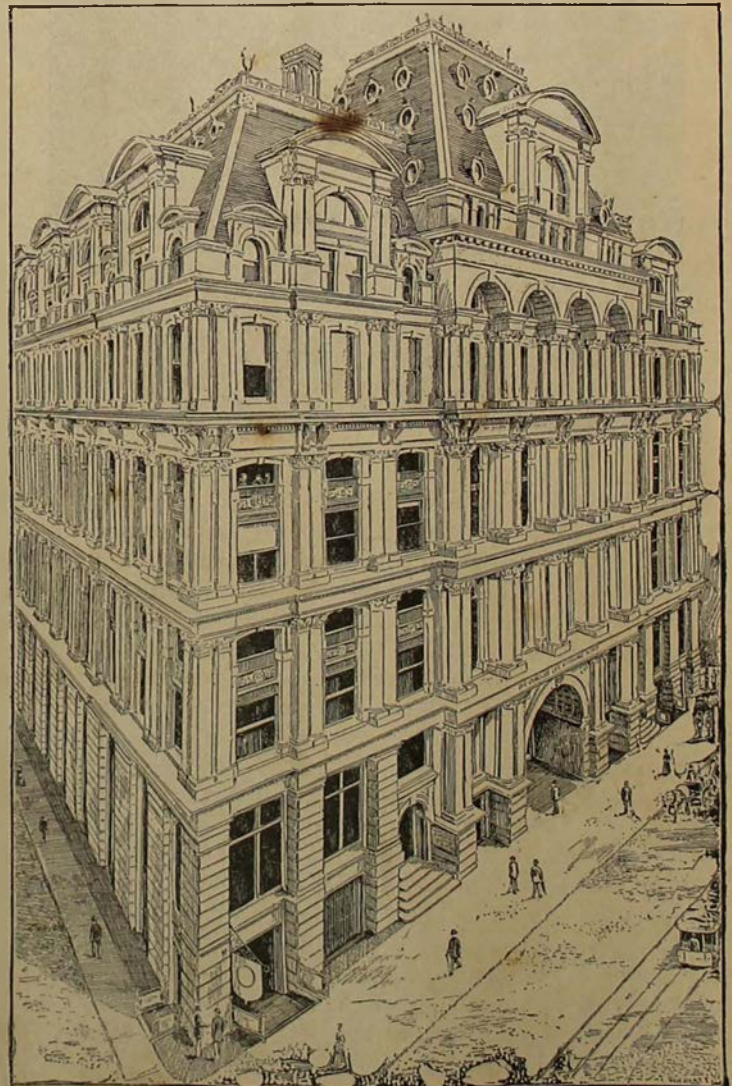


DESK UPON WHICH GEN. WASHINGTON WROTE HIS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

One of the peculiar incidents in the experience of the stamp clerks, is the rush when a new stamp is put in circulation. Long lines of men and boys, and sometimes girls and women, will wait for hours to get the first new stamps, the earliest comer imagining himself extremely lucky in making the first purchase.

building is of white marble, the beams, stairways, and railings are of iron, and the finish is of hard wood.

On Park Row, opposite City Hall Park, is the Potter Building, a towering edifice entirely occupied for offices; and adjoining it on the north is the new home of the "New York Times," which rises four feet above the Potter Building, "just for the sake of being higher," the architects say. In addition to the space required by the "Times," there will be a great number of very elegant offices, the rent of which will yield a handsome revenue.



THE EQUITABLE BUILDING.

Among the large and noteworthy structures devoted to office purposes, are the Mills, Washington, and Equitable Buildings. The Mills Building has some interesting points, and is considered one of the most complete and perfect modern office-buildings. The arrangements for light and ventilation are admirable. It is located at Broad Street and Exchange Place, and is a few doors south of Wall Street.

The Washington Building is situated on Bowling Green, and from its tower, on a clear day, one may get the finest view of the harbor that can be obtained from any point in the entire city. The building occupies the site of the Kennedy mansion, which was the residence of the owner of that name, and dates back to revolutionary times. The Washington Building is owned by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and occupied for various banking and office purposes.

But the most imposing of all of the office-buildings is that of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, which is conceded to be one of the most elegant and complete structures of its kind in the world. It is situated on Broadway, occupying the block between Cedar and Pine Streets, and a part of it extends to Nassau Street. When the leases on several other buildings expire, the Equitable will be extended to completely fill the block on which it stands. The first, or entrance floor is occupied by offices, and a most complete and perfectly arranged Safe Deposit. Treasure boxes of various sizes may be rented for one or more years, the renters having

some exceptionally fine examples of wood-carving in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

The rental of the offices is enormous, affording a handsome interest on the original investment, and a fair dividend, and allowing in addition the rent of the necessary offices of the Company absolutely free of cost. It occurred to me as I strolled about the magnificent pile, that it must seem a little hard for policy holders who are straining every nerve to pay their premiums, to look on and realize that these very premiums have made this superb edifice possible, and they



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY "UP-TOWN."



STATION OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY AT FOURTEENTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.

the privilege of the reading-room, library, offices, and the use of a coupon room, at any time during business hours. In the upper part of the building are the offices of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and a large number of rooms that are leased to outside parties.

The entrance to the building is through a Roman arch, which is twenty-one feet high and the same width, and the main hall is of the same dimensions and extends entirely through the building. The finish is of pilasters of yellow marble, and panels of Mexican onyx framed in bronze. Among the most attractive points about the building are

industrious masses to move further uptown and secure more commodious and healthful quarters; but even these are becoming altogether inadequate for the needs of New York, and various plans for underground travel are being agitated.

The present rapid-transit system is comprehended by what is known as the Manhattan Elevated Railway, all lines of which, within the city proper, are under one management. From the pictures you will readily understand the principle on which the road is constructed. All of the supports and trestle-work are of iron, in short interchangeable sec-

are helping the Company to occupy quarters rent free.

Would it not be much more satisfactory to the general public if the premiums were lower, and some of this enormous revenue permitted to remain in the pockets of policy holders?

My avowed object being to see all there is worth seeing in New York, the means of transit are naturally of considerable importance to me; and the longer I stay, the more thoroughly do I realize that rapid transit is one of the most difficult problems with which large cities have to grapple. Especially is this the case in great commercial centers, where many trucks and heavy wagons are required for moving merchandise. The elevated railways in New York have relieved the surface roads, and put it in the power of the

tions which can be easily removed, each piece being provided with holes for bolting it in place. Squads of men are continually at work on the tracks, and every piece of metal is kept under the most rigid scrutiny. It seems almost impossible that a frame-work apparently so light can sustain such a weight; but it is said that the strength of the structure is taxed to only about two-thirds of its capacity. It is one of the provisions of the charter that trains must follow each other only at specified distances, not closer than one train to a block. It would, however, require but little observation to discover that this restriction is a dead letter, as far as actual practice is concerned.

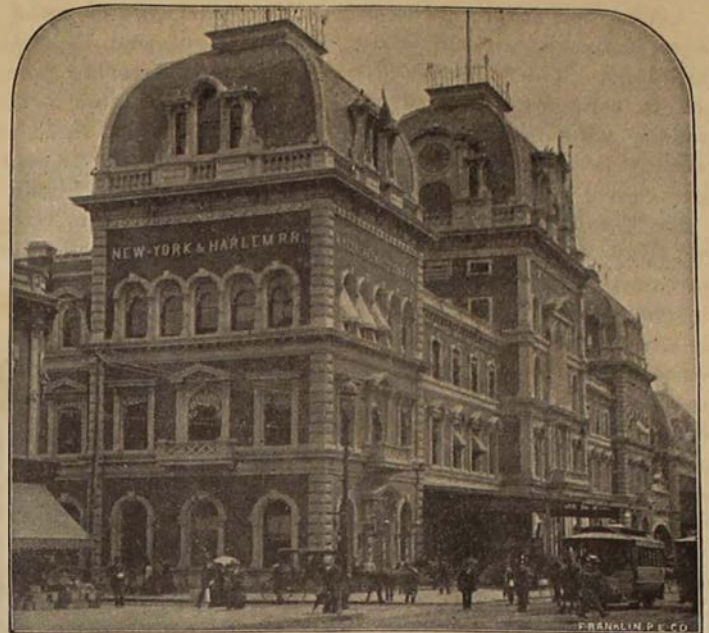
The main lines are on Second, Third, Sixth, and Ninth Avenues, with windings and crossings to suit the irregularity of the streets or to reach the most populous portions of the city. All of the lines converge to a meeting-point at Battery Park and South Ferry. The fare on all of the lines is five cents for a continuous ride, or with a transfer from one line to the other on either side of the city. At Forty-Second Street the east-side system has a branch to the Grand Central Depot, passengers being transferred from Second to



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY ON THE BOWERY.

Third Avenue, and thence by the cross-line to the Depot; without extra charge.

The Grand Central is the principal railway passenger-station on Manhattan Island. It is occupied jointly by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and the New York and Harlem Railroad, each occupying its own section of the great structure. The building, which is roofed with glass, is six hundred and ninety-five feet long, and two hundred



THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

and forty feet wide. I think you can form a better idea of its size, when I tell you that a passenger-train of twelve cars, with locomotive and baggage-cars, can run into the building, and twelve such trains, side by side, can be accommodated at the same time. You may imagine the perfection to which the management has been brought, from the fact that although as many as one hundred and fifty trains may arrive in a single day, there is no confusion and no crowding other than must arise from such a gathering of people. Under the same roof are restaurants, waiting and baggage rooms, a police station, barber's shop, and all necessary ticket, telegraph, and telephone offices.

Among the most responsible positions about such a place is that of train dispatcher. It requires the steadiest nerves and absolutely tireless vigilance to keep the run of all the tracks, and to send each train out in its proper time and place. Very few men can stand the strain of such a position for any length of time; and only years of experience will enable any man to cope successfully with the subject of transportation as it is carried on here. Whenever you come across anyone who grumbles about railroad management, and thinks he can run a business of that sort, just tell him to come to New York and stand for an hour on the gallery walk from the station of the Elevated Railway to the great waiting-room of the Grand Central Depot, and make up his mind how much of a success he would probably be if he attempted such a task.

Faithfully yours,

N. S. STOWELL.

THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

(Continued from Page 90.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST OF THE THURGAUS.

DO not alarm yourself, Miss Erna," said the young physician, gently putting her aside, as with Elmhorst's assistance he lifted the unconscious baron and laid him on a sofa. "It is only a swoon, an attack of

vertigo, like that the Herr Baron had a few weeks ago,—he will recover from this also."

The young girl stood nervously clasping her hands and gazing fixedly at the countenance of the speaker: she must have read something therein which belied the consoling words.

"No, no!" she cried in terror. "You are deceiving me;

it is something else. He is dying—I see it! Papa, papa, I am here! Don't you know your Erna?"

Benno was tearing open the sick man's coat; Elmhorst would have assisted him, but Erna struck his hand aside with terrible passion.

"Do not touch him!" she cried, in a half-choking voice. "You have killed him! You have brought destruction upon our house! Go away! I will not suffer you to lay a hand on him!"

Wolfgang drew back involuntarily, and looked confounded and almost afraid of the girl who at this moment was no longer a child. She stood in front of her father with extended arms, as if she must shield and defend him, and her eyes flamed with a wild, uncontrolled hatred, as if it were the enemy Death that stood before her.

"Go, Wolfgang," said Reinsfeld softly, drawing him away. "The poor child is crazed with her grief; and you cannot remain, anyway. It is possible that the baron may regain consciousness once more,—and then he must not see you."

"Once more?" returned Elmhorst. "Then you fear—"

"The worst! Go, and send old Broni to help me; you will find her somewhere about the house. Wait outside. I will report to you as soon as possible."

With these whispered words he drew his friend towards the door. Wolfgang went silently on his errand; he sent the old servant, whom he met on the ground-floor, to the room, and then he went out into the open air: but a dark cloud shadowed his brow. Who could have foreseen such an issue?

A quarter of an hour might have elapsed before Benno Reinsfeld appeared. He was very pale, and there was a light mist over his usually clear eyes.

"Well?" queried Wolfgang, impatiently.

"It is all over," replied the young physician in a low voice. "An apoplectic fit that was necessarily fatal,—I saw it from the first moment."

Wolfgang evidently had not expected such a report; his lips quivered as he said, in a suppressed tone:

"This is horribly painful to me, Benno, although I cannot blame myself for the unfortunate occurrence; I went to work most cautiously. But we must let the president know."

"Certainly, he is the only near relative, so far as I know. In the meantime I will stay with the poor child, who is completely overcome. Will you undertake to send a message to Heilborn?"

"I will go over myself and take the news to Nordheim. Farewell."

"Farewell," said Benno, as he went back into the house. Wolfgang turned to go, but paused suddenly and then went up to the window, which stood half-open.

There, within the room, knelt Erna, holding her father's body in her embrace. But the active man who had stood there in his full strength and vigor, only a quarter of an hour before, and fought doggedly against an unavoidable necessity, now lay silent and motionless; he did not even hear the despairing sobs of his orphaned child. Fate had fulfilled his words: Wolkenstein Court had remained in possession of the old race whose cradle it had been, until the last of the Thurgaus closed his eyes forever!

CHAPTER VII.

WALLY.

THE princely magnificence of President Nordheim's residence in the capital, perfectly accorded with the wealth of its owner. This palatial building was situated in the most fashionable quarter of the city, and had been designed and

constructed by one of the most noted of modern architects; the interior displayed sumptuous splendor, and a whole retinue of servants were in attendance: in short, nothing was lacking which was required to keep up a stylish establishment.

For several years the Baroness von Lasberg had held the reins of domestic authority. The widowed and dowerless lady, who had been recommended to the president by one of her aristocratic relatives, had been only too glad to accept a position in the family of the rich parvenu, who gave her *carte blanche* in all matters; and Nordheim, little as he troubled himself about such matters, considered it a favor that a really aristocratic lady should receive his guests and take the place of a mother to his orphaned daughter and niece. For Erna von Thurgau had for the last three years lived in the family of her uncle, who was also her guardian, and had taken her home with him after her father's death.

The president was sitting in his library conversing with a gentleman, who occupied a seat confidentially near to him. This favored friend was one of the most prominent legal luminaries of the city, and the judicial adviser of the railroad company of which Nordheim was president. Although the interview appeared to be of a social nature, it was momentarily diverted to matters of business.

"You must see Elmhorst, personally, about the matter," said the president. "He can give you the best information concerning it, at all events."

"Is he here?" inquired the lawyer, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, he came yesterday, and will probably remain for a week."

"I am glad to know it. But our capital appears to have a special attraction for the young engineer; he is here pretty often, it seems to me."

"At my desire. It is very convenient for me, for I can settle many things when he is here, which otherwise would require a lengthy correspondence. However, Elmhorst only takes a vacation when he knows that he can be spared."

Doctor Gersdorf, a man of about forty, and of extremely stately appearance, with an earnest, thoughtful expression of features, seemed to have misunderstood these words, for he smiled a little ironically as he replied: "Of course I don't doubt Herr Elmhorst's devotion to duty, for we all know that he would rather do too much than too little. The company is to be congratulated upon possessing so much ability."

"Well, the company by no means deserves it," said Nordheim, shrugging his shoulders. "At the time of his appointment I had to fight hard enough for it, and then they made his position so difficult to hold that many a one would have resigned it. They treated him with the most outspoken enmity."

"But he soon put a stop to it," remarked Gersdorf, dryly. "I recollect, it was like a college rush at first, but he held his own stubbornly. They know by this time that he will not be overruled by any of them except the consulting engineer, and he is always on Elmhorst's side."

"I don't dislike such a spirit," observed the president. "My knowledge of character was not at fault, in spite of all their objections to giving so young a man such an important position. At first they were dead against him, and opposed his appointment, but now they are glad to have such a dependence; and as the Wolkenstein bridge—Elmhorst's own plan—approaches completion, I think they are placing the utmost confidence in him."

"The bridge promises to be a masterpiece," Gersdorf said. "It is an audacious and magnificent work in its conception, and will doubtless be the most brilliant piece of engineering on the whole railway line. But I must see Herr Elmhorst; I suppose I shall find him at the hotel where he usually puts up?"

"No, you will find him here; I have invited him to stay at my house."

"Ah, indeed!" A peculiar smile flitted over the doctor's face. He knew that Nordheim often let officials wait an hour at a time in his ante-room; but he received this Elmhorst as a guest in his own house. There was something surprising in his preference for this man, who from the first had been a favorite with him.

But the doctor let the matter rest; he had other, more interesting affairs in hand, and he seemed rather absent-minded as he took leave of the president with the remark that he was going to see Elmhorst. However, he did not seem to be in any great hurry about it, for the card that he gave the servant was for the ladies.

The reception-rooms were on the next floor, and in one of these Madame von Lasberg was enthroned in her usual state. Not far from her sat Alice. She had hardly changed at all in the three years: it was the same delicate, pale face, with the weary, listless expression on its sweet features; she was still the "hot-house plant" that was carefully sheltered from every rough wind, and the object of the especial care and attention of those around her. Her health, however, seemed to be a little better established; but there was none of the freshness and radiance of youth in her colorless face.

The young lady who sat next to Baroness Lasberg was more blooming. Her dark blue velvet street-costume and fur-trimmed jacket fitted her small graceful figure to perfection. From under her blue velvet hat beamed a bewitching, rosy face, with gleaming dark roguish eyes, and a profusion of dark rings of hair curling over a white forehead. Smiles and dimples played incessantly around her small mouth; this eighteen-years-old maiden was fairly bubbling over with vitality.

"How provoking that Erna has gone out!" cried she. "I had something so important to consult her about, but you are not to hear so one syllable of it, Alice; it is a surprise for your birthday. I hope you will dance at the entertainment!"

"I hardly think I shall," said Alice, indifferently. "It is March already."

"But midwinter yet. It snowed this morning, and you can dance while that lasts," the young lady assured her, and her feet began a peculiar restless movement, as if they would like to waltz off on the spot. Madame von Lasberg cast a reproving glance at the saucy little feet.

"I believe you have danced a good deal this winter, Baroness Wally."

"Not half enough!" declared the little baroness. "How I pity poor Alice, who is forbidden to dance! One is only young once in a lifetime, and when one is married all such pleasures must be given up. But still I don't think I want to remain single, either. I mean to get married, anyway; don't you, Alice?"

"Alice does not trouble herself with such thoughts," reprimanded the older lady. "I must say, Wally dear, that I consider this an improper theme for discussion."

"Oh!" cried Wally. "Do you consider marriage improper, too, dearest madame?"

"When it is contracted with the consent and approval of the parents, and with the observance of all necessary formalities, no."

"Then it is usually a very stupid affair," rejoined the young baroness; and for once Alice was startled out of her listlessness.

"Why, Wally!" she admonished, reprovingly.

"Baroness Ernsthause is jesting, of course," said Madame von Lasberg, with a withering glance; "but such jests are far from seemly. A young lady cannot be too careful in

her conversation and deportment. Society, unfortunately, is prone to gossip."

These words evidently contained some disguised allusion; for Wally compressed her lips as if to keep back a smile, but she replied innocently:

"You are quite right, madame. Only think how everybody at the baths in Heilborn was gossiping about Herr Elmhorst's regular visits last summer, when he came over every week—"

"To see the president," the elder lady interrupted, cutting her speech short. "Herr Elmhorst had drawn up the plans and sketches for the new mountain villa and was himself superintending its construction, so that considerable consultation was necessary."

"Yes, everyone knew that; but they gossiped all the same. They talked about the amount he used to spend for flowers, and how charming the architect was, and how they thought—"

"Baroness! I must positively entreat you to spare us these reports," again interrupted Madame von Lasberg, as she drew herself up in offended dignity.

The rash young lady would very likely have received a lecture, had not a servant just then come to say that the carriage was waiting. The elder baroness arose and turned to Alice. "I must attend the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, my child. You must not think of exposing yourself to this raw wind, of course. But you seem somewhat fatigued, and I fear—"

A very significant glance took the place of words, and was a palpable hint for the caller to take an early departure; but unfortunately it was quite in vain.

"I will stay with Alice while you are gone," Wally assured her with amiable readiness. "You need not be the least uneasy, dear madame."

"Dear madame" compressed her lips a little doubtfully, but she knew by sad experience that this *enfant terrible* was not to be got rid of if she once took it into her head to remain; so kissing Alice on the forehead and bowing to her young friend, she left the room in her usual dignified manner.

The door had hardly closed upon her when Wally bounced up like a rubber ball.

"Thank goodness! she has gone. I have a great secret to tell you, Alice, something very important. I would confide in Erna, but, unfortunately, she is not here, so you must help me,—you must, indeed!—or you will make two people unhappy for ever and ever!"

"I?" queried Alice, who at this suspicious prelude really found it advisable to open her eyes.

"Yes; but you don't know anything about it yet. Now I must explain it to you first, and it is twelve o'clock already, and Albert will be here—Doctor Gersdorf, I mean. He loves me, and I love him, and naturally we want to get married; but my father and mother will not consent because he is not of noble birth. My goodness! Alice, don't look so horrified! I became acquainted with the doctor at your house, and he declared his love to me in your conservatory, when that celebrated virtuoso was playing on the violin, the other night, and everyone else was listening."

"But—" Alice endeavored to object, though she could not get a word in, for the little baroness was fairly pouring forth her tale of love and woe. "Don't interrupt me, I haven't told you anything yet! When we got home that evening, I told my father and mother that I had promised to marry Albert, and that he was coming the next day to ask their consent. But what a time there was then! Papa was furious, mamma was excited, and great-uncle fairly snorted with rage. My great-uncle is a person to be looked up to, I can tell you; for he is immensely wealthy, and we

shall inherit his property, only he has got to die first, and he don't seem to have any idea of dying, which is very sad for us, as papa says, for we have nothing. Papa never can get along on his income, and great-uncle will not advance him the least bit during his lifetime. There, now, is it all clear to you?"

"No, it is not at all clear to me," said Alice, perfectly overwhelmed with this torrent of words with which she was deluged. "What has your great-uncle to do with it?"

Wally clasped her hands in despair.

"Alice, *don't* be so indifferent! I tell you they positively held court over me. Mamma said the very thought of hearing me called 'Madame Gersdorf' was a dreadful shock to her nerves; papa said I should not be allowed to throw myself away, because I was a most desirable '*partie*'; and great-uncle made a horrible face, because he doesn't like to be reminded of our expectations, yet he came out the loudest against the *mésalliance*. He counted over all my ancestors and great-ancestors who would fairly turn over in their graves if they knew of it. But that is nothing to me. Let the old gentlemen turn over as often as they like. It will be a change for them. Anyone would get tired lying hundreds of years in one position. But, unluckily, I said as much, and the storm came from three points of the compass at once. Great-uncle raised his hand and swore he would disinherit me; but I swore, too! I stood up—" she planted both her little feet upon the rug—"and I vowed I would never give up my Albert,—never!"

The little baroness had to stop to take breath, and she took advantage of her own involuntary pause to run to the window as a carriage was heard to drive past.

"There goes Madame von Lasberg, thank goodness! now we are at liberty. She suspects something. I did not misunderstand her pointed remarks. But she will not return just at present, for the session lasts at least two hours. I knew that, and I have laid my plans accordingly. You may very well suppose, Alice, that I was strictly forbidden to hold either written or verbal communication with Albert; naturally, I wrote to him at once, but I must see him also. I have arranged to meet him here, in your drawing-room, and you must be the guardian angel of our love."

Alice did not seem especially elated at the rôle that was assigned her. She had received the whole disclosure in a manner which brought the impulsive Wally to despair, without even an "Oh!" or an "Ah!" but only in silent wonder that anything so improper could be. An engagement without the consent—yes, actually against the will—of one's parents, was a state of affairs quite beyond the young lady's circumscribed limit of decorum; Madame von Lasberg had brought her up too carefully for it to be otherwise. She sat up straight, with a certain decision, as became her position, and said: "No, that would not be proper."

"What would not be proper? For you to be a guardian angel?" cried Wally, indignantly. "Would you betray my confidence? Would you bring us to grief, despair, death? For we shall both die if we are not united. Can't you really comprehend that?"

Fortunately there was no time to reply to these comprehensive questions, for at that moment Doctor Gersdorf was announced; and a moment of painful indecision it was. Alice was about to declare that she was ill, and so escape the visit; but Wally, who perhaps suspected this, stepped up boldly in front of her and said distinctly and dictatorially, "Let the doctor come in!"

The servant retired, and with a sigh Alice sank back in her seat. She had done her utmost, and she would have opposed this tryst; but the decisive word was taken out of her mouth, and she had no power to hold out any longer: so she let the matter take its course.

As Doctor Gersdorf entered, Wally flew at him as if to rush into his arms; but he did not extend his arms, by any means. He only raised her hand to his lips, and then, still holding the little hand, he led Wally up to the young lady of the house.

"My dear Miss Nordheim, I really must beg your pardon for the extraordinary test to which my betrothed has put your friendship; but, unfortunately, circumstances have compelled us to do this. Wally has doubtless told you that I have offered her my hand and received her promise; I went the next day to request her parents' sanction, but the counsellor would not even receive me."

"And he kept me locked in," put in Wally, "the whole morning!"

"I therefore proffered my request by letter," continued Gersdorf, "and received in reply a most decided refusal, without any grounds whatever being given. Baron Ernst-hausen wrote me—"

"A perfectly horrid letter!" again broke in Wally; "but great-uncle dictated it. I know, I was listening at the key-hole!"

"At all events, it was a refusal of my petition; but Wally had already given me her heart of her own free will, and promised me her hand, therefore my right to them is indisputable; and I believe that I am entitled to this interview, although it is without the knowledge of her parents. Still I must crave your indulgence. You may be assured that we shall not abuse your kindness."

This sounded so frank, so manly and truthful, that Alice began to think the affair less improper, and in a few words as possible signified her approval, while she could not possibly comprehend how this serious, reserved man, who always seemed absorbed in his profession, could love the mercurial, effervescent little Wally, and that she should return his affection; but the fact was indubitable.

"There is no need for you to listen to us, Alice," said Wally, consolingly. "Take a book and read; or if that bores you too much, lay your head back and doze a little. We shall not feel the least offended, quite the contrary; only take care that we are not disturbed."

With that she caught her Albert by the arm and drew him towards the bay-window, which was partially screened from the room by a heavy Turcoman curtain across the recess. At first their conversation was carried on in whispers; but the vivacious little baroness soon became excited and raised her voice, and Gersdorf involuntarily spoke louder also, so that finally their whole conversation was audible to Alice. She had obediently taken up a book, but she suddenly let it drop as the startling word "elopement" struck her ear.

"That is the only course left for us!" said Wally, as dictatorially as when she commanded the servant to allow the doctor to enter. "You must elope with me to-morrow, at half-past twelve. At that time great-uncle will be starting back to his estate, and papa and mamma will go to the station to see him off; they always make an awful fuss over him. In the meantime we can slip away easily enough. We will travel to Gretna Green and be made one,—I read somewhere that it is not at all necessary to bother about witnesses or anything of that sort there,—and come back man and wife. Then all my dead-ancestors may stand on their heads, if they want to,—and great-uncle, too! I shall not care anything about them when I am your wife."

This fine scheme of elopement and travel was set forth in a most alluring manner, but, sad to relate, it did not meet with the expected approval; for Gersdorf said, with calm decision, "No, Wally, that would not do."

"No! Why not?"

"Because there are several laws and ordinances which forbid such romantic excursions. Your little scatterbrains

have very little idea of life and its duties ; but I know what they are, and it would not become me, when it is my vocation to defend and uphold what is right, to deliberately disregard it."

"What do I care for your laws and your ordinances?" pouted Wally, highly indignant at this cool reception of her romantic plot. "How can you talk about such prosaic things in connection with our love? What are we to do if papa and mamma continue to refuse their consent?"

"In the first place, wait until your great-uncle has really gone. It is evident that we cannot do anything with this stately old aristocrat. I am too hopelessly *bourgeoise* in his eyes to aspire to a Baroness Ernsthausen. But as soon as his influence no longer rules your father's household, I will see your father and try to overcome his opposition; if all does not go at first just as we would like to have it, we must have patience, and wait."

The little baroness was perfectly dismayed at this suggestion. All her lovely castles in the air came tumbling in ruins about her ears. Instead of her dream of romance, with a clandestine flight and marriage, there was nothing but patient waiting and submission to her cruel and tyrannical parents; and the adored one whom she had confidently expected would bear her away triumphantly from their wrath, treated the matter as practically and coolly as if he considered courtship a regular process of law. It was too much for her impulsive nature, and she responded scornfully: "It would appear that I am of very little account in your eyes, since you do not care to risk anything to get me. But when you declared your love you spoke very differently. Still, I will give you back your promise. I give you up, forever!" She began to sob bitterly. "I will marry a man with no end of ancestors, whom great-uncle will choose for me; but I shall die of grief before the year is out, anyway, and they will put me in the grave with my an—an—cestors!"

"Wally!" the earnest, gentle voice of the doctor said reproachfully.

"Leave me!" She tried to draw her hand away from him, but he held it fast.

"Wally, look at me! Do you really doubt my love?"

It was the same tender tone that Wally knew only too well since that evening when they two were alone together in the scented dusk of the conservatory, where with throbbing heart and burning cheeks she received his avowal of love, while the music from the drawing-room filled the air around them with its thrilling melody. She ceased her sobs and glanced up through a mist of tears into the beloved face bending closely over hers.

"Has my sweet little Wally no confidence in me? You have given yourself to me, and now you are and you shall be mine, let them all do what they will. I will not let them keep my treasure from me, although it may be necessary to wait awhile before I can clasp my wife in my arms."

This sounded so sincerely ardent that the tears of the little baroness ceased to flow, her head sank gently on his shoulder, and a smile again wreathed her lips as she asked, half-archly and half-anxiously, "But, Albert, shall we have to wait until you are as old as my great-uncle?"

"Not quite so long as that," consoled Albert, kissing away the last tear-drop which still trembled on an eyelash; "for then this naughty child would want to run away from me every time I did not obey orders on the spot, no matter how difficult it might be for me."

"Oh! I never would do that to you!" cried Wally, with a passionate outburst of tenderness. "I love you so, Albert, I love you so much!"

He took her in his arms, but his voice sank to a whisper. Wally replied in the same undertone, and the rest of the

interview was inaudible. In about five minutes they came out into the drawing-room again, just in time; for Chief Engineer Elmhorst appeared, having, as a resident guest of the house, availed himself of a customary privilege and entered unannounced.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUCCESSFUL WOOING.

WOLFGANG'S appearance had altered somewhat in the last three years; his features had grown even more decided, and his carriage prouder. That the young man who three years before had set his foot upon the first round of the ladder of success had learned to take the lead and to command, was easy to see; yet the self-consciousness which was apparent in all his personality was no detriment to him: it created an involuntary impression that here was a superior nature to whom deference was due.

He held a fragrant bouquet in his hand, which he presented with a few complimentary words to the young mistress of the house. An introduction to her guests was not necessary, for Gersdorf was on familiar terms with the engineer, and Wally had met him frequently during the summer, when she had been staying in Heilborn with her parents. They chatted awhile together, but the doctor seized the first opportunity to take leave, and ten minutes later Wally went away also. She would have preferred to stay and unburden her heart to Alice, but this Herr Elmhorst did not seem likely to give her an opportunity; in spite of all his politeness, the little baroness felt that he considered her presence quite superfluous. She therefore departed; but once outside the reception-room door she laid a finger alongside her pretty little nose, and said to herself wisely:

"I believe—that something will come of this!"

Perhaps she was not very far out of the way in her surmise, but whatever was to come did not immediately appear. Alice held the superb bouquet of camelias and violets and inhaled their perfume, but she looked at them very indifferently. The rich heiress, who because of her position was the object of so much solicitude and so many attentions, was showered with floral offerings, and she apparently regarded this compliment, also, as of no special import.

Wolfgang had seated himself near her and was entertaining her in his bright, interesting manner; he was telling her about the new villa which Nordheim had built in the mountains, and which the family were soon to occupy for the first time.

"The interior shall be decorated according to your taste," said he. "The house was really quite ready in the autumn, for the proximity of the railroad made it possible for me to superintend everything personally. You will soon be able to enjoy life in the mountains."

"I have done that already," answered Alice, still occupied with her flowers. "We have been to Heilborn every summer regularly."

"In that immense summer promenade, with an Alpine landscape in the background!" said Elmhorst, with light sarcasm. "That is not the mountains! You will first learn to really know them in your new home. The location is grand, and I flatter myself with the hope that you will be pleased with your home. It is of course only a simple villa, in mountain style, but I designed it expressly."

"Papa thinks it a little *chef d'œuvre* of architecture," remarked Alice, quietly. Wolfgang smiled, and with an almost imperceptible movement drew his chair a little nearer.

"It would make me very happy if I, as its architect, could share the honors with my work. It is really not my

forte, but as it was for you I could not permit another hand to attempt it. I drew up the plans, and sought permission of the president to superintend the building of the mountain castle, which, as he informed me, was to be your especial possession."

The allusion was obvious enough, and the reference to the permission received from her father was delicate, yet pointed; but although the young lady flushed slightly and betrayed a trifling embarrassment, she only said in her even manner:

"Yes, papa gave me the villa; however, I am not to see it until it is quite finished. It was very kind of you, Herr Elmhorst, to take all this trouble."

"Pray don't praise me so unguardedly," said Wolfgang, quickly. "It was with a very selfish motive that I gave myself to the work; for every architect expects a fee, and perhaps you will think that I value my services too highly. May I speak and tell you of the desire which I have long cherished in my heart?"

At last Alice raised her great brown eyes to his; it was a questioning, almost a mournful glance, with which she seemed to look for something in the handsome, clear-cut features of the young man. She read there eager expectation, nothing more; and the imploring eyes veiled themselves again under their long lashes, without an answer to their appeal. Wolfgang appeared to consider this glance an encouragement; he rose and went over to where the young girl was seated, as he continued:

"I know it is an audacious request, but 'Fortune favors the brave.' I said that to your father when I first begged him to present me to you; it has become my favorite maxim, and it shall be to-day. Will you listen to me, Alice?"

She slightly inclined her head, and did not oppose him as he took her hand and raised it to his lips. He said a good deal more. It was a proposal of marriage in due form, presented in a most respectful and gallant manner, and his rich voice fully accorded with the beautiful language he used. Only ardor was lacking; it was a proposal of marriage, but not a declaration of love.

Alice listened silently, but without surprise; she had known for some time that Elmhorst aspired to her hand, and that her father, who was prejudiced in his favor in other matters, favored him in this also. He allowed the young man free social intercourse with his family, and he had more than once told his daughter that he felt a peculiar interest in Elmhorst, and that he esteemed him infinitely more than the titled aristocrats who sought to regild their time-stained escutcheons with a stranger's gold. Alice herself was much too passive to have any will of her own in the matter; she had been taught from her earliest youth that a well brought-up young lady must marry only in accordance with the will of her parents, and she would probably never have found anything lacking in this perfectly proper proposal if Wally had not given her a new idea when she besought her to become the guardian angel of her love.

It had sounded so different, the whispering and murmuring that escaped from yonder recess,—those caresses, poutings, and coaxings of the impetuous girl who clung with her whole soul to the serious man who was so much her senior! And what an overmastering tenderness had come from his lips! But this was only a request for the hand of the wealthy heiress; nothing at all was said about her heart.

Wolfgang had concluded and was waiting for an answer. He bent over her and asked respectfully:

"Alice, have you nothing to say to me?"

Alice saw clearly that it was necessary for her to say something; but she was not accustomed to decide for her-

self. Her answer was precisely what might have been expected from a pupil of Madame von Lasberg: "I must speak to my father first, and whatever he says——"

"I have spoken to him," interrupted Elmhorst, "and I have his full consent and approval. May I tell him that my desire and requests have been granted? May I lead my betrothed to him?"

Alice looked up, as imploringly and sadly as before, as she replied gently: "You must have a great deal of patience with me. I have been ill so often since I was a child, and I still have a tendency to ill-health that I cannot overcome. I might trouble you, and I fear——"

She broke off, but there was something touching in her childlike manner, in this appeal for forbearance from the young heiress who would bestow a princely fortune with her hand. Wolfgang seemed to feel it; and for the first time during the interview something like ardor escaped him.

"Say no more, Alice! I know that you have a tender nature that must be sheltered and guarded, and I will shield you from all contact with the rough places of life. Trust yourself to me, put your future in my hands, and I promise you by my——" Love! he would have said, but the lie would not come from the lips of the proud man, who could calculate, but who could not play the hypocrite; so he concluded—"by my honor, you shall not regret it!"

The words sounded frank and manly, and he was in earnest. So Alice accepted them; she voluntarily laid her hand in his, and permitted him to clasp her in his arms. The lips of her betrothed pressed hers for the first time; he told her how grateful, how glad he was; called her his dear bride; in short, the betrothal was complete in all its formalities. Only a trifle was wanting,—that rapturous confession which little Wally had uttered between smiles and tears: "I love you, I love you so much!"

CHAPTER IX.

"YOU HATE MY WORK AND—ME?"

THE drawing-rooms of Nordheim's house were brilliantly illuminated for the betrothal feast, which was also his daughter's birthday fête. It was a startling piece of news for society, which, in spite of all the gossip and rumors, had never really believed that it would be a match. It was a most unheard-of thing, that a man noted as one of the wealthiest in the land, should give his only child in marriage to a young civil-engineer of the most plebeian origin, and with nothing but his talents as a guarantee of his future.

That it was no love affair everyone knew; Alice was known to be very circumspect, and incapable of any strong inclination. However, she was a most desirable *partie*, and the report of her engagement created many a bitter disappointment among the aristocratic circles in which the heiress moved. This Nordheim, in the opinion of society, showed very plainly that he did not know how to value what his wealth might procure for him. He might have purchased a ducal coronet for his daughter; but instead he took a son-in-law from among the employés of his railroad company.

It was shortly before the hour set for the guests to arrive, and the president with the bridegroom-elect entered the great reception-room. He was in an excellent humor, and evidently on the best of terms with his future son-in-law. He spoke of Wolfgang's future, and of his own confidence in him, with unusual warmth for the ordinarily cool business man, but it was a somewhat remarkable conversation on the eve of a young daughter's betrothal fête. Both men spoke of their own circumstances and plans, and Alice was

left out of the question entirely. The father promised all his influence to his prospective son-in-law, but the happiness of his daughter did not seem to concern him; and the bridegroom never once mentioned the name of his intended bride. They talked of roads and bridges, of the engineer and the railroad company, as coolly and in as business-like a way as if it concerned a copartnership in trade which was to unite their interests. In fact it was little else, for so they both looked upon it.

But a servant entered to consult the president about some arrangement of the table, and Nordheim found it necessary to go himself to the dining-room. It was yet too early to expect the guests, and the ladies of the house were not visible. The servants were busy over the table or at their posts in the ante-rooms, and Wolfgang for the moment found himself alone in the spacious suite of rooms prepared for the entertainment of the guests.

From the large reception-room with its crimson carpet and velvet hangings and splendid gildings, a view could be had of the whole suite of apartments, now silent and empty. Everywhere were displayed the various evidences of wealth; everywhere, paintings, statues, and similar works of art, any one of which was worth a small fortune; and at the extreme end of the long vista of rooms, a fairy-like continuation of all this splendor, the half-lighted conservatories, filled with an exotic plant-life of rare luxuriance. In another hour these brilliantly lighted, flower-perfumed apartments would be crowded with the most important personages of the best society in the capital, who visited at the house of the railroad king.

Wolfgang stood motionless and looked around. It was indeed an intoxicating thought, to know that he, as son of the house, would be rightful heir to all this magnificence. One could hardly blame the young man that his breast swelled proudly and his eyes gleamed triumphantly. He had fulfilled the promise that he had made to himself, and realized the clever scheme that he had once confided to his friend; he had essayed the flight and reached the summit of his desire. At the age when many are only beginning to lay the foundation for their future, he had already grasped it. Now he stood upon the once dreamed-of pinnacle, and looked around at the world below.

The drawing-room door opened. Elmhurst turned and took a step forward, but suddenly came to a stand-still; for instead of his *fiancée*, whom he expected, Erna von Thurgau entered. She had changed greatly since the time when she met the lost traveler on the cliffs of Wolkenstein. The untrained child, who had grown up free and unrestrained in her native mountains, had not lived three years in the aristocratic family of her uncle to no purpose, and the "training" of Madame von Lasberg was very apparent. The little Alpine rose had developed into a young lady, who, with perfect grace, but also with perfect formality, returned Wolfgang's bow. But how beautiful she had become,—dazzlingly beautiful!

The once childish features had developed into a more mature regularity; they were still glowing with roseate freshness, but they were tinged with a serious reserve which had been foreign to those of the happy, care-free child of the Baron von Thurgau; and her eyes no longer beamed with the untroubled, laughing joyousness of youth. Now there was something in their humid, shining depths, unfathomable as the wave of the lonely mountain lake from which their color was borrowed, and as vague, yet full of mysterious attraction, as its hidden waters.

It was a tall, stately figure which stood there in the dazzling light of the chandelier, in a diaphanous white robe, with but a single water-lily for its adornment. A similar ornament decked her hair, which no longer hung unbound,

but was arranged in a fashion to display all its luxuriance, and the golden-hearted white flower lay as if floating on its lustrous golden waves.

"Alice and Madame von Lasberg will be down directly," said she, coming forward. "I believe uncle is here."

"He went into the dining-room for a minute," returned Elmhurst, whose greeting was as formal as her own.

Erna made a movement as if she were about to follow the president; but it evidently occurred to her that this would be a discourtesy to her prospective relative, so she remained and cast an approving glance down the long suite of rooms.

"You see the rooms for the first time in their gala dress, Herr Elmhurst; are they not beautiful?"

"Very beautiful! And to anyone coming, like me, from the wintry solitudes of the mountains, they are dazzling."

"They dazzled me, too, when I first came here," said the young lady indifferently; "but one soon becomes accustomed to such surroundings, as you will when you take up your residence here. That is, in case your marriage with Alice takes place in a year."

"Certainly next spring."

"That is quite a long time off. Have you positively decided upon it?"

The young man appeared unaccountably bored at this talk about his marriage. He took up and set down a large majolica vase which stood near him, before he replied, with an evident effort to divert the subject:

"I must, for I am not free to choose my own time. Besides it must be postponed until the completion of the mountain road, of which I am the engineer in actual charge."

"Are you really so fettered?" inquired Erna, with a slight air of incredulity. "I should have thought that it would not be so difficult to set yourself free."

"To set myself free?—from what?"

"From a profession which you will give up sooner or later, anyway."

"You seem to understand it perfectly," said Wolfgang, irritated at her tone. "I know of no reason why I should give it up."

"For the position which you will hold in future as the husband of Alice Nordheim."

The brow of the young engineer flushed darkly, and a lowering glance warned the young lady that it was a rash experiment to remind him that he was making a marriage of convenience. She smiled, and her remark sounded like a jest; but her eyes spoke a different language, which he understood only too well.

Wolfgang Elmhurst was not a man to be dismissed with the stigma of fortune-hunter; he smiled also, and replied with cool courtesy:

"I regret that you should entertain such an erroneous idea. To me my profession, my work, is a necessity of existence; to lead an idle life or one of pleasure is not at all to my taste. That this should appear so strange to you —"

"Not at all," interrupted Erna; "I perfectly comprehend,—a really consistent man must devote himself solely and exclusively to his profession."

Wolfgang bit his lip, but he parried this thrust also.

"I shall presume to take this as a compliment. I have devoted myself exclusively to my profession, and I hope, even as 'the husband of Alice Nordheim,' that my work which I am now engaged on, the Wolkenstein bridge, will do me credit. But this is not a matter to interest a lady."

"It interests me," said Erna bitterly. "It was my father's house that this bridge destroyed, and your work cost me another and a more cruel sacrifice."

"Which was wholly unforeseen by me. I know it," continued Wolfgang. "You remind me of an unfortunate oc-

currence, and your sense of justice must tell you that I do not deserve the reproach."

"I do not reproach you, Herr Elmhorst."

"You did in that fatal hour, and you have done so again to-day."

Erna made no response, but her silence was eloquent. Elmhorst appeared to have expected at least a formal defense; for his voice betrayed a rising bitterness as he continued: "I have most to regret that I was the one to make the fatal communication to Baron von Thurgau. It had to be done, however, and its sad result was beyond mortal power to foresee. Not I, Baroness von Thurgau, but an iron necessity demanded the sacrifice of your ancestral home; the Wolkenstein bridge is not less guiltless than I."

"I know it," assented Erna coldly. "But there are cases in which one cannot be just; you must acknowledge that, Herr Elmhorst. You are now a member of our family, and you may be sure that you shall not fail to receive any of the courtesies which our relation requires; but I am not accountable to anyone for my feelings."

Wolfgang looked her full in the face. "That is to say, in other words, you hate my work and — me?"

Erna was silent; she had long since put aside the childish spite with which she had once flown in the face of the stranger who unfortunately did not attempt to conceal his scorn of her mountain legend. She stood before him perfectly calm and composed; but her eyes had not forgotten how to blaze, and at this moment they betrayed that the passionate nature of the girl was only outwardly subdued. They flamed out like lightning, and telegraphed a startling "Yes!" to his question, although her lips were dumb.

Wolfgang could not possibly misunderstand, and yet his gaze was riveted on those stormy, dark blue depths, as if they held a magnetism he could not withstand, but only for a moment; as he turned away Erna said in an easy tone:

"We have really drifted into a singular conversation. We speak of hatred, sacrifices and reproaches upon the eve of your betrothal."

Wolfgang turned back with a sudden, almost passionate movement: "You are right,—let us talk of other matters."

They did not talk, however. A silence ensued, which was oppressive to both. The young lady sat down and diligently studied the painting on her fan, while her companion sauntered to the doorway of the adjoining room and seemed to be admiring its decorations; but his countenance no longer expressed the proud satisfaction with which he had viewed these surroundings a quarter of an hour before; he looked extremely irritated.

The reception-room door again opened, and Alice and Madame von Lasberg entered.

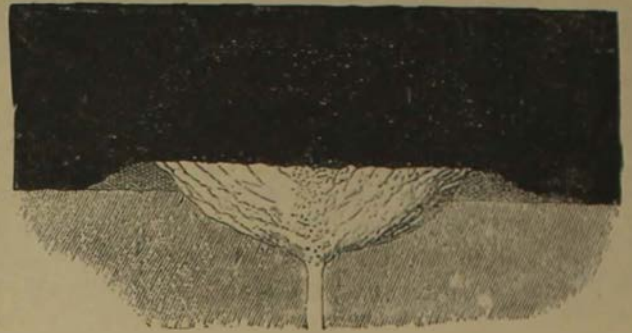
(To be continued.)

A Voyage Through Space.

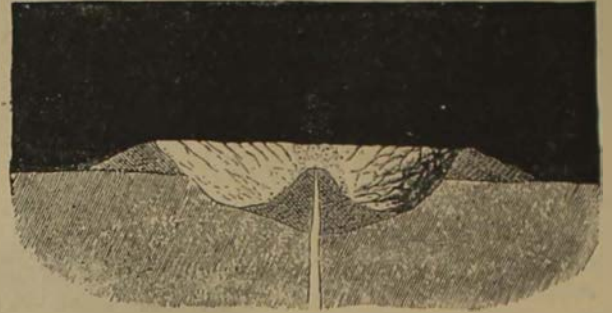
THE MOON.—Continued.

HOW the ring-mountains and craters of the moon were formed by volcanic action, may be explained in the following manner:

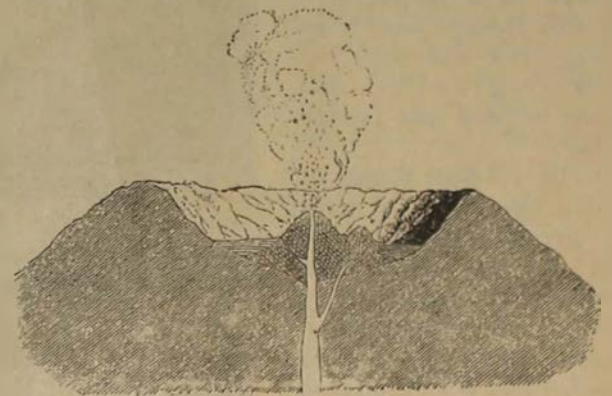
The fiery, fluid masses inclosed in its cooling crust, force an outlet to the surface (No. 1); the broken crust forms a ridge on all sides around the opening, inclosing a funnel-shaped depth, and the upheaved substances, ashes, lava, and scoria, or volcanic slag, lie around the edge and form the foundation for the circular-shaped mountain, which as the eruption continues or is repeated, gradually attains its height.



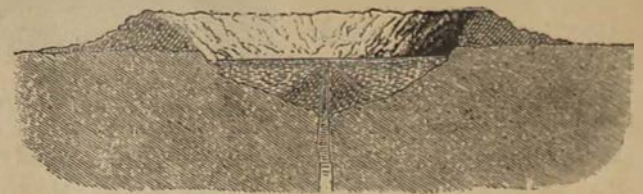
NO. 1.



NO. 2.



NO. 3.



NO. 4.

But whether the force at last becomes exhausted, or each successive eruption is less violent and has not sufficient force to throw the ejected matter so far, the upheaved masses fall near the mouth of the opening, and gradually accumulate in cone-shape until they form a mountain peak (No. 2). Thus is formed the central mountain, which is noticeable in most of the crater-like formations of the moon.

After the central mountain is built up, the fiery lava, continuing to seek an outlet, forces its way up on another or several sides (No. 3), so that two or more central mountains are formed, and the flowing lava finally forms a level plateau around them. Finally, in some cases, as is supposed, this streaming tide of lava rises so high that it entirely covers the central hill or hills (No. 4), and we then have a mountain like the remarkable formation Wargentín.*

The peculiar bright streaks which radiate from hundreds of ring-mountains, especially from Tycho, have been accounted for as being filled-up fissures occasioned by a

* See illustration No. 5 in the preceding article on "The Moon," in the December number.

cracking or bursting of the lunar surface. Two English scientists have illustrated this by an experiment with a hollow glass ball filled with water and then heated. The water, in becoming hot, expands faster than the glass, consequently there is an irresistible pressure against the glass shell, and the result is that the ball gives way at its weakest point, causing an infinite number of cracks, which extend in all directions from a common center. The similarity of the arrangement of these cracks in the glass to the systems of bright streaks on the larger ring-mountains, is, at all events, very suggestive.

Finally, as a matter of curiosity, let me suggest another little experiment. Procure a powder which will not pack and is not too light, as, for instance, starch obtained from dextrine or road-dust. Having such a powder, make it into a smooth layer, and then drop a small quantity of the same powder upon this layer, and the result will be a formation surprisingly similar to the appearances upon the moon's surface. If you have any doubt of it, the experiment is so very simple that it will be worth your while to try it.

Anyone who has tried it would naturally be tempted to suppose that the formations on the moon had been occasioned by a similar cause, that is, meteoric showers when the moon was in a plastic condition; this theory has, however, very few adherents besides its originator, and therefore we will not pursue it further.

That the volcanic forces of the moon have operated with much greater results and created greater formations than those of the earth, is easy to comprehend; for if these formations on the surface of both bodies had been produced by equally powerful forces, those of the moon would have occasioned still greater convulsions, still higher mountains, still deeper valleys, and wider craters, because the force

of gravitation at the moon's surface is only one-sixth as powerful as that of the earth. Consequently there have been upon the moon much more violent upheavals of the outer crust, disturbed afresh by subsequent eruptions, explosions, and other extraordinary convulsions.

Of the four elements, according to the old philosophy, the moon lacks three: air, water, and fire. If the least trace of air were perceptible, its density would only be equal to $\frac{1}{300}$ of the earth's atmosphere. Bodies or streams of water do not exist upon the moon, and the existence of fire is excluded by the lack of air. But if the moon formerly was the scene of such great volcanic disturbances, it must have then had air, as well as water, for no volcanic action (at least such as we know on earth) is possible without both of these substances.

Let us now inquire how the air and water became exhausted on the moon. This is not, however, a difficult question to answer.

As we know, the earth becomes warmer the deeper we penetrate beneath its surface. Neither water nor air can be brought into contact with its heated interior without becoming superheated or vaporized and driven out again. As the cooling of the earth possibly always goes on, the water and air will penetrate still deeper, until both substances are com-

pletely absorbed in its cavernous depths. If the earth were completely cooled off, then its pores would hold one hundred times as much as all the seas of the earth and its atmosphere put together. This absorption has apparently come to an end on the moon; while as the volume of the moon is only about $\frac{1}{49}$ of that of the earth, this cooling and absorption must have gone on very much more rapidly than on the earth. If this be the case, then the moon is only a prophecy of what the earth will eventually become.

Let us now devote a short time to an observation of the peculiar phenomena and events of the moon's day, or the lunar month, as they would impress a visitor from the earth, not only those owing to the peculiar character of the moon's surface, and the phases of the moon, but also those due to the lack of air and water.

I must, however, remind my readers that, although this is of necessity a supposititious visit, it is by no means a flight of fancy, but is founded upon the facts discovered by scientific investigation and deduction.

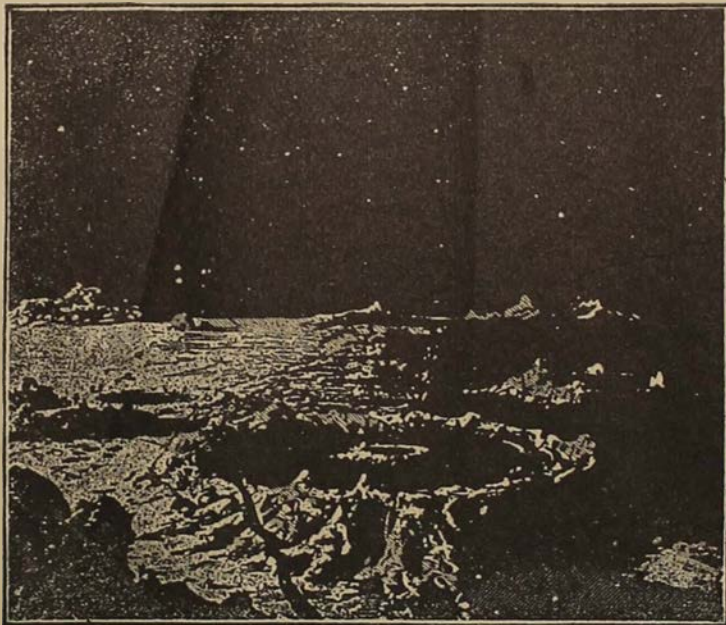
While no one has, as yet, actually visited the moon, whatever marvelous excursions may be accomplished by the aid of scientific invention in the future, our knowledge is quite sufficient to gain a tolerably accurate idea of the impression we would receive in case we could in person, as in thought, visit the moon.

Let us select for our post of observation one of the great ring-mountains situated on the side which is turned toward the earth, and station ourselves upon the eastern boundary of its ring-wall, looking towards the morning light. The day breaks suddenly. No dawn, as upon earth, takes place upon the moon, because there is no atmosphere to take up the sunbeams and carry them over the mountain tops long before the sun itself appears. A very short dawn it would be, anyway, for the sun

is hidden completely for so long that the time occupied in its rising is comparatively trifling. During the first few minutes only a faint light is emitted from the small portion of the sun's face which is visible. But when, in the course of half an hour, the sun has half risen over the horizon, it shines even more brilliantly than the noonday sun upon our earth.

But what a sublime sight is the risen sun seen beyond that atmosphere of ours which veils his chief glories! The sun's disk is surrounded with a magnificent serrated circlet of colored light, like that which is only seen on earth during a total eclipse of the sun, although not red, as then, but beautifully variegated; this is the chromosphere. Besides this, faint streamers of light extend from both sides of the sun; these compose what is visible on earth as the zodiacal light, which at all times is visible in the lunar heavens, forming a zone around the zodiac, quite distinct in appearance from the milky way.

A sunset on the moon displays none of that golden splendor and gorgeous coloring we so often see on earth. From the black horizon the sun abruptly withdraws its undiminished rays, and drops behind the mountain peaks, which it crowns with dazzling whiteness, while the valleys and rocks on every side lie in deepest shadows, and,



NO. 5.—FORENOON ON THE MOON.

like islands of light, the mountain peaks float in a sea of night.

During this absence of light,—a night three hundred and fifty hours long,—no sound greets our ears. Nor does the advent of a new day awaken sounds from an animal creation: no morning zephyr sighs through leafy tree-tops, no matin twittering of birds arises to heaven, no plant unfolds its leaves and lifts its blushing flower-face to receive the caresses of the sunbeams. The morning sun shines across a lifeless, barren land (No. 5). Twenty-nine times longer than with us, the light of day is hidden behind mountain barriers.

At last the sun returns. During the first twelve hours all the eastern side of the crater walls opposite to us are flooded with dazzling light. But when we turn to the other side, or look within the crater, an impenetrable darkness baffles our eyes. As hour after hour passes, and the sunbeams reach the peaks which tower one above the other on the ring-wall, finally completing the circle, the immense crater, with a diameter of possibly ten miles, gleams like burnished silver. During the succeeding hours the rays of the morning sun penetrate to the inmost recesses of the ring-wall on every side, until the opposite hills, though miles distant, are as distinctly seen as those immediately adjacent.

The atmosphere of the earth, as we know, lends much of their charm to the landscapes of earth. But on the moon there is no such illusive veil, beautifying and concealing all defects, as the air draws over the face of earth. On the earth, too, the dazzling light of the sun is tempered by its passage through an absorbent atmosphere; but on the moon there is no such modification of the sun's light. It shines in all its overpowering splendor, as if quite near us.

This splendor of the sun is the more striking because the surrounding heavens are totally black. As there is no atmosphere on the moon, there is no such blue vault of heaven as upon earth; on the moon, the sky, even in the full noon-day, is an inky gulf, a shapeless void, a black background, compared with which our darkest skies are as the light of day, and projected against which even the smallest star is clearly visible even in the daytime.

As there is no atmosphere, there is consequently no light-distributing agency upon the moon; so that that portion of the moon's landscape which is not directly under the rays of the sun, is without any light. The shadows are so black that we have nothing on the earth to compare with them. From our point of observation we see a perfectly dazzling brightness on the illuminated side of the ring-wall, but on the other side there is a region, miles in extent, where only darkness meets the eye. Around us we see the startling contrast between the most dazzling light and the blackest darkness. The inky-sky space does not lessen the sharpness of the contrast; for the brightly illuminated mountains which lie at the greatest distance from us, are outlined against the black firmament.

These peculiarities make a terrible impression upon our earthly eyes. The brilliant light and the coal-black shadows, the absence of every essential which beautifies the land-

scapes of earth, the black sky and the splendid sun, and the total absence of every vestige of life, which, if it ever existed, must have been destroyed by the long extinct volcanos, all this makes the landscape terribly desolate and empty. The mountains rise in barren rocks clothed with no verdure, covered with no mantle of snow; no glacier lies in its ravines, no avalanche breaks from its precipices. On the plains we seek in vain for the clustering woodlands, or the blue mirrors of lakes; no meadows spread their green carpet, no stream wanders through reeds and grasses, or trickles over mossy stones. Barren and desolate extend the great plains,—all of bare stone like the mountain peak where we stand.

Perfect calm reigns over all, as deep and as silent as the grave. Not a single stray zephyr caresses the barren sides of the rocky peaks, no storm disturbs the quiet of the surroundings. No cloud floats across the black sky, no dew moistens the soil, no rain falls from heaven. The moon lacks what we call "weather." The sun's rays burn upon the rocks during the day of three hundred and fifty hours, and heat them to an extraordinary degree.

If we push one of the enormous blocks of stone which lie around us, we shall see how easy it is to loosen it, and very little force is necessary to throw it down the precipice; but not a sound is heard as it rolls away, no echo is awakened from its rocky walls: the stillness of death rules in the moon. A thousand drums might be beaten in this airless world, a thousand cannon be fired, and not the slightest sound would be heard. The lips might move, the tongue speak, but they could not break the eternal silence.

Besides the thousands of stars and the brilliant sun, a glorious orb is shining above the horizon, like an immense half-moon, but, unlike the moon, beautifully tinted in colors. As the morning hours pass and the sun pro-

ceeds on its way, this globe which floods the lunar lands with a light far exceeding our moonlight, remains stationary in the sky. But it grows smaller as the sun rises higher, and finally becomes only a slender sickle of light, resembling the crescent moon.

What is this unknown sphere which we have never seen in the sky of earth? It is the earth itself. We have often imagined that the moon is only a servant of the earth, and carries a lantern for its master during the night. What an idle fancy! Here, on the moon, we see our proud earth relegated to the position of the moon of the moon!

The shadows grow shorter much more slowly than on earth, as the day advances and the sun attains its greatest height. Then it is midday on the moon. On all sides against the black heavens we see nothing but dazzling brightness. The afternoon shadows lengthen slowly, first lying darkly over the valleys, and creeping with measured advance over the mountain precipices.

At last, one hundred and seventy-five hours after noon-day, three hundred and fifty hours after the beginning of the morning, the sunset hour approaches; but with none of the crimson banners of light we see on earth. The sun approaches the dark limit of its daily course without any diminution of its splendor. Its disk rests on the horizon,



NO. 6.—THE SUN AND THE EARTH IN THE MOON'S SKY.

but its color remains unaltered. The short twilight lasts only until the last of the sun's disk is visible; and then the sky of night broods over the landscape. The sight which we then see is certainly the most beautiful which could be presented to a visitor to the moon.

High above in the starry heavens shines the earth, like an immense moon thirteen times as large as the moon appears to us. When night first sets in, the earth is half-lighted, like the moon in its first quarter; in the course of the night it increases to the size of the half-moon; and by midnight it is fully illuminated. As morning approaches, the earth's disk lessens; and at sunrise it resembles the moon in its last quarter. During the moon's night, the earth turns fourteen times on its axis, and shows each portion of its surface as many times in turn, its seas, continents, and islands.

As the moon shows only one side to the earth, so the earth always appears in the same relative position to the moon. The sun, the planets, and all other stars appear and disappear every fourteen days; the earth alone quietly keeps in its place, and never disappears.

The stars in the black sky around the moon appear in the same positions as we have seen them on the earth. But the stars do not sparkle as when seen from the earth; for this twinkling is caused only by the atmosphere of the earth. As far as the horizon extends, the stars gleam with undiminished radiance, the light of earth does not interfere with the faint girdle of light in the milky way, so that even the smallest stars may be seen. Yet one thing is lacking in the moon's sky. A shooting star never flies across its black spaces, nor does the quick-flashing lightning write its letters of fire upon the outspread scroll of darkness.

All around the landscape is lit with the splendor of earth-light, thirteen times stronger than the full moon casts upon the earth. We see the foot of the ring-walls, the crater-floors, and every object far and near, with equal distinctness; no fog obscures the vision, no cloud veils the earth-light.

We notice that during the night certain stars remain longer in the east, and others longer in the west; but we observe that the phases of the earth are yet more peculiar. She turns around seven times before her crescent increases to a half-moon shape. The dark portion, also, is visible, with a faint shimmer of light, a reflection of the moon's light shining on the earth.

The extreme heat which the moon absorbs during its long day, is quickly lost again during the night, for the moon has not, like the earth, an atmospheric garment to retain the heat. During the long moon-night, therefore, it is frightfully cold, yet we have not found on the high mountain-peak where we stand, a trace of either ice or snow.

At last the waning light of earth heralds the morning. In the east the upper edge of the sun's disk illuminates the highest mountain-peaks,—a new day dawns.

On the moon there are no changes of season; day and night are summer and winter. One day is precisely like another; light and darkness, heat and cold, succeed each other with absolute uniformity.

This is the moon,—a sphere on which silence, calm, and immutability reign. The poet has sung of it, romantic hearts have looked upon it as their friend and confidant; but a closer observation convinces us that it is only a dead mass of silicates or gypsum. The moon is dead; and if it ever was the dwelling of a race like ours, that race is dead also. A ruin of what it once was, an assemblage of exhausted lava-pits and burned-out volcanoes, silent and calm as death, but yet influenced and led by its master, the greater earth,—this is the moon, so near to us, and yet far different from anything with which we are familiar.

A Twelfth-Night Party.

THE Christmas festivities were over, and things were beginning to settle themselves into an after-holiday quiet at Mrs. Dalton's, when one morning, a few days after the New Year had been "received," the three young ladies comprising the "Kitty-Kat Club" filed into the open door of Miss Dalton's study, and Kitty Wood, throwing herself down upon a rug in front of the fireplace, exclaimed dolefully:

"There isn't a bit of use in one trying to 'settle down,' as Miss Harlowe admonished us at breakfast this morning; we we simply can't, Miss Dalton; we haven't had our surfeit of pleasure; indeed, the Christmas and New Year jollifications have only whetted our appetites for more. Can't you help us get up something new and original while Polly Vane and Virginia Vaughn are making their visit to us, Miss Dalton? Come! try and think up some new caper, that's a dear;" and Kitty threw her most bewitching tone and look into the entreaty.

"The addition of two new and wild 'kats' to your club ought to suggest some wild prank, certainly," replied Miss Dalton, smiling. "But why come to me? Are not your mischievous heads prolific of 'capers'? I am only a staid, steady grimalkin."

"You're a dear, wise, worshipful cat, like those the old Egyptians venerated, you know; and then, don't you remember, the Romans used the figure of a cat in their symbol of liberty? They said there was no animal so great an enemy to constraint. Please, Miss Dalton, be our ally against constraint, and think up some kind of jolly entertainment for the girls before they go."

The whole three joined in the entreaty now, and Miss Dalton promised to "think up something." Presently she said, after a few moments' cogitation: "I have it! Next Friday will be the sixth of January, which is Twelfth-night, you know." The girls nodded their heads and looked interested. "How would a Twelfth-night party, with cakes, and a ring, and a king and queen, do?"

"Perfectly delightful! You're a jewel—a cat's-eye! Miss Dalton," exclaimed Kitty, jumping up from the rug and putting a pair of plump arms about Miss Dalton's neck and kissing her with her rosy lips. "And now tell us quickly all about it. What shall we do, and how shall we arrange for a Twelfth-night party?"

Miss Dalton went to her book-shelf and took down an old volume. "Let us look over these pages; they will perhaps suggest some ideas on the subject." She went on with her suggestions and talk, reading now and then a bit from her book:

"In the Christian church, of course you know, the festival of the season is that of the Epiphany, and commemorates the manifestation of our Saviour to the Gentiles; but the gayer and livelier celebration of the night, after which you will pattern your Twelfth-night party, can be traced back to the Saturnalia, a feast of the Romans which celebrated a happy period under the reign of Saturn, in which every pleasure was indulged. Slaves were freed from restraint during this season, and jests and jollity everywhere prevailed; presents were exchanged among friends, and, like our 'Happy New Year' salutations, the people greeted one another with the acclamations of '*Io Saturnalia! bona Saturnalia!*'"

"In England, the celebration of Twelfth-night is still continued in merry-making. Dancing and games and the choosing of a king and queen of these festivities, by means of a ring or some little trinket baked in a cake, are favorite forms of amusement. It is related that at one Twelfth-night party in one of the early centuries, a huge cake or pie, made of coarse bran and paste, into which live birds and frogs were

introduced, was served, and the consternation and amusement of the guests 'when the pie was opened and the birds began to sing,' may be well imagined!

"And now," said Miss Dalton, laying down her book, "I would suggest that you girls arrange your party in this way." The girls drew closer and seemed deeply interested as she proceeded to unfold her plan for their Twelfth-night party.

"Have an equal number of ladies and gentlemen among your guests. Then make your Twelfth-night cake into many small ones, a cake for each individual, frosting the gentlemen's cakes with pink sugar, the ladies' with white. In each of these cakes (with the exception of two, a pink one and a white one) bake a small folded bit of paper containing a number; for instance, a No. 1 in a pink cake, and a No. 1 in a white cake, and so on; and in each of the two excepted cakes bake a ring. The parties getting the cakes with corresponding numbers will be partners for the evening dances and games, as one is in the 'German,' you know, and the gentleman and lady getting the cakes containing the rings, will be king and queen, and leaders in all the festivities of the night. The cakes must be handed, with a small after-dinner cup of coffee or tea, to the guests, when all are assembled."

"O Miss Dalton!" exclaimed Kittie with a little shriek of delight, "that is just too perfectly lovely for anything! Isn't it, girls?"

Each girl gave a warm indorsement to the plan.

"But where shall we find the cake? and what kind shall it be, Miss Dalton?" asked practical Miss Derwent.

"Oh, you shall show your abilities as cooks in this service, and make the cakes with your own fair hands."

"O Miss Dalton!" wailed a trio in minor, and three pairs of white hands went up in dismay.

"Yes; did you not all attend a 'cooking-class' last winter? Now you have a chance to prove that you learned something! Parcher, the cook, will be away all to-morrow afternoon, and I will arrange to have the kitchen at your service. There you shall reign queens of 'sugar and spice and all things nice.'"

After some little demurring, the girls finally consented to try the experiment of making the Twelfth-night cakes with their own hands, making Miss Dalton promise, sacredly, that if their efforts were a failure, the attempt should be 'a dead secret, for ever and ever, amen.'"

The next afternoon, therefore, the "Kitty-Kat Club" met in strange, new quarters; instead of Miss Dalton's study, Mrs. Dalton's kitchen was the scene of action. Each girl arrayed herself in a long white kitchen-apron and a coquettish little cap, both of which were vastly becoming. Kitty had a very wise-looking book, from which she read the following necessary "rules and regulations for making good cake." She had taken down "notes" at her class, and these were worth preserving. She held a large polished wooden spoon in one hand, with which she seemed to be beating invisible eggs.

"Cake must be made in a cool place. [Look at the thermometer, girls.] Do not bring the eggs into the warm room until you are ready to break them. Have your table as far from the fire as possible. See that the oven is hot. Grease the tins. [Bridget, you may do that part.] Sift the flour and stir the baking-powder into it. Use powdered or granulated sugar. Mix in an earthen bowl. Now, Kate, everything is ready. You read the receipt for our Twelfth-night cake."

Miss Grant opened her note-book and read therefrom the following receipt:

"Two cupfuls of butter; four cupfuls of sugar; six cupfuls of sifted flour; eight eggs; two cupfuls of milk; six

tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder; two tea-spoonfuls of vanilla extract. Rub the butter and sugar well together, with the hands, until light and creamy. Add the well-beaten *yo ke* of the eggs, stirring in thoroughly. Sift the baking-powder into the sifted flour, stirring well. Add the milk and flour alternately, a small portion at a time, until both are in. Add the flavoring, beat the whole rapidly for a minute or two. Lastly, very lightly and carefully, stir in the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two good-sized loaves, or in small patty-pans, and frost the tops."

These rules were followed implicitly, and the result was satisfactory. When the batch was baked and frosted and quite ready for inspection,—and they looked, for ail the world, like so many pink and white satin pincushions,—the girls invited Miss Dalton down-stairs to touch, taste, and see their work; and after inspecting the very pretty display, and testing the merits of the cake by eating a generous one made especially for that purpose, she declared them "both delicious and ornamental," and said instead of many cooks "spoiling the broth," they had given it an extra flavor.

"And you are quite sure you put in the numbers and rings, girls?" asked Miss Dalton. "I forgot sugar, once, in my cake."

"Oh no; I assure you each cake holds a secret in its heart," replied Miss Derwent.

"Isn't it exciting and lovely!" exclaimed Kitty, eyeing the batch with curiosity. "I do wonder which mine will be!"

"You mean, which *his* will be, don't you, Kitty," teased Miss Grant.

"I mean, of course, which of the guests will be queen and king," replied Kitty, blushing.

When the twenty-four merry invited guests of the "Kitty-Kat Club" assembled in Mrs. Dalton's large parlors on the evening of Twelfth-night, there were various conjectures as to what the order of entertainment for such a party might be. They were speedily informed, and when the cakes and cups were passed around, and each one in eating discovered their partner, the dancing and games, led by the queen and king, began. The two cakes containing the rings were found to be in the possession of Miss Polly Vane and her lover, Mr. West; and as their engagement was on the eve of announcement, it was agreed upon that it was indeed a happy choice that had thus proclaimed them king and queen.

In the dining-room a little surprise awaited them. In the midst of the creams and jellies, stood a huge, profusely frosted and decorated cake. This the king was requested to cut and distribute. At the first incision of the knife he looked surprised, and smiled. The cake was of bran, and contained, besides a music-box which began to play merrily, two dozen pretty little "German" favors of bells and bangles, which each guest attached by its gay ribbon to some portion of his or her attire; then, adjourning to the parlor once more, to the gay music of the Virginia reel, and the jingle of the bells and bangles on the merry dancers, the Twelfth-night party came to an end. AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

STAGE-COACHING is an exercise highly recommended for amateur actors.

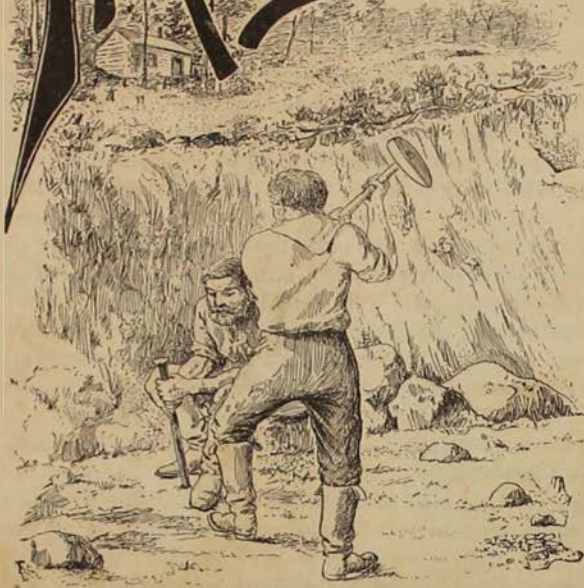
It's no use arguing with an amateur photographer—he has views of his own.

If the human race was evolved from the apes, it at least has the satisfaction of knowing that its ancestors were intelligent—they were educated in the higher branches.

No wonder there are so many unhappy marriages, when the "best man" never gets the bride.

AN inventor is peculiarly subject to water on the brain. He always has a notion in his head.

The Babe of the Ogallallah.



In a dark and lonely canyon, 'twixt the foot-hills and "the range"
Where the snowy peaks and lofty never vary, never change,
Two miners dwelt together, in a cabin rude and bare,—
Two stalwart men, contented, knowing naught of grief or care.
Jim Landis was the elder—by a year perhaps or more ;
Bill Kebbler was the other, and their years they lightly bore.
In peace they worked together in the deep and timbered "drift."
Where the mighty blows of Landis, with unerring aim and swift,
Struck the tempered drill while "turning" in the hands of Bill, who
sang

'Till the walls of the Ogallallah with the cheery echoes rang.
In peace they ate their frugal fare, and slumbered side by side ;
No stronger tie 'twixt man and man, in all this world so wide,
Could e'er be found, search high or low, than these two breasts did
fill,—

Such love had Bill for Landis, such was Landis' love for Bill.
In pain they nursed each other, being mother, wife, and friend ;
And many a tear had started when they thought they saw the end.
One evening, as they sauntered toward their dwelling, labor o'er,



They saw a female figure in the homely cabin door.—
A female form, and lovely, with features ghastly pale.
At first she muttered wildly, then gave a piteous wail.—
A wail which showed that Reason feebly tottered on her throne.
"Alone," she cried, "deserted !" "Alone—alone—alone !"
In deep and awful silence gazed the twain in pity, dumb.
On the fair and fragile maiden who but seemed a spirit come.
They kept her in the cabin, where they nursed her night and day,
And their tender ministrations drove her fearful dreams away.
For days and weeks she lingered in the shadowy vale of Death,
For hours and hours together gave no sign of life nor breath.
Then came the dawn of reason, in the soothing twilight hour,
When Landis and his partner, overcome by Love's sweet power,
Had taken each a shapely hand, which, tenderly caressed,
Sent throbs of sweet emotion thro' each gentle brawny breast.
She gave no sign, no motion, but opened wide her eyes,
And gazed on Bill and Landis with a look of wild surprise.
A horny hand each temple brushed ; two voices soothed her fears.
"What brings me here ?" she murmured, thro' a flood of blinding
tears.

They told her how they'd found her at the threshold of the door ;



How cheerfully they'd nursed her for seven weeks or more.
 She could not speak for sobbing, but breathed a silent prayer
 To Him who makes the grateful his fondest, dearest care.
 At length her tongue responded ; then she told her tale of woe,—
 How she'd wandered from companions, in the canyon miles below.
 She said she was an orphan, by a wealthy dame retained
 To do her daughters' bidding, 'twas thus her bread she gained.
 While trav'ling with this party, some three besides herself,
 She strayed behind for flowers, to a rocky hanging shelf ;
 In striving hard to reach them, she fell, and knew no more
 Till the sweet return of reason found her safe within their door.
 With gathering strength the roses came and nestled in her cheeks ;
 The days and hours lengthened into happy, happy weeks.
 Tho' the partners loved the maiden, yet they kept their love
 concealed.

Each fearing that the other should see the same revealed.
 In vain was all precaution to keep such passions still ;
 While the maiden wept for Landis, yet she gave her heart to Bill.
 The bond of years was broken ; their friendship rent in twain ;
 And a life once full of laughter, soon became a life of pain.
 In bitter, deep dejection, Jim's heart seemed turned to stone,
 And the hideous, green-eyed monster soon claimed him for his own.
 In vain he tried to live it down ; and so, one morn at dawn
 When Kebbler called to Landis, he found his friend had gone.
 He only took his share of gold, and left this message penned :
 " You robbed me of my flower, Bill—she robbed me of my friend."
 Soon Kebbler and the maiden in a neighboring camp were wed,
 And a year of sweet devotion o'er the tender couple sped.



One night, when clouds were gathering o'er the mountains wild and high
 The gentle wife was praying, with Kebbler kneeling by.
 They thanked Him for His goodness, they thanked Him o'er again ;
 " God bless our poor Jim Landis !" and Kebbler said " Amen !"
 Through a chink in the cabin facing, Jim Landis saw and heard ;
 And his burning tears controlling, moved off without a word.
 He'd made a tedious journey, his friend and love to see,
 And now rushed off bewildered, so overcome was he.
 With the changing moons, an infant to the miner's wife was born,
 And the life of good Bill Kebbler seemed a cheery, endless morn ;
 But the darkness came ; for fever, dread foe of mountain life,
 Robbed the infant of its mother, and the miner of his wife.
 She lingered for a season, but the Reaper laid her low,
 And Kebbler, all distracted, dug a grave beneath the snow ;
 In the frozen ground he laid her, near the shaft-house on his claim.
 Where the pines no more shall know her, tho' they love her still the
 same.



O'er the slumbering babe, still grieving for the wife he'd loved and
 lost,

All the fair in life seemed withered, like a flower by the frost.
 " Were it not for you, my baby, I would end this life of care !"
 Then, kneeling by his offspring, he sought relief in prayer.
 He vowed he'd do his duty ; to the will of mercy bend ;
 Breathed a word for her in heaven, and another for his friend.
 On a threatening night, while thinking, as he slowly paced the floor,
 In his arms his babe in folding, came a knock at the cabin door.
 " Come in," said Bill, " and welcome ; come in, who'er you be.
 For the night is dark and stormy, and the cabin cheer is free."
 In a moment more, Jim Landis in the open door was seen ;
 And his face—all tears and furrows—showed his honest grief was keen.
 " Forgive me, Bill, forgive me ; but I couldn't stay away."
 " I've prayed for this, Jim Landis," was all poor Bill could say.
 Then heart to heart rejoicing, the partners stood and wept,
 While on the arm of Kebbler, the infant softly slept.
 Bill gave the babe to Landis, and he tried his tears to check,
 And the little one, still sleeping, clasped its arms around his neck.
 Then Landis said to Kebbler: " Tho' the mother's love was thine,
 Yet the babe of the Ogallallah shall be your love and mine."
 So the dawn of a rosy morning, all radiance, beamed and smiled
 O'er the bond by the mother severed,—reunited by the child.



Going Out For Wool.

CERTAIN irreverent and vulgar persons were accustomed to style Mr. Edward Carter and his friend Dr. Charles Raymond "a pair of smart Alecks." I say nothing against this opinion, but would respectfully submit the other side of the case. Mr. Carter considered Dr. Raymond's as the brightest mind (with one exception, of course,) to be found in the newly risen generation; and Dr. Raymond entertained a similar esteem for Mr. Carter. No one could possibly know either better than they knew each other; so that this opinion is certainly entitled to some respect.

These two choice spirits had devised various means of amusing themselves at the expense of their less gifted fellow-creatures. The professions of law and medicine, which they had respectively embraced, not affording sufficient scope for their energies, they were constantly on the lookout for new means of employing their superior talents. He who discovered such a way was regarded with admiring envy by his friend.

"I say, Ned," remarked the Esculapian, walking into the lawyer's office one fine day, "I've got an idea."

"Re-mark-a-ble," drawled Mr. Carter; for they did not, as a rule, manifest in words their mutual respect.

"Let us investigate the proportionate number of fools feminine in this place," quoth the man of science.

"We have frequently done so," objected the legal light.

"But in a way that we have never yet tried. Let's advertise for a wife."

"I don't have to," responded the other, with easy superiority.

"Oh, I know you're engaged, and all that; but I didn't mean to be in earnest about it. I mean just for the fun of the thing, to see how many would be fool enough to answer it."

Mr. Carter considered the subject for a moment, but his legal acumen could see no reason for further resisting the desire of his friend, and the two concocted a pair of advertisements which were in the highest style of the art. It is enough to say that in each one the charms of the gentlemen were set forth with no overweening modesty; while it demanded that the lady should merely be young, beautiful, accomplished, rich, of domestic tastes, a good housekeeper, and a brilliant conversationalist. I may have forgotten a few of the requirements; but these were certainly the principal qualities demanded.

Each was to keep his experience a profound secret from the other for the space of two weeks; at the end of that period Dr. Raymond was to resort to Mr. Carter's office, and they were to narrate, faithfully and *in toto*, the results of the advertisement inserted by each.

Promptly at the appointed time the physician sought the lawyer. He came reluctantly, as if he half-feared the reception with which his romantic tale would be received; his coming was awaited with dread.

"Oh, you've come; have you?" sighed Mr. Carter; "I—I thought maybe you'd have a patient that would detain you."

"Your imagination does you credit," returned Raymond; "if mine were as active, I should say that I thought maybe a client would be seeking your advice; but I cannot picture that state of affairs to myself."

"But I've had a client," was the response, with a certain air of triumph. Dr. Raymond was sure that it must be triumph, although it was so carefully subdued as to resemble disgust.

"And I've had a patient, a pretty one, too," he answered, endeavoring to assert his equality; "but let's get to business. How did your advertisement pan out?"

"Oh, I got seventeen answers, and every blessed one of them seemed to think that she filled the bill exactly. Sixteen of them couldn't spell, and their letters were horribly written,—not the society scrawl, but a labored attempt that showed that the writer would do well if she could."

"Deserve credit for it," murmured the other: "most of the girls try to see what an undecipherable scratch they can put on paper."

"It can't be worse than your prescriptions would be, if you ever have occasion to write any," retorted the lawyer; "but keep still now, or else tell your story first."

"For Heaven's sake, go on!" implored Dr. Raymond.

"I divided these sixteen into squads of four, and selected three P. M. on four consecutive days, as the time of meeting; that corner across the street, as the place. Each was to carry a white handkerchief as a signal."

"You wrote to four to come at once?" inquired Raymond, with interest tempered by incredulity.

"Of course. You should have seen each glare at the other three as she noted the sign which was to distinguish her from all others. I kept discreetly in the background up here, and saw it all, myself invisible."

"But about the seventeenth?"

"Well, her letter was different; and as she seemed to be a jolly widow, I thought I'd have a little fun 'under the rose.' You know that Alice is so confoundedly jealous, the mischief's to pay if I look at another woman; so this was a temptation. She said she was twenty-seven, that her income was sufficient to maintain her, but she desired the companionship and protection of a husband. She had been the belle of her native town in Kentucky before her marriage and subsequent removal; she had had some thoughts of studying for the operatic stage, but had shrunk from the ordeal of public appearances; then she had dabbled in art, but was not satisfied with the achievements which her friends so warmly commended. I thought there must be a hitch somewhere, that such a woman should answer an advertisement, but I wrote to her and made an appointment, which both of us kept. She was a stunner, and no mistake;—just lots of style, and as pretty as a picture; while her manners were wonderfully fascinating."

"I wonder what Miss Dennison would have thought of her?" thoughtfully remarked Dr. Raymond.

"Oh, keep still, and let me get through, will you? She was pretty well gone on me, from the first. That isn't vanity—"

"Sounds like it might be," commented Raymond, critically.

"Wait till you hear it all. She was awfully soft, and when we could not meet, she insisted that I should write to her. Of course I couldn't see her every day, but she seemed to be satisfied with a letter when I told her it was impossible to come. But she wasn't very easy to please with the letters. She reproached me for my coldness continually. I didn't want to pile it on too thick, but I got deeper into it than I had any notion of when I began. Finally, one day, I wrote her one that was pretty warm, and the next day she was here."

"Had you told her who you were?" inquired Raymond, with some surprise, and a keener interest than the case seemed to warrant.

"What do you take me for, anyhow? I'm not quite a fool, or at least I thought then that I wasn't. I called myself Mr. Edwards, and told her I was a bookkeeper; I don't know how she found out the truth, but here she came anyhow."

"It is singular how one's concealed identity can be discovered in a big city like this, isn't it?" remarked the physician, philosophically.

"Very. But then, I suppose she followed me stealthily from some of our meetings, and made inquiry of someone that spoke to me. Well, she came, she saw, and I may as well confess that she conquered. She insisted upon interviewing me in the inner office, although I assured her that we would not be interrupted here. I showed her in there; she stood a moment with her hand upon the knob, as if she had half-changed her mind. Finally, she sat down."

"What did she want?" was the curious inquiry.

"She wanted to make a fool of me, and she did it to perfection!" was the savage response. "She spoke of the letters which she had received from me, and said she supposed that I would not like Miss Dennison to see them. She seemed to have found out all about me, somehow or other. She admitted that they were not signed, except by the initial E, but remarked that my handwriting was peculiar, and would readily be recognized; and when she said that they would be rather difficult to explain away, I knew that it was so. I knew well enough that if Alice were to see those letters I might as well make up my mind never to go there again; but I was so thunderstruck at the woman's confounded impudence, that I could do nothing but sit and look at her.

"What do you think it would be worth to get possession of the documents in question?" she asked me, with a sneering laugh.

"I demanded to know if she had them with her; and my voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, just as a novel hero's would under similar circumstances.

"I have them here," she answered, and took them from her pocket as she spoke; "if you will give me two hundred dollars, I will destroy them here, in your presence; if you refuse, I will scream until the attention of people in the building is attracted.

"It happened that I had received a remittance of two hundred dollars that very morning; it was nearly every cent I had in the world, but I resolved that I would have those letters. I tried my best to beat her down in price, but she was obdurate. She told me that she knew I had the money, and that it was foolish to expect her to sell them for any less. So I paid her, got hold of the letters, and burned them. That's all."

Dr. Raymond sat silent.

"Come now, old boy, that won't do," remonstrated Mr. Carter; "I've told you what a fool *I* was; let's have *your* experience."

"You needn't emphasize your pronouns in that way," returned the other, with an air of offended dignity; "remember that I went into it fancy-free. Have you never heard of such things resulting in life-long happiness?"

"Well, yes, in stories," admitted the lawyer, reluctantly; "but I always suspected that the author stood in with the publisher for a share of the advertising profits."

"Like you," continued Dr. Raymond, serenely disregarding this offensively matter-of-fact explanation. "I received a number of answers, but I did not practice on confiding femininity as you confess to have done; it did not occur to me. I made separate appointments with each one; if I failed to keep most of them, it was because a distant view of the waiting female convinced me that I had better not take any chances; so I skipped, without giving any sign of my presence. Like you, I received one letter which excited my curiosity—shall I say my interest? But she was not a widow—widows are apt to be tricky. She was an unmarried lady of twenty-odd years, hailing from Boston, although much travel had made her rather cosmopolitan. A personal interview showed that she was 'all my fancy painted her,' and I was inclined to think that I had indeed discovered 'the not impossible She.'

"I had my doubts of the delicacy of any woman who would answer such an advertisement, but she confessed to so much shame at having yielded to the whim, that I could not help but forgive her. Any man can forgive a charming woman an indiscretion, particularly when he is the cause of it; and I waited impatiently for a second interview. She told me that she was engaged to a cousin, whom she detested; but family pride had forced her into it, and she dreaded the day when she must stand at the altar with him. I hated that cousin; I wished that I might meet him under circumstances that would give me half an excuse to knock him down. I revolved plans for breaking that engagement, and determined to discuss the subject with her at our second interview."

"And did you break it?" inquired Mr. Carter eagerly.

"Don't interrupt; it's impolite when I am talking, although necessary and excusable when you are holding forth. She sent an excuse the next day. To say I was disappointed, is to put it very mildly; and I wrote her a note, telling her how I longed to break the hated bonds that kept her from me. Yes, it was rather sudden, I know; but I really couldn't help it. She answered evasively; and I wrote again, urging her to see me. That's the way it went on. One day I was surprised to hear that my professional services were required."

"I should think it would be a surprise," remarked Mr. Carter. "Was it the fair Bostonian?"

"The messenger told me that Mrs. Gray wanted me to come at once, and of course I went. I had no thought of anything but surprise at receiving such a summons from anyone, and I had never heard of Mrs. Gray before. I reached the house, and was conducted upstairs; then, for the first time, I saw that it was my inamorata that I was to attend.

"She blushed and stammered charmingly when she saw me. She had not been feeling well, she said, and had asked Mrs. Gray to send for a physician, but did not know that I had been summoned. Mrs. Gray was considerate, and left us alone together. She drew from beneath her sofa-pillow the letters which I had written to her.

"You urge me to break the bonds which bind me to another, and be united to you. That other is my husband," she said, in a low voice; "what do you suppose that your rich, generous, and straitlaced maiden aunt would say to your making love to a married woman?"

"But you told me—" I began, and then I couldn't get any farther. She laughed, and put out her hand to me.

"You're a foolish boy," she said, "and I forgive you for it. I suppose you really couldn't help falling in love with me; but the letters that you have written would shock your respected relative dreadfully. Wouldn't they, now?"

"I stammered something about her betrothed, but she laughed again; and I remembered that the expressions I had used would apply to a husband as well as to a lover, to a divorce as well as to the breaking of an engagement.

"Give me the pin which you wear," she said, "and I will give you the letters."

"I looked at her in astonishment. The pin was a valuable stone, a gift from my aunt last Christmas; and the proposition seemed preposterous. She was in earnest, however, and finally I made the trade. I really could not afford to have my aunt get possession of those letters, with any such interpretation attached to them."

"But you said you were in love with her," objected Mr. Carter, apparently bewildered by the change in the sentiments of his friend.

"And so I was," replied Dr. Raymond, coolly; "but I'm not quite so much so, now. Did you have an idea that you were the only individual that could indulge in buying up his own letters?"

"Well, it strikes me that we have both been done," remarked the lawyer, contemplatively.

"By the way, what did your divinity look like?" inquired Raymond, a sudden suspicion crossing his mind.

"This," was the laconic reply, as the lawyer opened a drawer of his desk and produced a cabinet photograph of the dashing brunette.

"We've both been done," returned the physician, reverting to his friend's former remark, as he gazed at the photograph; "and by George! it's the same woman that's done it."

"Did you ever hear of going out for wool and coming back shorn?" was Mr. Carter's inquiry, after the pair had expressed their feelings rather more freely than I like to record.

"Yes, I've heard of it, but I never want to hear of this particular instance again," was the answer; and the tone was by no means lamb-like, although the speaker may have felt sheepish.

Neither Mr. Carter nor Dr. Raymond could afford to violate the confidence which the other had reposed in him, and they continued to manifest the same flattering regard for each other. The Kentucky widow, *alias* the traveled Bostonian, was not given to telling all she knew, and never whispered to anyone how she came into possession of that two hundred dollars and a diamond pin. How, then, did the present chronicler get possession of the facts? A good story is always suggestive. This one suggests that question.

MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

Thoughts For The New Year.

WE linger near the door of the New Year,
Wondering to feel this sudden rapture swell
Our hearts with a new hope,—in life's sweet
chimes we hear
Another bell.

A strange new light, a golden-gleaming dawn,
Though fading, fleeting, but a moment here;—
I think the days of life are quicker here and gone,
With every year.

We follow Time upon his onward path,
Through starlit spaces to a fairer day;
His flying wheel rolls on through cloud and sun,—
no storm of wrath
Its course can stay.

Following, fair as in all æons past,
The trooping months attend him in his round,
Giving or taking all life's joys,—yet one to last
Was never found.

The spring-time months with sudden storms and
smiles,
With budding blossom and unfolding leaf;
The summer months with roses sweet as love—when
it beguiles:
And autumn's sheaf.

Yet these are not so fair as those we seek,
Nor do they smile like those we knew of old.
We must go further, further, further on;—the days
grow bleak
With winter's cold.

Time steals our force, and slower we must move.
As passionate power wanes to a colder mood.
How hard 'tis now to gain our simplest needs,—or
those which prove
Uncertain good.

Oh! well for those whose swifter days have sped
Not in a race to an ambitious goal,
Casting aside as hindrance life's best gifts,—for gain
that fled,
Losing the soul.

Oh! well for those for whom the tide of years
Washes no wreck by storms of passion wrought,
But greet each New Year's bright recurrent dawn with
hopes, not fears,
And grateful thought.

ELLIS FORRESTER.



Her Mistake.

FAR away down the road that stretched its dusty length as far as the eye could reach along the rolling prairie, a black speck could be seen, its motion hardly perceptible, yet unmistakably bringing it nearer and nearer to a little group of ladies and officers, who, from the vantage point of the Commanding Officer's porch, were impatiently watching its slow approach.

A tall, slender youth in cavalry uniform, who was watching the approaching vehicle through a field-glass, slowly lowered it, and facing the expectant glances turned toward him, with mock seriousness and importance answered their inquiries.

"I have the honor to report that there is reason to believe that the young ladies are actually coming. I have seen a blue parasol protruding from the sunny side of the stage."

This announcement was received with expressions of pleasure mingled with requests for the glass, and an animated conversation concerning the young ladies whose arrival they were awaiting was kept up until the coach passed through the wide gate, and lumbered down the road in front of the officers' quarters.

It had been a cold, hard winter for the little four-company garrison of Fort Barnes. For days at a time, communication with the outside world had been well-nigh cut off. The mails had been carried to and from the nearest railroad station, distant some seventy-five miles, upon the sinewy backs of weather-hardened Indian scouts; for the cold and the snow made it impossible for teams to travel.

The twelve officers and seven ladies of the little garrison had lived through the long winter almost like an immense family. Before the winter's end, each one knew most of the life-history of every other one of the garrison, and every story in the stock of each had been repeatedly told in the hearing of all, until they, not being united by the bonds of love and blood existing between the members of a real family, began to grow tired of each other, and to long for a change of some kind. So when spring sunshine and balmy breezes had run the snow-banks in tiny crystal rivulets down to the muddy Missouri, the announcement that the Misses Dickenson were coming out to spend the summer with their sister, the surgeon's wife, was welcomed with great joy. The announcement also caused several of the younger unmarried officers to send East, post-haste, for new uniforms to replace the old and somewhat dingy ones; and rendered sweet little Mrs. Bliss—the surgeon's wife—even more popular than ever.

The day of the young ladies' expected arrival had come, and some time before the stage was due, the little group on the Commanding Officer's porch had begun to form to discuss the prospect, and to see the new arrivals. As the stage drew nearer, the doctor and his wife, detaching themselves from the little group, walked down the road toward their house, which was the last one on the line. As the four very wet and very tired mules stopped with the coach in front of the surgeon's quarters, two soldiers went to the boot and commenced removing certain trunks and bundles that it contained. Some of the ladies' eyes may have followed the soldiers, but those of the officers were centered upon the coach-door, from which Doctor Bliss and his charming wife were assisting the new arrivals, with hospitable welcome.

Travel-stained and dust-covered, they appeared a trifle embarrassed when they noticed the far off group of spectators; but nevertheless the kiss that the taller one gave the doctor, caused young Buttons, of the Cavalry, to turn to his companion, Swift, of the Infantry, with the remark:

"Umm! Rapid, how would you like to be standing in old Pills' shoes now?"

Soon after the hostess and her visitors had disappeared in the house, the little group broke up and the officers separated to attend to their respective duties.

Fort Barnes was generally considered a very pleasant post. It was built, like all Missouri River posts, on the top of a low bluff that formed the river's bank during the season of "high water." Along one side of the parade-ground ran a road, facing which were built the officers' quarters, known as "the line." Along the other three sides were built the soldiers' quarters and the administrative building, in which were the offices of the Commanding Officer and the post adjutant.

Of all the officers of Fort Barnes' little garrison, none probably welcomed with such delight the young ladies' entrance into their circle, as did Lieutenants Buttons and Swift. They had graduated from the Academy only the June before, and both felt keenly the comparative isolation of their positions on the frontier. Both were fond of the pleasures of society, and both deplored the necessity of "wasting their sweetness on the desert air"—and married ladies. They had urged Mrs. Bliss to insist upon the young ladies making her a long visit, promising to make it pleasant for them to the best of their well-known abilities. They had gotten some new music, and made the soldiers who formed the "Fort Barnes String Band" practice it until the time was perfect. They had broken several horses to the side-saddle, and many and pleasant were the plans that they had formed.

When the two left the Commandant's porch that afternoon, Buttons declared that the pretty girl with light hair and blue eyes should command his undivided attention; while Swift had boastfully replied that he would "make an impression on that sweet thing with brown eyes, or die in the attempt."

After dress parade that evening, when helmets and waving plumes had been exchanged for the more comfortable forage-caps, the officers and ladies of the garrison called to pay their respects to the fair visitors. So, in the course of a few hours, the young ladies became quite well acquainted with every soul in the garrison whom they were at all likely to meet. Nothing unusual occurred during the evening, except that it was noticed and laughed about that Captain Dunn remained very persistently at Miss Clara Dickenson's side, apparently completely fascinated by the glamour of her brown eyes.

Captain Dunn had never before been known to look with interest upon any woman. In fact, he never went near a lady except when, once a month, he made a tour of the garrison, and paid his duty calls. One of the first remarks that he had made to Swift, when, fresh from the Academy, he had reported to the captain for duty in his company, was:

"Mr. Swift, I hope that you have no idea of being married, sir. My company has never had a married officer in it since I took command of it, some seven years ago."

So, as may be imagined, it caused no small amount of surprise and merriment when his devoted attention to the fair new-comer was noticed.

Two short, happy months passed quickly by, and the brazen sun of a Dakota summer had burned everything to a russet brown. But the evenings and the early mornings were cool and pleasant, so that many delightful little plans for picnics, moonlight rides, and visits to Indian villages, had been conceived and carried out. On all of these occasions Buttons had been the faithful cavalier of Miss Josephine Dickenson; and so marked had been his "undivided attention," that his place by her side was now never questioned, and the rumor had crept around, as rumors always will in a garrison, that when the fair Josephine came to Fort Barnes again it would be as Mrs. Lieutenant Buttons.

Mr. Swift had not been quite so fortunate, however. In all of his attentions to Miss Clara, he had found an ever-ready rival in the heretofore redoubtable Captain Dunn. Hardly would he seat himself by Clara's side on the doctor's porch for a tête-à-tête, when the captain would drop in to call. Frequently when the captain was one of the party going out for a moonlight ride, Swift would have to remain behind to attend roll-calls with the company, until finally, by a lucky chance, he was detached from his company duty, and placed in command of a company of Indian scouts that had been enlisted at the post.

General sympathy was with Swift, or "Rapid," as he was familiarly called, who was a great favorite, rather than with Captain Dunn, who, previous to the young ladies' arrival, had spent the greater part of his time at the post-trader's store, while he performed his social duties in the most perfunctory manner possible. The number of his visits to the trader's store had decreased wonderfully, however, since hearing Clara remark one day that nothing could ever persuade her to marry a man who drank.

One pleasant evening in August, Swift called at the doctor's to take Clara for a walk along the river bank. They had been gone but a short time, when the clouds began to pile up in an alarming manner; so they gave up their walk, and, as usual, took refuge on the doctor's front porch. Rapid had made up his mind to find out where he really stood in Clara's affections, before he said "Good-night." He felt, from the first, that he had loved her, and the impediments that Captain Dunn had placed in the way of his success, only served to fan the flame and increase his desire to succeed. His tones were waxing tender, and he was gradually working up to the point of telling Clara of his love, when he was interrupted by Captain Dunn, who "just dropped in." Exasperated by the interruption, and knowing it was useless to wait for Dunn to go, Swift excused himself and left. He did not go home, however, but strolled down the line to Buttons' quarters.

Buttons lived in one side of a double set of quarters, of which Captain Sharpe, a great friend of Captain Dunn's, occupied the other side. They had a common entrance and a common hall. In this hall Swift hung his cape, on entering, and knocking at Buttons' door, he went in. He confided to Buttons his little romance, and told him of the evening's disappointment. Their conversation drifted into Academic reminiscences, and it was a late hour before Swift arose to go. When he looked for his cape in the hall, he found that it was gone.

The infantry facings had but a short time before been changed from black to white, and it so happened that Swift was the first officer at Fort Barnes to have the lining of his cape altered, so that for some weeks past he had been alone in the glory of a white-lined cape. When he found it gone, he at once decided that some of the younger officers had taken it as a joke; so borrowing a rubber coat from Buttons, he thought no more about it, and went home.

* * * * *

Soon after Lieutenant Swift left Miss Clara Dickenson and Captain Dunn on Doctor Bliss' front porch, the latter gave evidence that his errand was the same that Swift's had been. When Clara became conscious of this, she did everything in her power to avert the scene that she knew must ensue upon his avowal of any affection for her. But the Captain either did not or would not understand. He told her that for many years he had been a confirmed bachelor, but that she had entered his life like a ray of sunlight, and had warmed up those passions that had lain dormant for years. He told her that he loved her as he had never believed himself capable of loving anyone, and that he could never love anyone else in the same way.

Poor Clara hardly knew what to reply. Her tender heart made her shrink from saying anything that would cause him pain, and yet her course was plain. So summoning all of her courage, she told him that she had tried to prevent his saying what he had just said, because she could not reply as he would like to have her; that she admired him as a soldier (for he was undoubtedly a brave man, and had made quite a "record" for himself), but that she could not and did not love him; that she had tried to show him this from the first; that she was very sorry, and hoped that they could remain friends—and that she must say "Good-night."

The doughty veteran stood there for fully a minute after she had gone into the house. Surprise, chagrin, rage, and jealousy conflicted in his breast. Mechanically he started off, and his feet, almost without his knowing it, carried him toward the post-trader's store, to which they had taken him so often before.

By the time he had reached Captain Sharpe's quarters, he had so far recovered himself as to remember that it was raining. He entered the house, thinking that he would borrow Captain Sharpe's cape; but not finding him in, and seeing his cape, as he supposed, hanging in the hall, he took it, and throwing it around him followed along the path leading to the store. In his misery he never noticed that the cape was lined with white instead of the usual cavalry lining of yellow.

A few hours later, all of the lights in the officers' quarters along the line had been extinguished. The rain had ceased, and the clouds were trying to break apart to allow the sickly beams of a very old and very small moon to break through.

Doctor Bliss' quarters were at one end of the line, the house being separated from the road by a plot of grass and a fence. The entire family were sleeping peacefully, when a peculiar sound in the side yard awakened most of them. The sound was unquestionably that of a man's voice, but so thick with liquor as to be unrecognizable.

"Doctor!" it said, "O, Doctor!"

The doctor finally arose, and, followed by his wife, went to the window. The two sisters in the next room were peeping through their blinds, almost before the doctor called out to ask what was the matter.

"There's goin' t' be a great Indian outbreak, doctor. I've come around to protect you wi' m' life. You're staff, doctor—you can't fight. But young ladies, I'll protect you wi'—"

At this juncture, the speaker, who had loosened his hold on the picket fence, and was trying to emphasize his words by an eloquent gesture, lost his balance, and fell headlong to the ground. Just as he fell, the moonlight, breaking through a small rift in the clouds, shone upon the white lining of his cape. Clara gave a piteous little cry, and tearing herself away from her sister's embrace, she threw herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break. In vain her sister tried to soothe her, until with a mighty effort at self-control she stemmed the flood of her grief, and drying her eyes, said to her sister:

"Jo, I will never believe another man as long as I live. That wretch told me solemnly, only this afternoon, that he had never touched a drop of liquor since he entered the army last June."

Meanwhile, the courageous defender had gathered himself together and regained his feet, and was about to begin again his professions of gallantry, when the doctor interrupted him with:

"Go home, Rapid. You ought to be ashamed of yourself coming around here in such a condition at this hour of the night. Go home, now, and go to bed."

The man gazed at him in a half-comprehending way, then, leaving his cape where it had fallen, he started away, down the line.

The Bliss family were by no means the only members of the garrison whose rest was disturbed that night. About four o'clock, Lieutenant Swift was awakened by a furious pounding at his door. Springing out of bed, he admitted an orderly, who saluted and said :

"The Commanding Officer's compliments, sir, and you will report at his office at once."

Swift hurriedly dressed, and as he was walking rapidly to the office, he noticed that the lights were burning in the Cavalry barracks, and the men were bustling about.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself, "this means business," and he increased his walk to a run. Upon reaching the Commandant's office, he reported for orders.

"Have your company of scouts mounted and ready to leave the post at six o'clock. You will accompany the two troops of Cavalry and render them any assistance in your power. About one hundred and fifty Indians have left the reservation, and are supposed to be traveling down the Missouri River."

"Very good, sir," and he was gone.

Hurrying to his scouts' quarters, he roused them and ordered them to catch their ponies and be in the saddle soon after sunrise. Then stopping at commissary and quartermaster's only long enough to attend to matters necessary for their departure, he returned to his quarters, to get his arms, a buckskin hunting-shirt and such bedding as he needed.

Promptly at six o'clock the column, consisting of the two troops of Cavalry and the one company of scouts, moved down the line. It halted in front of the Commandant's quarters to receive his parting instructions, and to await the arrival of the wagon-train. All of the garrison was, by this time, awake, and assembled on the front porches to see the departure of the troops.

Catching sight of Clara and her sister, Swift tossed his reins to the scout nearest him, and ran over to bid them farewell. As he neared the doctor's quarters, Clara turned and went into the house. This puzzled the young man, but after saying "Good-bye" to Josephine, whose manner was unexplainedly cold, he asked if he might see Miss Clara before they started.

"Sister asked to be excused, Mr. Swift. After what occurred last night, she could not see you. We will send your cape down to your quarters to-day."

Before she had finished, the bugles sounded the "forward," and Swift had only time to cast one pained and bewildered glance upon her, and hurry to his post. Many an hour after that, his mind was filled with those enigmatical words; and failing to find a better solution, he finally came to the conclusion that the young lady was offended because of his sudden departure upon his captain's arrival the night before.

* * * * *

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a hot July day. For miles and miles nothing could be seen but the endless succession of brown, barren, sunburned hills. Not a tree, not a drop of water, nor a green thing as far as the eye could reach. Toiling patiently up one of the low hills, was a long column of men, their horses wet from ears to croup, from the intense heat. Sunburned and covered with dust, they could hardly be recognized as the same band of horsemen that with prancing steeds had marched out of Fort Barnes but two short weeks before.

Riding near the center of the column were five prisoners of war, their hands tied together on the pommels of their saddles. These were Little Turtle and four of his braves who had longest resisted capture. The remainder of the marauders, with the exception of fifteen killed in a skirmish, had made their escape, and, from the direction of their trail, were trying to get back to the reservation. Some

distance in rear of the column were three rude pony-litters guarded by a few troops. In these were the badly wounded, consisting of Lieutenant Swift and two troopers, the former suffering from a dangerous arrow-wound in the right breast. Far out ahead of the column rode five Indian scouts. Suddenly one of them stopped his pony, and shielding his eyes from the glaring sun with one hand, pointed far on ahead with the other. All then quickly wheeled their ponies behind the shelter of a neighboring hill, and Hawk Man, the scout who had made the discovery, rode back to report.

"Sir, one man on horse comes this way. Me and Butcher ketch um."

Having secured the necessary permission, he and his comrade Butcher separated themselves from the little party, and passed out of sight. The column was halted, and the captain, followed by his adjutant, took position behind a rock, from where they could see what was to result. The little speck which the sharp eyes of the scout had discovered to be a horseman, alternately appeared and disappeared as it surmounted the hills and descended again into the *coulées*. It had disappeared and remained concealed from the watchers' eyes for some time, when suddenly it was seen again accompanied by the two scouts. They were now near enough for the stranger to be recognized as a soldier mounted on a mule. The column was again put in motion and advanced to meet the two. The new-comer proved to be a messenger from Fort Barnes, bearing dispatches for the Commanding Officer in the field, and letters for some of the officers. The dispatches ordered the troops back to garrison, saying that the report of the skirmish had been received, and that all of the marauders except the killed and the prisoners, had returned to the reservation.

Among the letters were two that Buttons took from the messenger and carried back to Swift's litter.

"Read them to me, old man. I am too weak to sit up to-day," was Swift's request when Buttons arrived. One was addressed in a feminine hand, and this Buttons opened first, and read :

FORT BARNES, June 30, 1882.

"DEAR MR. SWIFT :—You will doubtless be surprised at receiving this from me, but I could not let an opportunity go by of telling you how sorry I am not to have seen you on the morning of your departure. There was a dreadful mistake, and I am very sorry for it. You must have thought me very unappreciative of your kindness to me during my visit here. I cannot trust myself to explain on paper, but will do so fully when you return.

"We have all heard from the dispatches of your gallant conduct in the fight, and regret deeply that one of those awful Indians succeeded in shooting you. My sisters send their kindest regards, and the doctor says that you must come straight to his quarters, where we can nurse you back to health again.

"Hoping that we will see you very soon, I am,

"Your sincere friend,

"CLARA B. DICKENSON."

"Well, Rapid, I knew that there was something up the day that we left. What have you two been doing to each other? What is this 'terrible mistake'?"

"I give it up, Buttons. The little girl wouldn't see me when we left, and your *fiancée* was an iceberg. But read the other letter. It may shed some light on the question."

Buttons read :

FORT BARNES, June 30, 1882.

"DEAR MR. SWIFT : I write to apologize to you for some trouble that it seems I got you into. I borrowed your cape the night before you left, thinking that it was Sharpe's. Later in the evening, I was taken for you on account of its

white lining. You will hear the details soon enough, so I will not enter into them here. I assure you that the blunder was unintentional, and I am sorry to have injured you. It taught me a lesson, and I never shall so disgrace myself again.

"Yours with respect,
"DUNN."

A few days later, the troops marched back into Fort Barnes. Swift was quartered at the surgeon's, and the good care that he received there soon put him on his feet again.

One evening, during his convalescence, Rapid and Clara were seated in their old place on the surgeon's front porch. The moon was shining brightly upon the parade ground, and tinging with silver the waves of the river under the hill. The sweet notes of the bugle sounding "taps" had just died away, leaving a hushed silence over all, when Swift, taking one of Clara's small white hands in his, said:

"Clara, your sister and Buttons are going to be very happy. Why should not we be, too? I love you better than all else beside. Won't you love me just a little?"

"Have you quite forgiven me for that awful mistake, then?"

"Of course I have—or rather I will, if you will say just one little word for me."

"What is the word?"

"Yes!"

LIEUT. E. M. LEWIS, U. S. ARMY.

Practical Etiquette.

VII.

DINNER-PARTIES.

ANY hostesses shrink from the ordeal of giving a dinner-party, knowing well that it is one of the most troublesome forms of entertainment. But it is, at the same time, one of the pleasantest; and the hostess should remember that society appreciates her difficulties, and rewards her trials by granting her the palm among entertainers if she succeeds in her undertaking.

To invite a person to dinner is considered as a very great, perhaps the greatest, social compliment. The host thus shows his intentions of true hospitality, by asking his guest to join his family at their most important meal; while he emphasizes these intentions by apotheosizing the ordinary dinner into a glorified feast, a brilliant occasion, a party in miniature, with all the advantages, and none of the drawbacks, of an ordinary party.

If the hostess wishes to invite a guest to a quiet family dinner, she may say so in her note, or she may use the equivalent French expression "will you not dine with us *en famille*," or she may say "without ceremony." For a ceremonious dinner, however, a formal invitation is issued in the names of both host and hostess.

The formula should be:

*Mr. and Mrs. James Green
request the pleasure of*

*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White's company at dinner, on
Thursday, November fifteenth, at seven o'clock.*

47 Clermont Avenue.

Any invitation to dinner should be answered without delay, as the hostess naturally wishes to know whom she may certainly expect, and to have time to fill the place of any one who may decline. To so formal an invitation as the above, an acceptance or regret equally formal in character should be returned:

*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White
accept with pleasure the polite invitation of
Mr. and Mrs. James Green for dinner on Thursday,
November fifteenth, at seven o'clock.*

or,

*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White
regret that a previous engagement
(or illness, or an unfortunate event,)
prevents their acceptance of
Mr. and Mrs. James Green's polite invitation
for Thursday evening, November fifteenth.*

To a less formal invitation the reply would of course be less formal. The style of the invitation should be a guide for the formality of the reply.

It is considered very rude to break a dinner engagement without serious cause, such as illness or a death in the family; and in case of necessity for doing so, the hostess should be immediately notified.

The proper dress for a late dinner is full evening-dress for gentlemen,—black swallow-tail coat, black trousers, and low-cut waistcoat, with white muslin or mull tie.

For very elegant occasions ladies wear light colors and *décolleté* or square cut dresses; but for even quite ceremonious dinners, dark rich fabrics are considered suitable for toilets, and for these, high corsages made or trimmed in a dressy fashion are usually preferred. Both ladies and gentlemen remove their gloves on sitting down at the table; it is not allowable to eat dinner, luncheon, or any "set" meal with gloves on.

Should a hostess keep dinner waiting if one or more of her guests are late? As a matter of strict etiquette she is not obliged to do so, since the laws of politeness make it the guests' duty to arrive not more than five minutes later than the hour designated. A good-natured hostess would be apt, however, to wait for a quarter or half an hour, especially if the delaying guest were a person of distinction. Many ladies do not wait in any case, arguing that to do so would be a want of courtesy to the punctual guests.

Dinner is usually announced soon after the arrival of the last guest, and the host leads the way to the dining-room, offering his arm to the lady for whom the dinner was given, or to the eldest or most distinguished lady present. The other couples follow without special order, save that the younger yield to the elder, the hostess invariably coming last, accompanied by the most distinguished gentleman, or the one for whom the dinner was given. No matter how distinguished the guest of honor may be he does not take precedence of the host.

A gentleman gave a dinner-party, not long ago, for an English nobleman, and asked his guest to lead the way to the dinner-table. In doing so he undoubtedly made a mistake. Foreign etiquette demands that a royal personage shall thus take precedence of other people, on the ground that a royal guest is considered to take possession of his entertainer's house for the time being; it becomes his house, he commands it temporarily, and the guests are invited in accordance with his wishes. But this rule does not apply to the nobility; and the host of the dinner-party of which I have just spoken, was guilty of a breach of etiquette toward the lady whom he himself took in to dinner, since it was her right and privilege to head the procession with him.

The lady who is the guest of honor sits at the right of the host, the second place of honor being on his left. In the same way the gentleman who takes the hostess in to dinner sits on her right hand, and the gentleman who is second in distinction or importance sits on her left.

For a ceremonious occasion a card with the name of the guest should be placed beside each plate. This arrangement saves much trouble, and prevents needless confusion and hesitation. Even at an informal dinner, the hostess should decide beforehand where each guest is to sit, since this is a very important point: husband and wife should never be placed next each other, neither should the brilliant talkers; these latter should be seated beside the quiet people who are naturally disinclined to conversation. Particular attention must always be paid to the placing of strangers, who should find themselves next to people who will be inclined to make themselves agreeable. Other things being equal, a stranger should take precedence of other guests, and is usually the guest of honor.

It is the custom at some houses to say grace before the guests sit down to table; at others, grace is said after every one is seated; while at others again there is a silent grace, or the ceremony is omitted altogether. Guests therefore should carefully watch the actions of the host and hostess, in order that they may not carelessly interrupt a religious ceremony by untimely conversation or laughter. Where a clergyman is present, it is usual to ask him to say grace; and in some families ordinary guests are asked to do so: but I think that this latter plan should be avoided, as it sometimes embarrasses a person very much to be requested to ask a blessing who is not in the habit of doing so. A gentleman should draw out the chair for a lady he escorts to the dining-room, and assist her in moving it up to the table again before sitting down himself, unless there are servants enough to attend to this duty.

At private houses, menu cards are now seldom used. Where the service is *à la Russe*, as is now the custom at all elaborate and formal dinners, matters are much simplified for guest and host alike. A well-drilled butler is the king of the feast, and with his assistants attends to all details, so that the guest has nothing to do but to eat what is set before him, and make himself agreeable to his neighbors. Even at a dinner of this sort, however, there are some snares for the unwary; and as a clever society-woman said to the writer recently, "It is well to look out for surprises about the time when the sherbet is likely to appear." She had recently attended a dinner where sherbet was served in rosebuds made of rose-colored ice, and one of the guests, mistaking the little pink iceberg for a real flower, picked it up, and the sherbet was spilled, leaving her a sadder, but a wiser woman.

Persons who have lived quietly in city or country often feel quite nervous if they are invited to attend a formal dinner-party, and imagine that they will be surrounded with all sorts of difficulties; but these difficulties are for the most part purely imaginary.

Proceed boldly, but quietly, and eat what is set before you, without endeavoring to determine its precise nature. This you cannot expect to do, and it is entirely unnecessary that you should. Thus, chicken and fish arranged in certain ways look very much alike. The guest will attack the uncertain viand with the fork (since croquettes, *rissoles*, and the various compound French dishes are eaten with the fork alone), but if it is found to be a simple slice of chicken, the knife may then be used—of course only as an implement for carving. The knife should never be used to press food on the fork, and, I need hardly say, should never be placed in the mouth.

Perhaps it will be well, however, to begin at the beginning, and to give an imaginary inexperienced friend a few hints as to possible dangers. In the first place, the ice-water may be placed on table in *carafes*, or water-bottles, of white or colored glass. Of course it is entirely proper for our inexperienced friend—whom we will call i. f. for brevity's

sake—to help himself to water, where there are water-bottles on the table; he will avoid reaching in front of his neighbor, and will ask the latter to pass the carafe, if he himself cannot conveniently reach it.

If the feast begins with oysters on the half-shell, our i. f. will look out for a small oyster-fork, with very short square prongs, as it is with this that he must eat the bivalves. This fork is usually placed on the right-hand side, beside the knives, the other forks being on the left. A piece of lemon is usually placed in the center of the oyster-plate. If the oysters are unduly large, they may be cut in two with the fork, but *not* with a knife, which is reserved for meats served plainly; *i. e.*, not made up into the various forms of "celestial hash or stew" which the French have given us, and for which a fork is a sufficient weapon.

While it is a mark of bad breeding to eat rapidly, our i. f. must also avoid the other extreme, of delaying unduly long over any course, thus keeping the rest of the company waiting. It is impossible for some persons to eat and talk at the same time; but for a diner-out this is an indispensable accomplishment, unless he is willing to starve. I do not mean to say, literally, that one should talk and eat at the same instant of time, but one should manage skillfully to alternate the two, and avoid devouring an entire course in silence. If our i. f. observes that everyone else has finished eating, while he himself is not so far advanced, he need not be at all troubled by this circumstance, since it is not an unusual one. Let him, in such a case, simply lay down his knife and fork, and the servant will soon relieve him of all further embarrassment by whisking away his plate. At an informal dinner where one has reason to suppose that there will be only one course of meat, it is allowable to finish eating, even if other persons are thus kept waiting a little while.

Our i. f. must bear in mind that it is now the rule to begin to eat as soon as one is helped, since it would greatly delay the service of the present elaborate style of dinner if the guests waited at each one of fourteen or more courses until everybody were served. Our i. f. will also, in accordance with modern usage, retain the plate which is handed to him, instead of passing it along, as the latter course is sure to create confusion and delay. If there were no servant to wait upon the table, a gentleman would, however, hand to the lady next him a plate which the hostess gave him, unless the latter requested him to keep it himself. She should not do this, be it said *en passant*, as it is an invariable rule that all the ladies, including those of the house, should be helped before any of the gentlemen, whether guests or members of the household. (For an old or infirm person, an exception might certainly be made to this rule.)

Our i. f. may possibly have had the bad habit of cutting up his bread with a knife, or of putting pieces of it in his gravy. Neither of these practices is allowable; bread should be broken, not cut. Thus, at dinner, one would break off a small piece of bread at a time, rather than take a bite from the entire slice or piece, as bread should always be cut in small, thick pieces at this meal. With the soup there should be no special difficulty, save the recurring one of eating it quietly; gentlemen who wear moustaches find soup a troublesome dish to manage. Bread should not be broken into a plate of soup.

The hostess should caution her servants to be very careful not to fill the soup-plates, and to hand them so that no drop may spill. Where two soups are served, as is customary at elaborate dinners, a lady wearing an expensive dress shrinks in dread from a footman bearing in each hand a plate of soup, lest he may ruin her gown. But soup is an important adjunct, even to a simple dinner, and those who

are accustomed to it dislike very much to dine without it. Thus, a dinner with only one course of meat, if this were preceded by a soup, and supplemented by salad, some delicate pudding or sweet dish, fruit, and coffee, would be a meal in which all the essentials were comprised, and to which, if it were well served, a host need not be afraid to ask either a friend or a stranger.

Our i. f. may use the knife, provided it be a silver one, in removing the bones from his fish. A steel knife should never be used with fish. He need not hesitate to help himself to olives (served on a small dish or plate) with his fingers, although it is better to have a spoon upon the olive-plate. Olives are eaten with the fingers, and so are salted almonds. Neither of these dishes forms a course by itself, but they are eaten between or with its courses, the guests often handing them to one another. For salad, a knife is not usually needed, although one may be used when the salad contains whole leaves of lettuce.

While it is the fashion to eat ice-cream with a fork (a fashion by no means universally followed), water-ices are of necessity eaten with a spoon. Fruit requires great care and nicety in eating. Bananas should be peeled and sliced with a knife, and eaten with a fork. Pears and peaches, if at all juicy, are better managed with both knife and fork. All stones and seeds should be quietly removed from the lips with the thumb and fingers, and laid upon the edge of the plate. Most persons avoid eating oranges at a ceremonious dinner, it being so difficult to eat this juicy fruit, and the preparation of it taking so much time. Oranges may be divided into sections and eaten with the fingers, or cut up in small pieces and eaten with a fork.

Our inexperienced friend should open the door for the ladies when they leave the dining-room, if his seat be near the door. He may follow them to the drawing-room, or he may remain in the dining-room with the other gentlemen, who usually make but a short delay, and then join the ladies in the drawing-room, where coffee is served.

It is well for all gentlemen to know how to carve; for though the carving is usually done on the sideboard or in the kitchen, in houses where a large number of servants are kept, many people prefer to have the joints come to the table before they are cut. It is the duty of the gentleman who sits next to the hostess to offer to relieve her of the carving.

Our i. f. must remember to remove promptly the finger-bowl and doily from his plate in order not to delay the service of the fruit course. At the end of this course, he will dip his fingers daintily into the finger-bowl, and pass them, thus moistened, over his mouth, wiping both mouth and fingers on a fruit-napkin, if one has been provided; otherwise upon his dinner-napkin. At a ceremonious meal the napkin is never folded, but simply laid beside the plate. At an informal meal, many persons fold up their napkins, especially if the hostess fold hers.*


In conclusion, let us hope that our inexperienced friend will not neglect either of his neighbors at table because he is absorbed in the pleasures of eating, or because he wishes to listen to some more brilliant talker across the table. This may be done occasionally, but not constantly. He must also avoid talking across people or endeavoring to entertain the entire company, unless it be at the house of an intimate friend, or unless he is an exceptionally brilliant and agreeable man. Even the most agreeable persons must be careful not to monopolize conversation, since this is a sin which society does not readily forgive.

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

* Suggestions about the arrangement of the table, etc., will be found in the article entitled "A Little Dinner-Party," in the Magazine for last February, and also in the article "Laying the Table," by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, in the last March number.

The Head of Orpheus.

(See Page Engraving.)

HE classic myth of Orpheus, the divine poet, musician, and philosopher, has furnished sweetest inspiration to countless modern poets, musicians, and artists. Thrace is fabled to have been the birthplace of Orpheus, son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, and the lover-husband of the nymph Eurydice. Disconsolate at the loss of this beloved wife, who died from a serpent-bite, Orpheus took his lyre and descended to the dominion of Pluto, resolved to win his love from Hades or share her fate. Easily enough he gained admittance, and at the music of his "golden shell" the tortures of the accursed were forgotten, and the dark ruler of the realm of the dead gave him back his Eurydice, on condition—there is always a condition—that he should not look back at her once until they had reached the upper world.

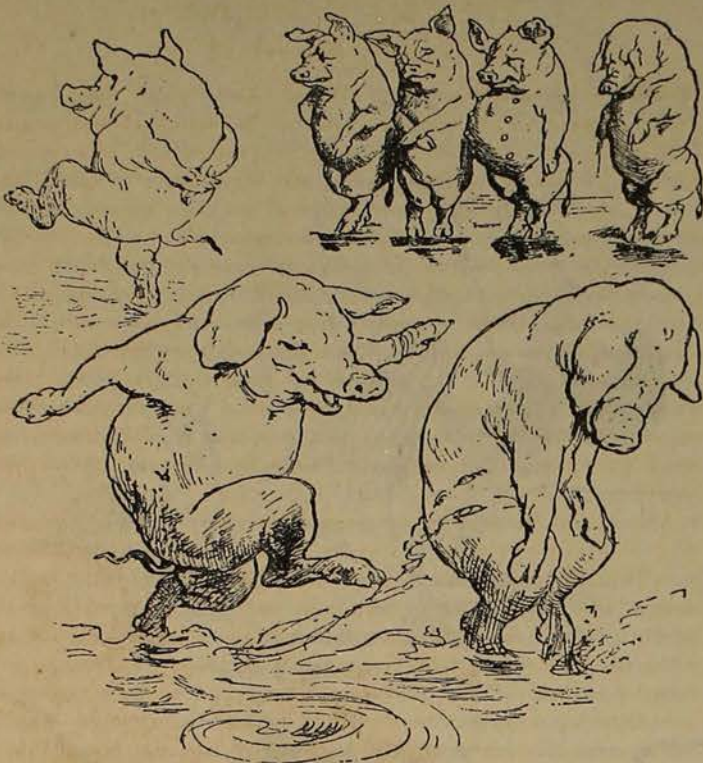
Alas! love is so often its own executioner! In his tenderness and anxiety and loving doubt, he forgot the condition and looked back.—to behold her, indeed, but for the last time. She smiled and vanished, and left him to wander desolate upon the Thracian mountains. Here he encountered the Mœnades, who, frenzied with Bacchanal orgies and enraged at his sorrow, fell upon him and tore him to pieces, and only his severed head and lyre were afterward found, having been wafted to the shores of Lesbos, where they were piously interred.

The beautiful painting by Gustave Moreau, "*Jeune Fille avec la Tête d'Orphée*"—"The Head of Orpheus"—illustrates the sad close of the legend, and is a work full of the subtlest fascination.

A young girl clad in richly embroidered draperies of a fashion half-classical, half-Oriental, and combining exquisitely harmonized tints of blue and green, stands holding on a lyre of ivory, elaborately painted and wrought, the head of Orpheus,—of godlike beauty even in its bloodless and deathly pallor. She gazes down on it with an expression of boundless though subdued pity, through which pierces, too, somewhat of an unconscious amorous longing.

In the personality of the painter Gustave Moreau there is also, as well as in his works, something of the attraction of the enigma, living as he has the life of a recluse, and concealing even from his most intimate friends all but the barest details of his early life and training. He was born about the year 1828, but although devoting himself enthusiastically to art, it was not until 1864 that his reputation became established as a distinct personality. It was the famous "*Œdipus and the Sphinx*," exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1864, which exposed the painter to the floods of criticism which swept in varying tides around his work. Andrea Mantegna, Leonardo da Vinci, and the later Lombard school of art seem to have influenced him strongly, yet the more discriminating of critics recognize the originality and genuineness of his refined and penetrating, if somewhat fantastic, art.

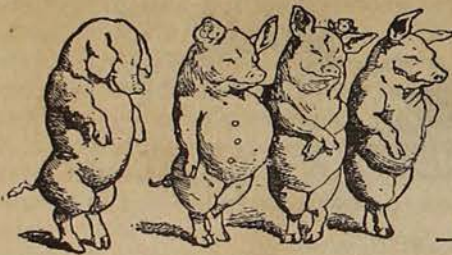
DRAWING MODELS FOR JUVENILE ARTISTS.—The amusing sketches on the following pages will be found exceedingly interesting to the youngsters, especially those whose infantile ideas expand in an artistic direction. They are excellent drawing models for the slate or blackboard, and can be traced readily on a transparent slate or thin paper. The youthful artist fond of color can paint over them in water-colors as they are, and throw a new light on the thrilling adventures of the Porkers and the belligerent sparrows, by a lavish use of red and yellow paints. The more advanced disciples of art will find these excellent designs for doilies and decorative purposes in general.



Morning Toilet of the Old Porkers.



Morning Toilet of the Juvenile Porkers.



Strikes the Match.



Lights the Paper.



Gets Burned.



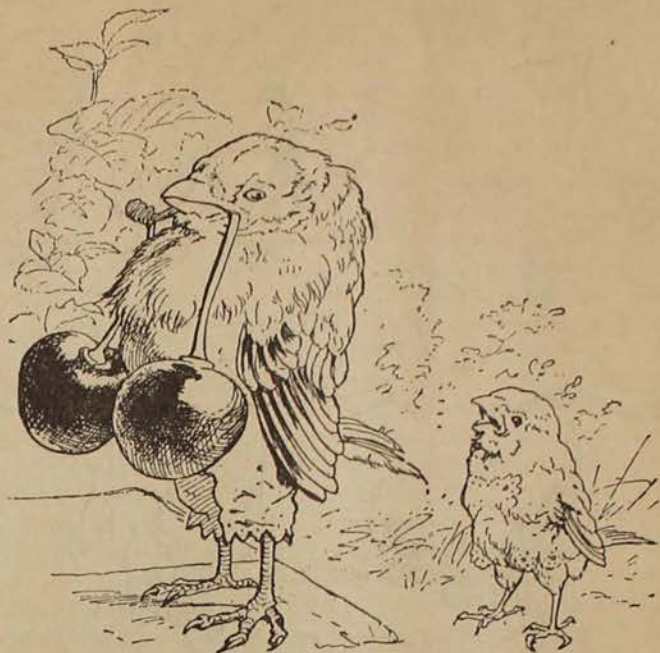
Is Laid Up.

DRAWING MODELS FOR JUVENILE ARTISTS.

THE PORKER FAMILY, AND PLAYING WITH FIRE.



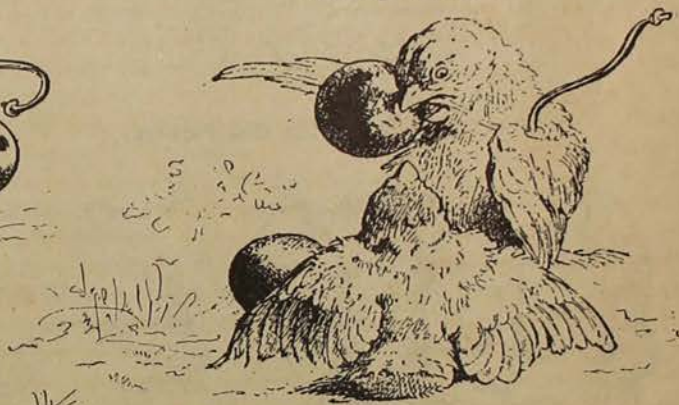
In Possession.



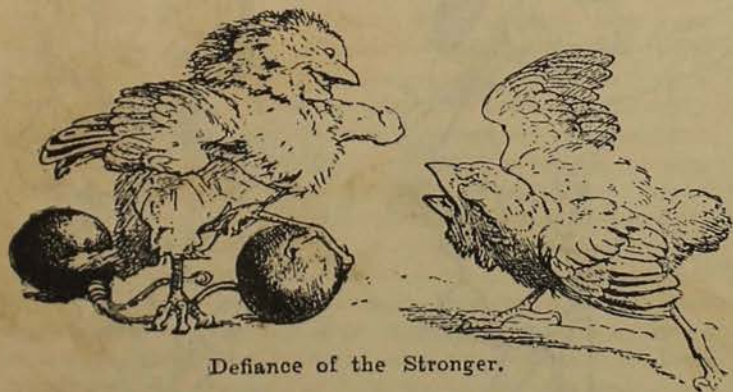
Wanting a Share.



Preliminary Negotiations.



The Fight Commences.



Defiance of the Stronger.



Fierce Onslaught.



Worsted.



Victorious.



At Dinner.

DRAWING MODELS FOR JUVENILE ARTISTS.

THE SPARROWS AND THE CHERRIES, AND MR. PUG AT DINNER.

Our Girls.

Pleasant Reading for "Seven Times Two."

EASY SCIENCE AND TRAVELS.

IN my very early youth I remember being much impressed by a story something like this :

The children (this was long ago when children were rigorously reared) all revolted, threw off the parental or scholastic yoke, and made a Declaration of Independence. This was easily accomplished, as the children were more than three to one, as bold as lions, and as quick as squirrels. Then came a time of holiday and revelry. School-books were sold to the rag-man for waste paper, trim lawns were turned into croquet and ball grounds, and the fruiterer, baker, and ice-cream man had more orders than they could possibly fill. But the grocer and the butcher were unhappy, for plain food was quite neglected in favor of sweet things.

The juvenile dynasty, like the great empires of old, met its ruin through its luxuries. The elders soon got the upper hand once more, and let us hope that, being strong, they were merciful. They gained an easy victory, because the children were all sick and starving, both at once, poor things! in consequence of having fed entirely on sweeties.

Many persons choose their reading as those children chose their food. As they ate only to gratify a love for sweet things, these people read only to gratify a frivolous, or sometimes morbid taste. In consequence, their minds are sick, as is evident when they turn from wholesome, stimulating books, as one cloyed with dainties turns from plain, nourishing food; and their minds are starving, because their reading has given them neither sound knowledge, high aims, or noble thoughts. They seem to think that literature is only meant to amuse us. But good books (and only such shall concern us) are to teach us, to make us think, to comfort us, and to put and keep before us noble motives and high ideals. They are also to pass the time pleasantly and to make us laugh; but amusement is by no means their chief purpose.

It does not follow that a book is dull because the writer has a noble purpose in view. On the contrary, some of the most entertaining stories in our language are also the most inspiring and the purest. But those who look upon reading only as a recreation are apt, even when they read such stories, to miss the thought or truth which is the very soul of the narrative; while they let the dust gather on the histories, biographies, and travels which would make themselves very agreeable if only they were not so severely snubbed and slighted.

This is one evil effect of the overwork in most schools. Pupils, naturally anxious to stand well in their class, must spend so many hours in hard work, that when there is leisure for reading, the overstrained mind turns to light, not to say frivolous, books. If less time were spent in enforced study, and if girls were encouraged to devote part of their leisure to good reading, we would have, in the end, better educated women.

As it is, they graduate with a stock of acquirement, much of which is of little value, unless they use it in teaching, but with so little general knowledge that they cannot converse intelligently with cultured people. They can seldom write a good letter, because they have not the command of language which we can get by wide and well-chosen reading. Sometimes they have not even formed a taste for good books; for this appetite, like many others, grows by what it feeds on. They are, in fact, so much schooled, that they are not at all—in the highest sense—educated.

A few months ago I visited in a household where there were three daughters, whose ages ranged from twenty-one to sixteen. These girls had passed most of their lives in a rough and newly settled part of Virginia, where the only school within miles was a country district school, attended by an uncombed, unwashed, unmannerly tribe of scholars. The mother disliked such associates for her girls, and equally disliked to send them away to a distant boarding-school. They have received only such education as this good mother could give in brief intervals of leisure, supplemented by what some of the wisest and greatest of earth could give them—through books. The result is that these girls are more truly educated than many who have taken degrees at female colleges. They "take" the allusions which naturally arise when people talk of books and ideas. If a standard work is mentioned, very likely they have read it, or at least they know something of its author or character. When a subject is broached of which they are ignorant, their manner says, not, as is the case with some graduates we have met, "This, I am sure, is not worth knowing, for if it were I should know it already," but, "This is probably useful and interesting. I should like to know more about it."

So much good reading, alone, has done for girls who have had no specialist teachers, no uninterrupted regular hours for study, and none of the stimulus of working with many others. Suppose, with the advantages which many schools give, girls had ample time for reading and used it sensibly. Why, we should soon see a generation of women as wise as the wonderful Brunehild!

But vacation gives a long respite; and even when it is not vacation, outside reading may be a great help to school-work. An interesting historical story helps one to remember facts and dates which may be asked in examination, and makes persons and events seem real; and some pleasantly written work on natural science may be an admirable ally to the dryer text-book, making the lessons not only easier but far more interesting.

One little bit of knowledge all by itself is like an unset pearl; valuable perhaps, but very easy to lose. But if a number of pearls be joined together in a chain, we have them safe. So if some plan is followed in reading, the books perused will be not only better enjoyed, but better remembered, than if we read them in helter-skelter fashion, without any system whatever.

This plan of course will not be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. We may weary of one subject, and what is read unwillingly and with an effort, seldom does much good. We may like to keep two books on hand at once; one for amusement, and one for amusement and benefit both. Yet one good work read understandingly generally awakens a desire for further reading.

"The Boyhood of Living Authors" inspires a wish to know something of the writings of the famous men whose youthful struggles and ambitions Mr. Rideing recounts so pleasantly.

"What Our Girls Ought to Know," in a few chapters treats of the complex and wonderful mechanism of our bodies. Of course there is but little told about each organ. We wish to learn more, and we can do so from a really delightful little book called "The History of a Mouthful of Bread," and translated from the French of Jean Macé, who is the most popular writer for children and young people in France.

In tracing this mouthful through the body, Mr. Macé tells us in a bright and simple way all about the teeth, the throat, the stomach, and the marvelous machinery by which our food is converted into flesh, blood, bone, and nerve, and so into bodily and mental force. In making clear what he wishes to tell, the author uses playful and surprising com-

parisons, which make us laugh, but they certainly make us understand. Many older readers will get both pleasure and profit from this little book, as they will also from Mr. Macé's other works for young people. "The Servants of the Stomach," and "The History of the Senses and Thought."

"Life and Her Children" opens our eyes to so many things never seen before, yet lying in our very footsteps, that every country walk is filled with wonder and delight. Yet this book only makes us acquainted with a few of our little outdoor neighbors, and there are many others just as well worth knowing. These are delightfully introduced in a work by Ernest Ingersoll, called "Country Cousins." In bright, graceful style, and in simple language, the author tells us most interesting things about the little living creatures we all see in the country every day. The book is full of pictures faithful to nature, and exquisitely beautiful. It would be a welcome gift to a boy or girl interested in outdoor things, for when the time comes for returning it to the library, one cannot part from it without a pang. It was said of Thoreau, who was an enthusiastic student and lover of nature, that he got more pleasure in a walk across the fields than some people do in a trip to Europe.

Girls in their teens begin to feel the longing of youth for travel, activity, and change.

"Kitty's going to Europe next spring; I wish I was!" "I'd love to go out West!" "Oh, I do so long to travel!" are speeches we all hear from young people every day.

Someone (probably no longer young) says he can get all the travel *he* wants without leaving his library chair. With a good atlas, and some books which he could name, he says he can visit any known part of the globe. Moreover, he adds, his way of traveling involves no long bills, no wear and tear to luggage and temper, no fatigue, no "rows" with hackmen or custom-house officers, no seasickness, and no colds caught from exposure to all sorts of weather. Young people greatly prefer the other sort of traveling, even with rows, coughs, delays, bills, nausea, and back-ache, "thrown in." "But, beloved," says a very philosophic proverb, "if we cannot get what we want, let us want what we can get."

The stay-at-homes can get some, at least, of the pleasures of travel, from books; and if Dame Fortune ever grows amiable enough to let us visit in person the spots we can to-day visit only in imagination, we shall see and enjoy all the more through knowing beforehand what to look out for.

The "Zig-Zag" books with their many beautiful pictures are well known and liked already, and are probably to be found in every town or school library. "Our Girls" have possibly already enjoyed these, and also those merry chronicles of the manifold adventures of "The Bodley Family." These, too, are full of fine engravings.

"A Family Flight," by E. E. Hale, is an amusing account of a trip through France, Germany, Norway, and Switzerland. It will entertain the whole household, and as it is written in chatty, cheery style, is suitable to read aloud in long winter evenings at home, or at the meetings of the girls' sewing-society; but it will have to be passed around the audience from time to time that the very many and beautiful pictures may receive due appreciation.

Girls must take their share in a book by Bayard Taylor called "Boys of Other Lands." The author of these tales wandered over many countries, seeing whatever was strange and lovely in them, and he could describe what he saw with rare charm. In reading these stories we seem to breathe the very air of those "other lands" in which the "boys" lived. The story we are reading seems best of all, no matter which we begin with; but "Jon of Iceland" will perhaps have the greatest interest for many persons, because it vividly describes life in a country of which we seldom hear or read.

"The Adventures of a Young Naturalist" is an account of a little lad's tramping tour through the Cordilleras of Mexico, in company with his father, a scientific friend, and a faithful Indian servant. The young hero puts up with the fatigues and discomfords of the journey with cheerful patience worthy of a veteran. But his troubles are not very heavy or lasting, and his pleasures we can all share in imagination, for Mr. Biart, the author of the book, describes the strange scenery of Mexico so that we seem to see the dense forests all tied together with wild vines, the gorgeous flowers of cactus and aloë, and the gem-like insects of the torrid zone. The scientist makes himself both useful and agreeable by telling, like Van Amburgh in the song, all he has to tell about these tropic plants and animals, and expressing himself in every-day language easily understood.

"The Boys' and Girls' Book of Travel," by Alexander Strahan, is a fat and cheerful book, full of stories of adventure in strange lands and seas. There is no preface to tell us whether these are true or not, but they have an air of veracity and will amuse any reader old or young. So will "Fairy Geography," a new and much appreciated book. This contains so much that is useful and pleasant, that we would like to have it always in the house to re-read or refer to. It is written by Forbes Winslow, an English clergyman, and dedicated to his own daughter Ethel. She and many other English girls enjoyed it so much that it has been reprinted in New York, for us.

A droll frontispiece represents the writer (as we suppose) with two young companions, flying through the air by the aid of three wonderful pairs of electric boots, and fairly outstripping a line of wild ducks behind and beneath them. Sometimes, by way of variety, they fly from place to place on a wishing carpet, like that described in the Arabian Nights. However, their breath is not taken away, as ours might be, by such novel experiences, for the father is able to tell, and the children to hear, many amusing things about the landscapes and people far beneath them. When there is something of especial interest to be seen, the carpet obligingly sails downward, allowing its passengers to alight and walk or drive about the busy streets of foreign towns, looking at the famous buildings, the gay shops, and the strange faces and dresses of the people. This book is filled with good pictures.

Some delightful stories which originally appeared as serials are now republished in book form. One of these, "The Talking Leaves," is a tale of Indian life, which will amuse and please all the girls. Another, entitled "Into Unknown Seas," by David Ker, is, strictly speaking, a boys' book; but girls will enjoy it, notwithstanding. It tells of a gentleman with a love for the sea, a taste for roving, and a big, benevolent heart, who cruises about in a large steam-yacht with a crew of boys, mostly poor castaways whom he has picked up in various parts of the world, and rescued from abuse or starvation. The descriptions of foreign coasts and wind-swept seas are very vivid, and the book contains two or three of those quaint songs with which sailors encourage themselves as they haul up the heavy sails. Everyone who has made a voyage on an English vessel will recognize these, though I think they have never appeared in print before.

Frank Stockton's "Tales Out of School" and "Round-about Rambles" are in constant demand, and their place on the library shelves is generally empty. A young friend who knew that the author's name was guarantee of a treat, had to wait some time before she could even get a glimpse at them to see "what they were about." At last she secured them by special favor of the librarian, and now she says she "could more easily tell what they are *not* about." They are a number of pleasant stories of travel, famous

tales from mythology, and talks about animals and plants, which all the young folks will enjoy.

Helen Hunt's bright, charming books, "Bits of Travel," and "Bits of Travel at Home," fairly bewitch both juvenile and adult readers. She describes cities and landscapes so vividly that we seem to know just how they look, as well as if we had been there; and she merrily tells of her little adventures on the road till we feel as if we all shared her trip. "Described" and "told," I should have said, for this noble woman's work on earth is done.

"An Old World as Seen Through Young Eyes" is written by a girl. "When I was about to start for Europe," says the young author, Ellen H. Walworth, in the preface, "mother and I decided that I should write long letters home on the rainy days and between-times of our trip, which she would keep together until my return. They would answer every purpose of a journal, and at the same time keep her informed of our whereabouts and adventures. From the time I landed at Glasgow I wrote nearly every week; but we traveled about so constantly that news from our friends was often long in overtaking us. * * * * It was not until we reached Rome that I heard from home that my letters were being published in the 'Albany Sunday Press.'"

Details which an older tourist might ignore are recorded

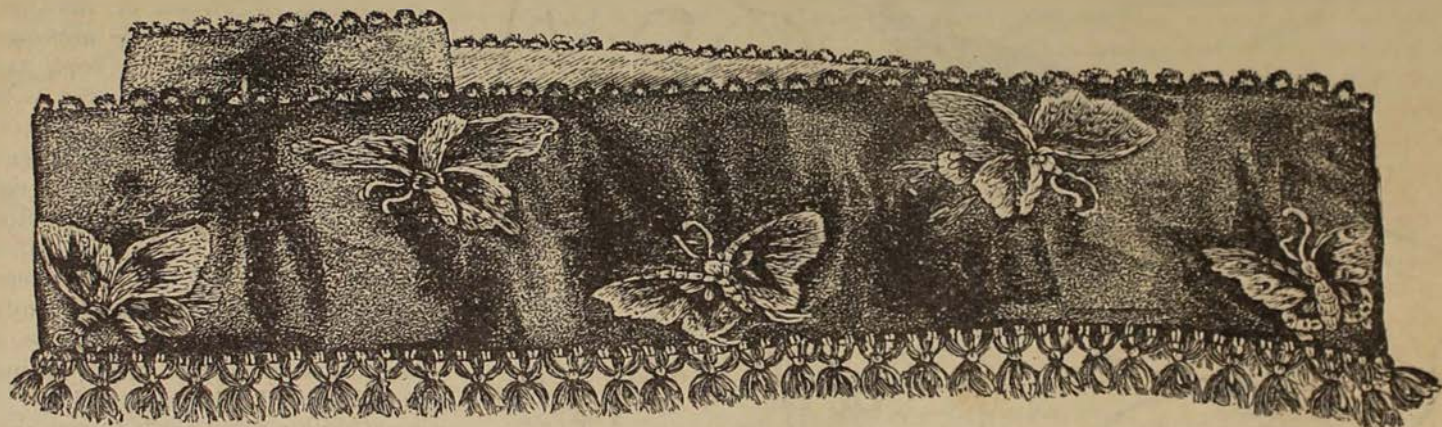
by this bright young girl, and they certainly help the reader to enjoy the imaginary trip. She sometimes refers to characters and events perhaps unknown to "seven times two." But a young traveler visiting the old world misses half her pleasure unless she knows the stories connected with these, which are familiar to every really well-educated person.

A girl who reads much, meets with many words and references which she does not understand. If she skips these and never tries to find out the author's real meaning, she loses much pleasure and benefit. Few of us have the Spartan virtue to leave an amusing book in order to hunt something up in the dictionary or the encyclopedia; so it is a good plan, I think, to keep a slip of paper in the volume one is reading, and to set down on it uncomprehended words, and names of places one cannot "locate," or of persons of whom one knows nothing. These one can look up on some leisure day, or one can ask some better informed person about them.

Then perhaps will follow an odd experience which I find many persons have had. The fact or word we have just made our own is sure to meet us again very soon; it seems to seek us out, like a person recently introduced who wishes to improve acquaintance, and to come to meet us like a living, friendly thing.

E. M. HARDINGE.

Home Art and Home Comfort.



1.—EMBROIDERED SOFA-BACK.

Embroidered Sofa-Back.

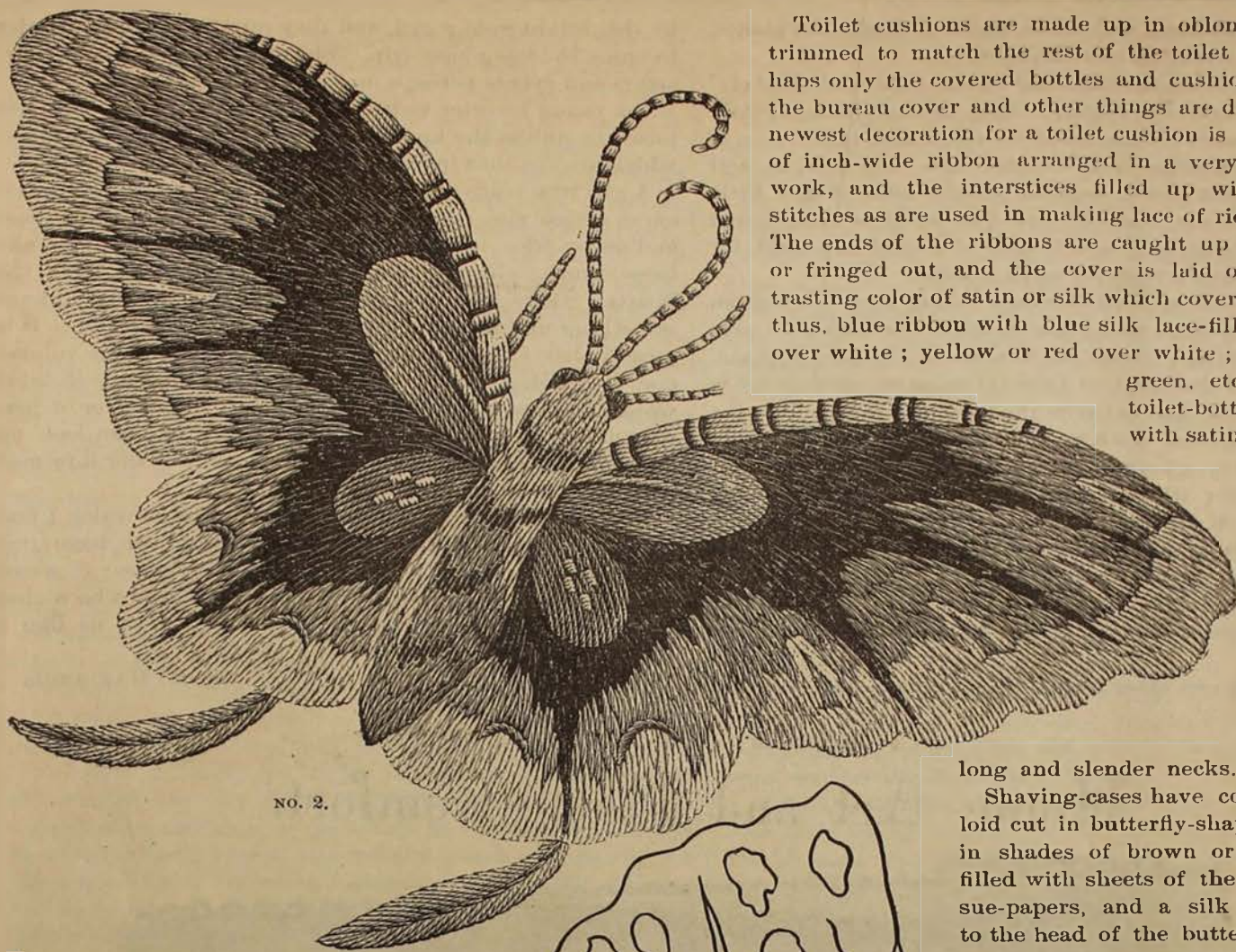
THIS is made of copper-red silk plush, lined with the same colored satin, and edged with a fringe of silk tassels of the same color. The decoration is composed of butterflies embroidered in colored silks in *plumetis*, or plain feather-stitch. No. 2 gives an embroidered butterfly in actual size, and shows very clearly the method of working and the shadings in browns and gold. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 give outline designs for the butterflies, which are to be cut out of heavy gray linen and gummed on the plush before the embroidery is worked. This secures a firmer foundation for the embroidery than if it were worked directly on the plush. The butterflies may also be cut out of white satin and shaded in Paris tinting and then appliquéd on the plush with arrasene or chenille embroidery. They are also adapted to many other styles of embroidery, or Kensington and lustra paintings. As outline designs they are very effective. The completed plush sofa-back is shown partly folded over. The same decoration and design is suitable for a lambrequin, table-cover, cover for an upright piano, or any similar article. (See pages 176 and 177.)

For the Toilet Table.

THE prettiest bureau and toilet covers are squares or oblong pieces of bolting-cloth, lined with silk or satin, painted or colored in Paris tinting, and sometimes embroidered very lightly, for the delicate fabric will not stand much manipulation.

Bolton sheeting, sometimes confounded with bolting-cloth, owing to the similarity of names, is a different material altogether, although used for similar purposes. It is a heavy, coarse, cotton cloth, somewhat like canvas, but soft in texture, and may be decorated in any of the fashionable modes of ornamentation, painting, embroidery, cross-stitching, or appliqué.

Hem-stitched linen squares and bureau-covers are beautifully decorated with outline designs in colored cable silk, filled in with lace stitches or darned work in the same silk. Gold-colored silk works up most effectively on the white, and as the silk may be washed, the work well repays the trouble. The pattern for embroidery furnished with the number of the Magazine for August, 1888, and the butterflies in the present number could be used for this work.



NO. 2.

Toilet cushions are made up in oblong shapes and trimmed to match the rest of the toilet trifles, or perhaps only the covered bottles and cushion match, and the bureau cover and other things are different. The newest decoration for a toilet cushion is a cover made of inch-wide ribbon arranged in a very open lattice-work, and the interstices filled up with such lace-stitches as are used in making lace of rick-rack braid. The ends of the ribbons are caught up in short loops or fringed out, and the cover is laid on over a contrasting color of satin or silk which covers the cushion: thus, blue ribbon with blue silk lace-filling is put on over white; yellow or red over white; terra cotta on

green, etc. The large toilet-bottles are covered with satin and then with this ribbon lace. The newest shapes in toilet bottles are diamond-formed instead of round, or the low, Etruscan vase-shaped bottles with

long and slender necks.

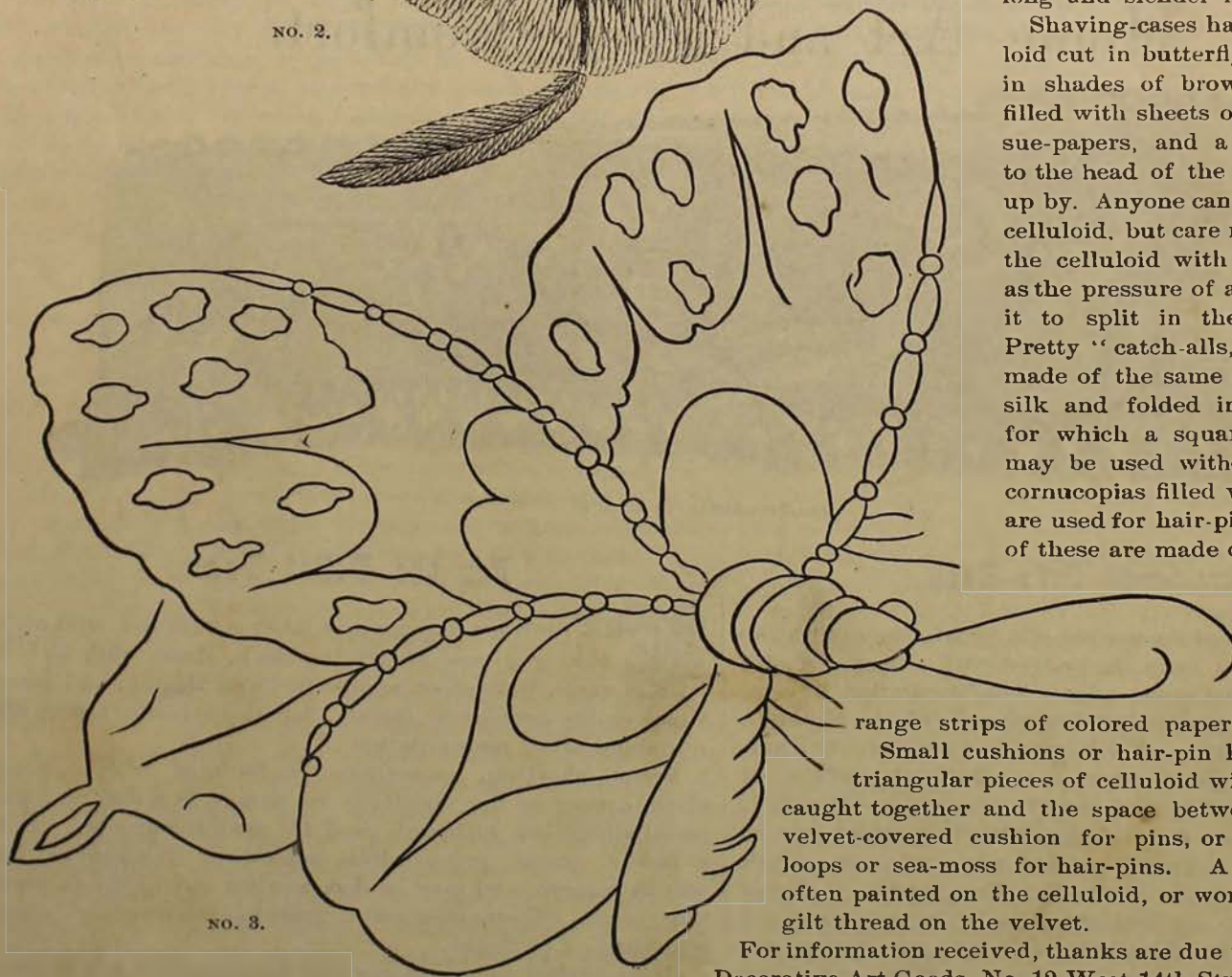
Shaving-cases have covers of celluloid cut in butterfly-shape and painted in shades of brown or lilac, and are filled with sheets of the necessary tissue-papers, and a silk cord fastened to the head of the butterfly to hang it up by. Anyone can make these of sheet celluloid, but care must be taken to cut the celluloid with very sharp scissors, as the pressure of a dull pair will cause it to split in the wrong direction. Pretty "catch-alls," or *vide-poches*, are made of the same material, lined with silk and folded in cornucopia shape, for which a square sheet of any size may be used without cutting. Small cornucopias filled with tinted sea-moss are used for hair-pin holders, and some of these are made of plaited squares of

strips of tinted celluloid, interwoven as children are taught in the Kindergarten to ar-

range strips of colored paper.

Small cushions or hair-pin holders are made of triangular pieces of celluloid with the three points caught together and the space between filled in with a velvet-covered cushion for pins, or a mass of worsted loops or sea-moss for hair-pins. A motto or verse is often painted on the celluloid, or worked in outline with gilt thread on the velvet.

For information received, thanks are due to Chas. E. Bentley, Decorative Art Goods, No. 12 West 14th Street, New York City.



NO. 3.

Party Bag.

THIS charming convenience for the fair party or opera goer to carry her fan, scarf and smelling-bottle in, is made entirely of ribbons. The ribbon used is two

shades of golden-brown satin ribbon about five inches wide, the lighter color decorated with a spray of painted flowers for the center piece on each side of the bag. To make this



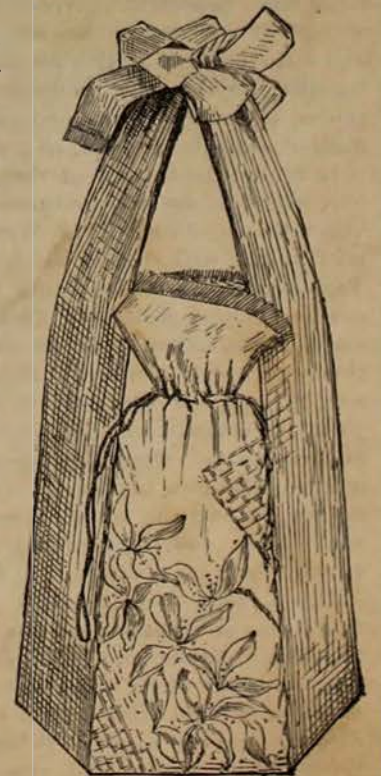
dainty bag, one yard and a half of the dark brown satin ribbon, and two yards of the lighter color will be required. Cut the latter in two and fringe out both ends of both pieces. One of these fringed ribbons is painted with two sprays of flowers running in different directions, about the width of the ribbon apart in the middle. The other ribbon is

used as a lining. Lay the two together with the satin sides outward, and at right angles across the middle lay the darker ribbon, and tack the three together at the corners. Then turn the longer ribbon so that the edges will meet those of the shorter pieces, and overhand the edges together, which will make a perfectly square bag. Join the ribbons together only to within about three inches of the fringed ends. Turn the bag, fold the darker ribbon through the center its entire length, and press it flat; then fold in the bottom of the bag to the shape shown in the illustration, and tack the

bottom together at the seams. The upper ends of the folded ribbon are to be neatly joined and tied with a bow of narrower ribbon. The fringed ribbons are each finished with eyelet-holes, worked in button-holing, through which silk cords are run to draw the bag up. The bag could be made without the extra ribbon used as a lining, but this

makes two casings on either side of the bag, to hold the fan and scent-bottle separately.

A HANDSOME glove-case is of yellow chamois-leather lined with purple satin and painted with pansies in natural colors with gilt outlines.



PARTY BAG.

Sanitarian.

Nutritive Value of Different Kinds of Foods.

RELATION OF FOOD TO MORALS.

IT is a very common idea, that the dietetic value of a food is always in proportion to the amount of nutritive matter which it contains. This is not strictly true, or even approximately true, as we shall see. In the first place, we must take into account the fact that the human body is not made up of solid substances only. On the contrary, it has but a small per cent. of solids as compared with its fluid contents, there being about 75 per cent. of the latter, or three times as much fluid as there is solid substance. It follows, therefore, that our food, as a whole, must contain both fluids and solids, and these in such proportions as shall best meet the requirements of the system.

Nature has made a bountiful provision for us in this respect; she has given us not merely the solid grains, with their rich mineral constituents, their gluten, and their wealth of amylaceous or starchy matters, but she has furnished an almost endless variety of juicy fruits, many of them rich in saccharine elements, delightful acids, and even mineral salts. These supply the waste of fluids that takes place in summer from excessive perspiration, and they at the same time administer to the pleasures of the palate. Their organic fluids meet the wants of the body from day to day; their fine, sub-acid flavor is relished by us in health, and it is particularly grateful to the fever-parched tongue in sickness.

But Nature stops not with these. Out of her all-bounteous lap she gives us the succulent vegetables, fresh from the gardens; these furnish a great variety of food products, adapted to our bodily wants, and agreeable to the taste. It is wonderful how many kinds we have, even in a single latitude, in the way of garden vegetables and field products. Many of these are highly nutritious, not only because of the solid substances which they contain, but in their abundance of organic fluid, each suited to our needs. When we consider what bountiful provision has been made for us, in the way of fruits, vegetables, and grains, and that by railroad and other communication all parts of the world are brought together, so that the products of every clime come to our tables, it hardly seems necessary to rely so much on the flesh of animals for food, as many people do.

In fruits, the wealth of the Pacific Coast is laid down at our doors; so are the products of the Gulf States, fruit and vegetables, and also of the West Indies. Our ships come to port stored with the good things of foreign shores. The Tropics and the colder North vie with each other in filling our markets to repletion. Not only so, even the flesh foods are gathered in from points remote and formerly inaccessible; there are cattle and sheep from a thousand hills. Can we not, at any rate, do without so much of the hog? Less pork, it seems to me, and even less beef, with more fruits and vegetables, would be a decided advantage. Thousands of little children in our cities, and in the country as well, do not get half the fruits they need, even in summer; they are scarce, and high-priced. Can we not, in the near future, have more fruits, and less bacon?

It is a fact,—and it is time we were finding it out,—that this living so largely upon the flesh of animals, particularly in warm weather, and in hot climates, is a prolific source of disease. The blood becomes laden with putrescent matters, and typhoid and other putrid fevers (which are really filthy diseases) are the result. Whereas, those who subsist chiefly on grains, fruits, and vegetables, with only a moderate

supply of meat, and who are not afraid to take in a good supply of the fresh air of Heaven, night and day, are very little troubled with diseases of any kind, and seldom die of sunstroke, apoplexy, or other similar disorders. The family that lives largely on a flesh diet,—meat three times a day,—generally has plenty of strong coffee, and usually the contents of the caster are used freely, especially salt and pepper. This latter substance, by the way, which is an acrid poison, is undoubtedly a cause of heart disease. Flies will not touch it, nor will any other living thing, except man.

Did it ever occur to you, my reader, that the whole race of drunkards and all the tobacco-users, first “went to school” with the other and milder stimulants? In other words, too much of animal foods, tea, coffee, and the condiments, first awakened in the appetite the desire for still stronger stimulants. After one is habituated to these “inflammatory foods,” and the beverages that go with them, it is an easy matter to begin with the pipe, a glass of beer, perhaps, and then proceed to the liquor saloon; whereas, he who lives upon a simple, unstimulating diet of fruits, farinaceous food, and plainly cooked vegetables, will have a loathing so strong for alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and other stimulants or narcotics, that he will never want to taste them.

Let the wives and mothers beware, then, how they introduce the tempter at their own tables, and put poison into their children’s mouths. Highly-seasoned food must be held responsible for much mischief. Many a son or husband has had his appetite led astray by the viands on his own table; and many a domestic infelicity, with drink as a factor, has had its rise in kitchen compounds,—to say nothing of squalling babies, made cross and irritable by foods that neither the child nor the mother ought ever to touch.

As the writer has elsewhere stated, “The ill effects of stimulants in food are manifold; they send an increased quantity of blood to the base of the brain, causing congestion of the cerebellum. This congestion creates excitement or preternatural action of the animal propensities, inducing in the individual a desire to fight, commit murder, and do all sorts of immoral or unlawful things. But the evil does not stop here: the habitual taking of stimulating substances, even in a limited quantity, causes increased growth of those organs that are located in the base of the brain; and this, with the greater activity that necessarily follows, leads to intense passional emotions, and excesses of every description. So that murder, theft, and all manner of evil doings, are the legitimate results of the introduction into a community, of stimulating foods and drinks.” (See “Health in the Household,” pages 80, 81, and 82.)

In speaking of animal food, those who have made this matter a careful study have placed before us facts that are almost too revolting for ears polite; and but for the importance of the subject, and its practical bearing on our everyday life, one would gladly pass it by in silence. It is nevertheless true, that a very large per cent. of all our cattle, sheep, hogs, and even chickens, not only die annually from disease, but many of them are killed in a diseased condition and put directly upon the market.

Some years ago I examined the Reports that were sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington, and found the facts therein stated truly appalling, particularly in relation to swine. I think if these Reports were read by the masses of our people, they could not fail to influence public sentiment on this subject. Unfortunately, however, the masses, or even the general reader, would rarely, if ever, see these statements.

From both a sanitary and scientific standpoint, it is high time these things were looked into; and as the flesh of animals will probably continue to be a staple upon our

tables, steps should be taken to keep out of the slaughter-pens, animals that are not in a sound or healthy condition. Not long since I saw a drove of cattle pass through my city, —and I dare say the same may be witnessed in other cities, —that seemed to call for the intervention of the Humane Society, rather than the Board of Health. These animals, evidently shipped from some distant point, were every one walking skeletons, to begin with. Not only so, but there were large sores upon the bodies of these poor creatures, caused, I suppose, by friction against the sides of the cars in which they had been shipped, and perhaps by rubbing against each other. There were half-grown calves in this drove, as well as full-grown cattle.

As matters now stand in this regard, there is not the shadow of a doubt that meat is often the cause of disease. But the subject is too many-sided, in its relations to society, to be handled in a single article.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Sanitary Sleeping Apparel.

A SINGULAR and striking anomaly in the habits of present-day people, is the great contrast in the amount and kind of clothing worn during the day and at night, especially in winter. When the air is cold and the weather inclement, it is the general custom to wear garments of extra thickness and warmth, and to sit round roaring fires. But on going to bed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, people pass from the warm living-rooms into chilly bedrooms. As if the sudden change from extreme heat to excessive cold is not sufficiently absurd, they proceed to divest themselves of their several warm garments, to garb themselves in thin, perhaps linen, night-garments, and to consign their heated bodies to the cooling influence of unsympathetic sheets.

Conventionality has habituated one to the custom; but a really serious contemplation of it cannot fail to make the utter absurdity of the custom clearly apparent. If thin night-garments are worn and cold sheets preferred, it stands to reason that the warmth both lack should be present in the atmosphere. To heat the body and to suddenly deprive it of its caloric, is contrary both to science and common sense. Dwellers in foreign countries almost invariably sleep in flannel garments, and the backwoodsman wraps himself in a stout woolen blanket, and defies the elements. They are sensible. The human frame should, undoubtedly, be clothed in woolen garments, for wool is a bad conductor of heat. Enveloped in flannel, the body maintains a normal temperature, which is of the greatest importance.

No sooner does the temperature fall, than the action of the various functions becomes impaired; the nerves get out of gear and the whole system suffers disorganization. Who has not, at some time, felt so cold that it was impossible to sleep? That is an example of the influence exercised by the blood on the brain and nervous system. The question of warmth cannot be over-rated.

But let no one run away with the idea that the more clothing, and the thicker, piled on their beds, the better for the health. Nothing could be more absurd. One does not want weight, nor too great a heat. A healthy temperature can be maintained by wearing a flannel night-suit and sleeping between blankets, which should be as regularly cleansed as those made of other materials. Let sufferers from chronic colds try this *régime*, as well as those afflicted with sluggish circulation and the accompanying annoyances of cold feet and other sleep-disturbing afflictions.

Chat.

NEARLY thirty years have elapsed since the laying of the corner-stone for the magnificent monument commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrims, which has recently been completed and crowns one of the highest hills in the historic town of Plymouth, Massachusetts. The monument is of solid granite throughout, and in conception and execution is worthy of the great event it commemorates. On an octagonal pedestal forty-five feet high, stands a majestic statue of "Faith," thirty-six feet in height, one foot resting on Plymouth Rock, an open Bible in her left hand, while the right hand, uplifted, points heavenward. Upon the four larger faces of the pedestal are tablets bearing the names of the founders of the colony and historic facts connected therewith, while from the four smaller faces project buttresses, or wing pedestals, each surmounted by a seated figure of heroic size, representing "Morality," "Education," "Freedom," and "Law," respectively. The sides of these wing pedestals are ornamented with tablets in relief carrying out the idea of the figure above them, and the faces, directly under the figures, bear tablets in alto-relief representing "The Embarkation at Delft Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." It has been erected under the auspices of the Pilgrim Society, the pedestal and its tablets being the result of contributions from all over the country, while the emblematic statues were the gifts of individuals, with the exception of "Morality" and its accompanying alto-relief, to which Massachusetts and Connecticut contributed; "Law" and the handsome tablet beneath it, which are the contribution of leading members of the legal profession throughout the country; and "Freedom" with its alto-relief, for which an appropriation was secured from the United States Government. Preparations are already being made for the dedication, which will probably take place next summer.

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AT the Sixteenth Annual Congress of the A. A. W. (the Association for the Advancement of Women), which counts among its members many of the most eminent women of America, as well as some from European countries, held recently in Detroit, Michigan, over two hundred and fifty of the five hundred members were present, and the reports relating to the moral, industrial, and educational condition of women were highly encouraging. The titles of the able papers read give a fair idea of the wide scope of the work carried on by this association. Mrs. Anna C. Bowser, of Kentucky, contributed a paper on "Functions of Society;" Miss Calliope A. Kechayia, of Constantinople, told of her educational work in Athens and Constantinople; Mrs. Froiseth, of Salt Lake City, took for her topic "Reasons Why Utah Should not be Admitted as a State at Present;" Miss Frances E. Willard eloquently discoursed of "Social Purity;" Mrs. Nellie Reid Cady, of Iowa, presented a paper upon "Organization Among Women;" Dr. Ella V. Mark, of Baltimore, followed with a paper on "Women as Guardians of the Public Health;" "Realism in Fiction" was the title of a paper by Miss Lillian Whiting, of Boston, in which she held that "True realism is the dramatization of spiritual qualities;" Miss Ella C. Lapham, of New York, presented the subject of "Manual Training for Girls;" Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell dealt with the question, "Where is the Work of Women Equal, Where Superior, Where Inferior to that of Men?" Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Iowa, spoke on "Women in the Ministry;" Miss Mary F. Eastman, of Massachusetts, presented the "Legal Aspects of the Temperance Question;" and the closing paper, "High Life and High Living," was read by the venerable president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was re-elected for the eighth time, unanimously. The Congress was truly "a brainy gathering of brainy women," having for their shibboleth, "Truth, Justice, and Honor."

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A CORRESPONDENT writing from London says of the author of "Robert Elsmere": "Mrs. Ward is a most delightful woman, simple, charming, and entirely unspoiled by the tremendous success which her work has brought her. She is highly gifted in many ways. Her music is extremely good. She has a most happy and complete life; a husband who adores her and to whom she is devoted, three very clever children, and quite as much social success as she wishes, with money enough to gratify all reasonable desires."

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

The Political Destiny of Canada.

The idea of the annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States is not a new one, nor is it confined to one side of the border line; but the question is again agitated by American politicians and political economists, and it has been rumored that one of the memorable events of the approaching Administration will be the commercial, if not the political union, of the provinces which nature has so indissolubly connected with the American States. With the confederation as it now exists, very few of the native residents of Canada are satisfied, since the system is not definite enough for the needs of an American people, and there are at least four different views in the Dominion on the subject. One is to continue the present system; another to unite Canada to the mother country by imperial federation, so that all the provinces would be represented in the British Parliament; the third view contemplates commercial annexation and reciprocity with the United States, and the fourth, complete annexation. That this is the most advantageous of all, especially for the future welfare of Canada, seems reasonable; yet the question must be settled by dominion legislation, no matter how vigorously it is agitated by the United States Government. The rumor of an intention to devote that much-deplored surplus to the purchase of Canada from the English Government, is not likely to be confirmed, nor is it probable that the United States will consent to a commercial reciprocity without political union. A commercial treaty with Canada will probably be undertaken by the next Administration, and such an action is to be hoped for; but the question of political union will not come before the Canadian people until the next general election in 1891. That Canada and the Provinces will remain under the present system of government for another decade is not likely, and before the close of the century they will doubtless be represented either in the Parliament of Great Britain or the Congress of the United States.

The Crusade against African Slavery.

The leading powers in Europe have at last co-operated to extirpate the infamous traffic in slaves, which is still carried on in Africa, and against which England has striven alone and almost fruitlessly for the last half century. Singularly enough, however, the most reluctant of all the powers to enter into this alliance was this government, which so long has combated the evil single-handed. Possibly it may have been owing to a lack of faith, born of the long and unavailing attempt to break up the slave-trade by naval maneuvers and coast-blockades, that England at first hesitated to join the alliance. Yet it would not have been in accordance with her policy had she declined to lend a hand to this beneficent work. The attacks upon the German settlements was the prime cause of the agitation of such a scheme, yet without doubt the intense interest expressed by the Pope was the cause of the sudden acquiescence of the governments of the Catholic countries in the projected work. It is hinted, also, that Prince Bismarck is not unwilling to conciliate the Pope, and thus win the good-will of the German Catholics. It is the Iron Chancellor who has arranged the diplomatic details for the organization of the plan to abolish African slavery. Prince Bismarck has succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of Russia, Austria, Italy, France and Greece, in maintaining a naval blockade of certain portions of East Africa.

It hardly seems possible, however, that the flourishing slave-trade so systematically carried on in the heart of the Dark Continent can be broken up by coast-blockades. Zanzibar is only one of many slave-marts. Land operations are needful, and the centers of the slave-trade must be reached. Whether the abolition of African slavery would not affect some European industries, remains to be seen. Strings of wax beads, knives, and other small articles of English and French manufacture are the equivalents accepted in greater or less number as the value of slaves by the Arabs, who are the traders. It is the narrow policy of the English in relinquishing the control of the Upper Nile that has so multiplied the difficulties of extirpating the slave-trade.

The First Inauguration.

The active work of preparing for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, has begun. The celebration will begin on Monday April 29, when the President, Justices of

Supreme Court and other distinguished guests will come on from Washington, and be met at Elizabethport, as Washington was, and escorted to New York city. The same evening a ball will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, for which 12,000 invitations will be issued. On the next day, April 30, religious services will be held in all the churches, and a special service at St. Paul's, at which the Bishop of New York will officiate. This service will be similar to that held on the day of the first inauguration, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Provost, then Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church and chaplain to the Senate, which service was attended by the President and Vice-President of the United States, and the two houses of Congress. The formal exercises will take place at 10.30 A.M., on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where formerly stood Federal Hall, the scene of the inauguration ceremonies. Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D., will offer a prayer; John Greenleaf Whittier will furnish a poem, if his health will permit; the oration will be delivered by Chauncey M. Depew; the President of the United States will speak, and Archbishop Corrigan will pronounce the benediction. At the close of these exercises, a military, industrial and civic parade will be reviewed from the steps of the Sub-Treasury. The naval display will be imposing, and the Secretary of the Navy has promised the cordial co-operation of the Navy Department. A special salute of twenty-one guns will be given to the American flag, April 30, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon, from ships of war of every nationality in New York Harbor, and from the batteries at Castle Williams, and Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth. New York city will undoubtedly be crowded with patriotic visitors from all parts of the Union, and the sights and exercises will be extremely interesting to all, even those who are not the children of this country who delights to call her deliverer "Father."

Robert Elsmere.

No novel in years has excited the widespread interest in England and in this country among thoughtful people and those interested in religious progress, as "Robert Elsmere." It has been the fruitful theme of discussion by Christians and skeptics alike. Clergymen have preached about it, editors of religious publications have discussed it in their columns, and the interest, far from decreasing, widens like the circling waves caused by a sudden disturbance in the midst of tranquil waters. It is not remarkable that one of the gifted family of Arnolds—for the author, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a niece of Matthew Arnold—should write a book which excites world-wide discussion; but it is a significant fact that a religious novel should awaken such universal interest; and this fact is a proof that thinking Christians of to-day are more interested in the Christian life as taught and exemplified by Christ than in the dogmas of Christianity. Yet, though the eddying waves of discussion mark the extent and purport of a surface disturbance, the foundations of the Christian religion cannot be shaken by the deepest-sinking plummet gauge. It may disturb the waters and measure their depth, but it cannot move that cloven Rock through which the waters of truth have flowed for ages; and the story of Robert Elsmere, while it may have roused a sluggish current of thought, cannot do more than make a transient impression upon the tide of religious progress, which will ultimately bear the Christian religion to the uttermost parts of the world.

Our Population in 1890.

It is presumed that the census of 1890, for which preparations are already being made, will show a population in the United States of more than 70,000,000. According to the census of 1880, the population was 50,155,783 persons, of whom the number of those foreign born was 6,679,943. The increase in native population from 1870 to 1880 was 31.5 per cent., but the foreign element gained more slowly, as the immigration was comparatively light between the years 1870 and 1880, only 1,112,714 persons having come to this country during that time. Immigration since the last census, according to the "Philadelphia Record," has been as follows:

1880.....	457,257
1881.....	669,431
1882.....	778,992
1883.....	603,322
1884.....	518,592
1885.....	395,346
1886.....	334,203
1887.....	490,109
1888 (8 months).....	380,000
	4,637,252
Estimate for 2 years and 4 months.....	1,100,000
Total for 10 years.....	5,737,252

If this total be added to the increase in the native-born population at the rate which prevailed from 1870 to 1880, it will be found that the probable increase in population during the present decade, allowing for births and deaths, will have been 20,246,639. The foreign element will undoubtedly form a much larger proportion of the population in 1890 than ever before. This proportion was about 13 per cent. in 1860, 14 per cent. in 1870, and 15 per cent. in 1880. It will not be very far from 18 per cent. in 1890.

The American Girl as an Example.

The marriage of Secretary Endicott's daughter to the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., an English widower, has given occasion for an unusual amount of gossip and press comment. The talented English correspondent of one of our papers, in view of the upper-class Englishmen's preference for the American girls as wives, recommends his young country-women to take our American girl as an example and imitate her pleasing manner and advantageous dress, which contrast so favorably with the "missyish" ways and less tasteful appearance of the average English girl. In spite of her complexion of cream and roses, and melting blue eyes, the English girl is at a disadvantage in point of attractiveness with her American cousin. The latter is past-mistress of the art of dress, and understands herself and her possibilities better than the woman of any other nationality. But there is a matter of selection on both sides. It is the American heiress, usually, who marries the titled or distinguished foreigner in preference to one of her own countrymen. But why this preference? American men are well known to be the most indulgent husbands in the world, although in the chase for the mighty dollar they may exhibit what looks a little like neglect or indifference to the society of their wives. Are not the American men as handsome, as intelligent, as agreeable in every way as the Englishmen who carry off our heiresses under their very noses? Some writers hint at a too apparent practicality in the average American man. Or is it the influence of the English novel, which portrays the English lover and the life in British homes so much more alluringly than our American novelists have succeeded in doing for us? Clearly there is a need for someone to set the American Adonis in his best light before our rich girls, or else it may eventually become necessary to protect the American marriage market, or urge the adoption of an international copyright to restrict the circulation of the cheap English novel. Just at present, however, there is no necessity for the would-be American husband to be alarmed as to his matrimonial chances. We have quantity as well as quality, and the supply of American beauty for the domestic market is not exceeded by the demand. There are plenty of the right sort left.

Balloon Photography.

A Chicago photographer has invented a singular device for photographing extensive views of the earth's surface from the clouds. His patent is for sending a camera up about 2,000 feet above the earth by means of little balloons, which are steadied and focused and the exposure made on the earth's surface, by an electric wire. It is possible, according to the plans, to make forty-eight exposures at each ascension, the sensitized paper revolving on a cylinder. It is estimated that at this elevation of 2,000 feet, a region seventy-five miles in diameter can be satisfactorily photographed.

A Mysterious Subterranean Cavity.

Two farmers who were digging a well on a place near the line of the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad, discovered recently certain phenomena which indicate the existence of a subterranean river or cave running from the mountains of Virginia, through North and South Carolina. Other earlier discoveries had suggested the existence of such a cavern or river, but this last more fully confirms the theory. At the depth of twenty feet the men, who were digging the well on their farm, struck a limestone formation, which gave out a hollow sound. A workman then struck the point of a crowbar forcibly into an apparent seam in the rock, but was astonished to see a hole open under him and his bar disappear from sight. The air rushed through the opening with a loud noise, terrifying the workmen, who hastily left the well and refused to continue the work. Whether this subterranean cavity will prove to be a river or a mammoth cave, remains to be seen. It might be a subterranean fissure caused by the Charleston earthquake. Investigations will be made.

The Columbia College Annex for Women.

Facilities for the higher education of women are constantly increasing. The trustees of Columbia College have at last sanctioned the proposed Annex to the college. The plan is for a separate college for women under the direction and name of Columbia College, corresponding, in fact, very much to the Harvard Annex. The trustees of Columbia College have agreed to the petition embodying this plan, upon the following conditions: That the trustees of the Annex shall be approved by the trustees of Columbia College; that there shall be no dormitories or sleeping apartments for women in Columbia College or in the immediate neighborhood of the college buildings; and that the college for women shall meet its own expenses without requiring any aid from Columbia College. It is also provided that the professors and instructors of both colleges shall be the same. The consent of the trustees having been obtained, the promoters of the new college now may proceed to the work of obtaining the necessary endowments and the arrangement of courses of instruction, tuition, and such matters. The tuition at the Harvard Annex is \$200 a year; but it is probable that the tuition will be the same as that now required in the School of Arts at Columbia, \$150. All that is withheld from the women students under this arrangement is the privilege of joining the classes of men. But the expediency of this system is not established. The records of colleges exclusively for women show very clearly that the students do not need the stimulus of contact with masculine mentality, for their scholarship surpasses that of the men. The residents of New York City will be those most immediately benefited by this

institution, for they can keep their ambitious daughters at home and not be deprived of the pleasure of their society, nor the girls of their home life, in order to secure for them the advanced education which they desire.

Producing Diamonds by Electricity.

It would appear, from an interesting communication recently published, that the author of the article describing a number of experiments made on carbon at high temperatures and under great pressures, had produced diamond-dust artificially. The object of the experiments had not this end in view, however, but were to obtain a dense form of carbon for use in arc and incandescent electric lamps; for if the "life," or duration, of the carbons of either variety of lamp could be prolonged, it would considerably economize electric lighting. Without entering into the details of the experiments, which were not entirely successful although a very dense form of carbon was obtained, it is interesting to note that under the conditions mentioned above, and by contact with other substances, there was obtained on the surface of the carbon rod, a gray powder, harder than emery, and capable of scratching the diamond. The inference is that this powder is the diamond itself. If electricity can be made to give us these crystals of light as well as its more transient brilliancy, there will be no need for those unable to purchase the genuine stones, to wear imitations.

Mining for Wood.

A peculiar industry, which exists nowhere else in the world, furnishes employment to scores of people in Dennisville, New Jersey. This is the business of mining cedar trees submerged in the swamps. These fallen forests of Southern New Jersey were discovered about seventy-five years ago, and have been a source of interest to geologists and scientists ever since. No such enormous specimens of the cedar are to be found standing anywhere upon the face of the globe to-day as these embedded in the cedar mines. Some of the trees taken out have measured six feet in diameter, and trees four feet across are common. Although according to the scientific theory, ages have passed since they fell, the trees which fell when they were yet living trees, are as sound to-day as when they were uprooted. Such trees are called "windfalls," and the dead trees, "breakdowns." These buried trees are white cedar, and when cut the wood is of a delicate flesh-color, and has the same aromatic flavor that the red-heart cedar has. It is not possible to tell how many layers deep these cedars lie in the swamps, but there are several layers, and with all that have been removed in three-quarters of a century, the first layer has not yet been exhausted. The uses to which these cedar logs are put are principally shingles and staves; and cedar tubs and pails made from this wood seventy years ago, show no signs of decay. What it is in the swamp water and red muck soil of their bed that preserves these trees, with clean, smooth and strong fiber, unimpaired by water or decay, is a mystery as yet unsolved by science.

The New Comet.

The new comet discovered by Mr. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, is likely to be a very interesting object, since it will be visible for a considerable length of time. From April to November it will be visible first in the morning and then in the evening sky, and can be seen with the smallest telescope. It is now about twelve times as bright as when first discovered, and has a nucleus which is almost stellar, and a faint train about half a degree long. Its orbit so lies in space that for a long time it will travel at something like the same distance from the earth as she moves in her orbit.

The Sun's Total Eclipse.

The solar total eclipse on January 1, 1889, visible in totality on the coast of California, about 2 P. M., and as a sunset phenomenon, also total, in Canada, a short distance north of Lake Superior, invites the renewed attempts of astronomers to solve various problems in their science. The sun's corona, seen only during a total eclipse, will be photographed, and other observations taken by means of improved apparatus which will doubtless add much to the knowledge already obtained relative to the amount and intensity of the light emitted by the sun. An expedition fitted out from Harvard College will go to a place near the town of Willow, in the Sacramento Valley, to observe the eclipse, the observatory station being at an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea-level. Another important station for observing the eclipse in its totality will be the Lick Observatory, and an expedition fitted out at private expense will be conducted by Professor David of the National Coast Survey, and will occupy a station in Nebraska. As a partial eclipse, this obliteration of our source of light and life will be seen over a very wide expanse of the United States, and the sun will set in partial eclipse in New York State, but the eclipse will not be visible further east.

A Paper House.

In Atlanta, Georgia, there is a little house painted sky-blue and made entirely of paper. The rafters, the weather-boards, the roof, the flooring, all are made of thick, compressed paper boards, perfectly water-proof, and as durable as wood. The smooth, hard surface of the paper makes it less liable to catch fire than a wooden building. No wood, brick, iron, or other material is used about the house. The building is used as a store, and the proprietor says he finds it warm in cool weather, and comfortable when the weather is warm.

What Women are Doing.

The Vassar College girls have a Prohibition Club.

Mlle. Jeanne Charwin has passed with the highest honors in the School of Law in Paris.

Miss Mary Anderson is one of the favored Americans who enjoy the friendship of Lord Tennyson.

Mrs. Johnson, of Orange, New Jersey, rode over one thousand miles on her tricycle, during last summer and autumn.

Mrs. Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Cooper Institute Art Schools, is preparing the authorized life of Peter Cooper.

The "Emma Lazarus Working-Girls' Club" is a society recently organized in New York City among Jewish girls. It already has over eighty members.

Mrs. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, is at the head of a movement to raise funds for a statue of Washington, to be presented to the French government by the women of America.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, to be superintended by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are Americans, two English, and the other two, French and German, respectively.

Mrs. Herbert D. Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), in marrying a man so much younger than herself, only followed the precedent set by such literary women as Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), and Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), in England, and Rose Terry Cooke, in this country.

Mrs. Crawshay, an English lady, has placed in the hands of William Rossetti the sum of \$12,500, the income from which is to be used annually as a prize to the woman who shall pass the best examination on the writings of Byron, Keats, and Shelley.

Miss Emily Faithfull has just completed her thirty years of work for women, and in consideration of this the Queen of England has sent her an engraved portrait of herself with an inscription in her royal hand.

The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, are the three wealthiest young unmarried women in the United States. Their aggregate fortune is said to reach the sum of \$13,000,000, and to net each of the young ladies an income of \$300,000 per annum. They are very charitable, and devote a great deal of time to church work.

Miss Lida A. Churchill, the author of the popular book "My Girls," and other works, and one of our valued contributors, is a Maine woman, but now resides in Rhode Island. She is still young, and promises much good work for the future.

Miss Jane Harrison, noted as a Hellenic scholar and as a lecturer on Greek art, is a candidate for the chair of archæology in London University College, made vacant by the retirement of Sir Charles Newton. This is the first time in the history of the college that a woman has sought one of its professional chairs.

A new department of domestic economy has been started by the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston, with a normal class of eight pupils, seven of whom reside in the building. Two cooking classes and one for marketing have been formed by outside applicants, a regular system of family accounts being taught. Carpentry is included in the course.

Miss McPherson has, for nearly twenty years past, been engaged in training and sending English and Scotch children to Canada. She selects from the crowds of dependent children offered her, those who seem to promise best to grow up healthy and honest men and women, and tests and trains them. She has brought over fifty-five parties of children.

The National Council of Women, of which Miss Willard was made president at Washington, D. C., last spring, has for its object to secure in every leading city and town of the United States a "Woman's Council," made up of the presidents of all societies of women, having a headquarters of its own, with an office secretary, entering unitedly upon such lines of work as all the women can agree upon.

Mrs. Clara A. Helm, a sister of Mrs. Helen Dauvray Ward, the actress, proposes to donate a drinking-fountain, to be erected in the New York City Hall Park, dedicated to the newsboys who frequent that vicinity. She will design the fountain, and make the clay model for the bronze founder. It will represent a newsboy in tattered clothing, leaning on a water-plug with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. Mrs. Helm will do the work in Europe.

Household.

Comparative Housekeeping.

X.

HOW TO SET THE TABLE ON FIFTY CENTS A DAY FOR EACH PERSON.

Substantial Suppers.

PEOPLE have the oddest ideas of proportion, especially as regards food. The story of the old maids who were surprised at the appetite of their cook is well known. "Such a glutton!" said one. "We had a chicken for dinner to-day, and sister she eat a leg and a wing and a piece of the breast, and I ate a leg and a wing and a piece of the breast, and that girl in the kitchen finished the whole of it!"

Nothing better illustrates the truth of this little story than the every-day experience of a middle-class household. "Things do disappear so mysteriously," says the mistress; "the girl's appetite is alarming." And yet no one likes to limit the kitchen table, and indeed no servants in this country would stand it.

A very amusing instance of this indefiniteness in household matters came under my observation recently. A young Southern lady was left for the first time in charge of the house, and accepted the responsibilities cheerfully. Every day the butcher called, and the question was sent up, "What shall he leave to-day?" Her reply was invariably the same, "Oh! the usual quantity." She expressed some concern when she found the larder overrunning with joints of beef, and gave them away to the colored help on the estate, thinking no more of the matter until at the end of three months, when accounts were sent in with a bill for two thousand pounds of beef! This very remarkable style of household management remains as a family joke; but it points a moral for all housekeepers, and especially for those who are no longer pinned down to absolutely rigid economy, and whose hearts are as large and larger than their pockets.

The dinner menus suggested for an expenditure of not less than 50 cents a day per head, have all left possible margins for suppers, and this should be well borne in mind: at the same time, in considering substantial suppers we shall seek those which call for fresh supplies.

Now in my experience supper may mean many different things. When receiving an invitation to such a meal it is well to know something of people's ways; for it may convey either the idea merely of tea and biscuits with a little preserves, or of some substantial repast comprising more than one dish, flanked by sweets. In the present instance our subject matter relates rather to the latter and more satisfactory condition of household ethics. In many homes supper is the rallying-point of the family, the gathering-hour of the day. Breakfast has been a hurried meal for fathers and brothers; dinner, for many of the family, has been eaten at a restaurant or in a school; but six or seven o'clock finds the family reassembled, with both appetite and leisure to enjoy a tasty, dainty, appetizing supper, which is the prelude to a good, sociable, enjoyable evening. What shall we have? Our 75 cents, the proportion we have reserved, will provide quite a substantial menu if we desire it; we can have fish, meat, and dessert, with tea, coffee, or chocolate, and that all may come under the generic term supper; we can so arrange it that one of our edibles shall be cold, as, for instance, pickled fish, or cold joint, or salads.

A most excellent supper-dish, and one that can figure either as hot or cold, is a pie; not the pie of New England,

but of Old England, which may be either of beef, veal, poultry or game, and that in every case is its own excuse for being. Beefsteak pie can be made either of round steak, sirloin, or fillet steak; the latter is of course the best, but not attainable upon our present limit. The meat should be cut up into small pieces, well peppered and salted and sprinkled with flour, then placed in a deep dish with a clipped onion, a tiny sprinkle of sage, and water enough to cover it. Let it simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, then take it out and cover with a substantial suet crust; or, better still, simmer the meat over the fire in a saucepan, and line the deep dish with paste to receive it. Steak-and-kidney pie or pudding is a great standby in English country-houses; the addition of the kidney lends richness and color to the gravy, and in many parts of England, Somerset, and Devonshire, for instance, kidney pudding is considered a choice dish.

Veal pie calls for the addition of hard-boiled eggs, sweet herbs, cut up ham or bacon, and a shallot, and is most excellent. Small veal-and-ham pies, each the size of a saucedish, make a change, and serve capitally, it may be said incidentally, to take away for lunch. Chicken pie gains a great deal if well-made sausage be cut up and used with the chicken; while eggs also figure in it as well as in game pies. The crust for all should be made with very finely chopped suet, and over an inch thick. Pies can of course be glazed if desired.

Sausage rolls make an admirable supper-dish, and a very inexpensive one. Spiced beef is another substantial which is equally commendable hot or cold. In preparing it, take the round or neck of beef, a solid, cross-grained piece, which first brown on all sides in an iron pot, and then add an onion stuck with cloves, enough water to prevent burning, and let it cook very slowly for two or three hours, serving it with the gravy poured over it.

The Belgians have a delicious way of preparing an aitch-bone of beef. They place it in cold water (very little) and cover it with finely chopped vegetables, let it cook very slowly, and when it is ready for dishing up add a table-spoonful or more of vinegar. It is excellent either hot or cold, and, moreover, warms up advantageously.

What are known as Italian steaks prove admirable as supper dainties. Take round steak and cut it into inch slices, lay upon each slice a thin cut of streaky bacon and a sprinkle of herbs, roll up and tie, place in a dish with butter, brown all over, then add stock or water enough to cover, thicken slightly, and serve with mashed potatoes. In buying rib roasts there is generally a piece at the end which is wasteful, and which can be utilized for supper by cutting it off, salting it slightly, and stewing it with vegetables cut very fine.

Potatoes are invaluable for the supper-table. A treatise might be written about them, but for the moment it will suffice to mention particularly one style, which I met with the other day for the first time, at a pleasant family supper,--scalloped potatoes, namely. They were simply very thinly sliced raw potatoes placed with some butter in a deep dish in the oven and baked till tender, then covered with milk and left in the oven until all the liquid was absorbed, a piece of butter then placed on the top, and a thin crust was formed by its drying in. They were perfectly delicious. Chips and balls are also excellent ways of using potatoes at supper, and especially as the accompaniments of fish. Haddock, for instance, baked, with tiny ball potatoes, makes a very nice dish; and cold potatoes mashed, not made into cakes, but into round marbles, and fried, are both tasty and pretty.

Salads have been dwelt upon so thoroughly in a former article, that it is superfluous to consider them other than

incidentally, though mention may be made of the value of beet-root in connection with them or separately. It can be made to serve a useful purpose, either as a garnish or cut into dice and covered with mayonnaise dressing. Mashed beets, too, are excellent, as are mashed carrots, although it is the fashion rather to despise them.

Sweets at supper should be light, such, for example, as Bavarian cream, jelly, or merely preserves or fruit.

Before quitting the subject, a word may be said in favor of a kind of fish little used here, but none the less excellent, namely, Finnan haddock. It has many merits; it is tasty and easily digested, and moreover makes excellent fish-balls. Kippered herrings, too, difficult to obtain here, are now imported in tins, and make a delicious supper-relish, and so, too, does pickled mackerel.

It is unnecessary to specify tongue or ham, but it may, perhaps, be worth while to suggest that *grated* ham is not to be despised, especially if it has become dry and is near the bone. Ham fritters, too, repay attention; if the ham is finely scraped, and the batter good, then it may well be looked upon as a most valuable contribution to supper possibilities. There is an English dish rejoicing in the extraordinary name of "Toad in the Hole," which is decidedly better than its name. It consists of batter and steak. A thick, rich batter is made and poured into a deep dish or basin, and the steak, after being cut into square pieces, is thrown into the batter, and baked, or, if preferred, boiled.

At this time of year a hearty supper is particularly enjoyable. The menus we give are suggested in view of the fact that it is cold, raw, and disagreeable outside, and that the craving of the system demands substantial fare, which, moreover, the purse can well afford at the rate of seventy-five cents for the meal. Sunday's supper usually follows upon a day of comparative leisure, and may be less decidedly hearty, especially as probably the servant is out; so we may limit it to

Cold Pie, or Cold Joint. Bread and Butter. Preserves. Cake. Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate.	
MONDAY.	TUESDAY.
Spiced Beef. Scalloped Potatoes. Apple Fritters. Bread and Butter. Cheese. Chocolate with Beaten Cream.	Smoked Salmon. Ball Potatoes. Cold Spiced Beef. Beet Salad. Bread and Butter. Coffee or Tea.
WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.
Italian Steaks. Mashed Carrots. Cauliflower Salad. Hot Biscuits. Chocolate.	Sausage Rolls (hot). Pressed Beef. Potato Salad. Marmalade Tart. Tea or Coffee.
FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
Salmon Salad. Potato Croquettes. Pickled Mackerel. Orange Jelly. Ramaquins. Chocolate.	Form of Veal or Chicken. Celery Salad. Bavarian Cream. Hot Biscuits. Tea or Coffee.
JANET E. RUTZ-REES.	

A Cup of Tea.

THERE are several varieties of plant-life capable of furnishing tea. The differences between many of these, however, is slight, and more a matter of interest to botanists than to the general reader. All the varieties which we might class as China teas are capable of furnishing both black and green tea, of which again there are several varieties, depending mainly on the age of the plant and the portion selected for manipulation.

The Chinese have the honor of first cultivating tea, and they have a curious legend explaining the origin of the plant. A Chinese hermit, wishing, from religious motives, to keep awake, found that the flesh was weak, and that, in spite of the willingness of the spirit, his eyes would constantly close in slumber. To cure himself he courageously cut off his eyelids and cast them on the ground, when a Chinese god, with the skill which those ancient deities possessed, turned them into a tea plant, the leaves of which resembled an eye-

lid with its fringe of lashes, and had the power of preventing sleep. So much for the legend.

Tea leaves as plucked off the shrub and tea leaves as bought by us are very different in appearance, taste, and chemical properties; so that we may conclude that the manipulations to which the leaves are subjected by the manufacturer are a somewhat important matter.

The leaves when gathered are spread out in a thin layer to dry. They are then roasted in a metal pan over a brisk fire, being kept in constant motion. After a few minutes' roasting they are removed and rolled by hand; and after a second roasting they are ready to be packed. The chief differences in preparation of the black and green varieties are that for green tea the leaves are roasted soon after drying, and over a brisk fire; while for black tea the leaves are exposed to the air for some time previous to the firing, and this latter process is carried on slowly.

The very finest teas rarely reach this country, and those varieties which are known as "scented," owe their bouquet, in many cases, to artificial means. Russia, perhaps, receives the finest quality of exported tea, and it is carried there overland.

Before proceeding further, it will be as well to glance at the chemical composition of tea. A complete and reliable analysis of tea can hardly be said to be in existence; but we know that ordinary tea contains at least three substances, important from a domestic point of view, viz., an alkaloid, *theine*, a volatile oil, and *tannin*. Each of these substances exerts a different action on the human frame. The alkaloid, or active principle, *theine*, is a stimulant to the nervous system. It is the *theine* which makes a cup of tea so acceptable to the tired traveler and the overworked student. It has another action; it prevents waste of bodily tissue, thus, to a certain extent, taking the place of food. Not that it actually plays the part of a food in nourishing the body, or in forming new tissue; but it lessens that wearing away, constant draining of waste material, which goes on in a healthy body. It is, in fact, a powerful medicine, and, like other medicines, requires to be used with caution.

The volatile oil of tea possesses some medicinal properties, but its effects have been little studied; to a confirmed tea-drinker this volatile oil, however, is an important constituent, because the aroma of the tea is due to its presence.

The tannin of tea has much to answer for; it is present in variable quantity, and it is the chief cause of the various diseases rightly or wrongly ascribed to tea-drinking.

To make tea scientifically, then, we should endeavor to extract as much of the first two ingredients as possible, and as little of the third. This can be accomplished by proceeding as follows:

In the first place, soft water is necessary; no one can make good tea with hard water. Have the teapot perfectly dry; put in the measured quantity of tea—which, usually, in this country, is one teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot; the latter quantity is one I never could understand, but we will not quarrel with the pot's allowance. Now warm the pot gently by placing it with its dry contents before the fire for three or four minutes; this will open the leaves and improve the aroma. Next, pour on a small quantity of *boiling water*; see that it is boiling, and also that it has just come to the boil. I have frequently seen tea made with water that has been boiling for half an hour, the result being that the tea as an infusion was spoiled. Another way of spoiling tea at this stage is to pour the full quantity of boiling water over the leaves at once, and then let it stand "to draw," this being one of the surest methods of extracting the full quantity of tannin, making the tea both unpleasantly bitter and unwholesome. Having poured enough

boiling water on the leaves to well cover them, the pot and contents may be allowed to stand for four minutes, being kept warm during the time either by close proximity to the fire, or, preferably, by the teapot cosy. Now fill up with the remainder of the water and the tea will be made to perfection. Never boil tea, for you will then send all the volatile oil and aroma up the chimney. Don't allow it to stand too long, or you will extract too much tannin. When the meal is finished, empty out the leaves, and dry the teapot carefully, so as to have it ready for the next brew.

I have often heard the question asked whether an earthenware or metal teapot makes the best tea. The true answer is—both; for it depends how they are used as to what the result may be. If it is the custom of the cook to place the teapot near the fire, then a brown earthenware pot is the best; if, on the other hand, the tea is made in the dining-room, and the pot during the "drawing" process is kept on the table, then a bright metal pot produces the best results. A little scientific knowledge of the nature of heat will explain this.

If we expose to the same source of heat for a similar period two pieces of metal, the surface of one being bright, while the other is blackened, we shall find that the blackened piece will become much hotter in a given time than the polished one. That is to say, that blackened surfaces absorb heat more quickly than polished ones. If, on the other hand, we take two vessels containing hot water, one of them being dull and the other bright, we shall find that the polished vessel will cool more slowly than the dull one. Putting this into scientific language, black surfaces are good absorbers and good radiators, whilst polished surfaces are bad radiators and bad absorbers; so that the dull earthenware teapot placed near the fire absorbs a large amount of heat, and keeps the tea and water warm; while if the bright teapot were placed near the fire, it would be unable to absorb the heat, and thus prevent the tea being well infused, but when once infused and removed to the table, would keep the contents warmer for a much longer time than the cheaper earthenware pot.

I have already alluded to the value of soft water in tea-making; and where only hard water is to be procured, it is a common practice to put some baking-soda in the teapot. This undoubtedly softens the water, but the lime is all precipitated in the teapot, and the excess of soda—for excess is usually present—acts deleteriously on the tea. If soda must be used, put it in the tea-kettle; or, what is much better, put a little sugar in the teapot before pouring on the water.

D. D.

Apple Meringue.—Stew apples, sweeten and flavor to taste, and put the fruit in the dish it is to be served in. Let it cool. Beat the whites of three or four eggs with a little powdered sugar, to a froth which can be cut with a silver knife. Spread this smoothly over the fruit, and set the dish in the oven for about fifteen minutes. The crust should be a crisp, light brown. It is better served at once, for the meringue grows tough in cooling.

Lemon Sponge.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine for one hour in three-quarters of a pint of water, and add the strained juice of three lemons, and five ounces of loaf sugar. Simmer in a saucepan over the fire for a minute or two. Strain, and let the mixture cool. When nearly cold, add the beaten whites of two eggs, and beat all well together for twenty minutes; pour into wetted molds, and set aside to cool. It should be made the day before it is needed.

Orange-Peel Cakes.—Half a pound of sugar; the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; two ounces of lemon-peel cut very fine; the rind of one orange; half a pound of flour. Beat all the other ingredients together thoroughly before adding the flour. Make the cakes into small fancy shapes, and score them across the top with the back of a knife. Bake slowly.

Book Review.

Log-Book Notes Through Life, by Elisabeth N. Little, author of "Beacon Lights," "Long Shore," etc., will be welcomed as another of the artistic gift-books which embody choice selections from favorite poets, embellished with beautiful and appropriate illustrations. In this are included verses by Helen Hunt, Lucy Larcom, Whittier, Longfellow, D. G. Rossetti, J. W. Chadwick, and others, with appropriate nautical illustrations representing ships and sails and spars and ropes most artistically devised to ornament and accompany the verses. The book is an oblong quarto, with handsome cover, every detail in exquisite taste, and the illustrations appropriately printed in blue monochrome. Published by White & Allen, New York and London.

A Christmas Carol, and **A Friend Stands at the Door**, a psalm for the New Year, both written by the lamented Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik, are published as companion souvenirs of the holiday season, printed in sepia-tint and gold, on oblong leaflets of ivory-finished card-board bound together with ribbon and embellished with dainty and appropriate illustrations by J. Pauline Sunter. All are familiar with Mrs. Craik's tender verses, and the artist has caught the inspiration of the poet and is exceedingly happy in her illustrations.

All Around the Year, similar in style to the above, but smaller, is a calendar with illustrations by the same artist, in which the flight of time is represented by quaint figures of children with surroundings appropriate to each month. These handsome sepia tint souvenirs are published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Life of Christ Calendar is one of the most beautiful and appropriate of the many seasonable novelties. It presents a series of exquisite designs in old missal style, illustrating twelve famous events in the life of our Saviour, each accompanied by an appropriate verse of Scripture and the calendar for the month. These are printed on large card-sheets tied together with cord or ribbon, and are exact reproductions of the original aquarelles in all their richness of coloring and artistic effect. Published by White & Allen, New York and London.

The Old Folks at Home. The charming old ballad is presented in a most charming dress, with full-page monochrome illustrations alternating with the pages containing the verses, which are also accompanied by artistic designs. This is another of the popular "card-books" having the leaflets bound together with ribbon, and is one of the most satisfying in its general effect to an artistic taste. It is one of the series of "Favorite Folk Ballads," printed in blue, sepia, and other tinted monochromes, which includes "Annie Laurie," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and several others. Published by White & Allen, New York and London.

Nelly was a Lady. The familiar plantation song written and composed by Stephen Collins Foster, is presented in dainty garb, with beautiful page illustrations of Southern scenes drawn from nature, and each stanza occupying a page with appropriate and characteristic ornamentation. This is uniform in style with the others of the series of "Songs of America," among which are several other songs by the same popular composer. Published by Ticknor & Company, Boston.

The Report of the International Council of Women, which met at Washington last April, is now published in book form, and every woman who was interested in the movement, or is interested in the advancement of her sex, needs this volume as a souvenir of the most remarkable assemblage ever convened, and as a book of reference and inspiration. It is slightly condensed from the excellent stenographic report made for the "Woman's Tribune," which was published daily during the Council, and in this convenient form one may (and will want to) read again and again the stirring speeches made by noble women on the most vital questions of our time, and gain inspiration, encouragement, and strength for future good works for the best interests of humanity. The work is published in paper covers, for 50 cents, or 60 cents by mail, and bound in cloth, for 75 cents, or 90 cents by mail, the latter style having as a frontispiece a fine engraved portrait of Lucretia Mott. It is very fully indexed, which is a great comfort for busy people. Published by the National Woman Suffrage Association, Washington, D. C.

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Memories of the Crusade, an account of the great uprising of the women of Ohio against the liquor crime, is a valuable contribution to temperance history, worthy of the most careful perusal. "Mother" Stewart, the leader in that "Holy War," as it has been aptly called, has in this book given her actual experiences, and the history of the "Woman's Temperance Crusade" in 1873, the forerunner of that grand organization, the W. C. T. U. with its 200,000 members, which are told in an easy, natural manner that gives weight to its deeply instructive lessons. The book contains 535 pages, interspersed with incidents and anecdotes amusing and pathetic, and has numerous illustrations that bring vividly before the reader the stirring scenes of the days when the "praying bands" made their historic tour of the saloons with such glorious results. Mother Stewart was a Prohibitionist from the start, and has suffered much for the cause. Always a liberal giver, she, like the majority of the workers for the cause of temperance, never received any adequate pay for her services, and a more self-sacrificing heroism than hers the world has seldom witnessed. It is hoped that the profits from the sale of this book will help to support her declining years. She has done good service on both continents, and should this book meet with favor, it will be followed by another on "The Crusade in Great Britain." Published by Wm. G. Hubbard & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Rachel Armstrong; or **Love and Theology**, by Celia Parker Woolley, is a work that stands as the prototype of the theological novels that are now so popular, and it has been styled "The American 'Robert Elsmere'": the same universal absorbing questions are treated of in both, and Mrs. Woolley has presented a vivid and faithful study of the conditions regarding religious subjects as they exist in American life. The hero and heroine are both moral enthusiasts, and their story is told with rare power, and the book evinces deep spiritual insight. The book was published over a year ago under the second title, and to meet the demand for a cheaper edition is now brought out in Ticknor's Paper Series.

Young Maids and Old, By Clara Louise Burnham, author of "Next Door," "No Gentlemen," etc., is another of those wholesome, piquant, and entertaining stories that have made the author so popular. Miss Trowbridge is a charming type of the sisterhood of unmarried women, kind, motherly, and self-sacrificing, who finds her happiness in promoting that of her nieces and nephews. The story is told in the author's happiest vein, and after various vicissitudes, of course ends happily. Published by Ticknor & Company, Boston.

Better Times is a collection of ten short stories by Henry Hayes, the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" and "Queen Money," and although written before he enjoyed his present enviable reputation, are in the same bright, entertaining, and natural style that gives such a peculiar charm to the author's later works. Published by Ticknor & Company, Boston.

The Life of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, by Prof. A. A. Hopkins, is the biography of a typical American life, beginning in the log-cabin of a pioneer, and culminating in the honor of a presidential nomination. The record of a self-made man always has a permanent value as a source of inspiration to other men and to the rising generation, and the life of this advocate of the grand principle of Prohibition is another example of the truth of the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Three highly humorous books are **THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB**, which originally appeared in "Life," illustrated by E. W. Kemble, who is always so successful in his portrayures of the negro; **THE MOTT STREET POKER CLUB**, illustrated by M. Woolf, which gives a graphic account of life among the Chinese in New York City; and **THE HOTTENTOT BLUE-BOOK**, the latest of C. M. Seyppel's quaint productions, which recounts in verse, with over one hundred illustrations, the adventures of an English Smith and a German Schmidt in the wilds of Africa. Published by White & Allen, New York and London.

How to Learn to Paint with Oil and China Colors, by Marion Kemble, is an excellent and instructive manual intended specially for those who for various reasons are debarred from the oppor-

tunity of enjoying personal instruction in painting, and also to afford those who propose to take lessons, such preliminary knowledge as will enable them to do so more intelligently and economically. Part I. treats of oil painting, and Part II. of painting on china; and to these is added a glossary of the technical terms used in the book, which will be of great service to beginners. The book will be of especial value to amateurs; and, as the author states in the introduction, its value "should not be estimated by its size, weight, or number of pages, but rather by what the information it gives will cost obtained in any other form." Published by S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston.

Hygiene of the Nursery, by Louis Starr, M.D., Physician to the Children's Hospital, Philadelphia, and Clinical Professor at the University of Pennsylvania of the Diseases of Children, is a book that every mother and nurse should be conversant with, and every physician should have in his library. It treats in a common-sense way, in simple language devoid of technicalities, of matters pertaining to the nursery,—the features of health; the proper selection of the room for the nursery, its heating, ventilation, lighting, and furnishing; the proper food, method and time for bathing the little ones, etc., etc., and has an especially helpful chapter on the treatment of the various emergencies that are so likely to occur in a family of children. The author believes firmly in the value of the "ounce of prevention," and recommends many hygienic rules, which, if practiced in the nursery, would lessen susceptibility to disease. Published by P. Blakiston, Son, & Co., Philadelphia.

Calisthenics for Young Folks, by Alfred M. A. Beale, is a handy manual of the various kinds of exercises particularly suitable for children, for girls as well as boys, either for school or home practice. The book is profusely illustrated with cuts made from photographs of children practicing the various motions, and these add greatly to its value. Exercises with the wand, dumb-bells, and Indian club, are exhaustively described, and the first chapter is devoted to elementary exercises which tend to a graceful walk and carriage. The girls will be especially interested in the description and illustrations of the broom drill, and the boys in the chapters devoted to fencing and swimming. The book is issued by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

Wings and Stings is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly, amusing book by Palmer Cox. It is one of the "Queer People" series, and similar to its companion, "Paws and Claws." This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters; the illustrations are splendid, and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. As a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones. Published by Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia.

P. T. Barnum's Circus, Museum, and Menagerie, is a book designed by the veteran showman and Sarah J. Burke for the delectation of the little people; and the youngster who would not be delighted with it, must be different from any we know. Every page is illustrated, and there are numerous bright-colored lithographs; and to look through the book and read about the experience of Gay and Trixie and Tom among the animals and curiosities, is almost as good as a visit to the circus. Published by White & Allen, New York and London.

Charming Songs for Little Warblers, by George Gill, suggests the twilight hour, with mamma or the elder sister at the piano, and the little ones clustered around her and singing in happy, childish voices. This is a collection of pretty songs set to simple tunes, suitable for home or school, and is published by the Boston School Supply Company.

Madame Silva, by M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion," "Jean Monteith," etc., is published in the Sunshine Series of Cassell's Choice Fiction. "Madame Silva" is a novel of deep interest. It deals—not in any friendly way—with the mysticism and "adeptism" which it is so fashionable to discuss at present. The awkwardness which often arises when an adopted child becomes dear as one's own and yet must be given up to its real parents, is a leading motive of the story, which is one of supreme renunciation and self-sacrifice. Published by Cassell and Company, New York.

The Family Doom; or, *The Sin of A Countess*, is by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, whose novels need no recommendation, for everything by this brilliant and favorite author is always eagerly read. Published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

Prohibition Bells and Songs of The New Crusade, compiled by the Silver Lake Quartette, is a collection of songs set to music. These bells ring clear notes of sweet summons or soul-piercing warning, and will be heard in repeated echoes throughout the land. Musical sounds vibrate further than discords, and a song often moves more than an oration; hence these bell-notes will doubtless be as effective as they are sweet or sonorous. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.

Platform Voices, edited by Julia A. Ames, associate editor of the *Union Signal*, is a choice selection of temperance recitations for young and old, collected in a pamphlet of convenient size and published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.

Isidra, by Willis Steell, is a romance of the struggle for Mexican independence in 1864. A tale of patriotism and love among the warm-natured people of that land, where, as the author says, "the sun never shines but it scorches," could not be less than impassioned; and the lover of romance will not be disappointed in its pages. Published by Ticknor and Co., Boston.

The Man Behind, by T. S. Denison, is a novel dealing with the three master passions, love, avarice, and ambition. The life of the average politician is the motive of the plot. Published by T. S. Denison, Chicago.

Our Next Article About New York City.

NOTHING truer has ever been said than that occupation makes diversion acceptable, and diversion makes occupation welcome in turn. Even in the nursery we are taught what will be the result of "all work and no play," but New-Yorkers need never degenerate to the traditional dullness of "Jack," because of lack of diversion for their hours of relaxation. In the previous articles about New York City we have had to do with the business aspects of the metropolis; our next will be devoted to its amusements, and not only treat of the theatres, opera-houses, and similar places for which the city is noted, but give a delightfully chatty description of the characteristic pastimes that contribute so much to the pleasure of "the million," and introduce the reader to some of the popular resorts outside the city itself, that have become almost world-famous. As heretofore, the article will be embellished with numerous handsome illustrations, among them fine portraits of Miss Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth.

"Where is My Pattern?"

WE are continually receiving letters asking the above question, and almost invariably, upon looking into the matter, we find the non-arrival due to carelessness on the part of the writer.

We receive innumerable "Pattern Orders" with no name or address written upon them. These can often be traced, when a complaint arrives, by the postmark on the envelope; but it is amusing to read in the letter of complaint, "Where is my pattern? I know I have made no mistake," etc., and many will not believe they have been so careless as to forget to sign their name or to mark the pattern desired, or to inclose the two-cent stamp for each "Pattern Order," or have omitted some other essential detail.

Our friends will be doing us a great favor if they will *always* write when anything ordered from us fails to arrive. We assure them it will *never* be any fault of ours if they are not eventually satisfied, as our business is so systematized that the fault is not likely to happen in our office. Oftentimes it is some fault with the Post-Office; but, whatever it may be, if they will write to us, we will see that it is set right, for it is to our interest to satisfy everybody.

Extra Patterns.

IF you wish an extra pattern, and have no "Pattern Order" on hand for which the time has not run out, an extra Magazine may be purchased in your neighborhood and a "Pattern Order" thus obtained; or you can inclose 22 cents (the price of the Magazine and two cents for the postage on pattern) to us, designating in your letter what pattern you wish. We will then cut the "Pattern Order" out, and send you the Magazine and pattern by return mail.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JANUARY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 213.

THE happy medium is the accepted decision in the matter of the tournure. The bustle, while still worn, is so unobtrusive as not to excite unpleasant comment, and the appearance of those who have entirely discarded the appendage is not sufficiently attractive to tempt many to follow the ultra fashion; so the tournure of modest proportions has undoubtedly come to stay. To attain the desired effect, two or three short steels are inserted in the foundation skirt, the upper one quite near the belt, and the hair pad is used only when the material of the dress is heavy and the drapery requires such support. Even for evening dresses of the thinnest materials the steels are retained, but are always very short, and never tied back tightly.

Skirts for all costumes are perceptibly longer, those for street wear sometimes touching the ground, a fashion not to be recommended, while for carriage and visiting dresses the skirts sometimes rest two or three inches on the ground. House dresses are made to touch the ground, or are trained four or five inches, dinner and reception dresses have demitrains from ten to fifteen inches in length, but full trains appear only on full-dress toilets.

The polonaise or redingote effect appears in every style of costume, from a tea-gown to a ball-dress. At a recent fashionable wedding the brides-maids wore redingotes cut like the "Kassala" (illustrated in the September number), made of *peau de soie* in pale lemon-color, light green, and a delicate strawberry-tint, over ballet skirts of white tulle finished only with a broad hem at the foot, which showed through the openings in the redingote skirt. Directoire and Louis Quatorze coats of moire, brocade, or soft Sicilienne, are also worn in combination with tulle skirts. Velvet is frequently used for the broad revers that distinguish the style, but the vest is replaced, for young ladies especially, by a guimpe or full round waist, completed by a broad belt of velvet, sometimes elaborately embroidered.

A boa is the almost inevitable accompaniment of every style of costume, and to meet the necessities of the case and the demands of coquetry, is now made in feathers, lace, ribbon, and even flowers, as well as fur, and its ornamen-

tal possibilities are paramount to the original object of comfort for which the fur boa was designed. One of the prettiest of the flower boas is made of pink rose-petals, and is wound around the crown of a black velvet hat that has a very narrow brim at the back, the long ends crossed in the back, brought around the neck, and loosely knotted under the chin. Boas of lace, feathers, and fluffy furs, especially fox and llama, are arranged in a similar manner. Even when serving its legitimate purpose, the ends of the boa seldom hang down straight in front, but are loosely tied so as to be of unequal length, and one end is thrown over the shoulder, perhaps crossing the back and brought forward under the opposite arm.

Fancy runs riot in the matter of tasty muffs, and they are carried with all styles of costumes, even when other accessories of fur are worn. For use with special costumes, they are most frequently made of the same material; but plush, velvet, or silk, with any effective style of ornamentation, preferably, at the moment, feathers, is a favorite foundation for a muff to be carried with different costumes. Muffs made of ostrich-feather flues, matching the boas, and sometimes ornamented with a cluster of tips on the top, are very lovely, and much lighter than the fur muffs.

Showy styles and colors in gloves find no favor. Tan remains the fashionable color for gloves for all occasions, the dark and medium shades for day wear, and the lighter tints for evening, even with all-white dresses, although white gloves are sometimes worn with these toilets, and are certainly much more appropriate. Black, and various shades of gray are worn with gray costumes. Undressed kid gloves of light quality with corded backs are chosen for dressy uses; for street wear, gloves of heavy kid with broad stitching in self-color or black are universally worn. The four and five button lengths are most popular for ordinary uses, and for evening wear, the gloves invariably meet the sleeves, sometimes reaching quite to the shoulders.

In hosiery, black is more worn than any color, both for day and evening. Fine black silk hose with lace insertions up the fronts are worn with handsome toilets of black and dark colors, but for evening, or even ordinary house-wear, it is the fashion at present to wear the hose to match the low shoes, black with black shoes, gray or tan-color when the shoes are of those colors. Red stockings are occasionally

worn with black costumes, and where black is combined with a color in the costume, the shoes are black, and the hose of the same color that is used in the toilet.

For information received regarding costumes and robes, thanks are due to B. Altman & Co.; for children's dresses, to Best & Co.; and for materials, to James McCroery & Co.

A HANDSOME ornament for the hair is a comb of light amber shell, surmounted with a border work of pearls and diamonds, then a rim of small pearls, and finally a row of large diamonds and pearls alternating.



Reception Toilet.

STRAWBERRY-TINTED faille Française, black Chantilly lace, pale lemon-colored velvet for the revers on the waist, and clusters of lemon-colored ostrich tips and aigrettes are represented in the illustration, and the patterns used are the "Eldora" basque, the "Eldora" drapery, a plain foundation skirt, and an "Adjustable" train, the latter illustrated in miniature on page 194. The combination of the materials can be easily understood from the illustration. The plaited panel is on the left side only, the right side being as shown on the back view. The back view also shows the design without the train, and with this modification the model is suitable for quite simple materials and ordinary purposes. The drapery is especially desirable for soft silks and fine woolens, which drape gracefully. The pattern for the basque is cut high in the neck, but is marked where it may be cut as illustrated. When used for very dressy purposes, the standing collar is omitted altogether. The patterns are fully described on page 195.

Ecila Mantle.

THE graceful simplicity of this design recommends it especially for plush, velvet seal-skin, and the heavier qualities of cloth that are appropriately trimmed with fur, and it could also be used for the lighter fabrics that are chosen for spring and autumn wraps. The illustration of the front represents golden-brown velvet trimmed with cord passementerie of the same color and otter fur; the back view shows it made of black beaver cloth trimmed with braid passementerie and lynx fur. The hat is a chamois-colored felt trimmed with a huge bow of ribbon of the same color with garnet edges, the loops secured with garnet pins, and a full red aigrette; and the brim is faced with an appliqué trimming of garnet velvet. See page 195 for the description of the mantle pattern.

"RED RIDING HOOD" cloaks are worn by children under eight years of age.

SMALL pearls set in a gold grape-vine leaf, with a diamond stem, compose a delicate lace-pin, also pretty to fasten the bonnet strings.

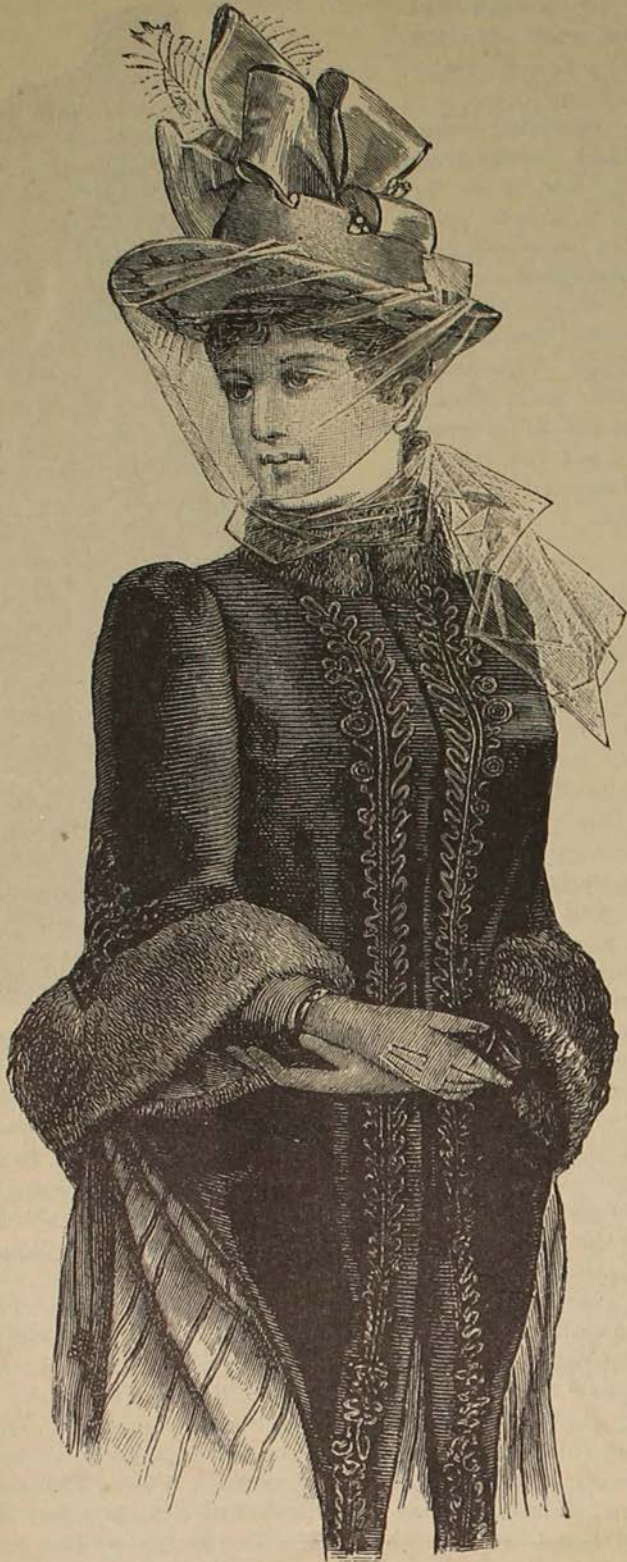
Reception Toilet.

ELDORA BASQUE.

ELDORA DRAPERY.

GORED SKIRT.

ADJUSTABLE TRAIN.



Ecila Mantle.—FRONT.

Directoire Coat.

(See Page 190.)

THIS stylish model can be utilized for either an independent garment to use for street wear only, or for a polonaise to complete a costume of heavy or medium weight material. It can be combined with a plain or plaited skirt, which may be of the same or a contrasting material, and the waistcoat, or vest, can match either the skirt or coat. The illustration represents a costume of heavy, old-red serge, with the skirt, and the revers on the back, of serge of the same color having broad stripes of yellow silk embroidery, and the vest, collar, and cuffs of black velvet. The hat is of red velvet, with a bow of yellow velvet on the crown, and a boa of silver-fox fur encircling the crown, crossed in the back,

and then brought around the neck. The muff is of the same fur, ornamented with a bow of red and yellow velvet. For directions about the pattern, see page 195.

Winter Cloak.

(See Page 191.)

AN especially stylish cloak, made of seal-plush trimmed with bands of otter. The hat is brown felt trimmed with brown ribbon and ostrich tips of a lighter shade of brown. The design of the cloak is the "Thora" raglan, the pattern for which was given with the October number. The shoulder-pieces are carried down the back like those of a dolman; the back pieces are cut like a pointed basque, and the skirt is gathered and sewed to them. For particulars about the pattern, see page 795 of the October magazine.

Ball Dresses.

WHITE will never be superseded entirely for the festal array of youth, and the airy, fleecy clouds of white tulle, which compose so many fashionable ball-dresses, are charming accompaniments to youthful grace and beauty.

White or cream-white tulle in several thicknesses, the outer one tucked in deep, separated tucks run in with white floss-silk and thus distinctly outlined, is draped lightly with a good deal of fullness at the back, over a foundation skirt which is finished at the bottom with a deep box-plaiting of tulle, which holds the outer skirt out in a graceful manner. The inside of the underskirt of such a dress is not only arranged with steels to keep it in place, but the back breadths are lined with crinoline to the waist, to avoid any limpness. The corsage is full and cut in V-shape back and front, or worn high according to taste.

An exquisitely simple dress in white tulle is as described, with a drapery coming from the belt at the left and crossing the skirt to the foot at the right. The edge of this drapery is finished with an inch-wide hem and four tucks to match, run in with floss silk, and rows of white moiré ribbon are run on the tulle back of this, while a bow of the same ribbon holds the drapery to the skirt at the foot. Such a dress in Nile-green tulle with ribbons to match, is exceedingly becoming to a roseate blonde.

Flowers play a conspicuous part in the decoration of ball-dresses, and one of the prettiest of white tulle dresses has a lovely garniture of rose garlands hanging in long trails from the waist to nearly the bottom of the skirt, five such vine-like strings of roses and leaves trimming the front of the skirt, the tulle between the sprays gathered very full.

Many of the daintiest evening-dresses are of fine Henrietta cloth in evening shades, draped over moire Française of the same color. Irish lace is used in profusion as a garniture for such dresses, and is effective either as an insertion or a full lace garniture.

An exquisite combination of color is seen in a water-blue Henrietta cloth draped over pale blue moire exactly matching in color, and



Ecila Mantle.—BACK.

trimmed all around the drapery with Irish point lace set on plainly and in a reversed manner, forming an insertion between the edge of the drapery and a band of moss-green velvet ribbon which is sewed on the outer edge of the lace. A band of the green velvet ribbon with a jabot of the lace on either side, is placed at one side of the skirt, and the corsage is trimmed to match. Anything more delicately suggestive of spring-time and youth could scarcely be imagined than this combination of tender green, reserved, dainty blue, and frost-like lace. Pink is a fashionable evening-color also, and the combination of the favorite shade, old-rose, with terra cotta or crushed strawberry, is often trimmed with exquisite garnitures of Persian embroidery in bands. Old-rose and green combine beautifully, but the combination of color is more often in the garniture than in the materials, such as colored ribbons used on another

color, or a sash drapery or scarf of a different colored crape. A handsome dress is of black brocaded satin combined with green velvet, which is arranged in a side panel with a bordering of steel-spangled white mull set on over the velvet, like a band trimming. The basque of black satin has a vest made of a green crape scarf, the fringed ends fastened in a bow in front.

Tea-Gowns and Negligees.

THE graceful robes which are called tea-gowns, present so many modifications in style that there is a wide range of adaptation in their use. The Tosca and Directoire styles are so slightly different from many distinctive dinner-dresses, that tea-gowns in these styles are wearable for almost

formal occasions, and the trained princesse robe with lace-draped front may be worn by a lady in her own house at any time except at a very dressy, formal reception, which calls for evening dress; while the charming *négligée* gowns are the modern substitutes for the time-honored wrappers.

The most attractive of the latter is an exquisite novelty. It is a gown of old-rose surah, with a full back laid in fine, close accordion plaits, from neck to hem, and the skirt-front plaited like it, but set into a belt at the waist, which is a full blouse in front, gathered in to the narrow belt. The sleeves are full shirt-sleeves, with deep wristbands reaching half-way to the elbows and feather-stitched with white silk. A gathered fall of black Chantilly over white Malines lace is sewed all around the neck and down both sides of the front of the blouse to the belt, and the blouse can be fastened high in the neck or left open in V-shape, as preferred.

Very different from this charming negligee, suitable for a bride or young matron, is a magnificent Tosca gown of golden-green faille Française, with close-fitting princesse back, and full Empire front of light blue faille richly brocaded with pink hyacinths and tea-roses in the formal, exquisitely wrought sprays of the Empire designs. This front, gathered full at the neck, is confined at the waist by a broad band, too wide to call a belt, of the green faille, which is edged on both sides with a fine passementerie of gilt tinsel threads and tiny yellow straw balls, which also trims the deep cuffs of blue brocade that reach nearly to the elbows, above which the sleeves are in deep puffs of the green faille.

Still another style of gown has a Directoire redingote of gray flannel, pinked-out on the front edges of the back of the gown, which laps over a white cloth front hanging



Directoire Coat.—BACK.

(See Page 189.)



Directoire Coat.—FRONT.

(See Page 189.)

straight and plain below an Incroyable jacket of gray with white revers. These Directoire gowns are seen in various combinations of color, but more frequently in a color over white.

Plush is a favorite material, also, and some of the more elegant gowns are made of plush in connection with faille; such as chestnut-brown plush in a long redingote with plaited back and open front in Directoire style over a plain skirt, in the front only, of white faille Française with *chiné* figures in old gold. The same faille is made up with different colors in plush, such as moss-green, blue, and old-rose.

Some of the gowns are made with medium length trains, especially those with lace-draped fronts. A very elegant one is of heavy black silk with front of gray satin draped with black lace drapery-net caught up with loops and ends of wide gray-satin ribbon.

Hair-Dressing.

FOR those to whom it is most becoming, the high coiffure still holds its own. Very little of one's own hair is necessary for the puffs, twists, and coils which are arranged well forward of the crown, with loose curls showing here and there, or sometimes arranged to look like a fringe of the ends of the hair coming out all around the central arrangement.

The Psyche knot is the favorite style for girls with classic features,—alas! so many others wear it,—and its beautiful simplicity is charming. The closely braided or tightly twisted knot of hair at the back of the head is seen almost invariably with the toque-shaped hats and caps now so fashionable, and the front hair is cut in a short, pointed bang made fluffy and curly-looking, but not actually curled.

The "saucer" bang, as one arrangement of the front hair is termed, is something like the above in effect, but it is cut perfectly round, without the least suggestion of a point. The "baby" bang is curled more precisely, and, strange to say, is worn usually by matrons, in spite of its infantile name, in preference to the more youthful-looking full bangs.

The Langtry coiffure is revived by a few, and there is among those with fine natural hair a tendency to display it more, so even the "châteline" braids of nearly twenty years ago are often seen. No arrangement shows a fine *chevelure* to better advantage, but it needs to be a small and well-shaped head which will retain its symmetrical appearance with such an addition at the back.

One very "taking" arrangement, for those who have short hair, is to curl it all to the very crispest curl, and then having run the comb through it, to tie it all in a bunch at the back of the head, just below the crown. This is exceedingly girlish in effect, and very pretty in blonde or light brown hair.

The hair is often dressed in flat curls all over the top of the head, and often when the hair is arranged in loose twists and coils, these are almost concealed by light masses of clustering rings. Nearly all of these styles of hair-dressing can be effectively produced with additional hair if the lady's natural suit is not abundant.

Amber and silver ornaments are worn in the hair on ordinary occasions, and for dressy wear. Rhine-stones or brilliants, feathers, flowers, and aigrette-shaped loops of ribbon, wherever they seem most becoming.

A MAGNIFICENT ball-dress is of pale, silvery green satin, with long court train lined with old-rose satin, and trimmed with a bordering of Alaska sable, above which are deep arabesques of silver, gold and white embroidery. The front of the skirt is almost solid with the same embroidery.



Winter Cloak.

(See Page 189.)

Midwinter Street Costumes.

DIRECTOIRE models still lead the popular taste, and many costumes not avowedly in Directoire style, display various modifications directly or indirectly formed from it. The wide revers, the flying skirt-pieces faced back on the under side with a lighter or a brighter contrasting color, the straight effects observable in all parts of the dress, evince the disposition to follow these designs.

The long French pelisse of seal-skin, plush, or lavishly braided beaver cloth in rich, dark colors, almost wholly conceals many a street costume, showing only a glimpse of a rich bordering of embroidered passementerie garniture, or a band of velvet around the bottom of the skirt, and sometimes, if the pelisse be left open below the waist, the front of the skirt is more elaborately trimmed than the rest of the costume. All the real elegance of the dress which is apparent

is thus shown in the wrap, which of necessity is less showy than a shorter one.

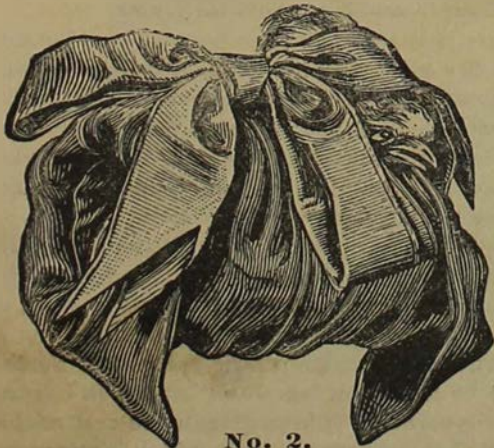
For this reason many ladies prefer, for visiting and dressy occasion, the visite or matinée-shaped wraps, which permit quite a modicum of the costume to be seen. A handsome seal-plush *matinée* is worn with a rich dark brown faille Française draped over an underskirt which only shows as a panel of pumpkin-yellow satin, brocaded in a design of small sunflowers in a paler shade of gold-color. The garniture is a rich beading of gold and brown crystal beads in a fringe.

Many ladies, not wishing to conceal the beauties of a handsome velvet toilet, wear for the promenade only a boa and muff of natural lynx or other light fur in addition to the flannel-lined velvet *redingote* or *polonaise*, which is worn over a skirt to match, or one of heavy faille Française. A handsome costume is of dark green velvet with a Directoire *polonaise* or *redingote* closed in front and double-breasted below the bust, with three large buttons on either side. The *redingote* is open down the front over a dark green satin skirt trimmed with a cut-out *passementerie* of silver and steel tinsel braid. With this dress is worn a bonnet of mahogany-red velvet puffed over a Marie Stuart shape and covered with steel spangles. The trimming is a cluster of red and pale pink satin ribbon loops with a pink *aigrette*, at one side. A muff and boa of silver fox is carried with this costume.

With mahogany and old-rose, dark furs are preferred, and also with brown; and a very becoming dress for a blonde is a deep brown with garniture on dress and wrap of Alaska sable bands.

Fashionable Garnitures.

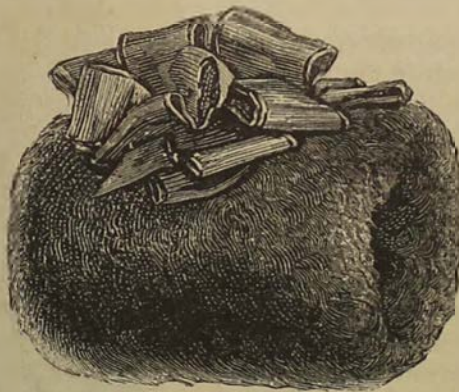
ALTHOUGH braiding is used to excess in all varieties, the more resplendent *passementeries* are more in vogue than ever, especially on handsome street dresses of silk and *moiré*. The crystal beadings in jewel-like effects are made up in open-work bands which combine well with any handsome fabric, and may be used either alone or in connection with the Irish guipure lace which is now so fashionable.



No. 2.



Ostrich Plume Garniture.



No. 1.

the importers bring out satin fronts and bands in all colors exquisitely wrought, and these are the decorative portions of the richest costumes for dressy occasions.

Lace is used less lavishly but with more effect, for white Irish lace is put on in bands and as a waist trimming on even dark silk dresses, and Henrietta cloths; in black laces, Chantilly is preferred to any other, but is seldom used with light colors.

For a little girl about five years old, a most charming coat is of heavy white corded silk, made in Directoire style with wide revers faced with white velvet. With this is worn a Gainsborough hat of white shirred satin trimmed with ostrich feathers; and a muff and boa of ostrich feathers, tied with white satin ribbons.

THE newest thing in diamonds for gentlemen's wear, is an overlapping circlet with brilliants in knife-edge setting, to be worn as a scarf-ring.

WHITE mohair plushes, white and natural gray camels'-hair cloths, trimmed with bands of the fur called "curled Angora goat," and "krimmer," are the favorites for evening wraps. Old-rose plush trimmed with *passementerie* in different shades of metal is the material of one very elegant opera cloak, edged with clipped ostrich-feather bands of the same color, and lined with old-rose surah.



No. 3.

Silver, gilt, and steel tinsels and spangled garnitures are used on dressy toilets, and spangled tulle is used not only in black and white for ball-dresses, but cut in strips and put on with an edging of gilt, steel, or silver cord, whichever the spangles are, as a garniture to outline a colored panel or vest front. Ribbons play an important part as a garniture, and the preference is again for *moiré ribbon*, although the plain *gros-grains* and *faillies* have struggled hard for supremacy. The richest garnitures are wrought directly on the dress fabric, and combine satin-stitch embroidery and gilt and silver appliqué, and sometimes beadings. When beads are used, they are put on in solid floral or conventional patterns, and not in any scant fashion.

The beaded tulle and nets are sometimes laid over satin to produce the same effect, but

Ostrich Plume Garniture.

THE use of long ostrich-plumes, which are so fashionable this season, is by no means confined to hats, but they are employed in various graceful ways on other parts of the toilet, one of which is shown in our illustration. This represents two cream-white ostrich-plumes encircling the neck of a low corsage, the broad ends secured in front under a bouquet of flowers, and the long tips curling over the shoulders like epaulets. These plumes are also used to outline square or heart shaped-necks of handsome toilets, and ostrich-feather bands, which come in various widths, are used for the same purpose. The plumes, however, are newer, and not so stiff in effect.

Evening Hood.

A LONG-SHAWL or scarf of orange-colored China crape, three and one-half yards long and twenty-four inches wide, is used to make this graceful and becoming hood for evening wear. A bonnet frame of lace net, with a close brim (preferably in Marie Stuart shape), forms the foundation on which the scarf is arranged as in the illustration, one yard at each end being allowed for the strings, and a curtain about ten inches deep left at the back. The brim is covered with black velvet laid in folds, and a bow of black velvet with a white aigrette is placed in front. The ends are tied with bows of black velvet ribbon. Any soft material can easily be arranged in this way, black or white lace, and cashmere in delicate tints being quite appropriate and very becoming. We do not furnish a pattern of this hood.

Fashionable Muffs.

No. 1.—A small round muff of beaver fur, ornamented with a full bow of brown satin ribbon edged with gold-color.

No. 2.—The "Anah" muff, made of dark brown serge, with the lining and the facings of the corners of orange-colored surah, and a bow of orange-colored ribbon, and a bird's head and neck ornamenting the top. This style of muff can be made of material matching a special suit, or of velvet, plush, or silk, and carried with various costumes. Plush or velvet with a contrast in the lining and trimmings is very effective. See page 195 for directions about the pattern.

No. 3.—A very stylish muff, that, like the "Anah," can be carried with various costumes or made to match a special one. The illustration represents it made of black velvet laid on a wadded foundation like that given for the "Anah," each end ornamented with a shirred ruffle, about three and one-half inches wide, of the velvet lined with peacock-colored surah, and the top and front ornamented with peacock-breasts and trimmed tail-feathers.

THE seal-skin satchel-muff is very similar to the ordinary muff when carried, but has an enclosed wallet, and a handle to carry it by



Evening Hood.—BACK, when not in use as a muff.



Evening Hood.—FRONT.

Children's Party Dresses.

FOR smallest girls, the inevitable Gretchen dress, in some modification, is the favorite style in surah, fine Henrietta cloth, or moire Française, which is sometimes used. Faille Française in evening colors, such as forget-me-not blue, old-rose, or moss-green, is trimmed with Irish lace in bands and deep cuffs and collars, and composes some of the handsomest party dresses worn by girls of any age under twelve.

Cardinal is a color very much affected by dressy juveniles, and no more becoming dress for a bright little brunette could be selected than a cardinal Henrietta cloth or French cashmere made up with full tucked skirt, a fancy waist with puffed sleeves, and decorations of cream-white moiré ribbon about an inch and a half wide.

The *décolleté* style is not much in vogue among the youngsters, especially in cold weather, but something the same effect is produced by the simulated guimpes of white surah, which are set in of blue, pink, cardinal, or white Henrietta cloth, the neck being cut out in V-shape, back and front, or made square, with over-sleeves and puffs and deep cuffs or wristbands of the white surah. A wide sash of surah is tied at the back with such a dress.

One of the prettiest of white Henrietta cloth dresses for a girl of about six years, is made with a long blouse waist honeycombed to a point in front, and a full skirt trimmed only with a band of moss-green velvet ribbon. At the back a sash of white surah is tied in a large butterfly bow, and the full sleeves are finished at the wrist with a cuff trimmed



Editha Apron.

with a band of the velvet ribbon like that on the skirt.

Ribbon plays an important part in the dress of children, and a dark dress may be made very showy by adding a garniture of narrow ribbons, generally of a bright contrasting color, such as white on red or garnet, orange-color or red on navy-blue or brown, etc.

For the dressiest of all party attire, worn by little dancers, white tulle made up very simply with wide sashes of moiré ribbon, pink, blue or white, is liked. Colored tulle is also used, and for older girls sometimes draped over moire

Française of the same color.

Deep flounces of Irish lace compose whole skirts, and the waist to match is made also of the flouncing, over silk or satin of any color liked; and these dresses are durable as well as dressy, for the lace can be renovated, while tulle once crushed is hopelessly spoiled.

For boys, nothing surpasses in popular favor the "Lord Fauntleroy" suit, as illustrated in the present number, and with black silk or lisle-thread stockings and patent-leather pumps, any boy may be "dressed like a lord." Black stockings are worn by girls also, with all dresses, and their *chaussure* is completed with dainty bronze kid slipper-ties or kid dancing-slippers with moderately low heels.



Ariane Waist.

Editha Apron.

This model is equally desirable for an apron or dress, according to the material of which it is made. Washable materials can be appropriately fashioned in this way for either purpose; and if used for a dress, the lighter qualities of woollens can be used. For the latter, feather-stitching in coarse silk of a contrasting color, or rows of velvet ribbon or braid will furnish a suitable trimming. Washable goods can be trimmed with tucks or embroidery. The design is the same back and front. See page 195 for directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

Ariane Waist.

As a rule, a round or blouse waist is more becoming than a basque to the undeveloped figure of a young miss. The "Ariane" is a very desirable model, especially suitable for woollens, and adapted to some qualities of washable materials. The back is laid in plaits turned toward the middle, and the collar is in sailor shape. This waist can be worn with any style of skirt, and a belt or a sash can be substituted for the girdle. It can be made entirely of the same material, or another fabric can be used with good effect for the collar, cuffs, and chemisette. The pattern is fully described on page 195.

MUFFS and boas of ostrich or cock feathers are dressy additions to the calling costume.



Adjustable Train.



Nathalie Casaque.



Elgiva Jacket.



Othilde Basque.



Zita Jacket.



Ina Muff.



Agnes Hood.



Ernestine Hood.



Marietta Dress.



Kilt Skirt.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 195.

PATTERNS of the above 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. For it should be remembered that one inestimable advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the Magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on its back.

ROSE and green is the very latest color-combination.

AN odd lace-pin is a striped bass enameled in natural colors, with diamond eyes.

PUMPKIN yellow is the name of a gorgeous golden shade of color, which has no peer.

SMALL gilt hair-pins with round loops at the ends are very much used for dressing the hair.

ALL bonnets for theatre wear are quite low and simple in style, with trimmings of flowers and lace.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT EACH "PATTERN ORDER" ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO BUT ONE PATTERN.

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

ELDORA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, revers, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The shorter row of holes in the front designates where the neck can be cut in V shape. The front edge of the revers is to be placed to the longer row of holes, and continued below along the edge of the front. The upper part of the outer piece of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Five-eighths of a yard of velvet will be sufficient for the revers. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

DIRECTOIRE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, side form, back, revers for back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, cuff, and side panel. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The clusters of holes in the revers for the back match with those in the side form. The extension on the back edge of the back-piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be joined, and then laid in a box-plait on the inside. The extension on the front edge of the side form is to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The panel is to be joined to the front edge of the side form skirt, held a little full at the top, and sewed to the inside belt of the waist. The row of holes in the cuff shows where it is to be turned over to form the revers. The edge with the revers is to be lapped over the corresponding edge so that the clusters of holes will match. A medium size will require eleven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five eighths of a yard of contrasting goods for the revers and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

ECILA MANTLE.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, sleeve, or shoulder piece, under piece for sleeve, back, and collar. The holes in the under and outer pieces for the sleeve show where they are to be tacked together. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide. Three and one-quarter yards of fur will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ANAH MUFF.—The entire pattern is given, consisting of 2 pieces: Foundation and outer piece. The notched edges of the outer piece are to be joined, then gathered and drawn in to the width of the foundation, which is to be lined and wadded. The rows of holes in the outer piece show where it is to be tacked to the edges of the foundation. The corners are to be faced and turned outward as in the illustration. One yard and a half of goods twenty-two inches wide will be required. Pattern in a lady's size.

ELDORA DRAPERY.—The pattern consists of 4 pieces: Front, right side, plaited panel for left side, and one-half of the back piece. The holes at the top of the plaited panel denote four side-plaits, the two forward plaits to be turned toward the back on the outside, and the two others turned toward the front. The notch in the top of the front piece indicates the middle. The holes near the left edge of this piece denote five plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The holes near the opposite edge denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The holes near the front edge of the piece for the right side, denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The extension on this edge is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the back on the inside. The holes near the opposite edge denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The top of the back piece is to be gathered. The "Adjustable" train, when worn with this drapery, should be gathered or plaited at the top so that it will overlap the side pieces of the drapery a very little, and can either be worn under the basque or placed outside of it about an inch below the waist line; in the latter case it must be attached with the upper edge reversed, so that the binding or band will be hidden. The drapery will require eleven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in a medium size. For the quantity required for the train, and directions about the pattern, see special description in next column.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

LASKA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side form, back, half of skirt for back, two collars, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The top of the skirt for the back is to have a piece of stiff crinoline gathered in with it, and then sewed to the back pieces in a reversed manner, in a line with the lower row of holes. The size for fourteen years will require seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the coat, and three-quarters of a yard for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years. The description of the "Kilt" skirt is given in the opposite column.

ROBINA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The vest piece is to be lapped under the front so that the holes will match. The extension on the back edge of the side form is to be lapped over the back piece so that the holes will match. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The size for twelve years will require four and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards of forty-eight inches wide. Five-eighths of a yard of

the narrow width will be sufficient for the revers. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

ARIANE WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Inner front, outer front, side gore, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve. The outer front is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the outer edge. The back is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the middle of the back. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom, between the holes. The size for six years will require one yard and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide to make the waist entirely of one material, or one-half yard of contrasting goods will be needed for the collar and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

EDITHA APRON.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Back and front of yoke, back and front of skirt, and sleeve. Gather the skirt at the top and sew to the yoke according to the notches. If the yoke is to be tucked, tuck the material before cutting it. Gather the bottom of the sleeve and sew it to a band that will slip easily over the hand. The size for four years will require two yards of goods one yard wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

"LORD FAUNTLEROY" SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve of the jacket; and back and front of one leg of the trousers. The size for eight years will require three and seven-eighth yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

OTHILDE BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, vest, side gore, two side forms, back, tab for back, collar and two pieces of the sleeve. The front is to be turned back in a line with the holes, to form the revers. The collar is to be sewed to the neck of the vest, and tacked inside the back of the basque. The point of the tab for the back is to be turned over on the outside at the single hole, and the lower end turned under at the two holes; and it is then to be placed under the back of the basque at the cluster of holes. A medium size will require two and three quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the basque, and one yard additional for the vest, collar, and tabs. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

NATHALIE CASAQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, vest, side form, back, collar, and sleeve. The vest is to be covered with silk cut about an eighth of a yard deeper than the pattern, and laid in deep side-plaits; and is to be placed under the front so that the holes in both will match. The extensions on the back piece are to be laid in side-plaits on the inside, so as to form a box-plait on the outside. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard and five-eighths of silk for the vest, three and one-eighth yards of feather or fur trimming, and three yards of passementerie. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ELGIVA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three and one-quarter yards of fur trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ADJUSTABLE TRAIN AND DRAPERY.—This pattern includes 2 pieces: Half of the train, and the entire drapery for the front. The train is to be plaited or gathered at the top so that it will reach about to the middle of the side forms in the basque. The row of holes near the bottom shows where it can be cut in rounded shape, if desired. The ten holes near one edge of the scarf drapery denote five plaits that are to be sewed to the skirt belt, partly under the front edge of the adjustable train, or as best suits the figure. The holes in the other end denote three plaits that are to be secured to the opposite side of the skirt, about half-way down the plaiting on the side. The train will require eight and one-half yards of silk; and the scarf one yard and a half of material one yard wide. Pattern in one size: train seventy-five inches long.

ERNESTINE HOOD.—Half of the pattern is given in 1 piece. The front is designated by a cluster of four holes. Two yards of goods twenty inches wide will be required. Pattern a medium size for ladies.

INA MUFF.—The entire pattern is given in 1 piece. It will require one-half yard of goods, three yards of ribbon, and one yard and a quarter of fur. Pattern a medium size for ladies.

ZITA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar, pocket, and two sides of the sleeve. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. The size for twelve years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard of fur trimming. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

KILT SKIRT.—The pattern consists of 2 pieces: One-quarter of the skirt, and one-half of the yoke. The holes denote how the plaits are to be laid. The size for twelve years will require seven and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

MARIETTA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, full piece for front, side gore, side form, back, lining for back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve for the waist; front drapery, back drapery, and one-quarter of the skirt. Cut one front like the pattern, and cut the other off in a line with the notch top and bottom, and fasten under the full piece. Gather the full piece top and bottom; join in the shoulder seam, and fasten over the cluster of holes at the bottom of the front. Lay the back in three plaits. Make the belt three and one-half inches wide in front, and half an inch narrower at the back. It should reach to the side form seams. Lay the skirt in box-plaits. Lay three side-plaits turning backward in the top of the front drapery, and three upward-turned plaits in the back edge, and fasten to the waist about an inch above the skirt. Gather the entire edge of the back drapery which is marked by two notches, draw it in to the space of two inches, and fasten to the middle of the back with the upper edge about an inch above the bottom of the waist; and tack the front edge over the plaits in the front drapery. The size for eight years will require six yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

AGNES HOOD.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Front and crown. Lay the front of the crown in two box plaits, and lap it under the front piece as far as the row of holes in the latter. Line the front piece with canvas, and join the lower ends by a piece of elastic ribbon which is to be passed back of the head to hold the front close over the ears. Lay the lower part of the crown in three box-plaits, one in the middle and one on each side, and fasten them to the elastic band. Plait the tabs to fit under the chin, and fasten with a ribbon bow. The size for six years will require five-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide for the crown, and one-quarter of a yard of velvet for the front. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.



Laska Coat.

A GRACEFUL garment in the Directoire style, especially becoming for misses. Having a vest, it can be worn either for an additional garment or to complete a costume. For the first purpose, it is well adapted to all materials used for outdoor wraps, light as well as heavy; and when a part of a costume, it may either match or contrast with the remainder. A pretty effect is produced by having the vest and under-skirt made of the same material; or the underskirt may be of a distinct fabric. The garment is tight-fitting, the back pieces of the waist forming a short point to which the skirt is sewed in gathers. The illustration shows it in combination with a "Kilt" skirt, which is illustrated in miniature on page 194. The hat shown with the costume is of black velvet, with a straight brim slightly narrower at the back and edged with jet beads, the low crown encircled with a band of fancy ribbon, and a bow of the same extending high above the crown. Particulars about the pattern will be found on page 195.

Robina Coat.

THE illustration plainly represents the arrangement of this comfortable garment, which is suitably made in all the seasonable materials appropriate for street wear,—plush, velvet, velveteen, and plain or fancy cloths,—and also in

the lighter qualities of woollens employed for *demi-saison* garments. Simplicity in the trimming is preferable, and that illustrated is appropriate for all woollen goods. Variety may be afforded by having the vest and revers of a different material from the coat. For winter use, fur bands extending the whole length of the fronts can be substituted for the revers; similar bands can be used on the back of the skirt instead of the buttons, and a standing fur collar and cuffs can be added. It is partially fitted to the figure, and should entirely conceal the dress, or leave only an inch or two of the skirt visible below. Particulars about the pattern, etc., are given on page 195.

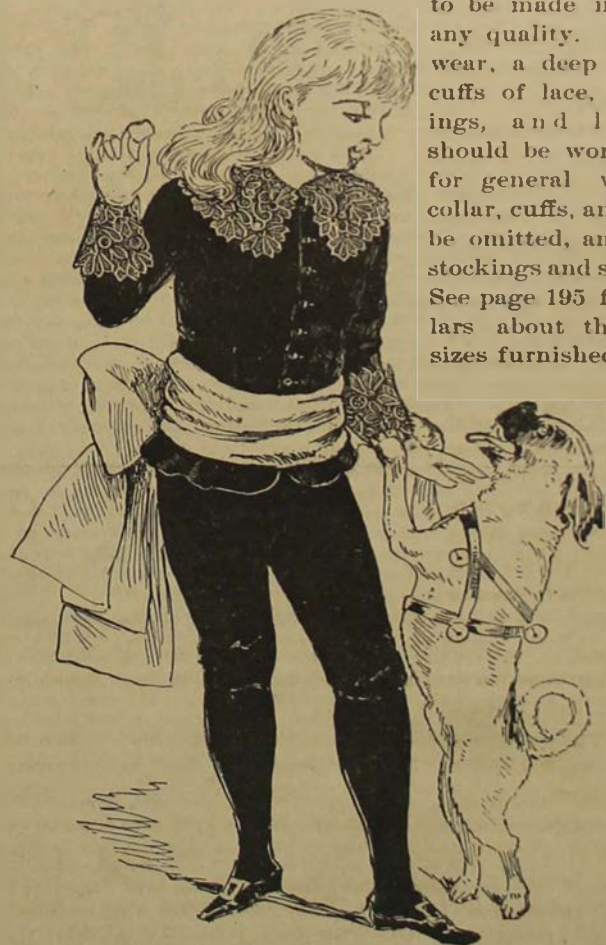


Robina Coat.

"Lord Fauntleroy" Suit.

MADE in black velvet or velveteen, with a sash of soft, red surah, this is one of the most fashionable suits worn by little boys for dressy purposes. The design is so simple, however,—being a perfectly plain, loose jacket, with close-fitting trousers,—that it is quite as suitable for a school suit

to be made in cloth of any quality. For dressy wear, a deep collar and cuffs of lace, silk stockings, and low shoes should be worn with it; for general wear, the collar, cuffs, and sash can be omitted, and ordinary stockings and shoes worn. See page 195 for particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.



"Lord Fauntleroy" Suit.

Mrs. Lide Meriwether,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

THE fair State of Tennessee has captured for her temperance work this rare-voiced songster from her "bird's-nest among the mountains." For Mrs. Meriwether has been known for years, especially throughout the South, as a poet of grand thoughts and of rare musical sweetness and power.

The press throughout the country has caught up her songs, and her Northern sisters have heard the echoes and listened for them yet again. In 1884 she published them in a little volume entitled, "One or Two," with selections from the poems of her only sister, the late Mrs. L. Virginia French, who died in 1881. Between these two sisters there existed the rarest sympathy and the closest intimacy. To such an extent did they echo each the other's thought, that they would often playfully question, "Are we one or two?" Hence the modest title of this collection of poems.

But this little volume was not her first literary venture. Some years previous she had published a volume called "Soundings." This was a collection of "Sketches and Stories," dealing with philanthropic and social questions in behalf of which she was working. They were intended as "soundings in the deep heart of woman" for charity and help for their unfortunate sisters, and for the orphan. For some years she was President of an Orphans' Home. So here were the elements in combination: a practical philanthropist, a magnetic presence, the pen of a ready writer, and the power of speech; but the latter was an unknown problem awaiting development. And this is how it came:

In the very year in which she published her "One or Two," a friend in Forest City, Arkansas, invited her to come over and attend their W. C. T. U. District Convention. She complied, and the sympathies of her heart and mind were at once aroused in recognition of the justice and needs of the cause. She began to read upon the subject, and to study especially the phases of legal Prohibition. She also entered actively upon the work in her own State, accompanying the

State organizer, Mrs. E. L. Saxon, in her rounds. In this way she became widely known to the Unions, and so helpful to them that with one consent, at the annual meeting of the State Union in October, 1885, they elected her their President.

During her first year as President she performed also the duties of Corresponding Secretary, keeping up communication with every Union in the State, and inciting the members to earnest work by every means in her power. In 1886 she succeeded in securing the promise that the National Convention should be held in Nashville the next year, a great undertaking for a State whose work was yet in its infancy. But

this coming of so large and influential a body, with the novelty and success of their methods, and the magnetism of their presence, gave the work a wonderful impetus. Her own address of welcome was so ingenious, poetical, and witty, and her arraignment of "Uncle Sam's housekeeping" was so pungent, that it was copied into the papers all over the country, and it has been enshrined in the books of recitations, whence it is ever and anon revived to electrify audiences in far-distant States. The oratorical development had come.

Mrs. Meriwether evidently understands the advantage of keeping things stirred up. The recent amendment campaign gave opportunity which she improved to the utmost. People that could be reached through the temperance papers read her spirited appeals; those in the larger places were addressed by noted lecturers who came in answer to her calls; while she herself hunted up the smaller places and simplified and adapted the arguments to the more illiterate. Every-



Lide Meriwether

where she went, getting recruits and organizing the W. C. T. U. work, so that in one year the number of the Unions in the State doubled, making about two hundred in all. She canvassed the entire State, speaking in nearly every county, riding hundreds of miles in rough conveyances and over mountain roads, sleeping in log cabins, and often speaking two or three times a day. Such practical work as that is well worth doing; and whether "amendments" fail or flourish for the time being, they are sure to prevail in the end, if such work is kept up. During the present year she has assisted in the Arkansas campaign, speaking in every section of the State, adding many new

members to the W. C. T. U., and arousing interest and enthusiasm wherever she went. She has also spoken in Texas and in Kentucky, and she bids fair to have a national reputation for her oratorical abilities.

Mrs. Meriwether came of good pioneer stock. Her maternal grandfather, Capt. Parker, was a Revolutionary soldier of Accomac County, Virginia. The two sisters were born there, but on the death of their mother, in their infancy, they were taken and raised by their paternal grandparents of Scotch-Irish origin, in Western Pennsylvania. They enjoyed excellent educational advantages at Washington, Pennsylvania, and after their graduation they went South, where they both married, and were for years absorbed in the cares of housekeeping and the nurture of their children.

Doubtless the self-dependence thus early practiced, and perhaps also the early widowhood of a daughter, who with her children now dwells in her home at Memphis, has developed somewhat her earnest belief that every woman should be qualified to care for her own affairs. But the most notable lesson of her life, as we read it, is that after woman has "done well her part" in rearing children to honor and usefulness, she may yet have many added years of usefulness for herself and wonderful development of ability, during which the descending sun of life may make her whitened locks "a crown of glory," being "found in the way of righteousness."

JULIA COLMAN.

From "The Public Good," Boston, Mass.

"FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST."

"MORE than 1600 medals awarded during the past two and a half years." Such is the report of Mrs. C. F. Woodbury, General Superintendent of the Demorest Medal Contests, who is kept busy at her desk at the headquarters of the National Prohibition Bureau, New York, answering letters and giving instructions to workers in nearly every State and Territory in the Union.

Sixteen hundred medals! That means as many Prohibition meetings, in groves, tents, schoolhouses, churches and halls, and these meetings attended by hundreds whose prejudices are so strong and bitterness so intense that they would not go to a Prohibition meeting even to listen to the finest orators of our land.

Sixteen hundred medals also means not less than ten thousand speeches, delivered, it is true, by youthful orators, girls and boys of from ten to twenty-one years of age, but speeches from the hearts and brains of the leaders of the Prohibition party. St. John, Fisk, Miss Willard, Mrs. Lathrap, Bain, Demorest, Thomas, Finch, and others have contributed to the collection of speeches from which the declamations are taken, and their words lose little of their virility and influence when uttered by young lips.

Said a Kansas Republican editor recently: "I can but admire the pluck, persistency and skill of the Prohibitionists. This 'elocutionary' contest business is the sharpest thing I ever knew. The boys and girls, young men and young women, all make efficient workers in this way."

North, South, East and West, these contests are being held, not only making votes for the Prohibition party, but training up orators among the rising generation to take the places of those whose tired hands will soon drop the load of responsibility.

It was a wonderful thought; a brilliant stroke of political strategy. And W. Jennings Demorest, whose brain planned and whose purse supplies these medal contests, deserves the praises and blessings which are lavished upon him from all parts of the land by enthusiastic Prohibitionists. "From Contest to Conquest" has been chosen as the motto of this work. May it prove a prophecy, as well as an inspiration.

In addition to the first supply of medals for London, England, we have just received a request for "fifty more medals" for Glasgow, Scotland.

Delinquent Ministers and Church Members Responsible for the Horrors of the Liquor Traffic.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

THE paralyzing results of a passive silence on the part of the Church of Christ regarding the traffic in alcoholic beverages, in benumbing conscience and deluding the minds of the people with fallacious arguments born of indolence, interest, passion, and appetite, are truly deplorable; and those who are alive to the claims of a pure and active religion are astonished when they learn how much moral delinquency exists in the Church through a delusive silence on this question.

The cowardly, selfish treachery that allows the most prolific cause of misery and crime in the community to be tolerated and sanctioned by teachers in the Church, shows the most aggravated moral turpitude, and is the greatest injury and incubus on our civilization. And to find this most effective toleration through a large number of the ministers and members of the Christian Church, is enough to make the very stones cry out for shame; especially as the sanction that a legal indorsement of the traffic gets through this silence of the Church is understood as consent, and therefore is the great bulwark of this horrible traffic.

The gross inconsistency of many ministers who strain at a gnat of ecclesiastical divergence from the standards of church policy, and yet, by a treacherous conspiracy of silence about the traffic in alcoholic poison, lead men, women, and children to commit the most flagrant crimes through strong drink, illustrates the awfully deceptive nature of human depravity.

These ministerial teachers assume the attitude of those apologists quoted by our Saviour: "When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?" When? When delinquent ministers failed to tell men whither alcoholic liquors lead them; when they did not tell the people, to whom they were appointed as teachers, what their duty was in regard to this diabolical traffic, refrained to warn them of the consequences, and encouraged them, by their apathetic silence, in the use of this liquid death, or "devil in solution." This is the crucial test; and for those who are responsible for this kind of delinquency, Christ's fearful words of condemnation have no other application.

What the Church wants is light! light!! light!!! And false teachers are certainly the most dangerous enemies with which the Church has to contend; for they choke and strangle all virtue and practical vitality out of religion by their perfidious suppression of light.

While the world is in an agony of suffering through alcoholic poison, these dangerous and guilty leaders remain in the Church, to stifle the people's consciences on this important subject, and in this way mislead the young and unwary to their ruin, by an easy, open gateway to perdition.

There ought to be a righteous retribution for criminal neglect of duty, or there would soon be no virtue left in the world. The tendency of our nature and impulses would certainly lead to the utter destruction of all moral character if left unrestrained. Therefore the restraints of God's prohibitive law are imperative. But where and when God restrains men it is difficult for us to tell; and "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

Careless, bad, and thoughtless minds are constantly taking advantage and encouragement from this wicked silence,

and the intense desire of the people to gratify their appetites for alcoholic stimulants is confirmed, producing and ending in crimes that horrify the world by their enormity. Most of these crimes, with their accompanying misery and wretchedness, can be traced to the silence and delinquency of many of the church members, and this duplicity also includes some of the bishops and other dignitaries in their garb of sanctity, who constantly neglect or evade this most important duty.

That these ministers should lead the people and not wait to be led, where practical moral duties are involved, should be "strong and of good courage," especially as they are teachers appointed for that purpose, there can be no question. For them to mislead, or withhold the truth when the temptations are so strong and numerous, and the exigencies of our times so pressing, and the people on this account so much need the truth, is certainly crime of the deepest dye.

Notwithstanding "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging," we have too many cowardly traitors in the Church, who teach the people to believe that absolute righteousness on this question of the liquor traffic is too high a standard to be attainable, and we must therefore compromise with this devil of alcohol, must give it a legal sanction for a fee paid in advance. This diabolical teaching is the most wicked duplicity and the very acme of pernicious legislation, and cannot fail to bring on them an avenging retribution.

Some people may say, "Why does not God destroy and exterminate the evil of the liquor traffic by the fiat of His sovereign power?"

Why? This is not God's plan, and it is among the inscrutable problems that our intelligence cannot solve. But we do know that He acts through human instrumentalities, and that we are to be held responsible for our indolence, for our acts, and for our influence. We are, therefore, not left in doubt or uncertainty as to our personal responsibility, since we find that our free moral agency includes all the duties we owe to ourselves and to the community.

Nor can we shirk these duties with impunity; we must meet them with all the consequences that follow our neglect. And this just now includes our opportunities to exterminate the traffic in the poison of alcohol, by an intelligent and determined exercise of our political rights at the ballot-box, as the only efficient means to destroy this monster of iniquity; and certainly not to encourage and perpetuate the traffic by the bribery of a legal sanction.

Some ministers have a putty conscience on this question of Prohibition, too pliable to know or care what Prohibition is or what are its aims. They are like a "reed shaken with the wind," swayed to and fro with every puff and breath of public opinion, with no manly courage or determined convictions, sycophantly subservient to the whims and caprices of the people, whose passions are often clamorous for indulgence, and sometimes subject to the most slavish appetites in their own persons.

Having only an anxious desire to secure popular favor, these ministers degenerate into a traitorous apathy that makes them craven cowards, so that the people under their influence are subject to the blasting, blighting effects of legalized alcohol, while they willfully neglect to warn the people of the maelstrom that threatens to engulf them in its yawning depths.

As this responsibility includes an intelligent recognition of all the means God has put in our hands to destroy this traffic, therefore the most appalling penalties must await those through whose wicked delinquency and silence, conscience is paralyzed as to the obligations on each individual voter to so use his ballot that it will express his conscience on this vital question, as this is the only efficient way to

put a stop to all the horrid crimes in the community, which are now perpetrated under the protection of a legal sanction called a license.

Certainly no class of persons is so responsible as ministers of the Church, for the conscientious exercise of this duty of voting right when great moral questions are in jeopardy.

No intelligent person can plead either want of light or knowledge on this question of the evils of the liquor traffic. The ghastly horrors of drunkenness in its devastation on the otherwise happy homes of the people, the terrible consequences that follow in its train, the crimes and degradation which include every phase of human misery, are so conspicuously shown in every-day life that it is impossible that they should not know their duty in regard to it.

That so great a curse and such a cruel monster of evil as this liquor traffic could find any toleration or sanction from a civilized community, much less from the Christian Church, must be the greatest mystery to angelic minds. Even to our lower sense it exhibits a marvel of human depravity that surpasses all others in its revolting enormity. Our only wonder is that such moral turpitude as any sanction or passive silence on this momentous question, can exist in the Church without its entire destruction.

Certainly if the people are not soon awakened to a realizing sense of their danger, our country will be overrun with anarchy and engulfed in a vortex of crime and debauchery that will challenge the history of the world for its depths of degradation; and for this veritable hell on earth, dumb, faithless, delinquent ministers and church-members will be mostly responsible.

Though the treachery of silence by these ministers and members of the Christian Church many escape the meshes of human law, and Divine vengeance may not overtake them in this world, yet the revelations and realities of eternity, like scorpions, will record their recreancy with the lash and scourge of a guilty conscience.

To suppose it possible that God should have no cognizance of the evils that flow from a guilty silence, is equivalent to denying God's attribute of justice. God must of necessity recognize and punish crime, whether it be in the form of flagrant wickedness or the more subtle and insidious forms of treachery in our duty towards those who are under our influence, and it will be found that our *not* doing is often set down among our worst crimes.

We rejoice to know that there are ministers and members in the Church, and these not a few, who are active supporters and believers in the prohibition of this monster curse, and who are thoroughly alive to the importance of making strenuous efforts to lead the people to see their duty on this great question. To them these condemnations or criticisms have no application beyond stirring them up to renewed zeal and an anxious solicitude to have said to them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

But the moral delinquency of a large number of the ministers of the Church in their silence on the responsibilities of the people for the liquor traffic, is certainly horrible beyond expression. Their insidious and misleading delinquency in withholding the light of truth is more dangerous to the morals in the Church, and through them reflected on the world, than the moral delinquency of those who make no profession of a high standard of moral purity; and this delinquency of silence does more to torture the world with heretical ideas, by perverting the truth and misleading the unstable and tempted, than could possibly be done by the worst criminals in the land.

The despicable selfishness of these teachers, who by their silence or duplicity apologize for those execrable monsters of iniquity, the liquor dealers, ought to receive the honest and indignant condemnation of all good and true men.

It was to such pretenders that Christ directed His most severe denunciations: "Hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him tenfold more the child of hell than yourselves," "ye devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers," "whited sepulchers,"—these words, and many others that might be quoted, show what abhorrence Christ entertained for mere pretenders to moral purity, who, blinded by indolence, passion, and appetite, or the fear of personal loss, the sneers of time-servers in the Church, or perhaps led away by their sympathies or associations with these human fiends, the liquor dealers, are the real wolves in sheep's clothing, through whose treacherous, cowardly silence the community suffers all the numerous evils that so blight and curse the souls and bodies of men and women, that the slums of our cities present a real hell upon earth; all of which can be traced to the encouragement and justification by passive silence that this infamous traffic gets from these mere pretending teachers of virtue in the Church.

For it is morally certain that the insidious duplicity of silence is the most effective way to encourage wrong-doing and paralyze all religious convictions and vigorous action; and in this way the barriers to vice and impurity are broken down, and religious teachers become the most effective agents for encouraging false standards of duty.

If the fountains of truth are poisoned, by calling evil good, or by withholding the light of truth and duty, the people, led by their appetites and passions, without the restraint of strong conviction, will certainly seek after just such indulgences as the exhilaration of alcoholic poison will afford them. The basis of moral purity will be thus undermined, and the degradation of the people will surely follow.

If Christian teachers "standing on the walls of Zion fail to give warning," or cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace," then woe to the homes and happiness of the people; nothing is left but the mere shell or shred of restraint.

Besides being deluded with fallacious arguments to justify their inaction, the consciences of the people must of necessity become demoralized, and all the horrors of unrestrained passion will be let loose upon them.

The people, therefore, for their own security and protection, must urge and demand of the Church and its ministers, that they manifest an awakened and an intelligent conviction of their duty; that they be the pioneers and beacon lights in the development of moral truth as it applies to this giant evil, especially as regards their practical political duties at the ballot-box.

Without this, the Church betrays her trust, is false in her profession, serving the devil under the guise of religion, becomes a whited sepulcher of hypocritical pretense, her members traitors to God, traitors to home, and traitors to humanity,—craven, cowardly traitors, deserving only the execration of God's wrath, and the indignant condemnation of all thinking minds.

This terrible, delusive, and wicked silence, that now pervades the Church like a heavy cloud, must be scattered by the light of the astounding facts that are being daily developed in the ghastly array of pauperized men, women, and children, the anarchy and numerous other crimes that now menace our civilization. These horrors in our otherwise happy homes, caused by the increased consumption of alcoholic beverages all over the country through legal sanction, must be swept aside by the determined will of the people.

The flashes of God's truth as it bears on this most vital question, must be made apparent, and the Church and its ministers held to a rigid accountability for their influence

on the people in the development of righteous laws to suppress this monster of iniquity through a materialized conscience expressed in their votes.

As the liquor traffic is now entrenched in politics through an efficient co-operation of silence in the Church, the Church must of necessity be awakened so as to use its power and influence to crush the traffic by purifying politics as a part of its religious duty, and also learn that concerted political action is the necessary reaper and mower to secure the harvest, and the only method by which we can reach this giant evil. For the liquor dealers, and the politicians in league with them, are engaged in an aggressive warfare, and will spare no efforts to hold the political power they now possess, and will actively wield it for their own security.

The foundations of the Government must be made pure; and to do this the people are largely dependent on the teachings of the Church for a knowledge of their practical duty as to the best methods for securing righteous laws, and they must also make an active effort to free themselves from the many fallacious arguments and delusive pretenses that have found currency among the people to justify this traffic. For the worst and most delusive outrage on the conscience of the people is to be found in the legal sanction of this traffic by a license which establishes and perpetuates it, on the pretense of restriction.

But when this fallacy and the atrocity of this pernicious legislation have been thoroughly ventilated by the pulpit, the press, and the platform, they will find but few, if any, advocates among thinking minds in future deliberations, or in our legislative halls; so when this last insidious and most pernicious argument, a license (either high or low), which up to the present time has been so industriously used to perpetuate the saloon, has been swept aside, the Church and the people will find themselves compelled to use the only practical method, political action, which is the only effective means to exterminate the evil.

The dawn of Prohibition is now developing in the horizon of active thought on this question. Unmistakable evidence of its coming lights up the moral atmosphere with the promise of a glorious future.

The Christian Church and the whole community will then combine with a unanimity and vigorous determination, overwhelming subservient ministers, selfish politicians, and liquor dealers, with their well-merited condemnation; and this stupendous work, enlisting the noblest and best minds in the country, will form a grand combination, which, like the accumulative force of a sweeping avalanche, nothing will be able to stay until victory is achieved, and the crime and curse of the liquor traffic annihilated forever.

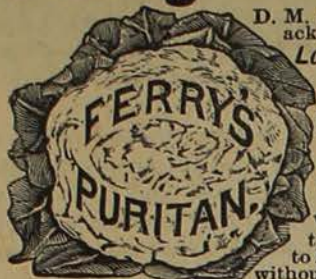
And when it comes, as come it will, the Church and the whole world will experience a thrill of moral ideas and high aspirations that will elevate our civilization to a higher plane of virtue and moral purity, will electrify and vivify every phase of our civilization with a new vigor and noble purposes far beyond any other revolution that the world has yet known; and those who through silence or selfish delinquency oppose its progress, will be swept into oblivion by the onward tide of this new inspiration.

The magnitude of this subject, the prevalent delinquency of the ministers and church members and its important bearings on our present civilization, ought to awaken some deep thought and impel the people into whose hands these suggestions come, to see that this admonition is put in the hands of ministers and church members for perusal. We hope thus to reach every minister and church member in the United States. The above will be published in tract form, and furnished at 10 cts. per hundred, or \$1.00 per thousand, post free; or for 20 cents per hundred, they will be sent singly, post free, to separate addresses. Address, Prohibition Bureau, 32 E. 14th St., New York.

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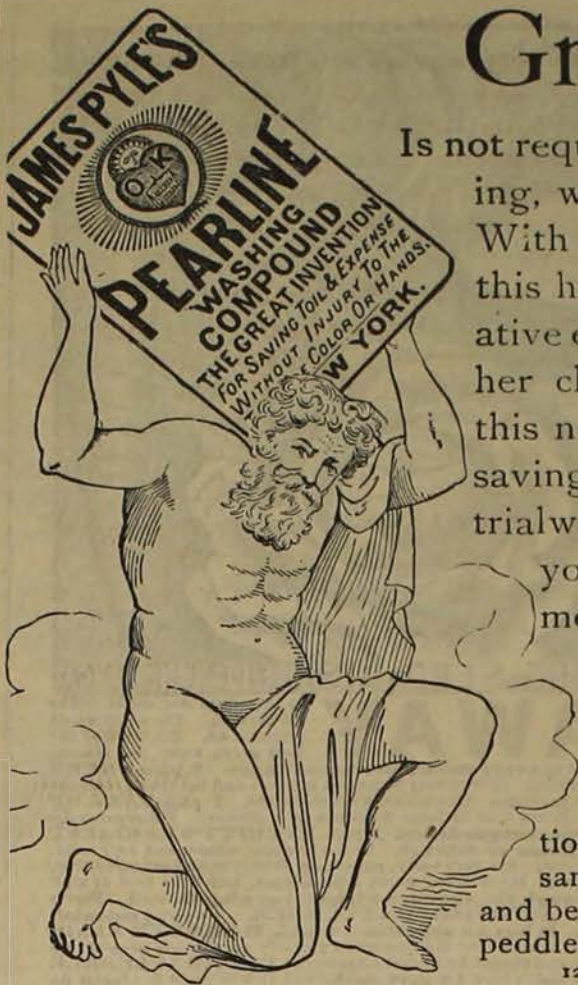
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interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that
the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary
books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibili-
ties of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed.
Sixth—A careful 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 unneces-
sary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a
certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our in-
telligent readers and correspondents to further the objects.
Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will
not be noticed.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I saw in the October
number of your Magazine a letter from Mrs. D.
J. K., inquiring how to manage, amuse, or interest
boys so they will not care to seek all their recrea-
tion away from home. I will tell you how my
husband and I manage; and right here I would
say that a husband who loves his home and spends
his evenings with his family, who does not smoke
tobacco, or drink liquor of any kind, or go into a
saloon unless business of some kind requires it, is
a great help indeed. Such a man is my husband.
"We have nine children, six boys and three
girls. We have three boys, aged respectively fif-
teen, thirteen, and eleven, and one girl of four-
teen years; the rest are younger. As soon as our
children are able to read, we get them books and
papers with interesting and moral stories and read
to them evenings, and they soon get interested,
and try to read themselves. On the night their
magazine arrives, you could not persuade the
boys to leave home, they are so interested in the
stories. We also have a piano, and our girl takes
music-lessons, and plays for us evenings; we ex-
pect to get a violin and cornet for the boys, for we
believe "Music bath charms," especially in the
home circle. Our oldest boy likes drawing, and
we have let him take drawing lessons.

"Boys will want to go to the theatre sometimes,
but we talk to them and have them wait until there
is some good, moral play, and then we let them
go; not often, but two or three times through the
(Continued on page 202.)



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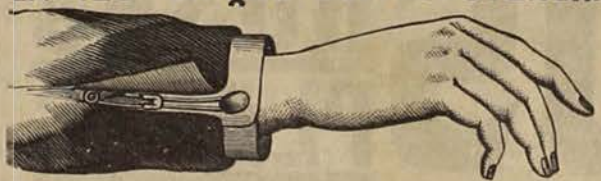
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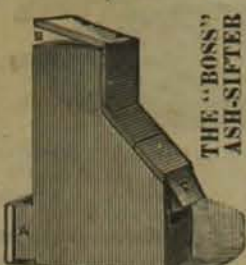
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(Continued from page 201.)

year. Then it is natural that they should try to imitate the characters they have seen at the theatre; we do not check them in this, but rather encourage them to learn dialogues, plays, songs, and recitations. Last winter our daughter took the leading part in a play called "One Hundred Years Ago."

"My husband and I belong to the order of Good Templars, which meets every Tuesday evening. We allow our boys and girls to go with us, and we have them sing and recite pieces, which they practice at home, evenings. Our boys have interested other boys by telling them of the stories they read, and now quite a number either take papers themselves, or come in and hear them read at our house; we also have games to amuse them evenings. On Sunday I attend Sunday-school with most of our children. We have short lessons and try to have them interesting, with plenty of singing. On Sunday I do not try to check them in any innocent amusement, and on Sunday evening we sing, play, and read the same as any evening.

"We think intemperance and the habit of using tobacco the greatest evils we have to contend with, and in every way try to instruct our children to resist their use in any shape or form.

"Respectfully yours,

"Mrs. C. G."

"J. A. H."—You cannot make impression-paper with paint, for it dries out. Impression or transfer paper can be made very easily by rubbing a very soft pencil on one side of a thin sheet of paper until it is well covered. For red, blue, or green transfer-paper, use a colored pencil—not a crayon—in the same manner.

"Mrs. Dr. L."—A fashionable ball or opera wrap may be purchased for from thirty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars, and upward; it depends upon the material, garniture, quality, etc. Such a wrap as was described in the Review of Fashions in the December number, would cost about one hundred and twenty dollars.

"Mrs. Dr. J. S. M."—We have no connection with any purchasing bureau, and therefore cannot furnish you with the black velvet hat illustrated in the October number of the Magazine. It would probably cost about twelve dollars made up according to description.

(Continued on page 203.)

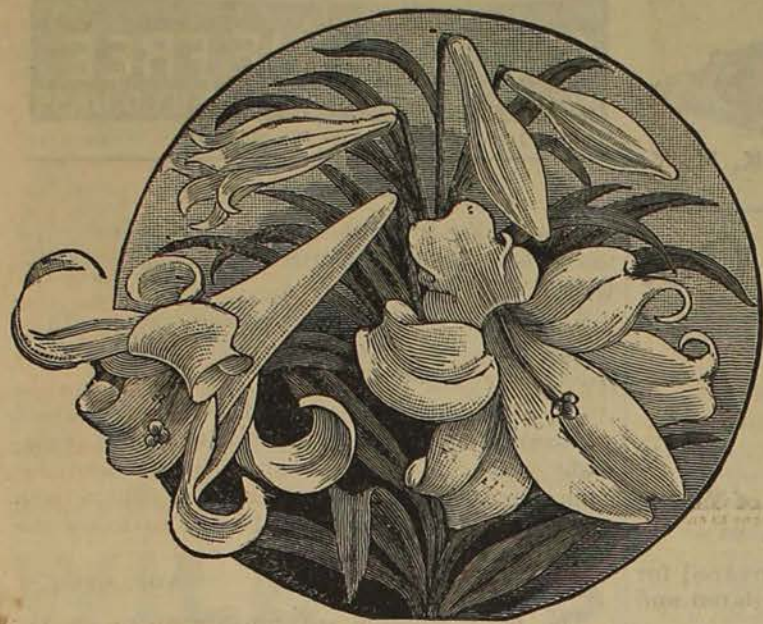
THE "Rip Van Winkle Reclining Chair" is justly entitled to be designated as "a most wonderful chair," for it concentrates more solid comfort to the square inch, and is capable of being utilized for more purposes than anyone would imagine from its appearance. In its normal state it is apparently a good, comfortable, Spanish rocker; but presto! by the turn of a screw, and without rising from the chair, one may recline at the most comfortable angle, or even adjust it so as to lie at full length, and all the time keep on rocking with a gentle, swaying motion, as when it was in its original position. The foot-rest, which is detachable, forms a very convenient and comfortable ottoman. It is an admirable chair for an invalid, and would be an elegant holiday present for anyone.

To have broiled steak and chops in their perfection, and avoid having the smoke and smell all through the house, use Morgan's Odorless Broiler, which is self-basting, and can be used over any fire. The smoke is all drawn up the chimney, the fire is not deadened, and the stove cannot be spattered.

For the management of vegetable gardens and practical instructions concerning the culture of flowers, for hints and information concerning all kinds of seeds, planting and cultivating all vegetables and flowers, D. M. Ferry & Co's Seed Annual for 1889 will be found as complete as any work of a similar character ever issued. The Annual can be had for the asking. Address D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR GARDEN THE



BERMUDA EASTER LILY.

For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9 by 11 inches, contains *three colored plates*, and illustrations of all that is new, useful and rare in **Vegetables, Flowers, Fruits and Plants**, with plain directions "How to grow them," by

This Manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cts. for the Manual, we will at the same time send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following **Splendid Novelties**, most of which are now offered for the first time, and the price of either of which is 25 cts. : One packet of the new *Autumn King Cabbage*, or one packet of the new *Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean*, or one packet of the new *Delmonico Musk Melon*, or one packet of new *Golden Tomato "The Shah"*, or one packet of new *Jonathan Squash*, or one packet new *Giant Pansy*, or one packet new *Scarlet Asters*, or one packet *Sunflower "Silver and Gold"*, or one packet new *Colossal Ten Weeks Stocks*, or one plant of either a *Red, Yellow, White or Pink Everblooming Rose*, or one plant of the new climber *Blue Dawn Flower (Ipomea Learii)*, or one plant of the *White Moonflower* or one *Bermuda Easter Lily* (see illustration)—on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

Peter Henderson

PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

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

(Continued from page 202.)

"ANNA D. L."—An aigrette used for the ornamentation of bonnets is not necessarily a heron's crest, although the real "aigrette" is the tuft of feathers on the heron's head, and the bird is killed to obtain it. Aigrette is French for heron, and a variety of heron is called egret in English. But the greater number of the fanciful articles called aigrettes are not heron's feathers at all, but tufts of various feathers or ornaments of jewels set in the shape of a heron's crest.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—Will you please answer the following questions in your Magazine? These are my first questions, and I sincerely hope you may deem them worthy of a reply.

"1.—I wish to buy a respectable seal-plush wrap this winter, one that I can wear a long time, and yet look well. Will you advise me as to the style I had better get, and also tell me what price a very good plush wrap would be? I am tall, slender, and nearly thirty years of age, also stylish, and in moderate circumstances.

"2.—Should you ask a caller, when leaving, to call again? Also what form of greeting is best soon after noon? I mean, should you say 'Good afternoon' or 'Good evening,' on meeting or leaving a friend.

"3.—Please tell me the kind of letter paper and envelopes a refined lady should use in her correspondence? Not so expensive nor in the extreme style, but something ladylike and refined. I wish to know the quality and style. Is paper closed at the top or side in best taste? Are half sheets better?

"4.—What should I ask for a good crayon portrait calling for a frame 18x22 or 20x24 inches? I am anxious to know, as I expect to take orders and do not know what to charge for making them.

"5.—What kind of frames are the most tasteful for crayon portraits?

(Continued on page 204.)

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878. The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles, Sold throughout the World.

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

THIS GREAT PREMIUM GIVEN AWAY.

OUR COUNTRY HOME the well-known literary and farm paper now in its 6th year has already over 100,000 subscribers, and is without question the most popular farm and home paper in the United States. It is elegantly printed and illustrated on fine paper, and its contributors are the ablest and best in each department that money can procure. It has been our custom each year to offer some Great Premium, to secure new subscribers, knowing that when once a subscriber they will never leave us, and we propose to add 100,000 new subscribers during the next 6 months if money and enterprise will accomplish it. This year we offer the premium illustrated here. It has beautiful Gold Plated Engraved Hunting Cases, is a stem winder with patent adjustment stem winding arrangement with calendar, and tells the day of the month as well as the time of day. The crystal is Double Thick Polished Glass, and all the Cogged Wheels, pinion and bearings are perfectly made on the most improved and Expensive Machinery and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory. A Gold Plated Watch Chain, with fine imitation Gold Coin Charm goes with each. It is entirely new, having been patented Feb. 9th., and will not be sold by Watch dealers or jewelers. We own the patent exclusively and it can only be secured in connection with our paper. HOW YOU CAN GET ONE FREE. Send \$1.00 Money Order, Bank Bill, Postal Note, or Stamps for one year's subscription to Our Country Home and we will send it in a nice satin lined case, with Gold Plated Chain and Charm, as illustrated here absolutely free and post-paid as a premium. This offer is for new subscribers only, and cannot be accepted by those already subscribers or any other member of their family. Will not be sold separate, as this Great Premium is intended solely to secure new subscribers. We will not sell it at any price; we give it away, and the only way you can secure it is to send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to Our Country Home, when it will be sent you safely packed, by return mail free as a premium. References: We have been so long before the public as enterprising publishers, that we are well known to all newspaper publishers, and no doubt to most of their readers. Any Bank, Merchant, or Publisher can tell you of our reliability. Our New Catalogue of Watches & Jewelry free to all. Address,



Pubs. Our Country Home, No. 75 Fulton Street New York City.

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40 Prize Medals.



FRY'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

BRISTOL AND LONDON, ENG.

Pure, Nutritious, Economical.

SAMPLES POST FREE on addressing

DANIEL BROWNE,

Rep. J. S. FRY & SONS,

Mercantile Exchange, Hudson and Harrison Streets, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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



BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



CATALOGUE FREE.
BARNEY & BERRY SPRINGFIELD, MASS

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

(Continued from page 203.)

"6.—Please give the name of the Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of the U. S. ?

"7.—What are the correct pronunciations of the following words: Psyche; coquille; faille; jabot; point d'esprit; paletot; glacé.

"8.—What material, all-wool, would make a nice white evening dress for a single lady about twenty-eight years old? Is cream or white best for such a dress? Also, would lace and ribbon be in good taste for trimming? I wish to know the name of the material.

"ADELAIDE."

The most suitable seal-plush wrap to answer your requirements, would be a medium-length sacque, which would cost from \$25 to \$50, according to length and quality; forty inches is the usual length.

There is no reason why you should not ask a caller to call again, but it is not positively necessary, though perfectly natural to do so.

After twelve o'clock, one may say "Good afternoon" on meeting or leaving a friend, but it is proper to say "Good morning" until four P. M., and "Good evening" after that.

The correct style of fashionable letter-paper is in unruled note or letter sheets, folded at the side, of Irish linen or parchment, with square envelopes to match, which will hold the sheet after it is folded over once. This kind of paper may be had in various qualities and prices; pure white or delicate cream-tinted paper is always the most suitable for a lady of refinement to use.

From ten dollars upward is the price asked for crayon portraits. Pastel crayons are more expensive. A frame of wrought bronze in medium width and as nearly square as the picture will allow it to be, is the most artistic and handsome. An imitation in bronzed plaster on wood, of such a frame, is very inexpensive and most effective.

The Young Women's Christian Association has no permanent national organization, although the different associations hold a convention each year. Write to the Corresponding Secretary of the Association nearest you,—St. Louis, Missouri, or Dayton, Iowa,—and you will probably receive any information you may desire.

Pronounce Psyche, sy-kee; coquille, ko-keel; faille, fi-ee; jabot, zha-bo; point d'esprit, point des-pree; paletot, pal-toe; glacé, glah-say.

Pure white or ivory white is preferred to cream white for evening dresses, unless for a decided brunette, to whom ivory white may not be becoming. A pure white Henrietta cloth, trimmed with lace and ribbon, is the prettiest and most fashionable all-wool material that you can have for such a costume.

"Mrs. E. T. R."—Brown silk braid or fancy braids of gilt and brown silk mixed, can be used for trimming brown flannel. You do not say what the flannel is to be used for, so it is not easy to be very explicit.

"MAMIE."—We can send you the Magazine containing the poem entitled "The Lion's Bride," on receipt of price, twenty cents.

(Continued on page 205.)

The Washington Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., PRESIDENT

ASSETS, \$9,000,000.

The Combination Policy of the Washington combines Protection for a Term of Years, the Savings of an Endowment, and Permanent Insurance for Life.

Say the amount of the policy is \$30,000. During 20 years the holder is insured for \$30,000. At close of period he receives \$30,000, cash, together with all accumulated and unused dividends; also a paid up life policy for \$15,000.

The policies of The Washington are incontestable, with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted. Address,

E. S. FRENCH, Supt. Agencies, 21 Courtlandt St.

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

\$1000 for a Wife!

The above sum in cash and goods will be paid to the first 200 who send 25 cents for a sample of our goods, and tell us correctly where in the Bible is the word "WIFE" first found. Mention book, chapter and verse. The first person who sends the correct answer will be paid \$100 IN CASH, the second \$50, the third \$25, the fourth \$15, the fifth \$10, and to the next 195, if there are as many, a SOLID GOLD PLATE HALF ROUND WEDDING RING. Warranted. We want new agents, and for 25 cents will send A HANDSOME FOLDING CASE containing 140 USEFUL ARTICLES for Domestic Use, elegantly embellished in 8 colors. Last year we paid \$20,000 for advertising, and we wish to try the effect of a new method. Send postage stamps or silver, and LOSE NO TIME if you would secure one of the Cash Payments. We will return the money and you may keep the goods if not found satisfactory. Address at once WORLD MANFG. CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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

THE BEST HOME PAPER In America.

Send your Address to the Press Company, Limited, Phila., Pa., and get a SAMPLE COPY FREE. * * * *

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

ALL FOR 12 CENTS!



CHRYSANTHEMUMS—BY LIDA CLARKSON.

INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE

Is a finely illustrated Monthly Magazine devoted to Fancy Work, Painting, etc. LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON, authors of *Brush Studies*, etc., are the editors. The following departments are leading features of the Magazine: *Brush Studies*; *Ladies' Fancy Work and Artistic Novelties*; *Easy Lessons in Drawing and Painting*; *Household Receipts*; *Home Needlework and Crochet*; *Household Decoration*; *Queries*; *Correspondence*, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We will send you a reproduction of this beautiful painting of CHRYSANTHEMUMS, printed in the EXACT COLORS in which it is to be painted, also full instructions for painting it in both oil and water colors; also a sample copy of *Ingalls' Home Magazine* and our 1889 PREMIUM LIST, all for six 2c. stamps (12 CENTS). We make this liberal offer to introduce our Magazine. Address

J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, Lynn, Mass.

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

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE is just what the Ladies of the United States have looked for, longed for, and I may say, prayed for—a Magazine devoted exclusively to their interests; * * * I do not think I was ever so interested in the welfare of a periodical as I am in the HOME MAGAZINE, and I predict for it a long life with hosts of friends staunch and true."

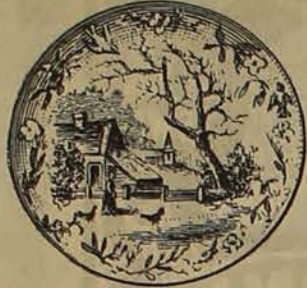
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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether the deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whis-pers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs, FREE.

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This cut represents one of the many designs of our Circular Plaques, all of high-class designing suitable for Wall Decorations, Card Receivers, etc. A fine imitation of Porcelain, made of Papier Maché, which is indestructible Will

mail one pair, with brass easel stands, for 25 cents, or 5 pair for \$1.00. The same prepared especially for hand painting at same price.

MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.

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

WILBUR'S BREAKFAST COCOA

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

25,000 Ladies use "Victoria" Zephyrs, Saxony and Germantown Yarns. Best and cheapest in the world. Samples FREE to knitters. R. AUSTRIAN, Reading, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

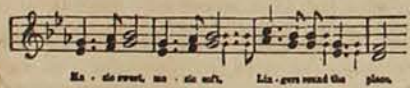
How to Learn to Paint

WITH OIL AND CHINA COLORS.

By MARION KEMBLE.

Containing outlines of Six Lessons, and the same completed in black and white to show the gradations of color. Sent by mail for \$1.00, by S. W. Tilton & Co., 29 Temple Place, Boston.

Our catalogue of novelties for painting, and calendar for 1889, sent on receipt of stamp. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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40 to 48 pages of choice, selected music, size of regular music sheets,

The pick of the world! The new music of the day!

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It is estimated that there are in the United States alone over THREE MILLION homes that have musical instruments. It costs an average of three dollars per year for the music which they use,—and for it they get but a few pieces.

The GALAXY OF MUSIC, costing only \$1.00 per year, will give you all the musical novelties, and in addition standard pieces selected with discrimination from the works of the world's greatest musical composers.

Only think, 500 pages of full-sized sheet-music for a dollar! Five pages for a cent!!

Subscribers to the Galaxy can also avail themselves of many special privileges allowed to them only, among which are

HIGH-PRICED MUSIC, wherever published, AT HALF PRICE. STANDARD BOOKS AT ABOUT HALF PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

Send \$1.00 for Year's Subscription, or 10 Cents for Sample Copy and Premium-List.

F TRIFET PUBLISHER

408 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, MASS

For sale by all Newsdealers in United States and Canada.

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

(Continued from page 204)

"DEAR DEMOREST:—Will you kindly tell me the authors of the following poems?"

"1.—'There are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,
Far richer than any other;
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard,
Is the blessed name of "Mother."
'O magical word!' etc.

"2.—'Idle hands, I've heard it said,
Doing nothing,
Indicate an empty head,
Doing nothing.
With no useful end in view,
Soon you'll find your friends for you
Doing nothing.

'Knowledge never can be gained
Doing nothing;
Naught that's noble is attained
Doing nothing.
If you would not long repent,
Scorn to live a life misspent,
Doing nothing.'

"3.—'Dare to be honest, good, and sincere;
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

'Dare to be brave in the cause of the right;
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

'Dare to be patient and loving each day;
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

'Dare to be gentle, and orderly too;
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

'Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true;
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

"4.—'Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching head or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

'Thy neighbor is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh, enter, then, his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

'Thy neighbor! Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;—
Go share thy lot with him.'

"E. P."

The authors of the verses you quote are unknown to us. Perhaps some of our correspondents or readers can furnish the names of some or all of the authors quoted. There is a great deal of anonymous poetry published, and perhaps these verses are among that class.

"MISS E. G. R."—We sent you the October number of the Magazine containing the article on "Wedding Etiquette" by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. No attendants are necessary if a bride is married in traveling dress; yet, if she prefers, a lady may attend her as maid of honor or bridesmaid, but of course dressed quietly, as she herself is. At a church wedding it is usual for the groom to appear at the right of the chancel-rail with his best man, at the same moment that the bride enters the church door on her father's or guardian's arm. If the bride is in traveling dress, the rest of the bridal party should be seated before the bride enters. The bridegroom should stand watching his bride approach, and advance to meet her as she finally reaches the altar steps, and taking her hand lead her before the clergyman, while her father, or the relative or friend who acts in his place, steps aside, to the left. Unless the bridal party adjourn to the vestry after the ceremony, it is not in good taste to offer congratulations in the church. Those friends who follow them to the depot to take leave of them there, should be careful not to let their expressions of good-will be too suggestive or attract the attention of outsiders in a manner which would unmistakably indicate the newly married couple. The usual form of invitation to a church wedding was printed in the October number of the Magazine. The wedding invitations should be sent out at least two weeks before the day set for the marriage.

(Continued on page 206.)



Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the Diamond, and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequaled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

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The WITTIEST, PRETTIEST JUVENILES QUEER PEOPLE

GIANTS & GOBLINS \$1.00 WINGS & STINGS 75c. PAWS & CLAWS \$1.00



(Elopement of the Frog and the Mouse.) Full of the oddest pranks, charming stories and laugh-provoking illustrations by the Prince of Juvenile artists. Selling immensely. Critics say of it: "It sets my little folks wild with delight."—Hon. Clinton B. Fisk. "Don't send me another for I can't get the children to bed."—R. H. Conwell, D. D. "Incomparably neat and elegant."—Hon. S. S. Cox. "Fascinating as Esop and Uncle Remus."—Hon. Howard Crosby. AGENTS WANTED. HUBBARD BROS. Philadelphia, Chicago, or Kansas City.

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

ALL FREE! New Book of Fancywork, 50 Designs for Knitting and Crocheting; 150 New Crazy Stitches, 1 Beautiful Japanese Tray Mat, all with our paper 3 months on trial 10 cts. THE HOME, Boston, Mass. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

 WEDDING RING, 10 CENTS.	 HANDSOME CAMEO, 15 CTS.
 2 LOVELY TURQUOISE AND A BRILLIANT, 15 CENTS.	 PRETTY EMB'D BAND, 20C.
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A GRAND OFFER.

Solid Rolled Gold Rings Almost Given Away. A handsome ring is an ornament on anyone's hand and in order to introduce our Catalogue of SOLID GOLD and SILVER Watches, Rings & other jewelry at once, we agree to forward postpaid to any address in the United States, any ring illustrated above, on receipt of price. The prices we name here are special, simply to introduce & show the quality of our goods. WE GUARANTEE each of the above rings to be made of SOLID 18 K. ROLLED GOLD PLATE. Other dealers charge from \$1.00 to \$2.00 for rings not half as good. We will cheerfully refund the money to any dissatisfied customer. We will send the 6 rings illustrated above, to one address for \$1.00. We take postage stamps same as cash. Mention this paper. Address The Domestic Mfg. Co. Wallingford, Ct.

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For Xmas get a
P. D. & Co. Patent.
SELF-POURING
Tea and Coffee Pot.

NO BURNT HANDS,
LIFTING POTS,
ACHING ARMS,
SOILED CLOTHS.

Turns Drudgery into Pleasure.
Send for Lists, **PAINE, DIEHL & CO., Phila., Pa.**

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ATOMIZER or SPRINKLER SELLS ON ITS Own Merits.
FOR 1001 USES. Spray appears like fog. Best clothes sprinkler in the world. Sprinkles so even. Just the thing for window gardening. You want one. Excellent for flowers and house plants. Moistens them as if by a fog. Fills instantly; uses impossible to describe here. Stamp for illus. pamphlet and price to Agents. No stamp no attention. Address **D M GOLDMAN, Pittsfield, Mass.**

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

THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST
IS THE
"Anchor"
Stone Building Blocks,
real stone, three colors.
The BEST PRESENT for children and adults.
For \$1.75 or \$2.00 a good average box.
Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.

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

(Continued from page 205.)

Your letter reached us too late for reply in the December number, and we positively cannot reply to such questions by mail. We always take pleasure, however, in giving the fullest information possible, in the Correspondence Club.

"D. F. P."—The electric light is deficient in the most penetrating ray of the spectrum, red, and therefore does not radiate so far when the atmosphere is heavy, as with fog, consequently the pencil or arc of light appears more brilliant. Only about five per cent. of the radiations of the electric light are luminous, and the power used in maintaining the electric current does not always result in an equal proportion of light radiations, even in the incandescent electric lamps. This is the reason of the variation in the power of the light. Of course the variation in atmosphere has an effect upon the appearance of all lights such as those you inquire about, but the reason could not be satisfactorily explained in a paragraph.

"E. H. M."—Smocking is an ornamentation of dress, made by gathering in regular rows, or gauging, and in most cases the gathers are caught together or apart in fancy stitches. See answer to Janetta R. for full working directions. An amateur who is skilled in the use of the needle can do it.

"L. O. D."—Your friend is not justified in persuading you that you are out of style with your plush coat. Seal-skin plush garments are as fashionable as ever for winter wear. Braided cloth cloaks and jackets are newer and are very stylish, but they have by no means supplanted seal-skin or plush, nor can they take the place of garments of the latter materials. Braiding of all kinds is the most stylish garniture for silk-warp Henrietta or other materials, but the variety of braids is infinite, and many of them are called passementerie braids. Gilt tinsel, silver, and jet passementeries are also fashionable. The only trimming necessary for your baby boy's silk-warp flannel is feather-stitching of silk. Make it up with a yoke, and full sleeves gathered around the wrists.

"Mrs. G. B. O."—Widows' mourning is usually worn for eighteen months; the crape veil for the first six months, and after that nuns'-veiling may be used. Seal-skin and all kinds of black fur are worn in deep mourning. After a year the mourning is lightened, and half-mourning worn for six months. No colors are admissible in mourning; but as it is not customary to suddenly resume colors, gray, mauve, and black-and-white are first adopted in returning to the ordinary dress.

"Mrs. R. J. C."—You could not have read your Magazine for last August very carefully, or you would have seen on page 651 the notice of the award of the prize of \$50, to Mrs. Charles W. Dietrich, of Washington, D. C. As soon as practicable we shall commence to publish articles on the suggested topics, and will designate them so they may be recognized as the prize list articles.

(Continued on page 207.)

POULTRY
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE HERBS. SWEET SPICES.
W.G. BELL & CO.
BOSTON.
SEASONING
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THIS SEASONING is made of the granulated leaves of fragrant sweet herbs and choice selected spices, having all the flavors that can be desired, thereby saving the trouble of having to use a dozen different kinds of herbs and spices in order to give the proper flavor. On account of the purity, one tablespoonful is enough to season the dressing to an eight-pound turkey. Full directions with each can. **Used by all leading Hotels.** If your Grocer or Marketman does not keep it, send **20 Cents** for large size can by mail, postpaid.

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To lady sufferers—No Breaking in. Fine, soft, undressed **Kid Seamless Shoes.** Fit like a glove. **Buttons, \$3.00; Lace, \$2.50; Spring Sides, \$2.00.** Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns, or invalided feet at Sight.
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Designer, Manufacturer, and Dealer in all the Leading Styles of

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My Specialties:
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Suitable for Schools and Colleges.
Over 30 different patterns of Class Rings, Prices from \$3 to \$10 each.

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Correspondence invited. Established over 25 years in this particular line. Shall be pleased to receive your orders however small they may be, with prompt attention.

Send for my Illustrated Catalogue of Designs for School Medals, Running, Shooting, Athletic, Bicycle, Lawn Tennis, Regimental Armory Corps, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters, etc.
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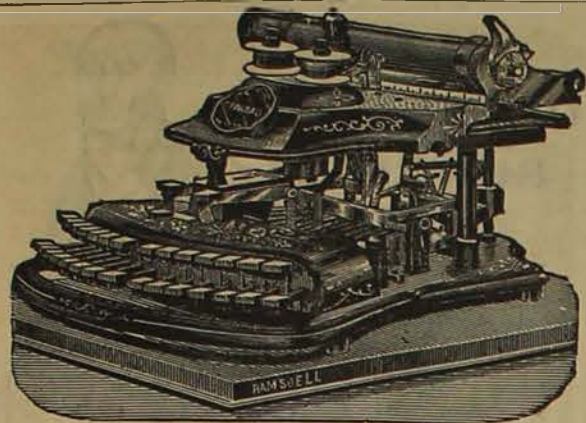
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
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WITH THREAD CUTTER ATTACHED.
Fastens to dress button while knitting, crocheting, or sewing. Made of silvered spring wire. Fits any size spool. Every lady needs it. Sample 15c., 2 for 25c., doz. 75c. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.
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Change of type in five seconds; capable of unlimited variety.

Type seldom requires cleaning, and can be cleaned instantly.

Nearest to noiseless of any Type-writer.

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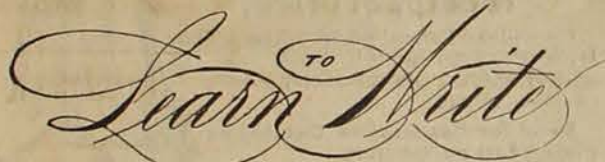
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Send 10 cents for a copy of the **PENMAN'S ART JOURNAL**, or \$1 for one year, to

D. T. AMES, 205 Broadway, N. Y.

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"BRUCELINE."

BRUCELINE is the name of a hair restorer discovered by Mr. M. Bruce, 294 Sixth Avenue, New York. It is attracting much attention from scientists and people who use restoratives for the hair. It is the only remedy on earth that restores gray hair to its original color. It is not a dye. Price, \$1. Bruce Hair Tonic strengthens the hair and prevents it from falling out, and is guaranteed to produce a new growth. Price, \$2. Hundreds of testimonials as to the truthfulness of these statements. Send for book of testimonials. **Bruceline and Hair Tonic** for sale, and the hair treated, by Mrs. L. J. VIALLE, 5 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.; also for sale by druggists.

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E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS,



Apparatus and Supplies,

591 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole proprietors of the **Patent Satchel Detective, Schmid Detective, Fairy, Novel, and Bicycle Cameras**, and sole agents for the **Celebrated Dallmeyer Lenses.**

Amateur Outfits in great variety from \$9.00 upward. Send for Catalogue or call and examine.

More than Forty Years Established in this line of business.

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BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Awarded highest honors at
Phila., 1876 | Melbourne, 1880
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New Orleans, 1884-85.
Paris Medal on every bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

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

(Continued from page 206.)

"PUZZLED POLLY."—It is seldom that a pattern needs to be enlarged all around in order to make it fit a person a little larger. Enlarge it a little at the seams where it is too small. Take the measure moderately tight around the figure, over the fullest part of the bust. Measure in the same way for children's patterns; but it is not necessary for you to send the bust measure, the age will be sufficient. Leslie, Valentine, and Gilbert are boys' names. The first is a British name, signifying a lessee; the second is Latin, and means powerful, strong; the third is Saxon, and means shining or bright.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—Please give me directions for making a train for a dress of cream-colored nuns'-veiling or silk. If the train is one yard long, how many widths of the material will be required to make it of sufficient fullness? Should it be lined? Is there any way of arranging it so that the seams of the train will not show?

"Will black lace dresses be fashionable next spring and summer?

"Can you give me any ideas for arranging the booths for fancy-work for a church fair?

"I have taken your Magazine for eight years, and I am very much pleased with it, especially the patterns. I also gain a great deal of information from the Correspondence Club.

"Respectfully yours,
"Patty."

If the train of your dress is one yard long, four breadths of silk will be required. Certainly the train should be lined. A description and illustration of a trained dress was given with the October Magazine, and an "Adjustable" train is illustrated in miniature in this month's Fashion Department. The separate train is lined, and finished with a *balayouse*, or ruching, of white ruffling or plaiting all around the bottom on the underside. You can sew the seams so that they will come between the lining and the outside.

Black lace dresses will probably be worn next spring and summer.

See "Chat" in the Magazine for July, 1887, for suggestions regarding the arrangement of booths for a fancy fair. An Oriental Bazar is a good idea, with draped stalls decorated in Oriental fashion. The booths may be made of wooden supports merely, with canopies of striped awning-cloth, and tables covered with white or fancy cloths and trimmed with evergreens. Variety in them is desirable. A fair of all nations is another idea. The booths can be draped and decorated, and supplied with articles supposed to be peculiar to each nation represented; and if the ladies in attendance dress in costume, the effect will be still better. As, for instance, a Japanese stall, a Turkish booth, and a Russian one arranged as described in the article on the Prazdnik, in the Magazine for January, 1888, and others, as convenient.

(Continued on page 208.)

We ask for a Trial and a Comparison with any other Brand. The goods will speak for themselves.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY'S FRENCH SOUPS.



UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF **ALPHONSE BIARDOT,** Member of the Jury of Experts on Food at the Paris International Exhibition. In Quart, Pint, and 1/2 Pint Cans, and 1 1/2 Pint Glass Jars.

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| Green Turtle. | Mock Turtle. |
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Send us 12 cts. in stamps and receive a sample can at your choice.

101 Warren St. New York.

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Sold by Park & Tilford; Acker, Merrall & Condit, and leading grocers in the United States.

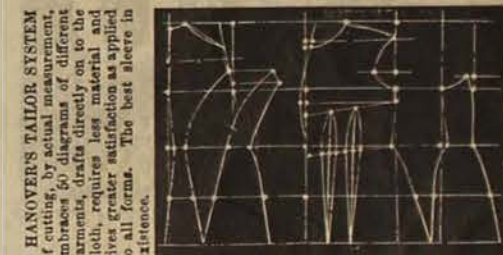
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LOOK AT THIS!

Do you use aqueduct water? If so, you should have it filtered. **Germs of Disease** are more readily transmitted through water than any other medium. We have tested the waters of **500 Cities and Towns** in the U. S. and Canada, and have not found **one Pure Water System.** Our **Improved Gem** will remove sediment from your faucet water, before unknown to you. Samples, postpaid, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. **Agents look!** \$50.00 to \$150.00 per month. Territory free and reserved. **JONES MFG. CO., 248 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.**

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Life-size drafting with each system and rules so simplified that any person can use it without verbal instructions. One complete system wanted. JOHN C. HANOVER, MASONIC TOWER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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LADY AGENTS clear \$100 Monthly with our new undergarment and other goods for **ladies only.** **G. L. ERWIN & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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A Knitting Machine for Only 50 Cts.



THE **NOVELTY KNITTING MACHINE** is the most wonderful machine ever invented. It is novel, durable, cheap, and just what every woman, young lady, and little girl will want. With it you can knit stockings, mitts, scarfs, and fancy work in almost endless variety. It is especially useful, instructive, amusing, and worth ten times its cost in every family with girls. To introduce this machine as fast as possible, we make this special offer: To every reader of this paper, who will send us 50 cents, Postal Note or silver, we will send this machine, with full instructions and terms to agents, all post-paid.

Novelty Knitting Machine Co., West Decatur, Pa.

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No composition yet discovered for the growth and beauty of the Hair has met with such signal success as BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS. It is universally used throughout the world, and all speak in praise of its great worth. It is very pleasant to use, and gives the Hair a peculiarly rich gloss, entirely preventing baldness.

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By avoiding Agents you save their enormous expenses and profits which double the costs on every first class Piano they sell. **PIANOS ORGANS \$150 to \$1500 \$35 to \$500.** Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. **GUARANTEED SIX YEARS.** Catalogues free. **Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 235 E. 21st St., N. Y.**

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HOW TO LEARN TO PAINT WITH WATER COLORS.

BY MARION KEMBLE.

CONTAINING SIX LESSONS IN OUTLINE,

With directions for painting the same, price.....50c
A box of Artist's Colors, with directions for mixing so as to obtain any color..... 50c
Block of paper for copying the lessons and brush..... 50c
Either or all of the above sent by mail at the prices mentioned by

S. W. TILTON & CO., 29 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

Our catalogue of NOVELTIES for PAINTING and CALENDAR for 1889, sent on receipt of stamp.

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BEST OFFER YET. For 6 cents we will mail you this Stone Set Ring, the famous Bird Call or Prairie Whistle, with which you can imitate any Bird or Animal, and our new Book of Agents Sample Cards. Address, BANNER CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

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Mind - your P's & Q's and the three best P's to mind are Miss

PARLOA'S KITCHEN COMPANION,

1 vol., crown, 8vo, cloth or waterproof bind'g \$2.50. It is thoroughly practical; it is perfectly reliable; it is marvellously comprehensive; it is copiously illustrated; it is, in short, overflowing with good qualities, and is just the book that all housekeepers need to guide them.

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100,000. In a lithographed paper cover, 30 cents. This marvellously cheap edition of Miss Parloa's popular book places THE AUTHORITY on all matters pertaining to good living within the reach of everyone. Over 100,000 Parloa Cook Books have been sold.

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HOW MANY LINKS IN THE CHAIN?

\$155 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY!

Mail your answer with 25c. silver, and you will receive free for six months the brightest and most interesting family newspaper in the U. S. First correct guess will also receive FREE \$50 in cash; 2d, \$25; 3d, \$15; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; next 50 \$1 each. Premiums will be distributed March 1, 1889, and names of winners published in THE FAMILY FRIEND, a splendid newspaper worth many times the price asked, which should be in every home. Address Publishers Family Friend, Chicago, Ill.

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FREE Sample Book of Gold Beveled Edge. Hidden Name Cards for 1889. Fine Cards, Low Prices and big outfit for a 2c stamp. U.S. Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio

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\$93 Sewing-Machine FREE
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for \$93, with the attachments, and now sells for \$50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 275, Augusta, Maine.**

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

(Continued from page 207.)

"Mrs. C. H. F."—You should send for the same size of pattern for an outer garment as for a basque or polonaise. The proper allowance is made in cutting the pattern.

"ALICE."—The church would be a suitable place for the marriage of a young widow to be attended only by her sister and a gentleman friend. If the wedding party can make it convenient, twelve o'clock at noon is a good hour; and a dainty breakfast can be served upon your return from church. This should be of the nature of a lunch for a small party—you do not say how many you expect to entertain. Serve coffee and lemonade, with scalloped oysters or oysters *à la poulette*, broiled birds, cold tongue, a salad, and cake and confectionery. All these may be set on the table at once, and served in the order named.

A fashionable and becoming dress for a lady with brown hair and eyes and a fair complexion, would be a Havana brown cloth made with a Directoire polonaise like the "Isaline" (illustrated in the December number), trimmed with brown velvet and made over a skirt of lighter brown armure silk with darker velvet figures. A bonnet like the olive-green felt (No. 11) illustrated in the December number, substituting brown and gold for the red and green, could complete the costume. The gloves should be a pale shade of golden tau-color.

"A KANADIAN."—We can supply you with the missing numbers of the Magazine for 1884, which you loaned and have not had returned. Thanks for your efforts and appreciation.

"IRMA T."—The garment-drafting machine you ask about is an exceedingly useful and reliable article. See advertisement concerning circular and price-list.

"CONSTANT READER."—Draperies of terra cotta and blue would be a suitable covering for the lemonade booth at a fair. Cambric or Danish cloth, as it is called, may be used; the latter material is dull-finished and drapes better. Cover all the wood-work of the booth with the material in graceful drapings and bows of the same, and decorate with branches of evergreen or strings of smilax. Decorate the table with flowers and greens. The lemonade cups themselves will make pretty and inexpensive souvenirs. They can be of cheap colored glass, with daisy ribbon tied in the handles. The little round Japanese bamboo baskets decorated with ribbon, on which can be printed the date and name of the fair, are also suitable for souvenirs.

"MATTIE A. E."—Your black brocade silk pattern of eleven and one-half yards, could be made up very prettily after the "Feretith" polonaise (illustrated in the December number), with an underskirt of plain faille Frangaise. We positively cannot reply to such questions by mail.

"MISS B. S."—You cannot restore your old black gloves to their former color without redyeing them. The prepared dyes which are sold by druggists are usually better for such small articles than to take the trouble of preparing a dye yourself. You will have to follow the directions for use accompanying the dye.

(Continued on page 209.)



A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

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SHE—Now stand perfectly still, and don't scold, for it's all your own fault. You will have to stand while I drape my dresses over you until you provide me with HALL'S BAZAR FORM.

HE (Aside)—That's it! I knew there was something I wanted to buy for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT. There is nothing my wife wishes so much, and nothing I will enjoy giving her more than HALL'S BAZAR FORM.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM.

A household necessity, indispensable to ladies who do their own dressmaking. Adjustable to any size, and when not in use folds up like an umbrella.

The only form endorsed and recommended by all fashion publishers.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Complete Form, \$6.50. Skirt Form, Iron Post to which bust can be added, \$3.50. Bazar Skirt Form in case, \$3.00.

Send for descriptive Catalogue giving full particulars.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.

833 Broadway, New York.

We cheerfully recommend these forms and request our patrons when ordering or sending for circulars to mention this magazine.

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

Health in the Household.

BY SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Is a work which every reader of Demorest's will be interested in from having read her articles in recent Nos. of this Magazine. A large vol. of 600 pages. Cloth or Oil Clo. binding, by mail, \$2.00.

Address FOWLER & WELLS Co., 777 Broadway, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE. Complete on all home subjects. Cooking, dining room, decoration, art, fashions, fancy work, toilet, etc. Price \$1 per year. Sent on trial **SIX MONTHS** for 20c. Address, ARCADE PUB. CO., 84 State St., Chicago, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ACME CORSET & DRESS PROTECTOR
A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six. Misses' bust measure, 28-33, \$.50 Ladies' " " 34-39, 1.00
M. DEWEY, Mfr., 229 Marshfield Ave., Chicago. } AGENTS
Send money by P. O. order. Catalogue free. } WANTED
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

The Mystic Oracle with which you can tell any persons age or any number thought of, the Handkerchief, Hat, Fan, Parasol and Glove Filtrations, and Sample Book of Cards, all only two cents. Eagle Card Works, CADIZ, OHIO. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FINEST Card Sample Book ever sent out 2 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, O. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

75 CARDS. 25 May 1 C U Home Cards, 25 Escort Cards, 25 Illustration Cards, and finest Sample Book of Hidden Name Visiting Cards ever sent out. All only 10 cents. Steam Card Works, Station 13, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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(Continued from page 208.)

"PROHIBITION."—It will depend somewhat upon the amount you wish to expend, what styles of furniture you select for your four rooms; dining-room, parlor, and two sleeping-rooms. Very often in furnishing entirely new, it is economy to buy the carpets all through alike. The styles most liked are Persian or arabesque patterns, or those in conventional flower designs. Straw matting can be used for the bedrooms, with rugs of white skins; and for the dining-room, the floor could be finished in hard wood, or stained and varnished, with a large Oriental rug for the center of the room. For a dining-room, the table and sideboard are usually of oak or walnut, with chairs to match. There is nothing very new in these except the beveled mirrors set in at the back of the sideboard or buffet, which reflect any displayed silver or glass most effectively. Striped curtains in old gold and copper color are suitable. For the parlor, a lighter and more fanciful style can be adopted. It is a fancy now to have everything as cheerful as possible. The "Late Modern" style, as it is called, is fast superseding the artistically old-fashioned. White and gold is often seen, and the effect is charming of a room with all the woodwork in enamelled white paint with gilt moldings and a good deal of yellow in the upholstery. Silk curtains of the pretty figured India silks, in wood-color and eceru, brown and cream color, or lemon color and white, are appropriate in such a room. A complete set of parlor furniture is not an absolute necessity, and in fact a room may be prettily and stylishly furnished in no recognizable style, for it is impossible to define the style of much of the furniture manufactured. Chairs are upholstered in silk or plush, with backs of polished and incised woods, or have fancy gilded frames with seats lightly upholstered in figured India silks. The variety of fancy tables and odd cabinets for bric-a-brac is limitless, and it would not be possible to suggest just what your taste might approve. A beveled mantel-mirror is preferable to a picture if the room is small; but if it is large, and you can afford a handsome painting, the work of art is the more refined ornament of the two. An upright piano set out in the room and draped in some such way as suggested in the design for a piano-back in the December number, would add to the appearance of the room. Do not aim at special novelty, but buy pretty or artistic things and they will assimilate if you exercise a little taste in their arrangement. For the sleeping-rooms, enamelled furniture in blue, green, or yellow, is the most liked, and is not very much more expensive than the ordinary hard wood sets. The styles do not vary much, but are rather simpler than ever. The low bureau with oblong swinging mirror is the usual style. It is the minor decorations which give such rooms their individuality. See the articles by Edward Willis Blakeley, entitled "From Cellar to Garret," in the April, May, June, July and August numbers of the Magazine for 1888, for further suggestions.

"OBLIGED."—With dark brown hair and eyes and a complexion that would be fair if not too ruddy, dark blue and green are the most becoming colors, green especially in dark or decided shades. A combination of black and white with large red bows is the device prescribed by the celebrated man-milliner Worth, of Paris, for toning down a too florid complexion. The tendency of the roseate tint to spread over the countenance instead of remaining confined to the cheeks, may be lessened by attention to diet, and care not to lace too tightly. Eat cooling fruits, avoid unnecessary excitement, and wear a veil in the open air.

"J. B. S."—See answer to Mrs. R. J. C. regarding the award of the \$50 prize. We are gratified to know you are so well pleased with the articles about New York City, and your letter reiterates the verdict of many others of our subscribers.

(Continued on page 210.)

ONE OF THE BEST TELESCOPES IN THE WORLD. THE BEST DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOT GUN.



FREE notice, send absolutely free, to one person in each locality, one of our Grand Double Size and the best Double-Barrelled Shot Gun made. We are unable to make this wonderful offer for the reason that our goods are of such merit that, when a person possesses them, in any locality, their fame spreads, and many people purchase; a large and profitable trade always results. We can supply free only one person in each locality. Those who write at once, will make sure of their reward, while those who delay will lose the chance. Best Gun. Grand Telescope. No space to explain further here. Those who write at once will secure prompt delivery. State your express-office address. Address, **H. HALLETT & CO., Box 113, Portland, Maine.**

In order to introduce our goods, we will until further each 10-Telescopes. We are

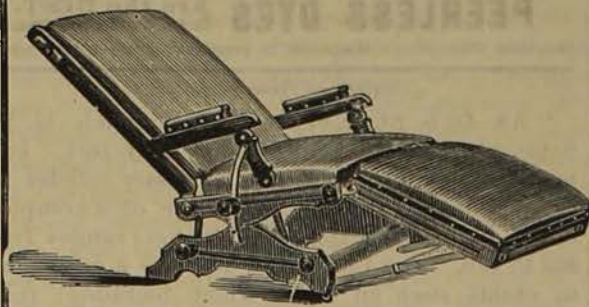
Breech-Loading. 10 or 12 Bore.

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THE RIP VAN WINKLE RECLINING ROCKER.

The Most Wonderful Chair in the World.

Solid Cherry. Finely Upholstered. Has 27 Combinations and 200 Changes of Position, and sells for \$20.00. **MAKES 15 PIECES OF FURNITURE.**



You can sit in the Chair with your feet on the foot-rest and rock yourself and it is impossible for a beholder to tell what makes the Chair rock. As an **Invalid's Chair**, a person can recline the back by quarter inches until he lies straight or horizontally, and without taking his weight from the back of the Chair in the least, and

Can Rock as well Lying Down as Sitting Up. Send for Catalogue and Price-List. The Catalogue contains the **LEGEND OF RIP VAN WINKLE.**

They Make an Elegant Holiday Present.

P. C. LEWIS, Prop.,

CATSKILL, New York.

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THE LOTHROP MAGAZINES.

A HALF DOZEN ONLY
Of the Many Great Attractions of
WIDE AWAKE, '89.

THE BEST
Magazine for Young People and the Family.
ONLY \$2.40 A YEAR.

The *Congregationalist* says: "We rank **WIDE AWAKE** now at the head of the monthlies of its class, and it has won its place fairly. It combines entertainment and instruction judiciously."

J. T. Trowbridge. *The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane.* Serial Story. Swarming with real Yankee young folks.

Jean Ingelow. A beautiful ballad with pictures by an eminent English artist.

Margaret Sidney. *Five Little Peppers Midway.* Serial Story.

Andrew Lang. *Fishing in Tweed and Yarrow.* A delightful illustrated article.

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THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has published over 1,700 different publications upon every phase of the question, 164 of which are for Sunday-School Libraries. Over 250 first-class writers have contributed to their publication. Among the latest are the following :

Readings and Recitations, No. 7. By Miss L. Penney. 12mo, 120 pages. Cloth, 60 cents; paper cover..... .25

No. 7 is a great addition to the series of readings compiled by Miss Penney. It embraces much of the humorous as well as the pathetic, and is well up to the times. The various authors of selections are a guarantee of the value of the book, and it is the best selection ever made.

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The Youth's Temperance Banner. The National Temperance Society publishes a four-page illustrated paper for children and youth, with choice reading from the best writers. Terms: Monthly—cash in advance, including postage; single copies, one year, 25 cents; one hundred copies, to one address, \$12.00. For any number of copies over four, to one address, at the rate of 12 cents per year. Semi-Monthly—Single copies, one year, 40 cents; four copies and over, to one address, 24 cents each.

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By its use the weight of the breasts is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shaped bust, free and easy movement of the body. Worn with or without corset. All deficiency of development supplied. Fleshy ladies find them a great comfort. When ordering send bust measure.

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A JEWELER WITH WORM
WATCH A WONDERFUL
BEAUTIFUL IN DESIGN. NOVELTY
HONESTLY AND ACCURATE
Elegantly made \$5.75 TIMEKEEPER**

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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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(Continued from page 209.)

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The article in the September number on "Infants' Layettes," enumerated and described the necessary articles for the new baby's outfit. The price of a complete outfit, including a furnished basket, ranges from \$23 to \$70. The Lilliputian Bazar is a good place to obtain such an outfit, which includes: three flannel bands, the same number of cambric shirts and barriecoats, two flannel and two cambric skirts, three cambric night-slips, three day dresses, or more as can be afforded, bibs, napkins, worsted sacques in greater or less quantity, two or three pairs of socks or bootees, an embroidered flannel shawl, and a flannel or cashmere wrapper.

"Mrs. N. F. H."—The "Isaline" polonaise (as illustrated in the December number) will be a suitable model for your dark crimson plush for street wear. Get Alaska sable, black marten, or otter fur, to lengthen your sealskin sacque.

"Miss RACHEL D."—We are more particular than any other Magazine in the country about the character of the advertisements admitted to our columns, but of course we cannot undertake to give a written guarantee with each individual one.

"EUDOXIA."—Platina is the heaviest of all metals and harder than silver or gold. The name given it originated with the Spaniards, from the word *plata*, silver, probably on account of its silvery color. It was first known in Europe in 1748, when Don Antonio Ulloa described it in the narrative of his voyage to Peru.

"A CONSTANT READER."—It is best, usually, not to go too far afield in one's first literary attempts. If you are convinced that your poems have literary merit, why not send one or two to the nearest local paper? If they are well received, you might try a more ambitious publication. As for making money by writing poems, no matter how numerous, it is not, strictly speaking, a paying business. There is probably no more discouraging field of literature for a young writer than the domain of poetry. A few leap suddenly and surprisingly into distinction, but the majority of the graceful smaller fry swim round in a pool of amateurish excellence, and seldom make themselves widely known. The poetic nature, too, is always sensitive, and genius is often nipped in the bud by too chilling criticism, as in the case of the gifted young poet Keats, who is said to have died of a broken heart from a caustic review of his poems. But if you want to make money, and are not afraid to try, go to some newsdealers or a convenient library, and look over the current magazines and periodicals, and you can judge which of them prints poems nearest your style. Send your communications addressed to the editor of the publication, with inclosed stamps for reply or return of your manuscript. Many magazines, however, pay nothing for poetry, since they are abundantly supplied gratuitously with such contributions.

(Continued on page 211.)

License a Monopoly of Crime.—The Higher the Fee the Greater the Monopoly.

A license promotes and engenders a conspiracy of lazy, cowardly silence on the atrocities of the liquor traffic, that perpetuates the saloon, deludes the people with moral imbecility, menaces our civilization; and its trend is to cover the whole country with crime, misery, and pauperism. These impending horrors can only be averted by a combination of the people to secure absolute Prohibition. An agony of suffering is caused by the traffic, and the best interests of the people demand Prohibition. Our country is in danger! Let us bombard the conscience of the people with arguments. Send for a set of "Prohibition Bombs," price 5 cents, post free. Address, "Prohibition Bureau," 32 E. 14th street, New York.

These Bombs are sent, post free, to individual addresses all over the country, at 10 cents per hundred, or \$1.00 per 1,000, when addressed wrappers are furnished; or for 20 cents per hundred when a list of names only is sent.

INK	BLACK	VIOLET
	PINK	RED GREEN

You can make it yourself without the slightest trouble, and at a saving of 200 per cent, with **WALPOLE INK POWDERS**, which will yield several quarts of the best Ink in the world. Package of either color 25 cents. Liberal discount in large packages to parties desiring to make Ink for sale. Used extensively by Schools, Banks, Merchants, and Blank Book Manufacturers. Full information by circular, free by mail. Address, **Walpole Dye and Chemical Company, 119 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.**

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

B New patterns, **A** stylish per **B**fect fitting garments. Infant outfit, 15 pat terns, 50 cents, short clothes, 15 pat. 50c. Directions am't mat'r'l required with each. New England Pattern Co., (15) Rutland, Vt. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

STRONGEST VIOLIN STRINGS
In the world. Howe's celebrated No. 19 E string 7 for \$1.00; No. 29 A, No. 39 D, No. 40 G., 20c each; Italian Mountain Gut Violin Strings, best strings made in Italy, 25c each. 1235 Old Violins and 600 varieties Violins, Violas, Cellos and Bases, 75c to \$3.500. Violin Cases, Bows, Necks, Tops, Backs, Varnish, and all Fittings. Music Books for all instruments. Best assortment, lowest prices in America. Send for catalogue.
ELIAS HOWE, 88 Court St., Boston.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated **Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Banc Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, o. Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.**

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

SHORTHAND—Private instruction by practical verbatim reporter. 16 years' experience. No failures. Situations guaranteed. Book and Circulars Free. **Frank Harrison**, Stenographer, 721 Broad Street, Newark, N. J. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PLUMP ROSY CHEEKS
KORIZA CLOTH removes Pimples, Black-heads, Wrinkles and Crows-feet. No Drug or Cosmetic but a harmless appliance (easily used), that restores, beautifies and preserves the skin. By mail, sealed 30c., 2 for 50c. J. P. BEERS, Druggist, New Haven Conn. (Est'd 1844.) Reference: any N. H. Physician. *Mention this paper.*
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Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

BARGAINS IN EVENING FABRICS.

You can buy from a distance as advantageously as if you came in person, by ordering through our

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

American Surah Silks, in white, cream, ciel, pink, maize, Nile, absynthe, turquoise, salmon, mauve, robin's egg, etc., etc., extra heavy, 69c per yard.

69c.

Imported Reversible Faille Française, in all the delicate tints, worth \$1.00 per yard, 79c.

79c.

French Figured "Sultans," elaborate designs and colorings (imitating rich hand-painted silks), \$1.00 per yard.

\$1.00.

Faille Française, extra fine qualities, in all the delicate tints,

\$1.00, 1.25, 1.50.

40-inch cream Albatross, all wool, worth 50c, 39c.

39c.

40-inch cream Albatross, all wool, worth 75c, 50c.

50c.

48-inch Drapery Nets, in rose, sky, cream, etc., worth 85c per yard, 50c.

50c.

48-in. Black Chantilly Drapery Nets, all silk. \$1.25, 1.35 to 3.65.

Ladies' Long French Suede Gloves, latest shades for evening and reception wear, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24 and 30-button lengths. **Special.**—1 lot Ladies' 16-button length **French Suedes**, tan shades, worth \$2.50 pair, \$1.50.

\$1.50.

All mail matter should bear our street address,

**B'way & 14th St., N. Y.
LE BOUTILLIER BROS.**

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This Label is on the Best Ribbon Made.

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LADIES, Send and get prices and samples of beautiful wools for Rugs Free. We keep patterns and designs of all descriptions. Address, **AUTOMATIC RUG MACHINE CO., Morenci, Mich.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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PLAYS! The Best Edition Published! Also Wigs, Beards, Face Preparations, and all articles needed for Amateur Theatricals. Catalogues sent free on application to

PLAYS! The DeWitt Publishing House, No. 33 Rose St., New York.

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Best Yet YOUR NAME ON 25 Silk Fringe Cards, 196 Scrap Pictures, 32 new samples, all 10c. **Clinton & Co., No. Haven, Conn.**

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

(Continued from page 210.)

"A HALIFAX SUBSCRIBER."—The process of preparing a fowl properly for cooking begins with the operation called "drawing." In the first place, after the bird is "picked," singe it by holding it over a blazing paper; then wash the fowl in cold water; if the skin is very dirty, a pinch of carbonate of soda in the first water will assist in removing all impurities. Some defer the singeing and washing until after the bird is drawn; but the smoke of the burning paper is apt to give a peculiar flavor to the flesh, if it gets inside of the bird. Cut off the lower part of the legs, being sure to cut in the joints. To draw it, first cut the skin on the back of the neck, then turn the skin over on the breast, and cut off the neck close to the body. Take out the crop, being careful not to leave any of the lining, which is often a thin membrane that is hardly perceptible, especially when there is no food in the crop. When the crop and lining have been removed, put the fore-finger into the throat, and break the ligaments that hold the internal organs to the breastbone. Now cut the bird open at the vent, beginning under one of the legs, and cutting in a slanting direction toward the vent; stop there, and cut from the other side, making a pointed opening. Work the hand slowly around, not through the organs, until the top of the breastbone is reached. Then gently draw out all the organs at once. It may be that the lights and a piece of the windpipe will be left in. The lights will be found imbedded in the ribs; they are a soft, spongy, pink substance. Look into the throat for the windpipe. In the tail will be found a hard yellow substance which is the oil-bag, and this must be cut out. Wash the bird in clear cold water. If it is to be stuffed, fill the crop first, and put the remainder of the stuffing into the body. Sew up the openings. Draw the skin at the neck over on to the back, and fasten it to the backbone with a skewer. Turn the tips of the wings under the back, and fasten them in that position with a long skewer. Pass a small skewer through the lower part of the legs and then through the tail. Tie firmly with a long piece of twine; turn the bird over upon its breast, and bring the twine up around the skewers that hold the wings and the neck, and twist it around several times and tie. Season with salt and pepper. If it is to be roasted, rub the breast and legs thickly with butter, and dredge with flour.

The severe attacks of flatulence from which your friend suffers, might be avoided by taking plenty of exercise in the open air. Such violent pains caused by wind are frequently to be traced to congestion of the liver, which, unless it is an accompaniment of consumption, is much relieved by outdoor exercise. See the articles by Susanna M. Dodds, M.D., in the Sanitarian Department of the Magazine.

"MARY ELLEN."—If you wish to make the very simplest kind of bed-slippers, or "slumber-slippers," as it is the fashion to call them, crochet about fifty double rows in ribbed crochet, of fifty stitches each, in Saxony yarn. Crochet a row of openwork and a row of shells around the top, and run a cord or ribbon through the openwork to draw the slipper up around the front. After the ends are joined together, sew the bottoms together. The feet shape the slippers.

"MORION."—According to the old English prayer-books, New Year Day was formerly March 25, or Lady Day. "The day on which the year of our Lord in the Church of England beginneth," as the old prayer-book has it, is the first day of the civil year, and not the church year, for that began, as now, in Advent. The change was made from this day to January 1, in 1752, so that it is only about a century and a quarter ago that March 25 was held all over the world as New Year Day.

(Continued on page 212.)

The Old Clasp.



The "TRICORA" Corset

FAMOUS FOR ITS Elegance of Shape

AND COMFORT IN WEAR, MADE WITH THE QUICK (Q. D.) DETACHABLE CLASP,

INSURES HEALTH AND COMFORT.

Recommended by Ladies, Physicians and Nurses. "The Q. D. Clasp is a real boon. It rids women of one of their miseries."—Jenny June.

"While I am unalterably opposed to corset wearing, I do not hesitate to say that women who wear them will do well to substitute the Q. D. Clasp for those now in use."—Annie Jenness Miller, Dress Reformer.

Ask Your Merchant for it. If not found will mail FREE sample pair of Corsets. French Coutille for \$2.00.

J. G. FITZPATRICK & CO., Manuf'rs, 73 Leonard St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Relief at Last!

No More Straining. UNFASTER YOUR CORSETS SITTING OR STANDING.

The New Clasp.



A Horrible Conspiracy to Kill the People with Slow Poison.

A large number of ministers and members of the Christian Church, politicians, distillers, brewers, and liquor dealers, all over the country, have entered into a treacherous conspiracy to kill not less than sixty thousand men, women, and children each year, with an exhilarating, fascinating poison, for a fee, the larger the fee the greater the monopoly; and the people are to be deluded by sophistical arguments to indorse the project with legal sanction, on the pretense of a restriction.

Nothing can avert this horrible and atrocious villany but Prohibition. The people are advised to provide themselves with "Prohibition Bombs" to bombard the minds of the people with arguments to defeat these conspirators. Our country is in danger, and the people must be aroused to duty.

The whole set of "Bombs" are sent post-free for 5 cents. Address "Prohibition Bureau," 32 E. 14th Street, New York.



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Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.

795 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement.

T. D. CAMPPELL 120 Boyleston, Indiana.

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HOME DECORATION.

Latest ideas on this important topic illustrated in this unequalled 16-page fortnightly. \$2.00 a year; sample copy and catalogue 6 cents stamps. Address, 37 West 22d St., New York.

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On receipt of \$2.50 will send you, express paid, a **KNAPP'S**

Pat. Folding Draping Stand

These are made of tinned wire, having a folding base of new design and can be gathered into such compact form as to be easily carried about. When folded, goes into a box 3 inches square and 35 inches long. These forms can be used for the smallest misses' as well as the very largest ladies' skirts. The movement for adjusting is strong, simple and very quick of action. Their durability and extreme simplicity recommend them at a glance.

EVERY FORM GUARANTEED.

UNION FORM CO.,
No. 52 Fulton St., New York City.

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WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.,** 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

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UNIVERSAL BATH.

Full, Six, &c. in use. Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral

Artificial Sea Bath. Agents wanted everywhere.

Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma, against the world. Wholesale & Retail.

Old Baths Renewed.

E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR. (Reclining.)

A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The **LARGEST FACTORY** in the world. Send for Circular to **ROLLING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

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



SEND A SLIP OF PAPER the size of your finger and 10 cents in silver for postage, etc., and I will mail you one of these Solid Rolled Gold Finger Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Emblems and Novelties, for Agents to sell. \$1.00 an hour can easily be made selling these goods. Address at once to **CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.**

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

Candy

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a sample box of the best Candy in America prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.**

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CARDS Best Samples and premium list free. **N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.**

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GUNS Our price list sent free. **THE DOMESTIC MFG. CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.**

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

Best, most convenient, entirely new, secure **LADIES' fastening.** Send 50c and waist **Safety Belt.** care of Gould Corset Works, Providence, R. I.

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1987 Hidden Name and Motto Cards, Scrap Pictures, Puzzles, Games, tricks in Magic, use each of Enort Cards, and large Sample Book of genuine Cards. (not pictures.) All for a 2 cent stamp. **Banner Card Co., Cadis, Ohio.**

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GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c. 20 other songs, 100 slight of hand tricks, 115 experiments in magic, and sample cards. All only 10 cents. **Capital Card Co., Columbus, Ohio.**

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

LADY AGENTS clear \$150 Monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment, for ladies only. Proof Free. **Mrs. H. F. Little, Chicago, Ill.**

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

FALSE M OUSTACHE and illustrated catalogue for 10c. 3 for 25c. **THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.**

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

(Continued from page 211.)

"JANETTA R."—The fashionable smocking, or "honey-combing," with its little hollowed cells and bright dots of color, that you see on children's dresses, ladies' gowns and costumes, opera cloaks, and all sorts of trifles for the toilet, requires patience and accuracy in the use of the needle, and much practice before one can become an adept. To make the across-stitch honey-combing, which is now the most used, as it is more elastic, proceed as follows: Prepare the piece to be smocked by marking the rows for the gathers at regular intervals, so that the goods can be gathered accurately. A piece of perforated cardboard is a good guide to mark by. Having decided upon the width of the rows of gathers,—say the space between two certain holes in the cardboard, omitting five holes between,—mark with a pencil through every seventh hole each way, up and down and across the portion of the goods to be gathered. Then gather with a strong thread, taking up the cloth only at the places marked, draw up the gathers loosely, and twist the threads around pins at the ends, so that the gathering threads may be withdrawn after the work is done. Then make a knot in the cotton or silk, and, beginning at the right side, bring the needle on the top, from underneath with the point upwards, beyond the first fold, and a little on the left side of this round crease, carry the thread from left to right over this single plait, and, turning the needle horizontally with the point towards the left hand, pierce through the first and second gathers. Commencing at the right or outside of the first plait, bring the thread back over these two folds from left to right. Put the needle point downwards, starting on the outside of the first plait to return it to the back, where it is pulled out with the right hand and then inserted, point upwards, to return to the front in the crease next to the first clasped knot above, after the thread has been carried across two plaits on the wrong side, and repeat. This one plait is first overcast alone, and once more it is crossed by the thread to be connected by a single dot or knot to its fellow one, so that in every couple the right-side gather has always one overcasting more than the next one, whilst at the back the plaits are caught together two by two in a row without interruption, by the thread laid across. A quicker way is the "mixed stitch," combining the across stitch with a slanting one. Work according to the above directions with this difference: At the back leave alternately one plait free and one encircled by the thread. To obtain this result, instead of passing the needle point downwards, at the back, pierce it slantwise through one of the plaits, to come out in the middle of a furrow without any outside mark. Then carry the thread over a single plait, bring back the needle, point upwards, to the surface, and proceed to overcast as described above.

"MARGARET A. H."—The poem you allude to, with the refrain "Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree," was the last poem written by the late Charles Kingsley. This poem is by no means equal to his earlier efforts, although it makes an effective recitation and has been given as such by noted elocutionists.

"CHATTERER."—Probably no essayist of the present day is so much quoted as Ruskin, especially in his descriptive writings; and tribute of imitation—that "sincerest flattery"—has been paid him by countless writers. You will do well to study the works of John Ruskin, but beware of imitating without understanding; for such a course always betrays itself, and unless you willingly avow yourself a follower of the writer you imitate, even the least informed of critics will find that the borrowed style, however elegant, is not a real evidence of your own power of thought, and will not accord you any praise except for ambition.

(Continued on page 213.)

NEW YORK (with address) **THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO. PHILA.**

Co-operation Reduces Cost **A Watch for \$38**

Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any \$75.00 Watch.

Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully & economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co. until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the **Keystone Dust-proof Watch** which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate time-keeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are **Dust and Damp Proof**, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jeweled with genuine rubies. **Patent Stem Wind & Set**, strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at \$38.00. Either all cash down or \$1.00 per week. An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.

Keystone Watch Club Co. Main Office in Company's Own Building, 904 Walnut St. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Agents Wanted

AGAJX Watch Insulator, \$2.00. A perfect protection against magnetism. Fit any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price. We refer to any Commercial Agency.

Vertical text on right: **ST. LOUIS, MO. 308 N. BRISTOL ST.**

Vertical text on left: **DETROIT, MICH. 50 Griswold St.** **PITTSBURGH, PA. 527 Penn Ave.**

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

A LICENSE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Perpetuates the saloon, demoralizes the conscience of the people, deludes and curses the Church with moral imbecility, menaces our civilization, and threatens to engulf the whole country in crime, pauperism, and anarchy. The only remedy is Prohibition, pure and simple. The votes of the people will annihilate the monster evil when they choose to combine for this purpose.

Send to "Prohibition Bureau," 32 E. 14th street, New York, and get a set of "Prohibition Bombs" (price 5 cents, post free), and bombard your neighborhood with arguments. Our country is in danger! The saloon must go !!

PHILADELPHIA SHOPPING.—An experienced shopper offers her services, free of charge, to out-of-town buyers. For particulars, address **Miss WATSON, 1631 Francis Street, Philadelphia.**

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Nickel Plated Self-Inking Pen & Pencil Stamp. Your name on in rubber only **25c**

5 different names to one address, \$1. When closed is size of common pencil. **PREMIUM NOVELTY CO., No. 20, Baltimore, Md.** Agents' Terms FREE with first order. Big Pay.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Design 10 Samples for 12c. or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. **GIANT** Self-inking PRINTING PRESS. With Script type outfit, \$5. Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. **W. O. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.**

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

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 212.)

"H. M."—The simplest method of transferring the embroidery pattern in the August number, is to trace it in the first place upon a sheet of tracing-paper. Then take a sheet of carbon-paper—such as is used for duplicating copies on the type-writer—and lay it face downward upon the material to be stamped; then lay the traced pattern over it in the position required, re-trace with a sharp-pointed, hard lead-pencil, and the design will be found clearly traced upon the material.

"MISS SARAH T."—A pretty tidy may be made of scraps of common white muslin. Invert a tumbler on the muslin, and mark a circle all around with a lead pencil. Cut out the circle, turn the edge and gather it all around, and draw it up closely. Fill up the center with tufts of yellow worsted, sewed in and clipped off to resemble the center of a field daisy. Make a number of these daisies, and join them together by the edges to make a square. Finish with little tassels of yellow worsted.

"ELIZABETH M."—The "checker-board cipher" or "knock alphabet," as used by the Russian prisoners for a means of communication, was reported by a distinguished Russian novelist who was himself confined in prison for various political offences. It is an ingenious combination of letters and figures so arranged that the letters have numerical values and the figures alphabetical equivalents. In its simplest form it is easy to understand, but by a series of variations it becomes a cryptograph impossible to understand or decipher by anyone not possessing the keyword.

"A NUISANCE."—Your parlor closet can be converted into a bookcase without a great deal of expense or labor. Cover the closet shelves with felt, or, if there are no shelves, have some made, and cover them. Along the edge of each shelf cut the felt in small points just deep enough to conceal the edge, and secure it with a row of brass-headed tacks. Strips of colored leather cut in points or pinked-out may be tacked on the shelf-edges. The door of the closet should be removed and its place supplied by a portière curtain. This may be a handsome Turcoman drape, or a home-made curtain of double-fold heavy flannel with bands of contrasting color feather-stitched on.

"MRS. R. B. D."—There are two distinct varieties of Brussels carpet: body-Brussels and "tapestry," although they look so much alike on the right side that many inexperienced persons fail to recognize the difference. Body-Brussels is much superior on account of the number of thicknesses of worsted yarn in the weaving, each of which, generally, is supplied by a frame of bobbins of one color, from which the terms, three-frame, four, five, or six frame body-Brussels. Tapestry-Brussels is woven with one thickness of worsted yarn printed or dyed before it is woven in, with the colors which will compose its pattern when woven. This process of dyeing hundreds of flowers in a length of carpet, is very curious. Tapestry is woven on a stiff back composed of jute and hemp or cotton binding, and body-Brussels has a back of flax and linen, but the surplus worsted, not needed on the surface, is interwoven through it, thus making a pliable back. To distinguish these carpets without seeing the reverse, notice the pattern carefully; for the design in body-Brussels is very clear and distinct, while in the tapestry the colors often appear to run into each other.

"MAXWELL."—The *Calends*, whence our word calendar, were the first days of the Roman months. The *Nones* of March, May, July and October fell on the 7th, and their *Ides* on the 15th. The other months had the *Nones* on the 5th, and the *Ides* on the 13th. As the Greeks had no *Calends*, "*ad Graecae Calendas*"—"on the Greek *Calends*"—meant *never*.

(Continued on page 214.)

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.

DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

No Grit, no Acid, nor any thing injurious. Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Put up and Guaranteed by **E. W. HOYT & CO.**, Lowell, Mass.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Insist upon having **RUBIFOAM.**

A SAMPLE VIAL of RUBIFOAM will be forwarded by Mail to any address on receipt of a 2-Cent Stamp.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

-FOR THE LADIES- SOMETHING NEW! BLINN'S PATENT FANCY WORK NEEDLE.

An entirely new needle, pointed at each end, with two eyes in the center forming a tension, so that the Zephyr or other material used cannot pull out. When one stitch is taken the reverse stitch can be made WITHOUT TURNING the needle. All kinds of Fancy Work from the simplest to the most intricate, can be done much faster and neater with this needle than with the old style. A great saving in Zephyr or Silk as it can be worked up to ONE-HALF THE LENGTH OF THE NEEDLE. Saves time, labor and money. Put up in packages of assorted sizes and sent to any address on receipt of 25cts. AGENTS Wanted in Every Town. Write for terms, enclosing 2c. stamp for reply. P. O. Box 822, J. S. BLINN & CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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

Christmas Cards. 10 Very Beautiful Christmas Cards, no two alike, by mail, for 25c. They will please you. NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY M'FG. Co., 24 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

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DEAFNESS

Entirely relieved by an invisible device which is the same to the ears as glasses to the eyes. Worn for months without removal. Successful where every other remedy has failed. A triumph of the 19th century. For sale only by
H.A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn

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NEW PIECES TO SPEAK IN SCHOOL.

A finely illustrated recitation book for 10c.

EUGENE J. HALL, 34 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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115 (4 papers) **SHARPS' NEEDLES** 10 Darning, 9 Toilet, 20 new sample cards, all 10c. **NOVELTY CO.**, Clintonville, Ct.

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

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. end for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE**, Oswego, N.Y.

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HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

USE

L. Shaw's Renowned
TOILETTE ARTICLES.

Eugenie's Secret of Beauty, or
"C. B."

PURELY PREPARED FROM THE MILK OF COCOANUTS.

Now sold throughout the world, and universally used by women of the highest rank and fashion.

Combined with the Turkish rouge, a compress of the rarest rose leaves, it produces a most brilliant youthful and charming effect upon any skin, however blemished it may have been by organic derangements, freckles, or moth blotches, and is a most cooling and delightful balm.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

have found this best of all aids to the toilette indispensable, and for twenty-five years it has occupied the first and foremost place in public regard, being far above all the later, deleterious preparations placed in imitation on the market.

"C. B." has withstood tests the most trying, and is now, as always, the finest balm or lotion ever manufactured for the complexion. A drop of ammonia added will test its purity, as all impure cosmetics turn black when ammonia is added to them.

NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD INDUCE THIS RELIABLE HOUSE TO BETRAY THE CONFIDENCE OF THOUSANDS OF WELL-KNOWN LADIES, WHOSE NAMES AND LETTERS ARE VOLUNTARILY OFFERED AND ARE ON THE BOOKS. ALL COMMUNICATIONS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

"EUGENIE'S SECRET" in three shades, \$1.00 per box.

Turkish Rose Leaf Rouge, \$1.00. This matchless bloom is indelible and true to nature. Its equal as a rouge has never been made.

Sold by L. SHAW, sole owner and proprietor, 54 West 14th St., New York; GEORGE EVANS, 1106 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. HANEY, 203 Charles St., Baltimore, Md.; W. N. CONNOR, 485 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and principal druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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

MONTE CHRISTO.



TRADE MARK.

(Continued from page 213.)

"LINA."—The characters Tennyson refers to in his exquisite poem "A Dream of Fair Women" and describes so beautifully, include those best known for their beauty, in history and romance. The "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," is Helen of Troy, whose beauty won Paris from his young wife Ænone, and wherever she went "brought calamity." The "queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes," is Cleopatra of Egypt. She "that died to save her father's vow," is Jephthah's daughter. The next is "that Rosamond whom men call fair." "She who clasped in her last trance her murdered father's head," was Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

"T. C. M."—The catacombs of Rome are the subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians. Here the persecuted preservers of the Christian faith not only buried their dead, but lived part of the time; but after the triumph of the cross, these catacombs were virtually closed, and from 420 to 1578 were almost unknown to the Christian world. During the latter year they were unexpectedly discovered again by some laborers digging in a vineyard, but it is only in our days that the catacombs have been thoroughly explored and made the subject of religious and scientific research. Many articles of use and ornament have been found in the catacombs which throw light upon the manners and customs of the first Christians, and the various epitaphs and symbols are both instructive and interesting. The most frequent symbol is the fish. This is a hieroglyph to be understood by the Greek word for fish, which is ΙΧΘΥΣ (ichthys). This word is an anagram containing the initial letters of the words in Greek which signify Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. The fish, therefore, was an allegorical designation of Christ. It was also symbolical of the redeemed Christian. Tertullian says: "We little fishes (pisciculi) are born by our fish (secundum Ichthyn nostrum), Jesus Christ, in water, and can thrive only by continuing in water." (That is to say, by remaining faithful to our baptismal vows.)

"Mrs. F. P. K."—According to good scientific authority the actually nutritive ingredients of food may be divided into four classes: protein, fats, carbohydrates, and minerals. Lean meat, white of eggs, casein, or curd of milk, and the gluten of wheat consist chiefly of protein compounds. Starch and sugar are carbohydrates. The nutritive ingredients of meat, fish, and other animal foods, are principally protein and fats; and those of the vegetable foods are for the most part carbohydrates. As nutriment, the protein compounds which contain nitrogen form the basis of blood, muscle, sinew, etc., and are transformed into fat. The fats serve as fuel and are stored in the body as fats. The carbohydrates are transformed into fats, and also serve as fuel.

"U. F. M."—In Montana, legal notification of intent to build a cabin and take up a claim is given by laying a "foundation," which is simply our logs laid across each other so as to form a square. Nearly every human habitation outside the towns in that Territory are called ranches. The word ranch is of Mexican origin, primarily signifying a cattle-farm; but it has been greatly amplified in its application as it has traveled northward, so that there are hay ranches, grain ranches, milk ranches, horse ranches, cattle and chicken ranches.

"E. M. O."—Sashes and sash draperies are exceedingly popular. If you have a handsome broad ribbon sash you can use it very effectively on your black dress, arranging it in two flat loops at the back, with ends falling to the foot of the skirt. Children's dresses are often finished with sash of soft silk.

(Continued on page 215.)

TILLINGHAST'S NEW FLORAL ALBUM

CONTAINS

243 COLORED PLATES.

Each Carefully Drawn from Nature and Reproduced in its Natural Colors by Skilled Lithographers.

TO EVERY LOVER OF FLOWERS:

DEAR FRIEND:—Mr. Isaac F. Tillinghast, the well-known Vegetable and Flower Seed Grower, of La Plume, Pennsylvania, has just published a magnificent **New Floral Album**, containing **Two Hundred and Forty-three Elegant Colored Plates**, representing in their natural colors that number of the most beautiful varieties of Greenhouse and Garden Flowers. This makes by far the most extensive, elegant and beautiful volume, of a Floral character, ever published in this or any other country. Only by publishing a very large edition could the cost of such a work be brought down to the very low estimate of one cent for each colored plate, at which rate its value is **\$2.43**.

To introduce this beautiful work of Art in every neighborhood, that it may be seen and appreciated, the following plan has been devised:



Every person desiring to possess it, is requested to carefully and plainly write out two complete copies of this letter, and sign your own name at the bottom after the word "Per"——. These copies must then be mailed by you to two of your friends or acquaintances in some other town or locality, who are thereby requested to do just as you have done, viz: write two copies and send to two of their friends, and so the work will go on and on. After mailing the two copies, this original letter which you copy from, together with a separate slip of writing paper, cut about the size of a postal card, with your address plainly written on one side, and the addresses of the two friends to whom you have sent the copies, on the other side, and **30 cents** in silver or postage stamps, must be enclosed in a letter and mailed to Isaac F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Pa. On receipt of these, one of these magnificent Floral Albums, containing 243 colored plates, bound under illuminated covers will be delivered free to the home or post-office of every one who complies with these simple requirements. Do not let this opportunity pass. True, it requires some time and work to copy all this twice, but you will be most handsomely rewarded for it.

(Signed)

ISAAC F. TILLINGHAST, PER

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(Continued from page 214.)

"MRS. BELLE H."—Black and solid-colored hosiery is still preferred for ladies' and children's wear.

"E. T. C."—The greatest and oldest suspension bridge in the world is in China, near King-tung; it is made of chains. Rope suspension-bridges, from rocks to rocks, are also of Chinese origin.

"EMMA DE G."—Arrange your abundant hair in châteline braids. They are now fashionable, and the style of arranging them is a revival of the fashion of some fifteen years ago. The hair is divided at the back into six strands, which are braided and turned up in two braids to the top of the head, where the hair is arranged in a Pompadour or a coronet braid. The loose front locks may be curled over the forehead and temples, but with this style of hair-dressing the front hair is worn off the forehead as much as the face will bear without looking too severe.

"MRS. C."—Saxony yarn is the best material for crocheting a toboggan cap. The best stitch is a single crochet stitch, which is more elastic than any other. It is only necessary to crochet in a circle, widening gradually until the cap is large enough around to fit the head; and then crochet about thirty straight rows, or enough to make a band and to turn up on the outside. If the cap is for a gentleman or a boy, the crown may be made long enough in the beginning so that the pointed end will fall on the shoulders; but if for a lady, it need only be left long enough to be caught down at the top of the head with a bow of ribbon.

"GREY MISS."—Gentlemen carried muffs formerly, for from the period of the Restoration, onward to the end of the eighteenth century, references to the fashion of gentlemen's muffs are to be met with here and there in contemporary literature and letters. On November 30, 1662, the frugal and circumstantial Pepys records in his diary: "This day I first did wear a muff, being my wife's last year's muffle; and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well."

"MRS. JULIA C."—The most fashionable colors at present are green and silver-gray; and for a roseate blonde, they, either separately or together, would be becoming. A silver-gray Henrietta draped over a faille Francaise of the same color, with heavy silver cut-out work for a panel at the right side, and forming the collar and cuffs, would be a becoming light costume to wear to a small dinner-party. You could wear a small cluster of pink roses in your corsage, and a silver-gray ostrich tip with a jeweled pin in your hair.

"MRS. J. C. B."—The prettiest style of dress for a boy of four years, is a kilt skirt of dark woolen goods, with a cut-away jacket of the same opening over a long vest of some contrasting material, such as fawn or linen-colored cloth, with gilt buttons.

"EVALEEN."—St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as we usually call him, is the patron saint of boys. He is said to have been bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326. The young were universally taught to revere him, and most children to-day have implicit faith in the Santa Claus who bears presents to them on Christmas Eve. St. Nicholas is said to have supplied three destitute maidens with marriage portions by secretly leaving money at their window; and as his day occurred just before Christmas, he was thus made the purveyor of the gifts of the season to all children in Flanders and Holland who put out their shoe or stocking in the confidence that Santa Klaus or Knecht Clobes, as they call him, will put in a prize for good conduct, before morning. Another legend described the saint as having brought three murdered children to life again; and this rendered him the patron of boys, especially schoolboys.



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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.
 Amusement. Instruction. Profit.
 We are prepared to furnish Amateur Photo Outfits complete in every detail and with which anyone, without the slightest knowledge of the art, can make excellent photos, at prices ranging from \$5.00 up.
 Not worthless toys, but practical instruments, fully guaranteed in every respect. For full particulars address
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 Headquarters for Photographic Supplies of Every Description.
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BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR
 Saves half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more.
EMPIRE THE CLOTHES. Does not GREASE.
 Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.
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A Grand Christmas Gift!
 OUR MARVELOUS CHRISTMAS PACKAGE contains all the following large, beautiful Embossed Scrap Pictures:—The Departure of Animals from Noah's Ark; Ten Angels in wintery attire carrying Christmas trees; A Band of Cats dressed as Regimental Musicians, seven designs; Groups of Children on Horseback, four designs; A large Basket of Roses, Daisies, Ferns, etc.; Eight fine Easels with Miniature Oil Paintings; Five stately Youths bringing musical and floral Offerings; Two large gay-colored Slippers laden with Roses, etc.; Four pretty, smiling Children, large and life-like; Twelve groups of Cats engaged in their mischievous pranks; Two large Bouquets of beautiful Roses, Forget-me-nots, etc. These pictures are worth \$1.00, but we will, in order to introduce our new goods, send all the above post-paid on receipt of 25 CENTS and in addition to this grand offer send you an Illustrated Juvenile Book, containing a host of interesting stories and pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address M. C. BURKEL, Art Publisher, 479 Nelson Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.
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EARPHONES make the DEAF hear.
 Send stamp for circular.
 Prof. North, Syracuse, N. Y.
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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST.
 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,
 Purifies AS WELL AS Beautifies the SKIN. No other cosmetic will do it.
 Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe.
 FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., running through to main office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.
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 (like cut)

with ink, pens, holder, stretcher to hold cloth.

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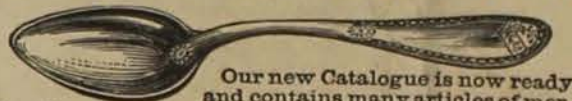
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 bottle alone.

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SIX PLATED TEA SPOONS FREE!



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 Every person sending us 25 c. for a three months subscription to the **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** will receive as an Absolute Free Gift this Elegant Parisian Diamond Ring represented by this illustration. This ring is of a new and very beautiful pattern guaranteed Solid Rolled Gold Plate and will wear well. The stone with which it is set is very clear, brilliant and sparkling. This ring is of such value that any lady possessing it will be the envy of all her friends as it is to all appearances a very valuable article. Send a slip of paper the size of the Ring you wish. The **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** is a large 64 col., 16 page paper finely illustrated by full page engravings of artistic merit and contains Stories, Sketches, Anecdotes, Wit and Humor, and in fact all that goes to make up a complete family publication. Wherever it is once taken it is universally popular. We know you will like it. The regular price is \$1.00 per year. The above described Parisian Diamond Ring in a Fine Velvet Lined Case, and the **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION** for three months for 25 cts. is too liberal an offer to be passed by. Full satisfaction guaranteed. This is a special offer so **WRITE TO-DAY.** Cut this out and send with order, a Club of Five for \$1.00. Stamps taken.
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SOAP



Produces
Soft, White

AND Beautiful Hands

IT IS MATCHLESS FOR THE
COMPLEXION,

KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT AS VELVET,
free from all REDNESS & ROUGHNESS,
& THE HANDS IN NICE CONDITION.

THE GREAT ENGLISH SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION,

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THE WORST COMPLEXION IS IMPROVED BY ITS DAILY USE.