

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

Vol. XXV., No. 4.

AMUSEMENTS OF NEW YORK CITY.



MARY ANDERSON.

LIFE in New York is like a race-course ; it is a headlong gallop under whip, spur, and halloo. The tension is immense. Hence recreation is a necessity. The choice lies between insanity or amusement.

When the New-Yorker catches his breath and unfolds the newspaper to decide upon some form of entertainment, he is "confronted not by a theory, but by a condition." The situation is embarrassing because of its variety. It is like the menu at one of the great hotels ; there is so much

and in such diversity, that selection is difficult. Provision is made for every age, grade, habit, taste. There is something for each, and a good deal for all. Variety in character is answered by variety in amusement, as a looking-glass answers to a face. What amuses one will not amuse another. Pleasure comes from the having our tastes gratified. Low tastes call for low gratification. Refined desires require aliment in kind. Hence the amusements of a great city are cosmopolitan and kaleidoscopic.

Why, the very street is a free show. It may be enjoyed at the sole cost of keeping the eyes and ears open. A stroll along Broadway, or up and down the Bowery, on Third Avenue or Sixth Avenue, or through Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets, is like visiting an enormous fair. Every shop-window is an entertainment in miniature. And the very people are amusing. Here you see tragedy, comedy, and melodrama, in one view. Some of our best actors have said that the street is the finest theatre in the world. The diversity, the contrasts,—how surprising ! Here sits the beggar, sick and pinched with cold ; and there goes a man wrapped in comfort and bloated with luxury. Yonder issues the whine of distress beside those glittering carriage-wheels. There, amid the rush of gayety, the busy, selfish whirl, half-naked, shivering, with bare feet upon the pavement, stands the little girl with the shadow of an experience on her that has made her preternaturally old, and, it may be, driven the angel from her face. Here, too, through the brilliant street walks purity enshrined in the loveliest form of womanhood ; and along that same street, attended by fitting shadows, strolls womanhood discrowned and clothed in painted shame.

Nor are droll things lacking. In one of the street-cars, the other day, a lad was peddling small wares. "Pea-nuts !" he cried, and stopped in front of an elderly passenger. "Oh, go on !" said the gentleman ; "don't you see that I have no teeth ?" Instantly the *gamin* shouted, "Gum-drops !"

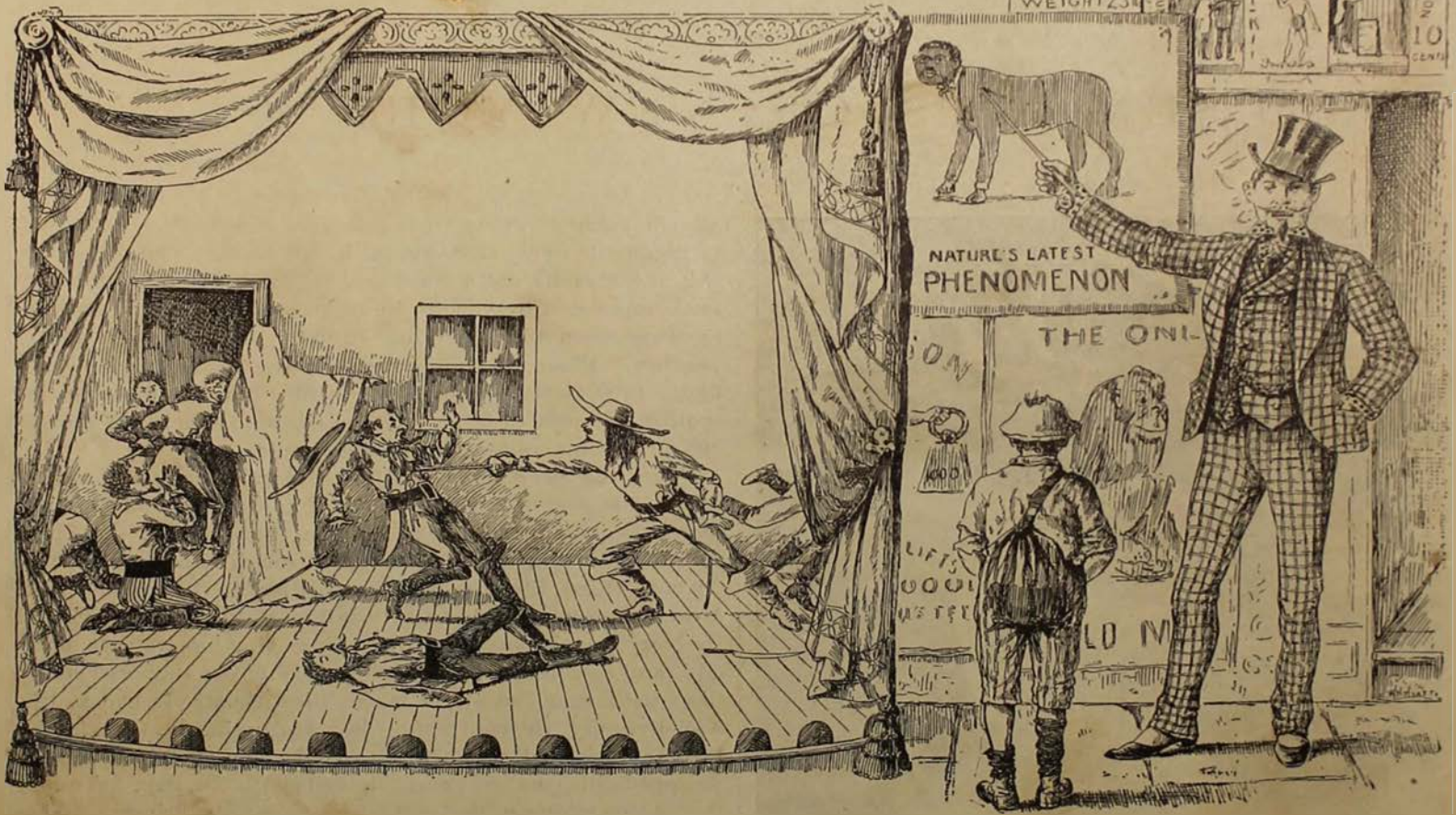
To an accustomed citizen, in a hurry and preoccupied, these sights and sounds are trite. But the stranger in New York finds in them a source of endless amusement. Let anyone intent on entertainment turn out of the City Hall Park and saunter up Park Row to Chatham Square, and continue on up the Bowery. He will find more "life" to

the block than can be discovered anywhere else in America. Here are the "Dime Museums," peopled with two-headed babies, fat women, spotted men ("spotted" in more senses than one), and monstrosities of every sort. Here, too, are the famous (and infamous) dives, which our late Mayor Hewitt thought he had shut up, but hadn't. In these places the vilest decoctions are sold and drunk to the accompaniment of a discordant piano and a more discordant voice,—hell set to bad music.

Now night has fallen. In these streets running off to right and left, strange figures flit. The short-haired fraternity (a numerous brotherhood) are prowling to witness a dog-fight, or to surround a cock-pit, or to take part in some "scrapping" match. Keep under the gas-light! Guard your pockets! These fellows are foot-pads as well as "toughs."

Click! click! that is the rattle of billiard-balls; and now

A step above these places are the theatres which the mob attends with its *innamorata*. In these we have melodrama, with gunpowder and blue fire illustrations. Murder and mirth stalk hand in hand. "Mazeppa" and "Dick Turpin" follow one another, like the ghosts in "Macbeth." Or, speaking of ghosts, supernatural and hobgoblin scenes are enacted, and emphasized by ghastly jocularities, which the aforesaid mob with its aforesaid *innamorata* devour



A STAGE SCENE IN A THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

IN FRONT OF A DIME MUSEUM.

we are in the presence of Prof. Twister, the billiard expert of the east side, who knows and teaches (for a consideration) all the mysteries of chalking and walking and screwing, with the front twist, the back twist, the over twist, the under twist, the side twist, and the *pocket* twist; who will do anything that is impossible on the green cloth, and will "bet you a dollar he does it, sir, and post the stakes first, by Jove!"

In this section, and further up on Third Avenue, upon the east side, and on Eighth Avenue, upon the west side, are to be found the lower grade theatres. The "variety" sort are patronized chiefly by men and boys. The programme is made up of feats of strength, clog-dancing, flash songs sung in character, and antics of all kinds. Juggling, too, plays a large part in these performances,—a form of sleight-of-hand as old as the Pharaohs; for you may see representations of this kind, tossing balls and all, carved on the most ancient monuments of Egypt. Indeed, we are told by antiquaries that juggling and dice-throwing (dice-throwing is four thousand years old) were favorite pastimes with the Egyptian clergy!

with greedy eyes, shuddering and grinning in the same breath. These performances are all froth and bubble. They remind one of the little boy's description of the supper at a children's party. "Did you like the supper?" asked the mother. "Well, mamma," was the reply, "it wasn't much of a supper,—it was all dessert."

Above these, again, are the better class of houses of Thespis. What is your mind? Will you make a tour of these?

The drama was early domesticated in New York. The dramatic instinct is inherent in human nature. Ever since the foundation of the Greek theatre and the Roman circus, it has persistently cropped out; and never more remarkably and brilliantly than in the metropolis. The age itself is dramatic, has all the color and glow of the stage. Hence the actor is only set, as Shakespeare says,

"To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature."

Edwin Forrest first raised his tremendous voice in this city in 1826. He was accompanied and succeeded by a long line of illustrious artists, like Cooke, the elder Wallack, the



EDWIN BOOTH.

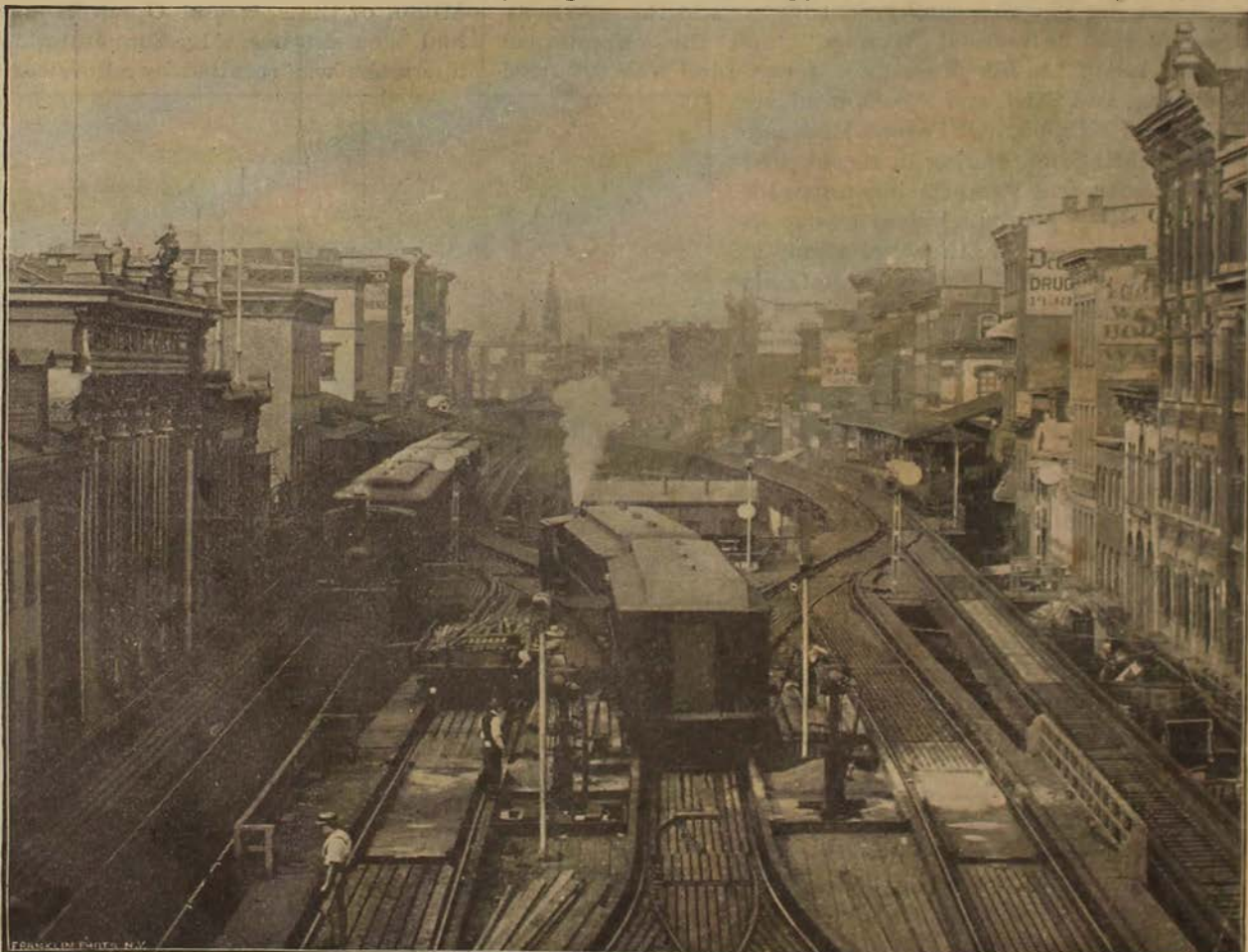
peared in New York in 1841. At the mature age of thirty years she at once danced her way into the heart and purse of the city.

The theatres where these heroes and heroines of the mimic art made their *entrée* have all disappeared with the upward growth of New York. Like the actors and audiences of those days, they have floated off into so many memories; but the name of their successors is Legion. There are now thirty or more recognized houses of the drama in the city; places which are regularly advertised, and which have the sanction, more or less pronounced, of "Mrs. Grundy," and of the "four hundred" whose social verdict is the "open sesame" to fame and fortune. Most of these have their specialty, and are celebrated for some peculiar type or form of the dramatic art. The "Thalia," for example (formerly the old "Bowery," one of the few existing theatrical landmarks of New York) is now the abode of the German drama; also the "Amberg," at Fifteenth Street and Irving Place (the old "Irving Hall," enlarged and remodelled), which was recently opened. The "Thalia" is on the Bowery, just above Chatham Square, and its pillared front is partly hidden by the elevated railway, which at this point is built entirely across the street. At either of these theatres may be seen the best plays and the ablest exponents of the language of Schiller and Goethe.

The "Academy of Music," at the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, is endeared to multitudes. It was opened in 1855, burned May 21, 1866, and re-opened with a masked ball March 1, 1867. For many years the building was the operatic shrine. The opera is a younger sister of the drama. It came to New York as an exotic. Nor did it root itself in our soil without a stubborn effort and manifold backsets. Away back in 1825, Malibran, then a charming *señorita* of seventeen years, sang in the old "Park Theatre," in "The Barber of Seville." But the public taste was too young and crude to appreciate her marvelous gifts; and,

elder Booth, Charles Kean, Macready, down to our own contemporaries, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Henry Irving.—in comedy by Charles Matthews, William E. Burton (scholar and wit as well as histrionic genius), C. W. Clark, the lamented Lester Wallack, John E. Owen, and the famous Jefferson; and by actresses like Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, Rachel, Ristori, Sarah Bernhardt.—the very queens of the stage. Miss Anderson, "our own Mary," has played a successful engagement here the current season, and begins to rival Miss Terry, the art-twin of Irving.

Fanny Elssler, the beautiful Viennese whose shapely form and marvelous grace have made her the ideal *danseuse*, ap-



IN FRONT OF THE THALIA.



THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

after a sorry season or two, she sailed for France, where she became the acknowledged queen of song. Death hushed her voice at the early age of twenty-eight.

In 1850, Jenny Lind came over. Her reception and success are a happy tradition. She sang thousands into the old "Castle Garden" (now degenerated into an emigrant depot), and other thousands into her own pocket. Those now in middle life remember how Genin, the fashionable hatter of that time, gave several hundred dollars for the first choice of a seat; and how Barnum, manager of the songstress, made money enough by this lucky venture to add the "Woolly Horse," the "Bearded Woman," and the enigmatical "What is it?" to his Museum. Jenny Lind was followed

by Sontag, and Grisi, and Piccolomini, and Lucca, and Nilsson, and Parepa-Rosa, and other nightingales, ending in recent years with Gerster, and Patti the incomparable. Many of these glorious voices awoke the admiring echoes of the "Academy of Music;" these, together with Annie Louise Cary, the charming contralto, Carl Formes, the famous basso, and Brignoli, the silver-tongued tenor. But the Italian opera continued to be financially unfortunate. It carried bankruptcy into the accounts of *impresario* after *impresario*, beginning with Max Maretzek and ending with Col. Mapleson. All through the present season, Denman Thompson has occupied the "Academy," playing his sermon-drama, "The Old Homestead," to applauding crowds.

In the autumn of 1883 the "Metropolitan Opera House" was opened. It occupies the block on Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets, and presents an imposing appearance. It is one of the largest and best equipped houses of amusement in the world. The stage is as roomy as most theatres, and the auditorium seats three thousand. The "Metropolitan" is the home of the German, as the "Academy" used to be

of the Italian, opera. Here are witnessed from season to season the stupendous music-dramas of Wagner, together with such additional operas as have been done into German, like "L'Africaine," "The Queen of Sheba," "Aida," "Ferdinand Cortez," — works of a standard character.

The cost of these productions is enormous; the sum total being composed of such items as the orchestra, the scenery, luxurious dresses, the chorus, the ballet, and the great artists who enact the leading rôles. Everything is done that can be accomplished by the most lavish expenditure of money, time, skill, and perfect mechanical appointments. The result is a superb *tout ensemble*. But the two or three hours' enjoyment on the part of the audience, is at the cost of months of tedious rehearsal behind the curtain.

We think of the *play*; on the stage they labor through the *work*. Napoleon III., before declaring war with Prussia, asked one of his ministers if everything were in readiness to move on Berlin. "To the last button on the last gaiter!" was the reply. It was a gigantic deception, and the result was Sedan. Unless everything pertaining to an operatic performance is in readiness, down to the last *papier-maché* shield for the last "super," there will be a musical Sedan.

American audiences are proverbially cold. But one night, not long ago, the "Metropolitan" recalled "La Scala" in Milan, or the "Grand Opera House" in Paris. Sembrich had been singing "La Sonnambula," and at the close of the opera she was recalled by a hurricane of cheers. The artiste



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

tripped down to the foot-lights and trilled out "Proch's Air with Variations," in a way to arouse the envy of a nightingale. The audience was bewitched. The house rose at her and roared applause like "the sound of many waters"—a Niagara of enthusiasm.

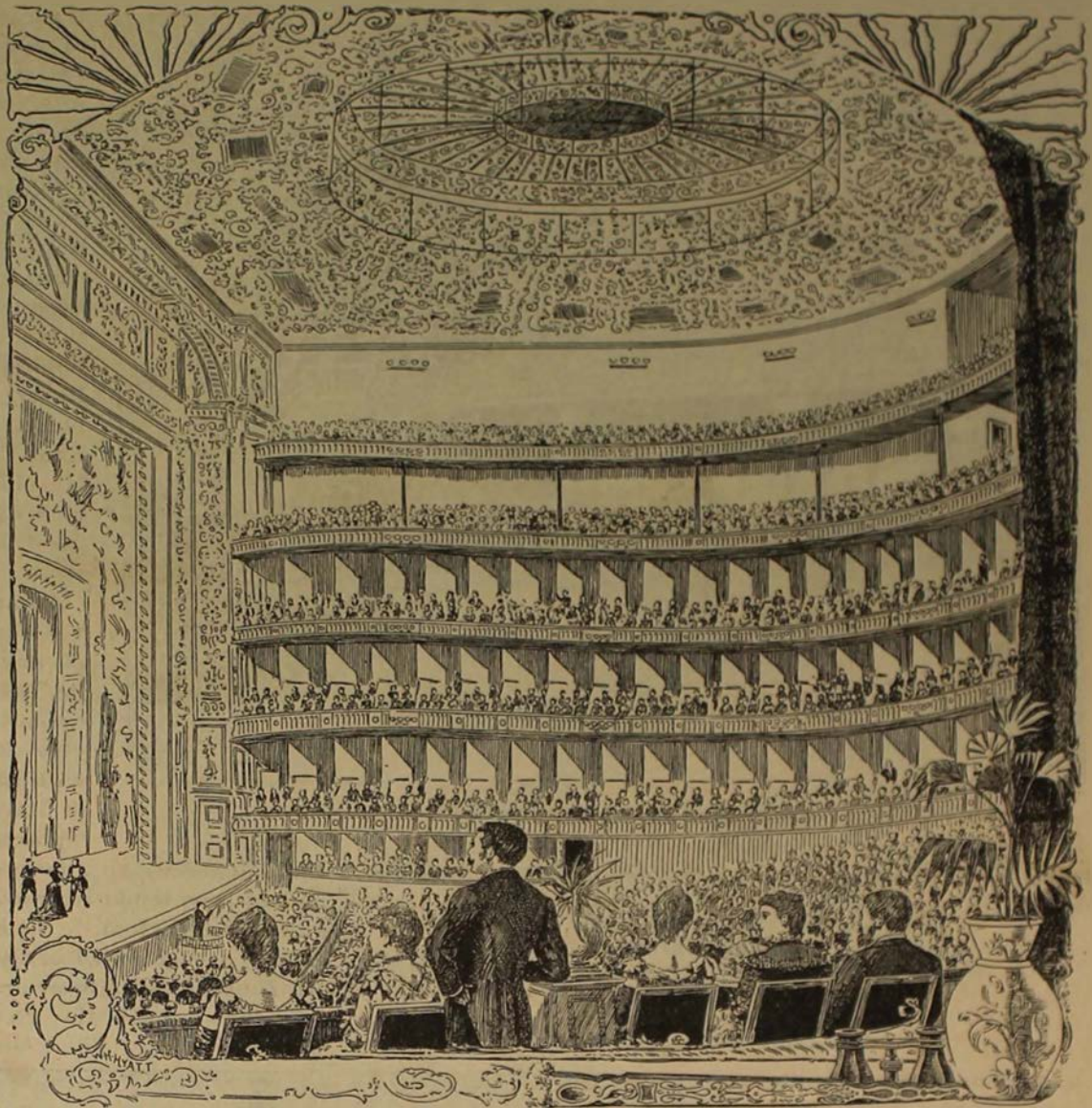
"Niblo's Garden," under the "Metropolitan Hotel," nowadays presents spectacular and sensational plays. "Daly's," on Broadway and Thirtieth Street, is the home of refined comedy. "Palmer's," formerly "Wallack's," nearly opposite, was built and long managed by the late Lester Wallack, who, with his famous company, gave the old English comedies,—"She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and the like. It is now the firmament in which stars of the first magnitude are wont to blaze.

The "Lyceum," on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street, is devoted to modern society plays. The "New Park Theatre," on Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, is given up to local Irish dramas full of brogue and the flavor of the "ould sod." "The Casino," on Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, is one of the most beautiful of the newer theatres. It is surrendered to light English

operas, of the Gilbert and Sullivan brand, like the "Yeomen of the Guard;" and has a delightful open-air restaurant on the roof where one may eat to music,—a situation too exposed, however, for February!

On the west side, upon Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, stands the "Grand Opera House," built by the late James Fisk, Jr., "Prince Erie," as he was nicknamed. Here the affairs of a great railroad were hocus-pocused in the front office, while a Saturnalia was enacted in the rear. "Prince Erie" is dead, and the curtain has been long rung down on those scenes. But the "Grand Opera House" can say with Webster, "I still live." To-day, plays which first appear at the more fashionable theatres, are here repeated at lower prices. The very newest of our theatres is "The Broadway," which stands on the famous thoroughfare of that name (the spinal column of the city), at the corner of Forty-first Street. It has every modern improvement, including beautiful effects of light, and offers an excellent company.

The "Madison Square Garden" was, years ago, the New York and New Haven Railroad depot. It is now used in the summer for garden concerts, and in the fall and winter for anything and everything, from a political powwow or an Anti-Poverty Fair, to a walking watch or a pugilistic "mill." Its central position, on Madison and Fourth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, explains its "general utility" character. "Koster and Bial's," on West Twenty-third Street, was opened as a high-class concert garden, and for a time it had the sanction of



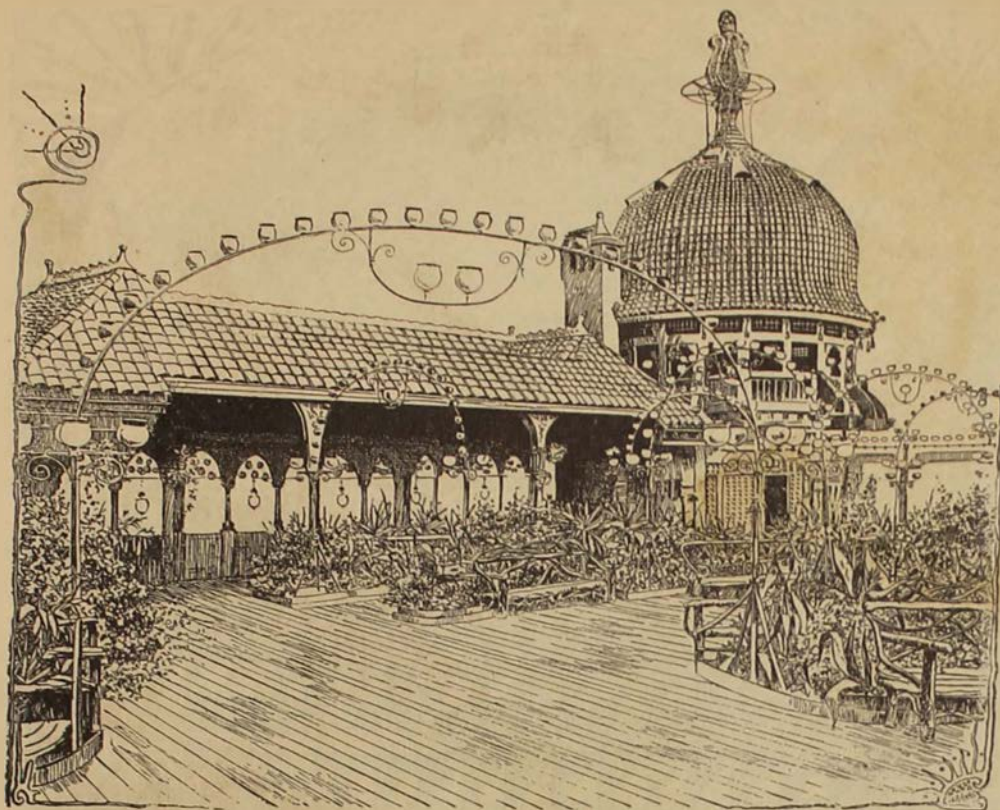
AUDITORIUM OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

fashion; but a "fast set" soon took possession, and it is now looked on askance by the public, and cowers under the frown of the police. But the list is endless. These are samples.

A "first night" at a fashionable New York theatre is a sight and an experience. You touch elbows with all classes: aristocracy in the boxes, shopocracy in the gallery, mobocracy in the "sky parlor," as the top of the house is called,—for the "pit" is now *above* instead of *below*. The heart of the motley audience is stirred at the same moment by the pathos or fun, and you realize how

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

If a young fellow wants to take his "best girl" to a theatre in style, that is, if he wants to buy the highest priced seats, and to ride in a carriage, and to provide a bouquet for the adored one, and to fit himself out with brand-new kids and neck-tie, and to enjoy a little supper after the play, the evening's indulgence will cost him the pretty sum of \$20 or \$25. But if his wants (and means) are more moderate, if he will use that carriage of the democracy, the street-car, or patronize the elevated railroad, if he will forego the bouquet and the new gloves and neck-tie, and be content with merely good seats, he may still take the lady and keep the little supper, for one-fourth of the sum mentioned. The cost is according to the choice. To watch such a young fellow as he makes his preparations and forgets the world in the absorbing thought of the coming evening and *her!* is an



A CORNER OF THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE CASINO.

amusement in itself. It reminds one of Cowper's "Jackdaw".

"He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he?—'Caw.'"

Amateur theatricals are very fashionable. There are in the city one scarcely knows how many societies which are organized for private dramatic purposes. Some of these are well-known, others are obscure. But whether known or unknown, all are busy. Rehearsals are frequent, and are voted to be "great fun." Public exhibitions are given from time to time for "sweet charity." Participants get stage-struck, often, and then society loses and the regular theatrical profession gains some star like the "Jersey Lily" or Mrs. James Brown Potter.

Turning now in other directions, we still find the amusements diversified enough. Are you in the humor for music? Suppose we visit the "Minstrels." There is but one regular troupe in the city, but it contains several fine voices and a number of good instrumentalists. The fun and frolic inaugurated by George Christy and continued by Dan. Bryant, may be enjoyed to-day and without much change in the way of

form; for the performance still consists of music to begin with, and a laughable extravaganza at the close. Puns, local hits, topical songs, the last good story, are always on the programme, or at any rate punctuate the evening.

Then there are concerts galore, and of every kind: high-priced, low-priced; professional, amateur; given by consummate artists, world-renowned, given by consummate jackasses whose reputation is not as extensive as their ears; all holding forth in the same week, very likely on the same night. You have but to indicate your choice, and put it into the necessary action,—and cash. He must be hard to please who cannot pick out of this indescribable medley of good, bad, and indifferent, something to suit.

Campanini, the famous tenor, whose voice in its decadence is better than that of any other tenor now before the public, has already given a brief series of concerts in "Steinway Hall," and is to give another series this spring. He has with him a bouquet of artists plucked in Italy. Pray that the troupe be not "plucked" in America! Congreve, the

English playwright, once said of a beautiful woman to whom he had been tenderly attached, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." To hear Campanini is "a liberal education"; such breadth, such intelligence, such consummate art, concealing the wear and tear of time and over-use!

Then we have the great Musical Societies, alive with splendid talent. The "Oratorio Society" has already given



THE CASINO.

“Elijah” this season, under the conductorship of young Damrosch, and to an audience that packed the vast “Metropolitan Opera House.” The “Philharmonic,” now in its forty-seventh season, is another of our musical pets. And who can enumerate the Glee Clubs? Many of these are dowered with a fashionable and wealthy constituency,—the “Mendelssohn,” for instance, whose parlors and *salon*, on West Fifty-fifth Street, are models of convenience and luxury. In fact, there is a craze for music in New York. Pianos and fiddles have a hard time of it,—and so, often, does the human ear! Even the pussies on oack fences have caught the contagion! And in the season every society leader gives *musicales*, at which great singers may frequently be heard. Sometimes,



THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

as one walks the streets, these curious sounds get strangely mixed up: a song drifts out of this house, the blare of a wind instrument floats out of that one, the strain of a piano comes from over the way, and the protesting cry of an awakened baby completes the chaos.

• The balls, too,—who can describe them? For that a bit of crayon were more serviceable than pen and ink. Keep your feet still, my dear, we are only referring to balls, not joining in the dance. Well, there is the “Charity” ball, which annually gathers the wealth and fashion of the city to trip “the light, fantastic toe;” and there is the “Purim” ball, in which our Hebrew friends celebrate the triumph of good Queen Esther as regularly as the year comes round; and there is the “Old Guard” ball,—the crack military dance each winter; and there is the “French” ball, a demoralizing exhibition, which the authorities threaten every season to suppress,—but never do; and there are the “Patriarch’s” ball, and the “Matri-

arch's" ball, patronized by the chief society *dons* and *donnas*; and a hundred more, given, some of them, every week, murdering sleep and stealing away the bloom of youth. "My dear lady Emily," exclaims Miss Alscript, in the excellent comedy of the "Heiress," "don't you dote on folly?" "To ecstasy!" replies her ladyship. "I only despair of seeing it well kept up." Had lady Emily resided in New York she need have entertained no such fear.



THE EDEN MUSÉE.

Some people are fond of what Artemus Ward calls "wax figgers." To such, the "Eden Musée," on Twenty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, will be a paradise. Here is "all the world in wax." The groups are of every kind,—historical, allegorical, poetic, prosaic, and nondescript. Gen. Grant is cheek-by-jowl with the last murderer. The sovereigns of Europe are contemplating an execution by "Judge Lynch" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West. The show begins in the very vestibule, where you may see a woman tying her shoe under the admiring gaze of a "masher," and a pickpocket deftly pickpocketing Mr. Hayseed, from Podunk, while a policeman is calmly gazing into vacancy,—within call but of no account, after the custom of his kind. Meantime, the delightful strains of a waltz by Erdelyi Naczi's Gypsy Band enlivens the scene and invites within.

We have recently introduced from Canada (but before retaliation was thought of) the amusement of tobogganing. This is only a hard way of spelling sliding down hill, but in this case the hill is an artificial slide, and the sled is a strange-looking affair which slips along on a bottom without runners. It is grand sport,—almost as fine as skating, to which New Yorkers are always devoted.

The old Lyceum lectures, so long a source of entertainment and instruction, not only in New York, but throughout the country, are now out of date, like last year's almanac. With the settlement of what the French call the "burning questions" of a quarter of a century ago, together with the death of the great kings of the platform, Everett, Chapin, Beecher, Phillips, Gough, this form of amusement has disappeared. Yet lectures we still have, but of a different type. The new school is of the stereopticon pattern. Every winter, lecturers like Prof. Cromwell and Prof. Stoddard give courses in one or another of the theatres, descriptive, usually, of travel, and illustrate their themes by gigantic pictures thrown upon a screen. The best of these stereopticon lectures are said to net \$20,000 a year. So there continues to be money in the "gift of gab." Who would not be willing, at that rate, to earn his bread by the sweat of his jaw?

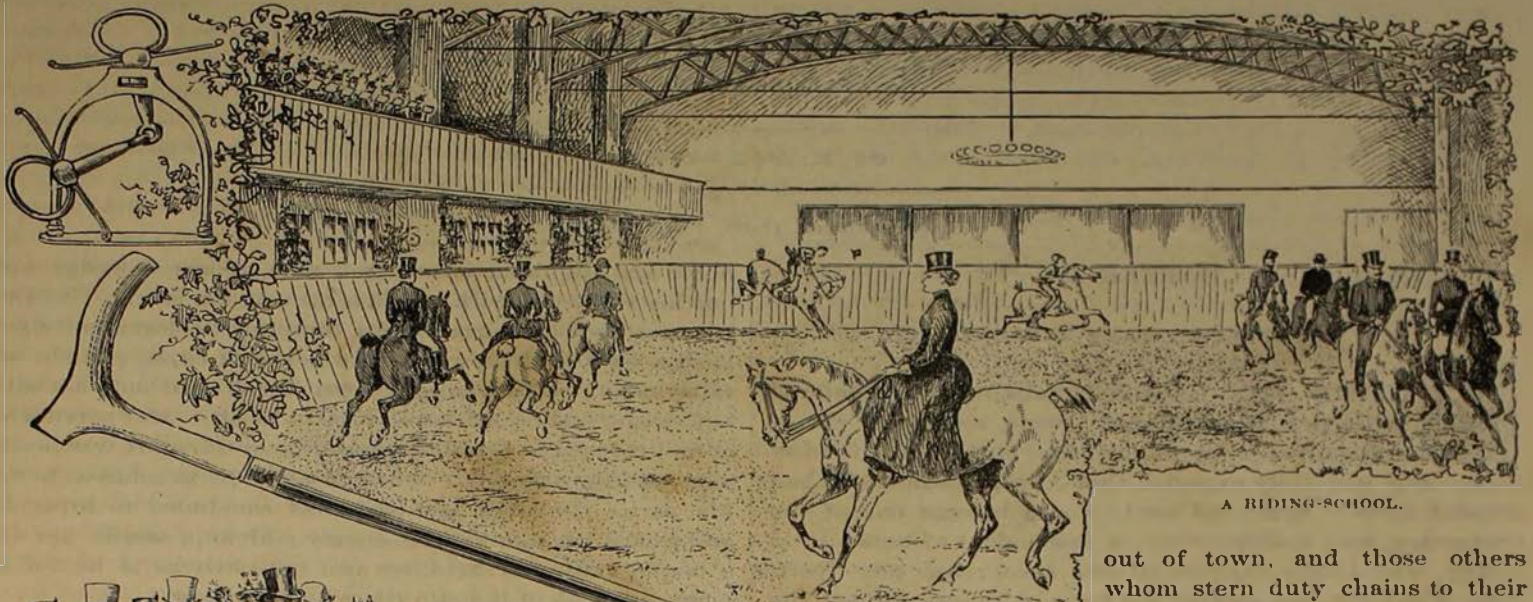
Akin to these are the Cycloramas, such as "The Battle of Gettysburg," "The Battle of Vicksburg," and the "Crucifixion." They are wonderfully realistic. The spectator feels that he is on the spot, an actual participator in the scenes; the smoke of conflict is in his eyes the roar of the fight sounds in his ears; and in the case of the "Crucifixion," the pallid sufferer on Calvary dies under one's very gaze. Painted as they are, in a high style of art, it is no wonder that these exhibitions should be increasingly popular.

There is a mania in New York just now for horseback riding. Riding-schools abound (mostly in the upper part of the city), in which men and women are taught how to become Centaurs. The lessons learned in the circus of the riding-school are reduced to practice along the driveways of the Central Park, which, on a fine day, is animated with dashing riders of either sex. If every recreation were as healthy and exhilarating as this one is, Foly might take off the clown's garb and doff the cap and bells.

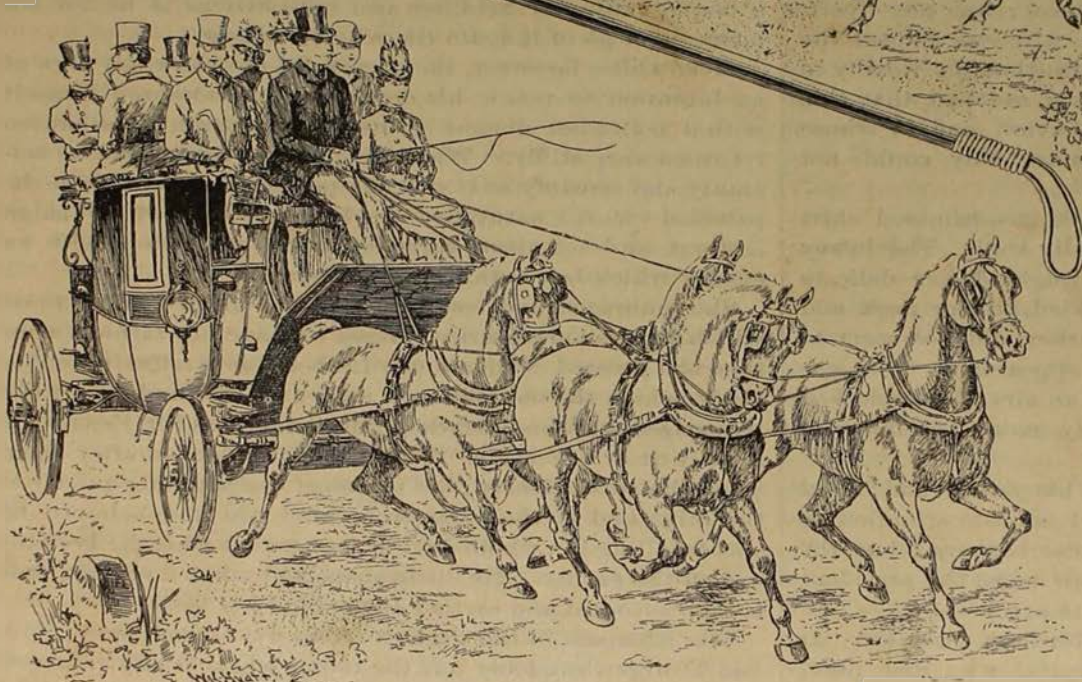
"Toot!" "T-o-o-t!" What on earth is this hoarse blare? Hark! there it is again: "Toot!" "T-o-o-t!" Why, it is the horn which signalizes a coaching party. Coaching is another of our "fads." "It is English, you know." The coach is handsome. The horses are handsome. The ladies and gentlemen on the coach (for the outside is



A SCENE FROM THE CYCLORAMA OF THE CRUCIFIXION.



A RIDING-SCHOOL.



A COACHING PARTY.

out of town, and those others whom stern duty chains to their work, contrive to amuse themselves even in hot weather. True, the great haunts of fashionable enjoyment are closed. Nevertheless, Coney Island is within easy reach. And Long Beach, is not that close by? And Long Branch, and the Monmouth Race-course, and Fort Lee.—why, no end of resorts may be visited, and yet one can return to sleep in town. And garden concerts abound, and certain light operas are given with special reference to summer visitors, and the bowling alleys are all open.

Moreover, if our stay-at-home is a young man or woman, spare hours may be delightfully occupied in a Tennis Court,—amusement and exercise at the same time. All ages and both sexes are madly in love with base-ball, and

“the thing”) are handsomest of all,—dressed in the very tip of fashion, the beaux sucking the knob of their canes, the belles flourishing their colored parasols. Certainly, it is fine sport, bowling along through the Park and out through the spacious upper avenues, with youth and beauty on the seats; sport, however, for the late spring and the lovely and tonic autumn, not winter sport.

In these, then, and in such like ways, does Gotham contrive to kill the time.

“So runs the world away.”

The mighty city, a-throb with myriad life, works with a will. It also plays with a will. And the amusement, as we have seen, is as varied as is the character of the 1,600,000 people. Well, of course, all these things cost money, mints of it. New York spends millions of dollars every year in recreation. But what would you have? The city must amuse itself. It does amuse itself, and it willingly “pays the piper.”

The amusement season, proper, is confined to the colder months. In the summer and early fall the city empties itself into the country. Society rushes off to the sea-shore, to the mountains, across the Atlantic—anywhere, everywhere, out of the seven times heated furnace of brick and pavement. Everybody who *is* anybody is away, — or pretends to be. But those who, like old Dr. Johnson in London, are such ingrained cockneys that they cannot exist

the “Polo Grounds” (where the matches are played) swallow up larger crowds of amusement seekers than any other resort between the Battery and Harlem Bridge. Never since Manhattan Island was sold by the Indians (who were badly “sold” themselves in the transaction) to Hendrick Hudson for \$25,—and received that in *goods*, not money!—never since that time, have New Yorkers failed to amuse themselves, whatever the season.

The fact is, man may be defined as a *pleasure-loving animal*. That which is natural cannot but be lawful. To renounce pleasure is to relinquish humanity. Time was when pulpiteer and moralist preached an indiscriminate crusade against pleasure. It was blasted by the lightning of anathema. Being treated as a heretic, it became a heretic. Being labeled a vagabond, it was a vagabond. It was indulged in, but with a guilty sense of wrong-doing. Our age has grown wiser. The best morality now recommends not asceticism, but discrimination. Wisdom says, “Enjoy, but do not hurt yourself nor injure others in your enjoyment.” So long as New York works, it is entitled to play. Great giant! go out into the open and throw a somersault, and walk hand in hand with

“Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.”

CARLOS MARTYN.

THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

(Continued from Page 155.)

CHAPTER X.

COUNTERPLOTS AND TREASON.

MADAME VON LASBERG, although she entered with her usual dignity, wore a certain air of resignation; for to-day she buried her fondest hope. She had fully expected that Alice, to whom she had devoted herself heart and soul, would become one of the aristocracy, and a noble suitor, a descendant of some ducal family, would have enjoyed all her favor; but now Wolfgang Elmhorst had secured the prize. He was indeed the only man whom Madame von Lasberg thought worthy to win Alice; but it was none the less a sad fact that this man, like a knight in his courtly behavior, and to whose personality even the aristocratic court lady could not object, bore such a common name.

Alice, in a pale blue satin robe with lace-trimmed skirt and a long train, did not look especially well. The heavy folds of the rich fabric really overweighted her delicate figure, and the diamonds which sparkled on her neck and arms, a birthday present from her father, did not seem to enliven the dull colorlessness of her appearance. She was not at all adapted to such a frame; an airy, flower-decked ball-dress would have been infinitely more becoming to her.

Wolfgang went quickly forward to his *fiancée* and raised her hand to his lips. He was full of delicate attention to her, full of politeness to the Baroness Lasberg; but the dark cloud had not lifted from his brow when the president came back and the first guests began to arrive.

The rooms gradually filled with a brilliant assembly. It was the very first society of the capital who met here. Nobility of birth and of intellect, the world of finance and of art, officials high in military and civil service, were represented by their most noted names. Among the costly toilets which vied with each other in elegance, glittered countless uniforms; shimmering silks rustled, plumes waved, diamonds sparkled,—the company merited all the magnificence with which Nordheim's house was prepared to receive them.

The center of universal interest was of course the betrothed pair,—or rather the bridegroom-elect, who was entirely unknown to most of them, and thus was the object of twofold interest. He was a handsome man, this Wolfgang Elmhorst, that no one could deny; and there was no doubt either of his gifts or his talents: but with these qualities alone to win the hand of such a wealthy heiress, who might have accepted a very different offer! Yet he seemed to accept as a matter of course the good fortune which would have intoxicated another, and not the slightest embarrassment or uncertainty betrayed that he moved in this brilliant circle for the first time. With his *fiancée* on his arm, he stood composedly and proudly near his future father-in-law, allowing himself to be presented, receiving and replying to each congratulation with equal politeness, and playing the part assigned to him in an astonishingly creditable manner. He was to all intents the son of the house, and with perfect confidence assumed the rôle.

Among the guests was Counsellor von Ernsthausen, a

noble and dignified bureaucrat, who appeared to-day without his wife, but with his daughter on his arm. The little baroness looked charming in a filmy, rose-colored ball-dress, with a wreath of snow-drops in her dark curls, and she was fairly radiant with triumphant joy, for she had had a hot battle before she had been allowed to come at all. Her parents had at first refused to permit it, since Doctor Gersdorf was invited also, and they feared a renewed attempt to address her on his part. However, her papa had concluded to bring her and guard her against the enemy; he kept beside her like a body-guard, and held her arm as tightly as if he did not mean to let go of it again the whole evening.

Meanwhile, however, the doctor did not show any sign of an intention to renew his devotion, but contented himself with a polite but distant salute, which Baron Ernsthausen returned very stiffly. Wally nodded her little head as solemnly and sensibly as if she was perfectly content with the paternal escort: naturally, she had her plan of campaign laid out, and set about carrying it into execution, with an energy which left nothing to be desired.

She embraced and congratulated the future bride, to do which she was necessarily obliged to leave her father's arm; then she greeted Madame von Lasberg with effusive amiability, which the old lady took rather coolly; and finally she was seized with an overwhelming tenderness for Erna, who luckily drew her aside. The counsellor looked after them somewhat suspiciously; but Gersdorf was standing quietly at the other end of the room, so he kept still and believed he was fulfilling his whole duty as a guardian when he kept his eye on the enemy. He little suspected what a scheme was being concocted and carried out behind his back.

The whispers in the window recess did not last long; Miss von Thurgau suddenly left the room, while Wally returned to her father, and was soon deeply interested in a conversation with an acquaintance. But notwithstanding that, she saw very well that Erna returned in a few minutes, and approaching Doctor Gersdorf said a few low words to him. He looked somewhat surprised, but bowed an assent, and the little baroness triumphantly unfurled her fan. The deed was done!—and the poor papa fairly outwitted for the greater part of the evening.

The president missed his niece and looked around for her impatiently. He was talking to a gentleman who had just entered, and who was not one of the usual guests of the house; yet especial honor must have been due to him, for Nordheim received and treated him with a deference that he was accustomed to show to very few persons. Erna had just come in sight again and approached their neighborhood, when he led his companion up to her and presented him:

"Herr Ernest Waltenberg, whose name I have already mentioned to you;—my niece, Miss von Thurgau."

"I had the ill-luck to miss seeing the ladies during my visit yesterday, and I am still a stranger to Miss von Thurgau," said Waltenberg, bowing politely.

"Not entirely; I have talked to her a good deal about you," said Nordheim hastily. "A wanderer like you, who has girdled the earth, and comes direct from Persia, is always an interesting personage for the ladies, and in my niece I can promise you a most interested listener when you

recount your adventures to her. The curious and uncommon are quite to her taste."

"Indeed?" said Waltenberg, who was looking at the beautiful girl with undisguised admiration. Nordheim noticed this and smiled; without giving his niece an opportunity to answer, he continued: "You may depend upon her in that respect; but we must try to make you feel at home in Europe, where all must seem strange to you. It would give me great pleasure if my family could help to do so. You know our house is always open to you."

He gave his hand to his guest in a friendly manner, and withdrew. There seemed a certain something premeditated in the way in which he had brought these two together and left them, but Erna did not perceive it. She had taken the introduction indifferently: traveled visitors were no rarity at the house of Nordheim, who had connections everywhere; yet the careless glance she at first gave this guest lingered as she remarked his peculiar features.

Ernest Waltenberg was no longer young; he was just entering the forties, and his well-knit, but not heavy, frame evinced health and strength. His dark face with its deeply bronzed complexion bore witness to years of residence in tropic lands; it was not handsome, but very expressive, and showed those deep lines which not years, but experience, plough on men's faces. The crisp, jet-black hair framed a broad forehead with dark heavy eyebrows, and his steel-gray eyes gleamed from beneath them somberly, yet looked as if they could flame with passion; that one could see in their occasional glance. In his whole appearance there was something unusual and singular, that distinguished him markedly from all the brilliant, but, for the most part, uninteresting crowd present. His voice had also a peculiar intonation; it was deep, but had a foreign accent, perhaps in consequence of having been accustomed to another language. At all events, Waltenberg was perfectly familiar with all the conventionalities of society; the manner in which he took his stand by Miss von Thurgau and engaged in conversation, showed the man of the world.

"You have just returned from Persia?" asked Erna, recalling her uncle's words.

"Yes,—at least, that is where I came from last. For more than ten years I have not trod European soil, until now."

"And yet you are a German! Possibly it was duty which kept you away so long."

"My duty?" repeated Waltenberg, with a slight smile. "No, I only followed my own inclination. I am not one of those passive natures who root themselves fast in house and home; I feel an inclination to go out into the world, and I yield to the impulse."

"And in all those ten years, did you not long for home?"

"To speak frankly, no! One soon gets accustomed to being away from home and relatives, and finally they become as strangers. I have only returned now to look after some personal business matters, and my stay will be of short duration. I have no family to keep me here. I am quite alone."

"But the fatherland ought to keep you," said Erna.

"Perhaps; but I am modest enough to believe that it does not need me. There are so many better than I."

"And you do not need the fatherland, either?"

The remark was somewhat unusual for a young lady, and Waltenberg looked indeed surprised; but the glance she returned him made the reproof seem yet more severe.

"I see I have offended you, Miss von Thurgau," said he earnestly. "Yet I must plead guilty. But, believe me, a life such as I have led for a year, free from all restraint or ties, in the midst of a nature abounding in magnificent luxuriance, while ours is niggard of a single blossom, operates

like the intoxicating spell of an enchanted potion. Who tastes it once can never again escape its charm. If I really had to come back again to this glittering and formal existence of so-called society, under this gray, winter sky, I believe—but this is high treason in the eyes of a young lady who is one of the central luminaries of this social firmament."

"Ah! you take a great deal for granted," said Erna, with increasing bitterness. "I have grown up in the mountains, in the vast solitudes of their eternal hills, far from the world and its turmoil, and I regret deeply, very deeply, the sunny, golden freedom of my childhood's days."

"Even here?" asked Waltenberg, indicating the brilliant assemblage of smiling, chatting aristocracy.

"Yes, here, most of all!" Her answer was low, barely audible, and it was a peculiarly weary and sad glance which wandered over the glittering throng; but the next moment the young lady seemed to regret that she had allowed herself to be drawn into this half-involuntary confidence, for she turned suddenly and said lightly:

"Yet you are right, it is high treason, and my uncle would be very dissatisfied with it; he looks forward to making you feel quite at home in our society. May I make you acquainted with that gentleman yonder? He is one of our most distinguished men, and will surely interest you."

Her design to end a conversation which had taken a too serious tone, was apparent enough. Waltenberg bowed in acquiescence, but there was an unmistakable expression of annoyance on his face as he was presented to the notability, and his conversation with the latter lasted but a few minutes. Then he sought out Dr. Gersdorf, who was one of the few he had known in earlier days; they had been friends at the same university.

"Well, Ernest, you seem to be getting acclimated," the doctor greeted him. "You certainly seem very well entertained with Miss von Thurgau. A beautiful girl, is she not?"

"Yes, and it is worth one's while to come back, if only to talk to her," replied Ernest as he drew his friend aside. The latter smiled, and said in a low tone, "A fine compliment for the other ladies! With which of them would it not be worth while to talk?"

"None!" declared Waltenberg, coolly, but in subdued tones. "I at least find it no pleasure to spend the whole evening long listening to and answering meaningless phrases. There is nothing else to be heard in the neighborhood of the betrothed couple. What a chorus of inane speeches! The young bride herself is very uninteresting, and she seems to be of rather a weak temperament."

Gersdorf shrugged his shoulders.

"But she is Alice Nordheim, and that fact has weight with the bridegroom. There are many here who would change places with him; but he was clever enough to secure the father's favor, and so win the prize."

"A marriage for money, then. He is an ambitious upstart?"

"If you like—yes;—but at all events one of those energetic natures who owe all their success to their own efforts. He controls the whole official force of his railway absolutely, as his prospective father-in-law does the board of directors; and when you see his great work, the Wolkenstein bridge, you will acknowledge that his talent is of no common order."

"All the same, I hate these pushing individuals, from the bottom of my soul!" exclaimed Waltenberg, contemptuously. "The insignificant may pass; they make no pretensions to recognition: but this Elmhorst looks like a man of character, and he sells himself and his freedom for gold—wretched!"

"My dear Ernest, anyone can see that you have just

come from the wilderness." remarked Gersdorf, drily. "Such 'wretchedness' is to be met with daily in our best society, and among most honorable people. Money is of no consequence to you; you dispose of it by the hundred thousands. Shall you never give up your roving life and settle down by the domestic fireside?"

"No, Albert, that would not suit me. My bride is liberty, and I shall be true to her."

"Yes, that is what I used to say," laughed the doctor; "but with time one may discover that this bride is of a rather cold nature, and if, besides, one has the misfortune to fall in love, the change from pleasure-loving freedom and bachelorhood to the sober married man, is made without the least scruple. I am now going through the transformation process myself."

"Accept my condolences," said Waltenberg, sarcastically.

"Thanks! I am quite satisfied. I have already confided to you the story of my love and troubles. What do you think of the future Madame Gersdorf?"

"She is lovely enough to excuse even your backsliding. That rosy, smiling face is charming!"

"Yes, my little Wally is incarnated sunshine!" said Albert warmly, as his eyes sought the young girl. "With her parents the barometer stands at storm; but if the counsellor and his ancestors——"

"Herr Waltenberg, may I request you to take my niece to the table?" said the president, coming up to the two gentlemen.

"With pleasure!" said Waltenberg; and his pleasure at the arrangement was so plainly visible in his countenance, that Gersdorf could not suppress a mocking smile.

"Ah! I am not the only deserter," murmured he, as his friend left him without more ado and approached Miss von Thurgau. The misogynist was playing the gallant.

CHAPTER XI.

WALLY TRIUMPHS.

THE doors of the supper-room were now thrown open and the company began to collect in pairs. Baron Ernsthausen offered his arm to Madame von Lasberg, who was to be his neighbor at the table; she had contributed largely to his peace of mind by telling him that Lieutenant von Alven was to lead his daughter in, and that Doctor Gersdorf's place was at the other end of the table. The couple went on and the others followed them; but, strange to say, Lieutenant von Alven bowed before another young lady, and Doctor Gersdorf went up to Baroness Ernsthausen.

"What does this mean, Wally?" inquired he, in a low tone. "I am to take you to supper, so Miss von Thurgau says. Surely you have not persuaded Madame von Lasberg——"

"Oh! she is in complot with my parents," whispered Wally as she took his arm. "Only think! the whole length of the table would have been between us! Mamma has *mi-graine*, but she gave papa positive directions not to let me out of his sight, and Madame von Lasberg figures as chaperon number two; but they have got something to do when they are watching me! I have led them all by the nose."

"What have you done?" asked Gersdorf, somewhat disquieted.

"I have changed the guest-cards!" exulted Wally. "Or, rather, Erna had it done. At first she would not do it; but when I asked her if she could take it on her conscience to plunge us both into despair, she gave in."

The little baroness had become very ready with the phrase with which she influenced the different "guardian angels" of her love, but the doctor did not seem to be very much

elated at this stratagem; he shook his head and said reprovingly:

"I am afraid, Wally, this will never be overlooked; and if your father sees us——"

"Then he will be furious!" finished Wally, with the utmost composure. "But you know, Albert, he is furious already, and a little more or less cannot matter. Now don't look so pedantically serious; I really believe you will quarrel with me over my clever idea!"

"I really ought to," said Albert, laughing in spite of himself; "but who can argue with you?"

Amidst the universal talk and laughter, the whispers of the two were unnoticed; but now they joined the other couples and entered the supper-room, where the counsellor was already seated. He had an extraordinary love for the pleasures of the table, and the anticipation of a feast made him very sociable. But all at once his face grew stony, as if he had seen a Medusa's head; yet it was only the pretty face of his little daughter, who entered on the arm of Doctor Gersdorf.

"Good heavens, madame!" whispered the counsellor, wholly disconcerted, "you told me that Lieutenant von Alven——"

"Certainly, he took Wally to supper; and according to your expressed desire I have arranged that Doctor Gersdorf——"

Madame von Lasberg was struck dumb in the midst of her speech, and appeared as if she also were turning to stone as she caught sight of the pair who took their seats at the other end of the table.

"Should sit by her!" snapped the counsellor, and cast an annihilating glance at the doctor.

"I cannot comprehend how that is possible; I have myself seen to the arrangements of the table."

"Perhaps some error of the servants."

"No, it is some intrigue of the baroness's," interrupted Madame von Lasberg. "But, I implore you! do not take any notice of it. Do not make a scene! When we leave the table——"

"Then I shall take Wally home at once!" added Ernsthausen, as he grasped his napkin with a violence that boded the worst for his disobedient daughter.

The feast was spread and served with all the splendor that a visitor to the house of Nordheim could expect. The table was set with massive silver and sparkling crystal glass, and adorned with rare flowers; the usual number of endless courses were served; the usual toasts offered to the betrothed pair; the usual speeches made; and all proceeded with the usual tedious ceremonies inseparable from such a display of princely wealth.

Notwithstanding this, some of the younger guests enjoyed themselves extremely, especially Baroness Wally, who, perfectly unconcerned about the enormity of her disobedience, laughed and chatted with her companion; and Gersdorf, who would have been no lover if he had not forgotten all else in her society, enjoyed to the full the unexpected pleasure of this meeting.

Not less lively, if more earnest and comprehensive, was the conversation which was carried on at the upper end of the table. Miss von Thurgau, as the nearest relative, was seated opposite the betrothed couple, and Ernest Waltenberg was honored by a similar distinction. He had formerly been very reserved and silent in society, but now he showed that he could be very captivating in conversation, when he really wished to captivate.

He spoke of countries and people that lay far distant, but which his vivid descriptions seemed to bring before the eyes of his listeners. He depicted the charms of the Southern seas, the splendors of the tropical landscape; the panorama

of the world seemed to unroll before them as he graphically and poetically described it, and Erna, who listened with shining eyes, seemed quite enthralled by it. Elmhorst's glance rested on them occasionally, with a peculiarly searching expression; his conversation with Alice had lost all its usual vivacity, and yet he was master of the conversational art.

CHAPTER XII.

"A VISION OF AIR AND ALPINE SNOWS."

At last the feast was over, and the company returned to the drawing-room; the tone of the gathering had become lighter and more unconstrained. Separate groups had formed here and there, and the whole assembly were chatting, laughing, moving about, so that it was difficult to find anyone. This was what occasioned Counsellor Ernsthausen's towering wrath; his pretty daughter had made herself undiscoverable.

Ernest Waltenberg had led his companion to the conservatory, and sat by her engaged in vivacious conversation, when the betrothed pair entered. Wolfgang started as he caught sight of the other two; then he bowed coolly to Waltenberg, who sprang up to make room for the young lady, and said:

"Alice complained of fatigue, and wished to come out into the conservatory where it was cooler.—We do not disturb you."

"Whom?" asked Erna quietly.

"You and Herr Waltenberg. You seemed to be deep in conversation, and we should be very sorry"—For answer Erna seized her cousin's hand and drew her down by her side.

"You are right, Alice, you must rest; it is a task, even for those stronger than you, to be the center of attraction at such an entertainment."

"I only wanted to escape for a minute," said Alice, who indeed appeared somewhat exhausted. "But it seems we have really disturbed you. Herr Waltenberg was in the midst of a surely interesting description, and broke it off as we entered."

"I was speaking of my last visit to India," explained Waltenberg, "and I took the opportunity to make a request of Baroness Thurgau, which I would proffer to you also, Miss Nordheim. I have, in the course of the ten years in which I have been a wanderer, collected a quantity of treasures from foreign lands. They were all sent home, and now my house has become a veritable museum that I have had arranged by an experienced hand. May I beg of you ladies the honor of a visit?—and you also, of course, Herr Elmhorst? I believe I could show you much that would interest you."

"I only fear that my time will not permit me to accept your kind invitation," replied Elmhorst with freezing politeness. "I have only a few days before I leave the city."

"You leave the city! So soon after your betrothal?"

"I must, for our work cannot be left very long without my superintendence, at the present state of affairs."

"Do you agree to that, Miss Nordheim?" Waltenberg turned to Alice. "I should have thought the lady's right was paramount in a case like this?"

"Duty always comes first, Herr Waltenberg,—in my eyes, at least."

"You take it very seriously, especially just at present."

Wolfgang's eyes flamed; he understood that "just at present," and he also understood the glance that accompanied it; he had seen it first flash from other eyes, a few hours before. The proud man set his teeth; for the second time to-day he was reminded that for society he was only the

"future husband of Alice Nordheim," who with his bride's fortune could purchase immunity from every duty.

"To me every duty is a debt of honor," he returned coldly.

"Yes, we Germans are fanatics about duty," said Waltenberg carelessly. "I have left this national peculiarity behind me in foreign lands.—O, my dear young lady, again that reproachful glance! I am likely to get into disgrace with my unfortunate frankness; but pray remember that I have come from an entirely different world, and am a perfect barbarian according to European ideas."

"According to your own statement of the case, that is what you seem to be," observed Erna, jesting, yet with a little asperity.

He laughed, and leaning on the back of the divan bent still further over her.

"Yes, I must become a loyal and thorough German again. Possibly then somebody might be more merciful to me. Do you think it would be worth my while?"

"Alice, do you really wish to stay in this damp, close atmosphere?" asked Wolfgang, with scarcely concealed impatience. "I am afraid it is worse for you than the heat in the rooms."

"But there is such a crowd in there," objected Alice. "Pray, Wolfgang, let us remain here."

He compressed his lips, but he could not do otherwise than accede to the expressed desire of his betrothed.

"It is a tropical air," said Waltenberg, shrugging his shoulders.

"Indeed it is! Stifling and enervating for anyone who is accustomed to breathe freely."

This interpretation seemed almost rude, but the one for whom it was intended did not appear to remark it; his eyes still rested on Erna as he replied:

"Yet the palms and orchids demand it. Only see how they charm the eye, even here in their captivity. But in that magnificent tropical world where they grow and luxuriate in perfect freedom, the sight is overpowering."

"Yes, it must be beautiful! that world," said Erna softly, and her glance wandered dreamily over the exotic luxuriance of bloom that brightened the foliage around them and filled the whole conservatory with its sweet but languorous perfume.

"You were a long time in the Orient, Herr Waltenberg?" asked Alice in her cool, uninterested manner.

"For years; but I am at home in all parts of the world, and can even pride myself upon having penetrated into the depths of Africa."

Wolfgang was attracted by the last words.

"As member of a scientific expedition, probably," he observed.

"No, that would have no charms for me. I hate nothing so much as necessity, and in such expeditions one cannot look for any personal freedom. One is limited as to the objective point of travel, as to his companions, as to all sorts of things; and I am accustomed to consult only my own inclinations."

"Ah!" and a half-contemptuous smile played on Wolfgang's lips. "I beg your pardon! I really thought you were going as a pioneer in science to Africa."

"Good heavens! how seriously you take everything, Herr Elmhorst," said Waltenberg, satirically. "Must every life be given up to work? I have never aspired to the fame of discoverer: I have absorbed the vitality and beauty of our earth with every sense, and created in myself new strength and new youth from its mystic sources. If I should begin to make them useful, what would become of the poetry of life?"

Elmhorst shrugged his shoulders, and in an apparently indifferent tone responded:

"In any case, a very convenient way to look on life; but it would not be to my taste, and it is possible only to a very few. To live it, one must necessarily be born in the lap of wealth."

"Even that is not necessary," returned Waltenberg. "One may become rich by accident."

Wolfgang drew himself up with a haughtily indignant air, and a bitter retort was on his lips; but Erna perceived it, and, before he could speak, suddenly gave the conversation an entirely different turn.

"I really am afraid my uncle will have to give up the idea of making you feel at home with us," said she. "You are so lost in the spell of your tropic world, that all at home seems small and mean. Yet I do not believe our mountains will fail to win your admiration; but if they do, you will find me their devoted champion."

Waltenberg turned to her; he might have seen by her face, and even felt himself, that he had gone too far.

"You do me an injustice," he replied. "I have not forgotten the Alpine world, with its lofty, towering peaks, its deep blue lakes,—and the lovely sprites with which tradition peoples them; visions"—here he lowered his voice—"of air and Alpine snows, with the white, fairy flower of the waters in their blonde locks."

The compliment was adroit; but the manner in which it was said was audacious, and the eyes of the man gleamed with passionate admiration as they rested on the snowy draped form of the beautiful girl.

"Alice, have you recovered yourself now?" asked Wolfgang aloud. "We really ought not to stay so long away from the company; let us return to the drawing-room!"

The tone was almost imperative; Alice therefore arose and laid her hand on his arm, and they left the conservatory.

"Herr Elmhurst has a very marked talent for command," said Waltenberg, sarcastically, as he looked after them. "That tone had something of the future 'lord and master' in it,—and on the betrothal day too! I think Miss Nordheim has made a surprising choice in more ways than one."

"Alice is a very gentle, yielding nature," remarked Erna.

"So much the worse for her! Her *fiancé* does not appear to be conscious that this union raises him to a position which he personally could never have attained."

The young lady had risen and was bending over a group of plants whose heavy purple flowers drooped amid dark green leaves. After a momentary pause she replied:

"I believe Wolfgang Elmhurst is not the man to allow himself to be 'raised.'"

"And why has he done so then?—Pardon! I would not utter a reproach against your prospective relative."

Erna did not reply, and he appeared to take her silence as a half-acquiescence, for he continued earnestly:

"Do you believe that this courtship was an ideal one?"

"No!"

The word came with peculiar bitterness from the lips of the girl, but her face was hidden as she bent lower over the purple flowers.

"That is my view of the case also, and therefore my opinion of Herr Elmhurst remains unaltered.—Pray, my dear Miss von Thurgau, do not inhale the perfume of those flowers; I know that they are fragrant, but poisonous, and will give you a headache."

Erna stood erect and passed her hand across her forehead.

"You are right," said she, drawing a long breath. "It is time that we returned to the company,—if you please, Herr Waltenberg."

He did not seem to be entirely satisfied with this, but offered her his arm and led her back to the drawing-rooms, where the guests were still assembled. In one corner sat the

counsellor in grim paternal ire, and with him Madame von Lasberg, who did not let the opportunity pass to fan the flame. She had ascertained, by questioning the servants, that the guest-cards had been meddled with, and consequently gave her vexation full vent. She spoke in low but impressive tones to the unfortunate father of such a daughter, and finally closed her discourse with the crushing declaration:

"In a word,—I must allow myself to say it,—the doctor's behavior is revolting!"

"Yes, it is revolting!" murmured Ernsthausen wrathfully. "And I have looked for Wally the last half-hour, to take her home, but I cannot find her. She is a dreadful child!"

"I would not have let her come on any account," persisted the old lady. "I told your wife, when she confided the affair to me, that she must be very strict and see that her rules are obeyed."

"So she has been," Ernsthausen assured her, somewhat despondently; "but it does no good. My wife is ill already with the trouble, and must be cared for herself; I am called away by my professional duties,—who is to look after this will-o-the-wisp and prevent her mad pranks?"

"Send Wally in the country to her great-uncle," advised Madame von Lasberg. "There, no personal interview with Gersdorf would be possible; and if I know the old baron, he will understand how to prevent an interchange of letters."

The counsellor looked up as if a sudden gleam of light had flashed across the darkness of his soul; he seized upon the idea with a real enthusiasm.

"That is an idea!" cried he. "You are right, my dear madame, perfectly right! Wally shall go to my uncle in a very few days,—yes! to-morrow. He is interested in the matter himself, and in any case will be her best guardian; I will write to him early to-morrow morning."

He was so carried away by this thought that he rose suddenly and made a fresh attempt to get his daughter. But he might as easily have caught a butterfly; for Wally developed an incredible talent for disappearing the moment her father came in sight. Ernest Waltenberg, who was one of the initiated, was twice made to serve as a lightning-conductor to divert the impending storm by his conversation. In the meantime, the little baroness plunged into the vortex of a chattering group and came to the surface again in an entirely different place. She seemed to consider the whole company an assemblage of "guardian angels," for she turned them all to account, and even the Minister, who was also her father's chief, was made use of in the capacity mentioned above.

She finally fluttered up to his Excellency and complained in most touching accents that papa was talking about going home already, and that she would far rather remain. The old gentleman immediately took the part of the charming child, and as the counsellor came up with a thunderous murmur, "Wally, the carriage is waiting!" he turned to him in the most friendly manner, saying:

"Let it wait, my dear Counsellor. We cannot deny youth its rights, and I have promised the baroness to intercede for her. You will remain awhile longer?"

Ernsthausen raged inwardly, although he bowed politely; and his chief immediately engaged him in an interesting conversation, and only set him free after a quarter of an hour. But now the baron was not to be restrained any longer; he made directly for the dangerous place, where his daughter, enjoying herself immensely, stood between Waltenberg and Gersdorf. The doctor advanced towards him with suave politeness.

"Counsellor, I wish you would permit me to call upon you

to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow. May I beg of you to accord me at least an hour ?

Ernsthausen cast an annihilating glance at him.

"I regret, doctor, that urgent business——"

"Quite so, that is what I wish to speak to you about, also," interrupted Gersdorf. "It concerns an embarrassment of the railroad company, whose legal adviser I am, as you are aware, and his Excellency the Minister has referred me to you. But if it is not convenient for you to see me at the Department, and you would prefer to have me come to your residence, that will be better yet, as I would also like to speak with you on a private matter."

Unfortunately, the baron had not the slightest doubt as to what this private matter was; but he was compelled to receive the jurist in his official capacity, so he summoned all his courtesy and answered coolly :

"To-morrow, at five o'clock, I will be at your service."

"I will be punctual," the doctor answered him, and with a bow to Wally he departed. The latter was now finally compelled to yield to the paternal authority, and allow herself to be carried off; but outside on the staircase, she declared most energetically : "Papa, to-morrow I will not be shut out; I will be there when my hand is disposed of."

"To-morrow you will be on your way to the country," answered her father, with decision. "You will go on the first train; I will see you safe on the road myself, and your great-uncle will meet you at the station, for you are going to stay with him."

Wally's little head was so muffled in her opera-hood that her face was hidden. For a moment she was speechless; and then she put on an outwardly defiant attitude.

"I will not do it, papa! I will not stay with great-uncle; I will run away from him, and travel back to the city on foot!"

"He will take good care that you do not do that," said the counsellor. "I thought you knew the old gentleman and his methods. At his death you will be a desirable *partie* for anyone. Remember that."

"I wish that great-uncle would go to Monaco and gamble away all his money!" sobbed Wally indignantly, "or that he would adopt an orphan, and make him heir of all his property!"

"Child! In Heaven's name, what are you saying?" cried Ernsthausen, shocked; but the little baroness, thoroughly excited, went on :

"Then I would no longer be a *partie*, and I could marry my Albert.—I will pray every day that great-uncle will do some such stupid thing, in spite of his seventy years!"

Then she sprang, still sobbing, into the carriage, and flung herself upon the cushions. Her father followed her, murmuring despairingly :

"A dreadful child!"

Above, the elegant rooms began to grow empty and silent again. One after another departed, and at last the president, having taken leave of the last remaining guest, found himself alone with Wolfgang in the great reception-room.

"Waltenberg has invited us to see his collection of curiosities," said he; "I shall have no time to go, but you——"

"I still less," interrupted Elmhorst. "The three days that I have allowed myself are already taken up in anticipation."

"I know; but you must accompany Alice, in spite of that. She and Erna have already accepted, and I especially desire that this invitation shall not be slighted."

Wolfgang started and looked searchingly at his future father-in-law, and then asked abruptly :

"Who and what is this Waltenberg? You appear to treat him with very particular respect, and yet this is the first time he has been to your house. You must have known him before."

"Certainly. His father was interested in several of my undertakings. A shrewd, clever, business man, who would have accumulated millions if he had lived longer. Unfortunately, the son has not inherited this practical tendency. He finds it more agreeable to travel about the world and live among all sorts of wild people. His fortune permits him to indulge in any extravagance, and now it is almost doubled. His aunt, his father's only sister, died unmarried, a few months since, and left him all her property. He has only returned to arrange his affairs, and talks of going away again, immediately. An incomprehensible man!"

The tone in which Nordheim spoke of the man whom he had apparently delighted to honor, betrayed that he had no personal liking or sympathy for him; and Elmhorst appeared to feel similarly, for he went on :

"I find him insufferable! He spoke at the table only of his travels, and really went on as if he were lecturing to an audience. One only heard of 'deep blue seas,' of 'towering palms,' and 'dreamy lotos-blossoms.' It was scarcely endurable! But Miss von Thurgau seemed to be quite taken with him. To be frank, though, I thought that this poetic Oriental style of conversation was much too familiar for the first day of acquaintance."

While this speech was intended to be sarcastic, it was clearly inspired by a sedulously dissembled irritation. However, the president did not notice this, but answered quietly :

"In this instance, I do not object to the familiarity,—quite the contrary."

"You mean—that you have brought them together for a purpose?"

"Certainly!" responded Nordheim, somewhat astonished at the suppressed vehemence of this question. "Erna is nineteen years old; it is time to think seriously of her marriage, and it is my duty, as her relative and guardian, to do the best for her that I can. The girl, of course, is much sought after in society, but as yet no one has come forward with a genuine offer, for she is no *partie*."

"No! she is no *partie*," repeated Wolfgang mechanically, and glanced toward the next room, where the ladies yet lingered. Alice sat on a sofa, and Erna stood before her, the draperies of the doorway inclosing, as in a frame, the slender, white figure.

"I cannot expect it," continued the president. "Erna's only inheritance is the two thousand marks which were paid for Wolkenstein Court; and even if I give my niece a suitable dowry, it will be as nothing to a man who is accustomed to make an appearance in life. But Waltenberg is not looking for a fortune; he is rich himself, and of a good family; in short a brilliant *parti*."

He treated the matter as if it were a new speculation. In fact, "to do the best he could" for his niece, was only a business affair to him, as well as the betrothal of his own daughter.

At this moment a peculiar pallor overspread the young man's face, and there was a singular expression in his eyes as they rested on the picture, flooded with radiance from the chandelier, still disclosed by the open *portière*.

"And you think that Miss von Thurgau is satisfied?" he asked, at length, without withdrawing his gaze.

"She is not a fool to throw away such a piece of good luck! Of course the girl is unaccountable in her moods, obstinate as her father, and in many points not to be controlled. We do not always get along together, that is plain to be seen; but this time I think we shall agree. A man like Waltenberg, with all his eccentric inclinations, is just to Erna's taste. I believe she would even share his wild, roving life, if he could not resolve to give it up."

"Why not?" said Wolfgang, ironically. "It is certainly uncommonly poetical and interesting, this life abroad with-

out a profession or a 'fatherland.' One is free of all duties, and can dream under the palms, and let life glide by in a reverie of dreamy inactivity. It seems pitiful to me that a man should not know what else to do with his life. To me it would be impossible."

"You are really exercising yourself about it," said Nordheim, quite astonished at this passionate outburst. "But you forget that Waltenberg is rich and of a rich family. You and I must struggle to attain eminence. For him the necessity does not exist; from the very first he was at the top, and such men seldom care for serious industry."

He turned to a servant who had just entered, and gave him an order. Wolfgang stood there gloomy and motionless; his eyes were still riveted upon that white figure,—that vision "of air and Alpine snows, with the fairy flower of the waters in its blonde locks;" and inaudibly, but with a strange bitterness of heart, he murmured:

"Yes, he is rich, and—he has a right to be happy!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

THE Waltenberg house lay at some distance from the heart of the city; it was a fine, roomy villa in park-like gardens, and had been built by the father of the present proprietor, who had resided in it until his death. Since then it had practically been unoccupied; for the son, taken up with his travels, and thinking nothing of his wealth, had not made the house useful, except as a store-house for the curiosities he sent home from time to time and had had unpacked and arranged by the person he left in charge. Now, for the first time in ten years, the long-closed shutters and doors were opened, and the long-deserted rooms again occupied.

The large balcony-room in the middle of the house was furnished just as it had been in the life-time of the old gentleman. There was none of that magnificence which characterized the Nordheim residence, yet everything was solidly comfortable, as one would expect to find it in a wealthy citizen's house. But the persons who were in the room seemed strangely out of place in these surroundings. A negro, of the darkest shade, with crisp, woolly hair, and a slender Malay boy, both in the fantastic and picturesque costume of the Orient, were busy decorating a table with flowers, while a third person stood by and gave the necessary directions.

The dress of the latter, although of European cut, was something between that of the sailor and the farmer. He was a middle-aged man, of uncommonly long, lank figure, yet of powerful build. His short-cut hair already showed signs of gray, and his sun-burned visage with its dark coloring was scarcely less brown than the Malay's. Yet from this bronzed face looked a pair of eyes of true German blue, and from his lips came the mother tongue in its purity.

"The flowers in the center," he commanded. "It must look poetic, as Herr Waltenberg commanded; so we must make everything as poetic as possible! Saïd, man, you stand the silver fruit-dishes near each other like a couple of grenadiers! They belong at opposite ends of the table. And what are you doing with the crystal glasses, Djelma? Leave them on the sideboard."

"O yes, master," said the negro, in English.

"Speak German! Have you not learned it? We are now in Germany; in this God-forsaken country, where one's nose freezes in March, and the sun only shines once a month, and then as if it had special orders. I don't like it any better than Herr Waltenberg; but my name isn't Veit Gronau if I don't beat some German into your sheep's head!"

"I can speak German, and I am a good Christian, too!" said Saïd, with proud self-consciousness.

"Yes, you think so, at least," said Gronau, drily. "But you are a half-heathen, and Djelma is a whole one. What good is it to beat Allah and Mohammed out of your head, if you never get an idea of God into it?—Well, now the table is ready! Plenty of flowers and fruit, and nothing to eat or drink! It is really poetical, indeed; I think it is foolish, but perhaps it will please those who are coming."

"They are—ladies?" asked Saïd, curiously.

"Yes, unfortunately, ladies are coming too. It is not only a pleasure, but an honor; for in this country they are treated most respectfully, very differently from your black and brown women. So take care of your manners."

He would have given them further instructions, but now the door opened and the master of the house entered. He carelessly glanced at the fruit and flower laden table, gave Saïd a sign to withdraw to the ante-room, and spoke a word in Hindustani to Djelma, who also withdrew; and then he turned to Veit Gronau and said:

"President Nordheim has excused himself, but the others will be here; and Doctor Gersdorf also has promised to come. You will escape the dreaded encounter this time also, Gronau."

"Dreaded?" replied Veit. "I don't know about that! It certainly would not be a very great pleasure to meet a former playmate with whom one has been on the most familiar terms, and have to bow and scrape as a sort of servant before him."

"As my secretary," uttered Waltenberg; "I should think such a position had nothing degrading in it."

Gronau shrugged his shoulders. "Secretary, major-domo, courier, all in one person! You have really treated me only as a countryman, Herr Waltenberg, not as an underling. When you fished me out in Melbourne, I was actually starving, and would have starved but for you. May God reward you!"

"Nonsense!" said Ernest, taking his gratitude very unwillingly. "You were a real treasure-trove, with your knowledge of languages, and all your practical experience, and I believe that in the six years we have been together we have agreed pretty well.—So the president and you were friends once?"

"Yes; we grew up together as neighbors' children, and were together a good deal, later, until one went one way, and the other another. He often told me that I would always be a poor devil, and Benno Reinsfeld, too."

Waltenberg had gone to the window and was looking out somewhat impatiently, but he listened attentively. The youth of this man, whom he only knew since he had become rich, seemed to interest him.

"We naturally, all three of us, made great plans for the future," continued Veit with good-humored self-mockery. "I was going out into the world and coming back a nabob laden with gold; Reinsfeld was going to astonish the world with a discovery; we were children, who thought the world belonged to us. But the clever Nordheim sat by and threw cold water on our hot-headed schemes. 'You will achieve nothing,' said he, 'for you do not understand how to calculate.' We laughed at the twenty-year-old calculator with his cool wisdom, but he was right. I went out into the world, but here I am, poor as a church-mouse; and Reinsfeld, with all his talent, remained only a poor engineer; but our comrade Nordheim became a millionaire, and president and railroad prince,—because he knew 'how to calculate!'"

"Yes, he understands that well enough," said Waltenberg, coldly. "At all events, he has a very influential position.—There come our guests!"

He left the window and went quickly to welcome them. A carriage stood without, which had brought Madame von Lasberg and Alice accompanied by Elmhurst. Wolfgang could not evade the duty of waiting on his *fiancée*, and he had found no alternative but to accept the invitation as his future father-in-law desired. He bowed to the yoke of necessity, but no one could have guessed from his manner that he was making a sacrifice; for he was no less courteous than the master of the house. Both men, who from the first moment of their acquaintance had felt an instinctive aversion to each other, met on the common ground of cool politeness, and this was maintained during the present visit.

"Miss von Thurgau is delayed; she went first to the counsellor's to take up the Baroness Ernsthausen." Madame von Lasberg, who announced this, was somewhat annoyed thereat. She had thought that Wally had already gone to the country, and was in the safe guardianship of her uncle. Instead of this, Erna had sent Wally a note asking her to accompany them on the visit to the Waltenberg mansion; so the journey had been put off a day. But the disappointment of the elder lady increased to vexation as she saw Doctor Gersdorf enter. Positively, another rendezvous! And he had presumed so far as to make the ladies of the Nordheim family accessories to it, since he was sure of finding Wally under their care.

"This must and shall not be concealed from her parents, although it must pass for to-day;" and Madame von Lasberg, who had not the slightest objection to playing the chaperon, gave the doctor a chilling reception. Unfortunately, it made not the slightest impression on him; a peculiar light illumined his fine features to-day, and he devoted himself with uncommon zeal to entertaining the ladies.

Erna had gone to the Ernsthausens after Wally, and, as she was already late, she only sent the servant in. After about five minutes, the young baroness appeared, sprang in the carriage, and, hardly waiting for the door to close, clasped her friend in such a rapturous embrace that the latter was almost stifled.

"What ails you, Wally?" asked she. "You are quite beside yourself."

"I am engaged!" exulted Wally. "I am Albert's betrothed, and in three months I shall be his bride! Oh! that excellent, incomparable great-uncle! I could hug him if he were here, if he only wasn't always so dirty!"

Erna was not so easily discomposed as Alice, but this piece of news was wholly unexpected; she knew the opposition of the whole Ernsthausen family to this union.

"Your parents have consented?" asked she. "So suddenly? A few days ago, that seemed to be impossible."

"Nothing is impossible!" cried Wally in ecstasy. "Oh! I prayed Heaven that great-uncle would do some foolish thing! But that he would do such a thing as this, I never imagined. You do not believe it, Erna? Well, one must have lived a good while to believe everything!"

"Speak rationally, then. Tell me! what has he done?" said Erna, with a reproachful glance at the beaming countenance of the little baroness.

"He has got married!" burst out the latter. "Married! at seventy years! and now he is a young married man!—It is enough to make any one die laughing!" And she threw herself back against the cushions and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"The old baron has—married?" returned Erna, who seemed to find it incredible.

"Yes; to an old school-mistress. The affair has been arranged for a long time; but they kept it a secret, because he feared a scene with my parents. But he came on here to revise his will, that he had left with his lawyer, and as soon as he returned he had the marriage solemnized by the

Church and the State, and he has left all his fortune to his wife, and we shall get nothing; and now I am no longer a '*partie!*' Only think what luck!"

The young lady had a remarkable fashion of speaking without a single pause, so that it was impossible to get a word in. But now she was obliged to stop for awhile to take breath before she went on anew:

"They had cooked up a regular conspiracy, papa and your sage chaperon, which I shall remember while I live! I was to be done up like a post-packet and sent to my great uncle's address. All my tears and defiance availed nothing;—the trunk was already packed. Then great-uncle's letter with the announcement of his marriage fell like a bomb in our house. Papa looked as if someone had knocked him down, mamma went into hysterics, and I danced around in my own room and pulled all the things out of the trunk again; for, of course, there was nothing more said about the journey. All the morning there was an air about us as if we had been in a dozen thunder-storms; great-uncle was disowned as a relative; my parents held a long secret conference; and when Albert came in the afternoon, he was accepted without further ado."

"And you were perfectly happy!—I can well imagine it!" cried Erna.

"No; at first I was provoked," declared Wally, turning up her little nose. "Albert became so everlastingly prosaic in his wooing. Instead of speaking of our eternal, endless love, and our half-broken hearts, he told my parents what income his practice brought him, what fortune he already had, and what he might expect. I was outside, of course, during all this frightful summing-up of accounts,—naturally, I was at the key-hole and heard it all,—but papa and mamma were very gracious and friendly. Finally I was called in, and then there was a universal embracing, and lots of emotion and tears. I cried all the time, though I felt more like dancing; but I took it very ill of Albert that he never shed a tear! Great-uncle was sent a telegram,—that will spoil his honeymoon for him,—and to-morrow the cards for our betrothal will be sent out, and in three months we shall be married!"

In the exuberance of her joy, the little baroness fell upon her friend's neck again. But now the carriage stopped before Waltenberg's villa, and the supreme moment of Wally's triumph had come. They entered, and while the head of the house received Miss von Thurgau, Gersdorf went up, availing himself of the usual privilege to greet his betrothed, which drew upon him a withering look from Madame von Lasberg.

"I thought you were in the country, baroness," said she, in her sharpest tone.

"O no, madame," responded Wally, with her most innocent air. "I was about to make a visit to my great-uncle, but he has got married, and——"

"Who?" asked the old lady, who could scarcely believe her ears.

"My great-uncle, Baron Ernsthausen of Frankenstein,—and I have become engaged. Permit me to present to you my betrothed."

The smile with which Waltenberg received the news betrayed that he was already in the secret. Madame von Lasberg was utterly speechless; but as congratulations poured in from every side, she finally recovered herself and also offered her good wishes, though in a very cool and formal manner, and her congratulation was received by the younger lady with charming malice.

But nothing lasted long with Wally; and she would have forgiven her bitterest enemy to-day, and included everyone in the overflowing warmth of her happy emotion.

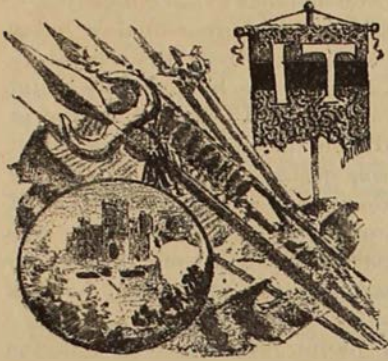
(To be continued.)

THE TATTERED TAPESTRY'S TRADITION

BY *Will Phillip Hooper*



A VALENTINE VAGARY.



had been years since any-one excepting the aged custodian had entered the hall of the ruined castle. But I can well remember when the old place was a scene of never-waning festivities ; when the big room was thronged with "brave knights and ladies faire." In those times I was appreciated ; and

many a lovely mayde stood by the hour before me, lost in admiration at my magnificence. And how often have I

formed a background for scenes of love and scenes of hate !—but all that was in the dim long ago.

This train of thought was started by hearing an unusual amount of noise outside ; finally the rusty lock was turned, and our dismal gloom was brightened by a party of American tourists. It was so delightful to once more look down on a jolly company, that I fairly shook with pleasure and excitement, which one of the ladies observed, and exclaimed with a little scream, "Oh! I know there must be a skeleton

or a ghost behind that lovely old tapestry ! Just see it wave !"

This drew general attention to me, and I was so much admired that one of the young ladies in the party proceeded to sketch me. While thus occupied, her charming companion, tired of gazing at the old armor and dull pictures, returned to her side, and commenting on the graceful Cupids which were represented flying around me, exclaimed, "Why, these cherubs re-



mind me that this is Saint Valentine's Day !" Then she peremptorily announced that she wanted the sketch for a valentine, to send to Jack.

This being granted, she retired to a window-seat and wrote a very tender verse, beginning "Dearest Jack," under the drawing. Suddenly she was called to join the party, and in the confusion of departure, the valentine to "Dearest Jack" was overlooked.



Just see it wave!

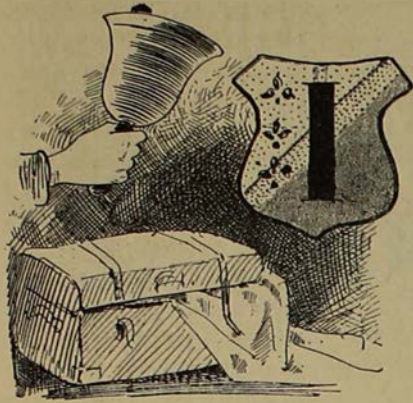


old gallery seemed like a dismal den after the departure of the picturesque girls ; but a day or two later the rusty lock again announced visitors. This time a young man was in the company, whose observant eye soon fell upon the sketch in the window-seat, and the valentine verse beginning "Dearest Jack," seemed to cause him

considerable amusement ; and his own name being Jack,—Jack Janvier,—he felt a certain claim to the drawing,—a claim the custodian was not slow to recognize on seeing the amount of the visitor's fee.

Then, with the sketch in his hand, Mr. Janvier again looked me over ; commented on my antiquity ; was enthusiastic over my rich coloring ; made many flattering personal remarks ;—in fact, made quite a study of me. It gave me

an opportunity to criticise him ; and I will acknowledge that, though perhaps not up to the men of my day, he was a fine specimen.



will pass over my experience of the next few weeks. There was a sheriff's sale, and I was ruthlessly torn from the walls of the grand old hall. Soon I found myself enduring the miseries of life in a London auction-room. I can never forget the horror of being pawed over

by hundreds of unappreciative hands of ignorant people. This experience was wearing upon me and I was growing threadbare and tattered, when one day I walked Jack Janvier. How my heart went out to him ! Surely he, who had shown so much appreciation of me in my days of affluence, would not pass me by now.

But how to attract his gaze among this heterogeneous mass of matter? I tried to wave at him as he was passing near me. He looked up and recognized me at once. I had made no mistake in estimating his character.

The purchase was soon made, and I was sent to his rooms.

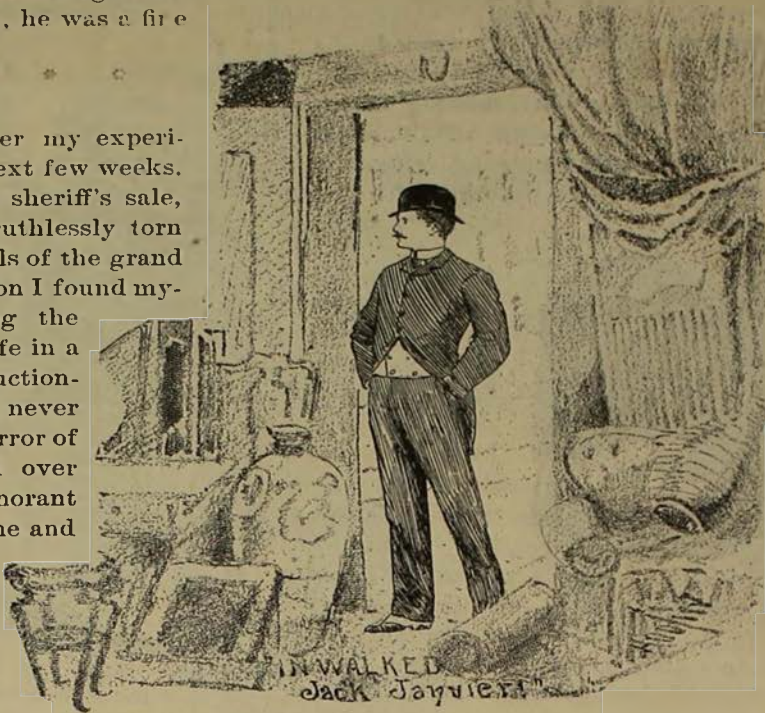
Almost the first thing I saw, tacked on the walls in my new quarters, was the familiar sketch of myself, with the valentine verse. Oh ! if he only knew the attractiveness and charm of the two girls whose united work was displayed on the valentine, how much greater would be his interest ! I often longed to tell him of them. It was so unusual, nowadays, for me to receive as much notice as they had bestowed on me, that it was not easy to forget them.

However, since leaving the old castle I was destined for sudden changes of scene ; and before becoming really accustomed to Mr. Janvier's elegant modern chambers, I, together with his other belongings, was packed, and we learned that New York, Jack's home, was our destination.

It seemed he was taking everything with him except his valet ; so the latter, as a consolation for losing so good a situation, soothed his injured feelings by calmly stealing the contents of one trunk, and alas ! I was among the purloined property, and was turned wrong side out and rolled so tightly that it was impossible for me to know anything of my whereabouts, for some days.

next time I saw the light, the condition of my surroundings, the quality of my neighbors, the indescribable litter of innumerable articles, made me look forward with joy for any change.

An American artist wandering into the old curiosity shop, appreciated me at the first glance, and in a few



hours I was being packed for an ocean voyage ; and we next saw the light in a New York studio. The first day after we were all settled in our new quarters, John Marble, my new owner, gave a reception, and what a gathering of prepossessing people it was ! I won't acknowledge that the men were any superior to my contemporaries of two

hundred years ago, but the graceful girls, the wonderful women, the lovely ladies, the charming children, who thronged the studio that afternoon, fairly made my threads thrill ! And imagine my delight on recognizing the two beautiful girls by whom I had been so much admired a few months previous, in the old castle ! I assure you, it gave me great gratification to see that the recognition was mutual !

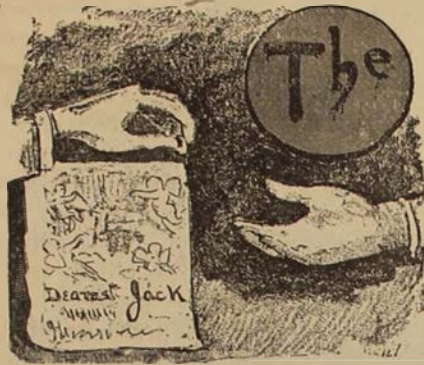
I soon learned that Beverly Campbell, who had made the sketch of me, and Jack Marble were cousins and Maud was the name of her inseparable friend, the writer of the valentine verse.

The two girls were frequent visitors at the studio, as Miss Campbell had agreed to pose for a painting which Marble hoped to finish in time for the Spring Exhibition ; and they showed their usual good taste in utilizing me for a background.



I could see the full effect of the painting in the mirror as it progressed.

There was Beverly, in an artistically draped robe of charming tone, gracefully seated on a pile of cushions, touching the light guitar, making a harmonious contrast to my rich coloring. Who could blame the artist—though certain carping critics did—for making the old tapestry too prominent?



work was undeniably a great success; and in the Spring Exhibition it was hung on the line and received flattering notices from the press and praise from the public, notwithstanding the fact that I was pronounced "too pronounced for a suitable background."

Before the first private view was over, the painting had a little card stuck in the corner, marked "Sold."

I was there, too, in reality, as well as by proxy in the painting. Marble had loaned me to the Decorating Committee, and I was hung in the corridor, where, though almost concealed by horrid palms and pernicious plants, I could, by looking through the doorway, see the picture of myself and Miss Beverly.

One day it struck me there was something familiar about one of the men who was looking at our painting; he was lost in the crowd, however, before my curiosity was satisfied. Later, he returned, and for a long time gazed at the canvas. No one could wonder at this, for it was a beautiful piece of tapestry-painting and quite did me justice; and Miss Beverly's figure in the foreground undoubtedly added to the attractiveness of the general effect.

The following day, the same familiar figure was again studying our work. Finally I caught a glance of his face. Yes! It was my former owner, Jack Janvier!

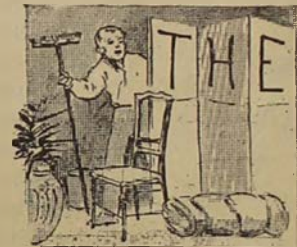
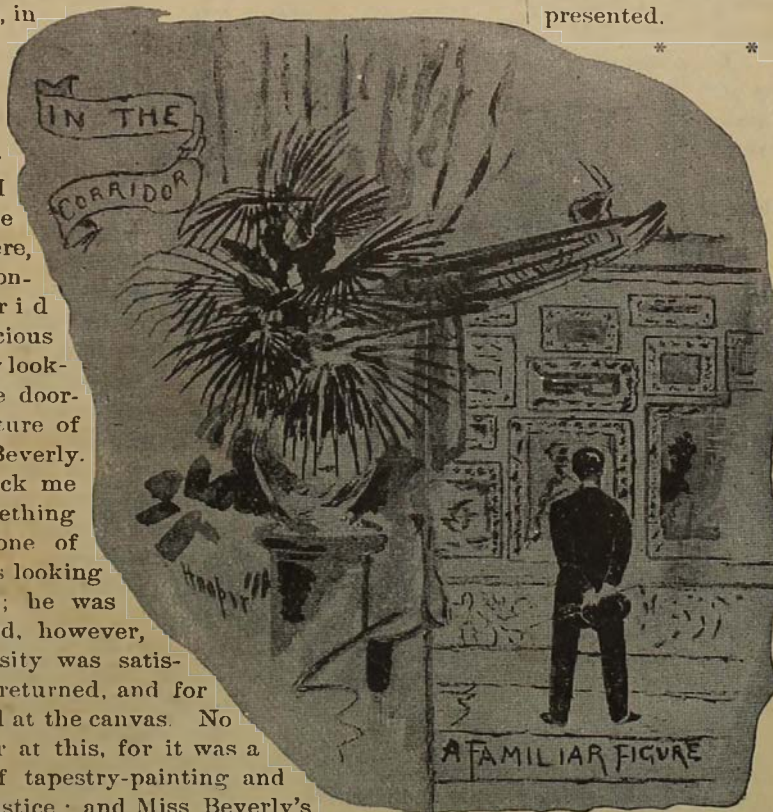
How I longed to drop right off the hooks and fall on his neck as he passed near me! and how I hated the stuck-up plants for shutting me so much from view!

Day after day Janvier came to the gallery, and our painting absorbed most of his attention. I always knew he was fond of me, but for such devotion as this I was unprepared.

On one occasion, they all came very near meeting. Janvier had just turned from the picture and passed out of the gallery, as Jack Marble, with Beverly Campbell and her in-



separable friend, Maud, entered the opposite door. What a pleasure it would be, I thought, to bring them together and have the two Jacks and the two fair maidens formally presented.



Exhibition over, the painting was sent to its purchaser, and I was sent to the studio, but, much to my discomfort, not unrolled.

However, I recognized Janvier's voice, who entered the studio one morning and introduced himself to Mr. John Marble.

He was enthusiastic over the painting in the Exhibition, only regretting that it was purchased at the first private view, before he had seen the collection. He also went on to say, that what attracted his eye to the canvas, in addition to the charming pose of the beautiful model, was the exquisite work in the drapery of the background. This was particularly interesting to him, as he once owned a tapestry hanging of similar design.

He then gradually turned the conversation toward the subject of the model in the painting. While this talk was going on, I learned that I had again changed owners. It seems Marble had promised to give me to his cousin, Miss Beverly Campbell, if the painting she so kindly posed for was sold during the first day of the Exhibition; so I was now her property, and, in fact, I saw that Marble thought I was already sent to her house: but janitorial neglect had left me still rolled up in the corner. Before going, Janvier left an order for a painting, on condition Marble should use the same background and the same model.

The two Jacks seemed to fraternize wonderfully, and they agreed to dine together that evening. Alas! at this festive scene I was not present; but the following day, when Jack Janvier again called, I soon learned by the conversation that

the last part of the evening was spent in Janvier's room, and there the valentine verse on my sketch had caused quite a commotion with Jack Marble, as the writing of his cousin's friend, Maud, was at once recognized. Then Janvier told the story in detail, of his "Tattered Talismanic Tapestry," as he called me; of where he first saw me and found the valentine sketch, and of being robbed by his valet on the eve of his departure from London. So they had a great deal of talk of the property that one had lost, and of the valentine the other had never received: a subject which seemed of mutual interest.

Janvier agreed to give up the valentine whenever he could obtain possession of the tapestry; the artist advised him, as the tapestry was now owned by the charming Beverly, to begin suit.

That afternoon, as the janitor was cleaning the studio, he suddenly remembered me, and hastened to have me sent to my fair owner.



was just before dinner when I arrived, and I was temporarily hung in a doorway between the hall and the reception-room, where the two charming girls, Beverly and Maud, duly admired me.

Dinner was hardly over when two callers were ushered into the room.

the hooks! It was the two Jacks, and Mr. Janvier was carrying a large envelope.

As the young ladies entered I could hold on no longer, and fell right on the neck of my new mistress and wrapped around her so she would have tripped and fallen, but for the alertness of Jack Janvier, who caught her in his arms; and I felt that I had finally brought them together—yes!—close together!

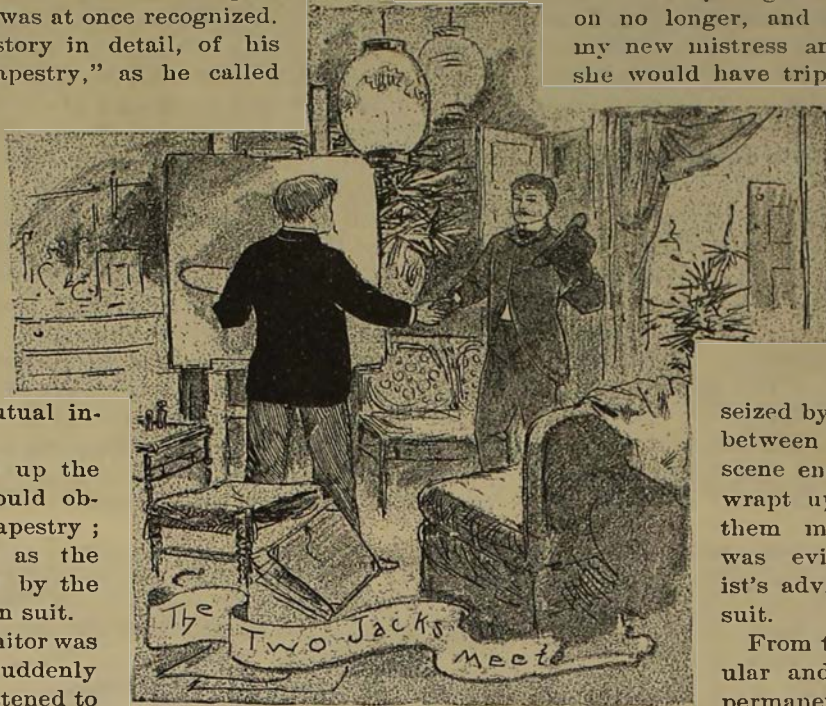
During this act Jack's envelope had dropped, and the familiar sketch and valentine verse were quickly recognized and seized by the other Jack and Maud, between whom a very interesting scene ensued; but I was too much wrapt up in my own affair to give them much attention, as Janvier was evidently following the artist's advice, and was beginning his suit.

From this time his calls were regular and frequent. I was re-hung permanently, and had the pleasure of observing the progress of the

suit. It was a very interesting case to me, as I was the only witness.

The case was on about a year. They never seemed to tire of discussing me, and seemed to appreciate my agency in bringing them together; but in regard to my ownership, they never could agree. He finally made the case clear to her, that there was only one way by which they could both own me,—and the minister arranged that!

And now I am the permanent background for the most charming family tableaux you could find anywhere, and I



As they passed me I felt a thrill of pleasure through every thread, and in my excitement I nearly fell off

enjoy the consciousness of being thoroughly appreciated. I am not vain, but they do say I grow handsomer every year.

The Evolution of the Theatre.

THE origin of the drama is necessarily prehistoric, since it existed long before the age of history; yet the primal cause of its existence may be found in that imitative instinct of human nature which we see every day exemplified by some baby-girl "playing house" with her family of dolls, or her brother with tin sword and toy drum fancying himself a soldier with his mimic "panoply of war."

This principle, which is generally called the love of imitation, deserves a better definition. A modern writer calls it "striving after objectivity;" yet in simpler terms it may be defined as that desire to render the conceptions of thought perceptible to others by visible acts and objects, which is an essential characteristic of the uneducated mind. This same principle, which led the ancient heathens—and those of modern times also—to make unto themselves images of wood and stone, and become their groveling worshipers, results also in all the beautiful imagery of art,—poetry, sculpture, painting, and architecture, as well as the drama, to which we build temples to-day, almost as grand and beautiful as those devoted to the worship of Deity.

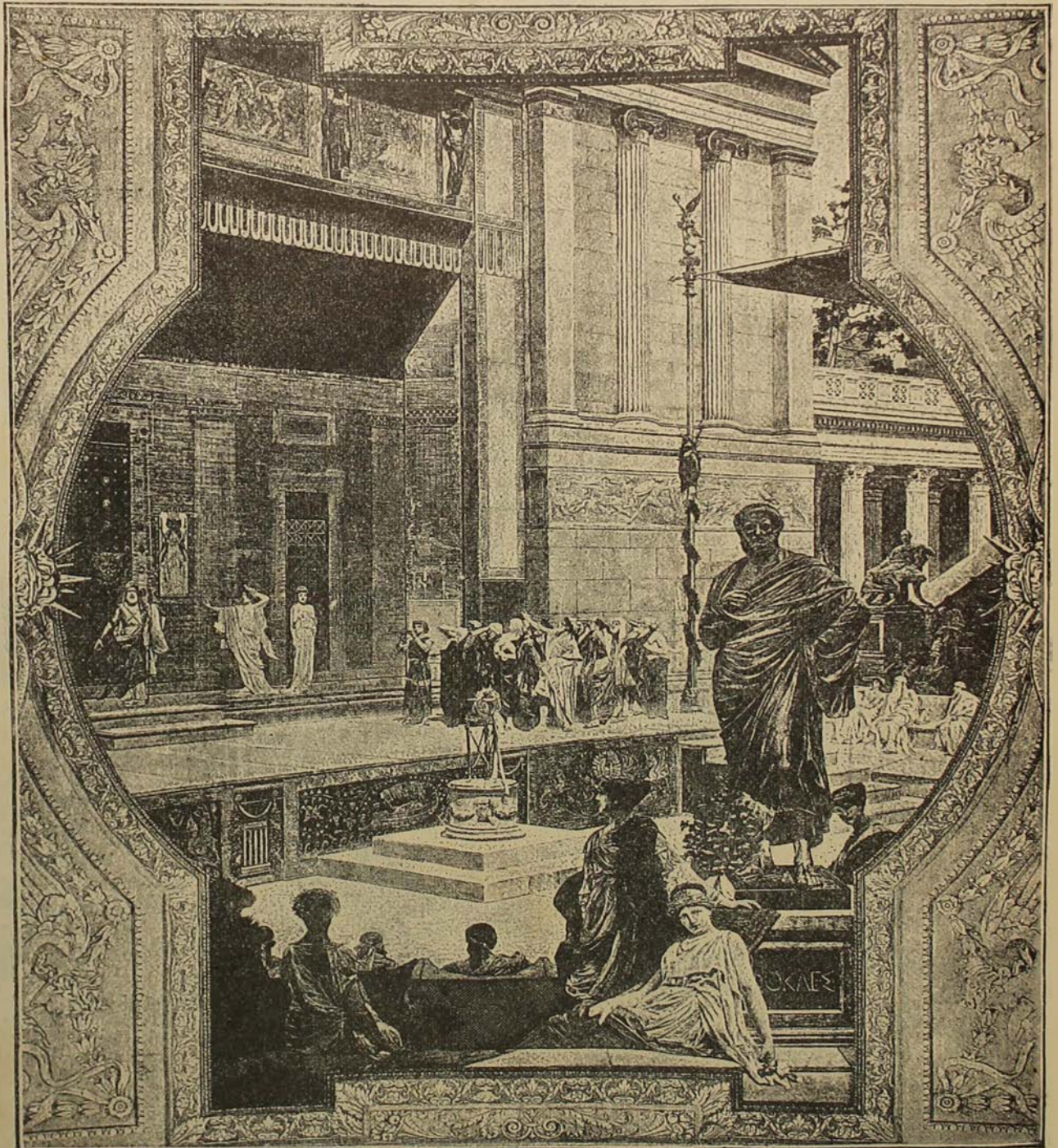
Nor is it fanciful to connect the idea of the drama with that of worship; for wherever dramatic art has existed as a genuine product of the soil, as in Hindostan and Greece, it has always been connected in its origin with the religious rites of polytheism and idolatry, and even the modern popular drama originated in the very midst of the Church, from her Liturgy at the altar.

Although the drama of to-day is no more than a walking novel, and exhibits no trace of its religious origin, it is yet derived from that of ancient Greece, where the theatrical representations, even in the days of Sophocles and Aristophanes, were constituent parts of a religious festival.

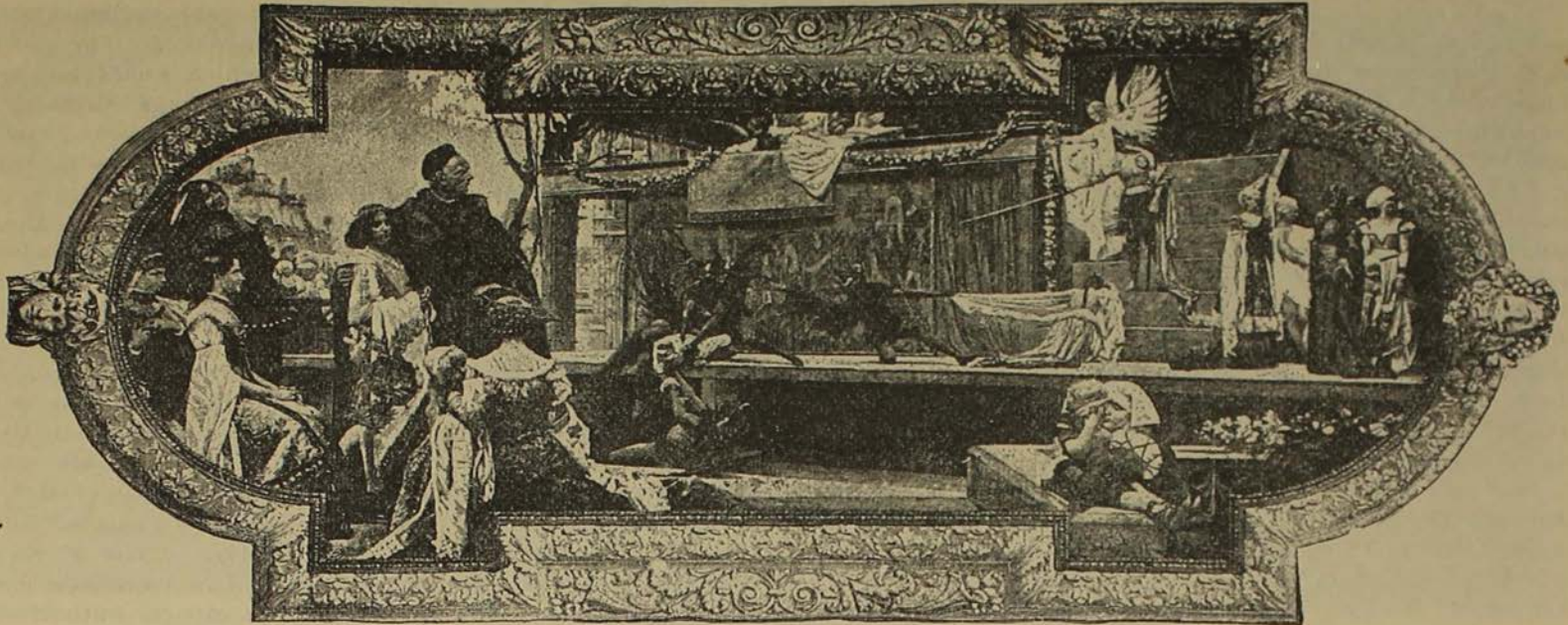
Those acquainted with the beauty of the Greek dramas will perhaps find it difficult to believe that such exquisite

creations should not have been, as our modern plays are, exhibited for their own sake. But this was not the case; the Athenian loved the beautiful, but he loved it because he believed it to be divine, and considered all his festivals and amusements as a means of worship and adoration of his pantheism. While modern drama is chiefly a mirror of some of the real or supposed events of life, the antique or classical plays were, strictly speaking, religious rites, and very different in their purpose from our entertaining romances or screaming farces.

But if the Greek plays themselves were different from ours, they were yet more dissimilar in their mode and circumstances of representation. Our theatres are open the greater part of the year, and repeat the same play often, and night after night for months together. In Greece, the dramatic performances were carried on for a few days in the spring; the theatre was large enough to contain the whole populace, and every citizen was expected to be there as a matter of course, from sunrise till sunset. The most admired dramas were seldom repeated, and never in the same year. With us, the theatre is merely a place of public



AN ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE.



MIRACLE PLAY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

entertainment : in Greece it was the temple of the god whose altar was the central point of the semicircle of seats or steps whence thirty thousand worshipers gazed at a spectacle performed in his honor. Our theatrical costumes are intended to represent the dresses worn by the persons represented ; but those of the Greeks were only the ordinary festal robes. The modern dramatist has only to gain the approbation of his audience ; but the Greeks had a sort of competitive examination, and the claims of rival dramatists were decided by a board appointed for that purpose.

The place of representation was, in the days of the perfect Greek drama, the great stone theatre at Athens, commenced in the year B. C. 500, but not finished until B. C. 381. In the earlier days of the drama the theatre was of wood.

In building a theatre, the Greeks always selected the slope of a hill, by which they obtained the necessary elevation to the back rows of seats. If the hill-side was rocky, semicircles of steps, rising tier on tier, were hewn out of the stone ; and if the ground was soft, rows of stone benches were arranged in the same manner. The Greek theatre exhibited very little, if any, elaborate or superfluous ornament in its architecture. It was constructed for a certain purpose,—the adequate representation of a certain kind of dramatic entertainment, before a multitude of spectators,—and having attained this purpose, the architect was satisfied. The front of the theatre was so devoid of decoration that a modern spectator would probably think it a factory instead of a temple to the Muses.

The *cavea*, or amphitheatre, as we should call it, was divided into several flights of steps by the *præcinctiones*, which were broad, concentric level spaces, serving as lobbies and landings. The steps or seats were divided lengthwise into *cunei*, or “wedges,” by stairways.

The different parts of the theatre were named according to the class of spectators to whom they were appropriated. The lower seats, nearest the orchestra, were assigned to the members of the council ; others who were entitled to reserved seats occupied the Attic equivalent for orchestra chairs ; while the young men sat together. (The Athenians understood theatrical comfort better than we ; for if the restless youths who make everyone who has the misfortune to be seated near them in our modern Thespian temples, rise several times during the course of a single performance to permit their egress and ingress, were seated in a place apart, the satisfaction of many theatre-goers would be vastly enhanced.)

The entrances to the Greek theatre were by doorways in

the upper portico, or staircases in the wings of the lower front. The orchestra was a level space twelve feet lower than the first row of seats. A part of this space was occupied by the platform of steps on which the altar of the god stood, round which the cyclic chorus danced. That part of the orchestra not covered by this platform was called the *arena*, or “place of sand.” Beyond the platform in the orchestra, and six feet above it, was the stage. The scene was a façade of masonry, two stories high, adorned by columns, balustrades, etc., and at the most flourishing period of the Greek drama the place of action was depicted on a painted curtain suspended before the real scene.

The Athenian theatre was well supplied with stage machinery and various devices for scenic effect and imitation of thunder and lightning. The latter was produced by a prism of mirrors ; and thunder, by rolling bladders full of pebbles over sheets of copper. The costumes of the actors were, as has been said, the festal robes of the religious processions, and the theatrical “make-up,” a tragic or comic mask, as the character demanded.

The manner of representing the Greek drama was imitated in imperial Rome for the amusement of her arrogant princes, and the classic cult was mocked by paid actors, until the theatre grew to be a place of which we read with horror, where human life was sacrificed in realistic mockery, and the heroic Christians of those early times forced to act a part with the beasts of the wilderness. Finally, Christianity triumphed ; but the Church, though victorious over the idols of Greece, was powerless to resist its ideals, and the new birth of poetry and art is due to the Church of the Middle Ages.

The first recorded development of the miracle play occurred in France in the eleventh century, but it was not long before the German and Latin nations shared the same impulse. As the action of the miracle plays extended beyond this world into the upper and lower worlds as well, the stage on which they were represented had three stories. The topmost represented Paradise, and in it were the Trinity, the saints, and angels. It was adorned with tapestry and shaded by trees ; it also contained an organ. The stage representing the earth was the largest ; and the lower regions, occupied by demons, was below. The poet's words were then true, in a literal sense :

“ Within the stage's narrow bound,
The whole creation circles round ;
Each soul with measured haste is driven
Through this wide earth, to hell or heaven.”

The Passion plays and mystery plays of the Middle Ages were great popular festivals, long enjoyed in anticipation and remembered with delight; and so long as the Church alone possessed most of the intellectual culture, she retained her supreme influence over the minds of a people strongly affected by their senses, by visible portraiture of the lofty truths of Christianity, edifying and amusing them by the sacred theme. In Paris, the Brotherhood of the Passion placed their arms, a shield emblazoned with the cross and other symbols of the Passion, over the first modern stone theatre which they erected; but about that time the Parliament forbade the performance of the mysteries, not so much because they had degenerated, as because they had been left behind by the prevalent culture and tone of thought, and had thus become a temptation to the mockery of sacred subjects.

However, secular dramas were not forbidden, and thenceforward the stage which typifies the world was erected apart from the Church. With the Renaissance, the French drama passed from the mystery to the classical tragedy; Corneille, Molière, and Racine created that form of the

illuminated the house. The musicians were stationed in a balcony over what is now called the stage-box. The audience amused themselves in a manner which would not be tolerated at any first-class theatre in these days—drinking, smoking, eating, playing cards, and strolling about; even going upon the stage, where it was not uncommon for the actors to be so crowded for room by the assemblage of critics and young gallants anxious to attract attention, that the performance would sometimes have to be suspended until the stage was made comparatively clear. All the arrangements for scenery and furniture were very primitive; but the stage was then, as now, a place where costly and magnificent costumes were exhibited to great advantage.

To-day we enjoy a much more finished rendition and representation of the Shakespearean drama, although the classical taste has never died out, nor will it while the Latin races with their love of art for its own sake, exist.

Nor has the ancient mystery play entirely vanished into the past. In the lonely mountain valleys of the Eastern Alps, the mediæval mystery still existed in its *narveté* and simple piety, until the spiritual and temporal authorities



A THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

drama, depicting the conflict of human passions by the words of the actors, eliminating much of the action itself, which was supposed to take place behind the scene. From that time the French drama and the French stage have developed, always in the same direction, and the theatres of Paris to-day are representative of the life of the people, and the drama still takes precedence of every other form of art. The most noted names of French literature are those of playwrights, and nearly one-fourth of the illustrious forty of the French Academy are dramatists.

Here we must break off and begin again. All modern historic art is not derived or represented from classical models. The English stage is entirely original and national, and its foundation dates from the time of Shakespeare, its greatest master.

The first representations of Shakespeare's plays were in buildings not entirely different from those of the present day. They were usually roofed in, and on the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name. There were tiers of galleries or scaffolds, and, beneath these, private boxes secured with locks and keys, and reserved for persons of the higher class. The center area was termed the pit, sometimes furnished with seats, but often having "standing room only." Cressets, or large open lanterns,

threw so many hindrances in the way of the plays that the primitive play disappeared. But a Scriptural drama has continued to exist up to our day in the village of Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Highlands.

This Passion play is comparatively modern. During a severe disease of the flax, in which it became absolutely useless for the spindle, the Oberammergau peasants made a vow to God that they would every ten years publicly represent the cruel sorrows of his beloved Son, and the fulfillment of the vow has been suitably accomplished at the end of every decade since, except during an interval towards the latter part of the last century. The whole play in its present form has been carefully adapted to the requirements of modern taste and religious feeling.

The theatre of this spectacle formerly resembled that of an ordinary German summer theatre; for the last performances, however, the stage itself was built with a view to permanence, and there stood on it, towards the back, a smaller scaffolding, fitted with a curtain, for the purpose of representing a play within a play, as in Hamlet. On each side of this central stage stood two small houses with balconies. Then on each side, through a large archway, the spectator looked into a street bordered by architectural side-scenes. A front stage was thus inclosed, of perhaps eighty



THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

feet wide by sixteen deep. Six different spaces for the performance were thus secured; for the balcony on the right hand represented the High Priest's house, on the left, the Judgment Hall of Pilate. Over the center of the smaller stage was a colossal picture representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. The remainder of the decorations were, for the most part, painted in bright green and rose pink. Behind the stage rose the Hoch-gebirge, a charming background with its sloping pine-girt meadows.

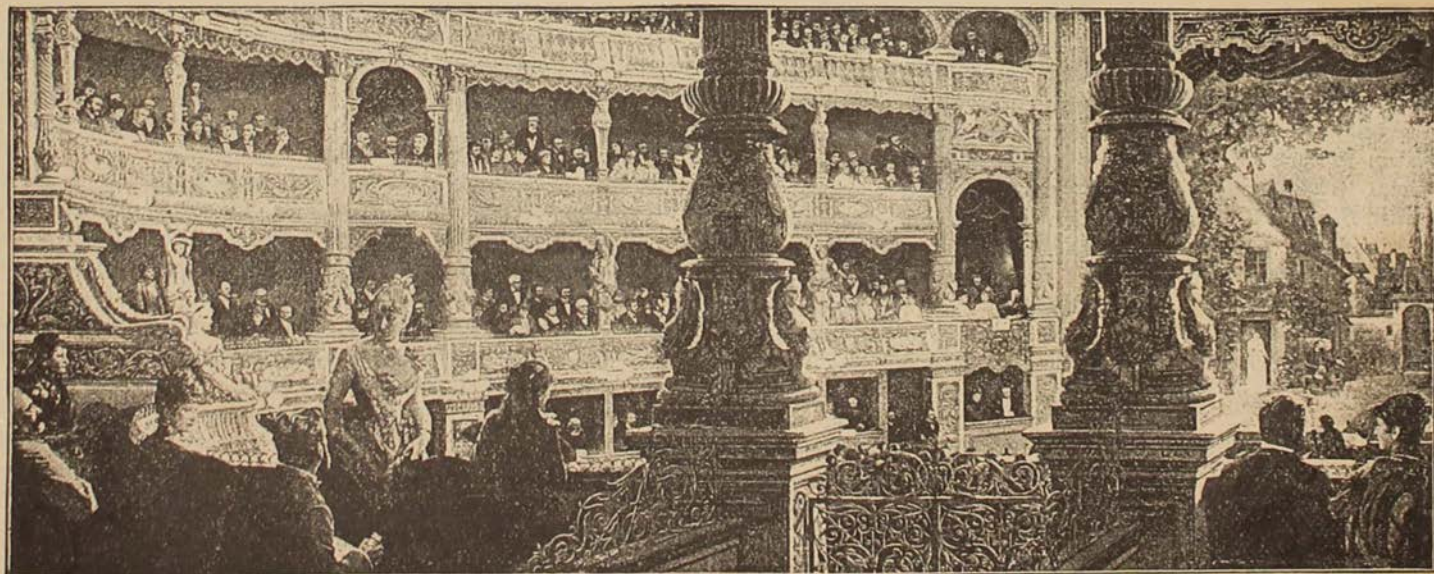
The seats for the audience, which are surrounded by a wall of planks, rise gradually in a semicircle beneath the open sky, and consist chiefly of wooden benches without backs; but in the outer circle there are a few boxes rather more pretentious.

This open-air theatre, while unexceptionable on the score of ventilation and safety, was not always the most comfortable place for the five or six thousand spectators to view the performances on rainy days or in the autumn snowstorms, during which the players continued their performance, unmindful of the stage wardrobe, under red cotton umbrellas,—a protection impossible to the spectators, because all those who did not sit in the front row, objected to an obstruction of the view, even more strenuously than the modern theatre-goer objects to the ubiquitous large hat. At one time, an approaching thunderstorm lent a thrilling accompaniment to the scene of the Crucifixion.

The parts, which are very well assigned, are by no means ill-played. The employment of almost the whole village in artistic wood-carving, partly for ecclesiastical purposes, has given a certain artistic tone to the inhabitants. The peasants who sustain the characters have all been carefully trained for their parts. Joseph Mair, the Christ of the last performance, resembles the likenesses of Christ with which we are familiar. Many of the characters are hereditary in families. The last Judas, a wood-carver named Lechner, inherited from his father both his rôle and his red beard.

This Oberammergau mystery, which is entirely founded on the historical narrative, with hardly any reference to Catholic legend or the Apocrypha, has steadfastly resisted a time of trial, and to the traveler may well possess the interest of an antediluvian curiosity. When it is next played, many more visitors than ever before may be expected, for the railway now runs to the shore of Starnberg Lake, behind which rise the Bavarian Alps.

The modern theatre exhibits many varieties, yet a description of one could not fail to include some of the characteristics possessed by all. Modern architecture is as varied and changeable as modern taste; and while one year sees the erection of an edifice severely chaste and apparently designed simply with a view to its seating capacity and acoustic properties, the next, a structure is built so exquisitely ornate in all its details, and so lavishly enriched



A MODERN THEATRE.

with paintings, sculptures, and decorative art, that it is the wonder of nations.

The Church is completely divorced from the theatre; many Christian moralists frown upon the stage; yet it holds a sway, if not so powerful as when it was the Church's instrument, still one strong enough to influence a great proportion of those who visit the theatre. Apart from the mimic life it presents, there is a pleasing magnetism in the great assemblage, the accompaniment of music, the brilliant lights, and the singular contrast of faces, beautiful or the reverse, looking from the velvet-lined boxes or "the glittering horseshoe curved between."

To the young, the susceptible and impressionable, the theatre will ever be a means of education. It is popular taste, unfortunately, which determines the quality of its teachings. In our day this is strangely various.

Practical Etiquette.

VIII.

BALLS AND DANCING-PARTIES.

IN a preceding article of this series, I have spoken of the changes in name and nature of various forms of entertainment.* Thus, the word "ball" has become a more inclusive term than it formerly was; copying the English custom, it is now the fashion to call large dancing-parties, and even weekly hops at the Newport Casino, "balls," whereas twenty years ago this name was only applied to very large and stately entertainments, given with a certain elegance of appointment, and due formality.

A dancing-party is also called "a dance," the word "party" having fallen somewhat into disuse. Nevertheless it is a good word, much better than some of the substitutes which are used, or misused, in its place. "A company"—meaning an entertainment, a party—is a phrase decidedly offensive to ears polite, and yet I have heard it used by persons who ought to have known better than to do so. "I had a company last week." "What a pleasant little company you had." These forms of expression are inelegant, if not absolutely incorrect. One might just as well say, "I had a pleasant multitude," meaning a pleasant party. It would, of course, be perfectly correct to say, "A very agreeable company of people was present," since this would be using the word in its true sense; or again, "We are expecting company;" in both these cases it implies a number of persons or guests,—but not an occasion.

While the word "ball" has extended its meaning, it goes without saying that a true ball—using the word in its old-fashioned sense—is distinguished by greater display and a more lavish expenditure of money now than was ever the case before in this country. Luxury and extravagance have grown to such an extent as to alarm thoughtful people, to whom these seem to portend an effeminacy, a self-indulgence, not at all in keeping with the virtues which should be prominent in a republic. At a private ball given in San Francisco, last winter, the bill for decorations alone was ten thousand dollars! It was disputed, very naturally; but the fact that such a bill should be rendered is a very significant one, and shows that Americans are acquiring a taste for pomp and splendor such as helped to destroy ancient Rome.

It must be admitted, however, that æsthetic taste, the true appreciation of the beautiful, has greatly increased in our midst; and if we decorate our ball-rooms and our dwellings more extensively and expensively than did our parents,

we do it with an improved taste, and a better knowledge of artistic effect.

It is possible, moreover, to give a handsome dancing-party, or other entertainment, and spend little or nothing for decorations, the beautiful interiors now so common in our modern houses being quite sufficiently decorative without additional adornment. In fact, it would seem an unnecessary impertinence to intrude much extra ornament in a drawing-room hung with tapestry and adorned with rich bric-a-brac; therefore entertainments are often given, now, with little floral decoration beyond a few *furs of roses* (or other flowers loosely arranged) scattered about the different rooms, and on the supper-table floral decorations enough to look handsome, but not enough to interfere with the dishes.

For the invitations, the "At Home" card is now much used.

Mrs. James B. Jameson,

At Home,

Thursday evening, December seventh,
at nine o'clock.

Dancing.

2359 Fifth Avenue.

Or if for a "German," the words "Cotillon at ten" should be used instead of "Dancing."

As good authorities differ concerning the necessity, or even the propriety, of answering "At Home" cards, it is well to put "R. S. V. P." when a hostess is anxious to know how many guests she may expect.

For a very formal occasion, it would be better to use a large, square card, or a note sheet, with the formula:

Mrs. James B. Jameson

requests the pleasure of your company
on Thursday evening, December ninth,
at nine o'clock.

Dancing.

R. S. V. P.

A formal reception ending with dancing, is often given to introduce a young lady to society, in which case the invitation should be in the name of both parents:

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Jameson

request the pleasure of your company
on Thursday evening, December ninth,
from eight until ten o'clock.

Dancing at ten.

R. S. V. P.

The words "Dancing at ten" are omitted from the invitations sent to the older guests or those who no longer dance; excepting such as accompany unmarried daughters. The name of the *débutante* is sometimes added below her parents' names, or her card may be inclosed.

The invitations should be sent out two weeks or more beforehand; and of course should be promptly answered. Indeed, even when the letters R. S. V. P. are omitted, any invitation formally worded requires an answer equally formal in style.

For a dancing-party, of whatever magnitude, the floors of the drawing-rooms must of course be cleared of all furniture save that which is arranged against the walls. Dancing is serious business to those who are fond of it, and they require, above all, plenty of room, and a good floor. A row of chairs and sofas should surround the ball-room, however, for the comfort of the *papas* and *mamas* or *chaperons*, who can hardly be expected to stand up all the evening. A *parquet* or *hardwood* floor is the best to dance upon; it should not be made too slippery, however. Sometimes a *dancing-cloth* of *crash* is stretched over the carpet, or the carpet taken up, and the bare floor is used for dancing upon, the boards being planed smooth, where this is necessary.

A ball-room should be very light. It is now fashionable to use candles, either alone or in connection with gas, but

* "Afternoon Teas and Receptions," November, 1888.

they should be carefully arranged so as not to drip melted wax upon the guests.

At a ball proper, every lady wears her finest array, and puts on all her handsomest jewels. In theory, one cannot be too splendidly arrayed for a ball; and yet it is questionable whether one may not offend against good taste, by too great a profusion even of diamonds. I have heard of a certain English lady who frequently wore three coronets in her hair, on grand occasions. No one admired the incongruous effect of their triple crown, but as the lady was of high rank, people simply considered it as an eccentricity. In a lady of less lofty position, however, eccentricity would probably be deemed vulgarity.

Young ladies should not wear many jewels, as simplicity is, or should be, their greatest charm. Let me add a hint here, to those who patronize tulle ball dresses; namely, that the tulle should be tacked to the silk or satin underskirt in such a way that it will not float out separately, since this has an ugly and awkward effect. It is a mistake to wear large bustles with these short tulle dresses; the result is unspeakably hideous. One of the most stylishly dressed young ladies in New York society wears plain full skirts with no draperies and little or no bustle, a long sash forming a sufficient relief to the plainness of the skirt. Short dancing-skirts are still the rule, but some dresses are made with the slightest possible suspicion of a train, not enough to get under the feet of other dancers, but enough to take away the awkward, ungraceful look that characterizes most short dancing-costumes.

At a ball, the hostess often receives her guests with a courtesy alone, omitting the shaking of hands. Guests should pay their respects to the daughters of the house as well as to the mistress of it, although it would not, of course, be expected that older ladies should make a tour of the ball-room to find them; gentlemen should not only do this, but should also shake hands with their host; and dancing men should always make it a point to invite the young ladies of the house to dance. Where a young man has engaged a partner beforehand for the German, or *cotillon*, it is customary for him to send her a bouquet of flowers. The custom is an expensive one, however, and sensible people do not favor its introduction in localities where it does not already exist.

When asking a lady to dance, a gentleman should always make his request in a polite and courteous way. It is not necessary to be stiff in order to be polite, as some young people seem to imagine; while others are so afraid of being stiff, they adopt a free-and-easy manner which makes them appear very ill-bred. Of the two extremes, it is certainly better to be over-formal, rather than appear under-bred. "May I have the pleasure?" is the abbreviated form often used in asking a young lady for a dance. It should be accompanied by a bow; and both the lady and her partner should bow and say "Thank you," at the end of the dance. Gentlemen who have no partners, sometimes ask a lady who is already dancing, to give them "a turn" in the course of the dance. This she may occasionally do, but not until her partner has given his consent, which he should do simply by bowing. Of course it would be inconsiderate on the part of a young lady were she to desert her partner often in this way during a waltz or other round dance, since etiquette prescribes that he shall not dance in the interval, but shall await her return. In the *cotillon*, a young lady may take a turn whenever she is asked, as in this case her partner is at liberty to dance during her absence. But these extra "turns" in the German are apt to overcrowd the floor, and should not be indulged in where the leader requests the dancers to refrain from taking them.

A young lady should never refuse to dance with one gen-

tleman and then dance with another. If she has some valid objection to waltzing with a certain person, she may refuse to dance, on the ground that she does not wish to do so; in which case, courtesy and consistency demand that she shall sit through the remainder of that particular number on the programme. She should also be very careful to keep her list of dancing engagements free from entanglement, never promising the same dance to two persons. It is without doubt a more unpardonable sin for a gentleman to be careless in these matters than for a lady. Thus, he should always be on hand at the beginning of a dance, to claim promptly the hand of the lady whom he has asked to be his partner.

After the dance and the promenade which succeeds it are over, the gentleman should ask his partner where he may leave her; and if the young lady has a chaperon, she will request to be taken back to the protection of the latter. A young lady should never seem to wish to detain her partner, since she might thus put him in an awkward position if he were engaged for the succeeding dance.

It is entirely proper for one gentleman to introduce another, but he must first ask leave of the lady to whom he wishes to present his friend. If the young lady is with her chaperon, he should ask leave of the latter.

While the waltz is, and probable will always continue to be, one of the favorite dances, it does not hold the prominent and controlling position in the ball-room which it did some years ago. The polka, York, five-step waltz, etc., are now in fashion, one of the latest "fads" being what is called "Dancing in the barn," a pretty and graceful dance, but one capable of degenerating into something resembling a romp, if not conducted with a certain dignity.

A young lady should never permit herself to appear otherwise than dignified, in any dance; it is perfectly possible to enjoy thoroughly the great pleasure of dancing, and yet be entirely quiet and lady-like. At a large ball, more formality of deportment is of course demanded by the very nature of the occasion, than would be necessary at a small informal dance given at the house of an intimate friend.

Supper is sometimes served throughout the evening, and sometimes at a stated hour. In the latter case, the host leads the way, taking with him the oldest or most distinguished lady present, the other guests following; and if there be a distinguished gentleman present whom the hostess wishes specially to honor, she comes last, leaning on his arm. Otherwise, the hostess rarely goes in to supper until every one has been served, taking this opportunity of going about among her guests to see that all are enjoying themselves and being well attended to.

A second supper should be served for those who dance the German, or *bouillon* may be handed around in cups to the dancers. Dancing is hungry work, and even for a small and informal dance, a hostess would do well to provide a substantial supper—salads, croquettes or oysters, and ice-cream, for instance. At a ball proper, a very handsome supper is indispensable, as none but people of wealth ever indulge in the luxury of ball-giving.

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

WRITTEN invitations are usually upon dull *vert-de-gris*, or "Moonlight," or "Gobelin gray" note-paper. The latter color is a greenish blue, rather than a gray. The address, crest or monogram is stamped in dead white, which shows very effectively against the dark tone of the paper. This is the first stamping ever done in white, it having been hitherto looked upon as impossible. The quality of the paper is preferably parchment paper, or Irish linen. This paper is also fashionable for ordinary correspondence.

St. Valentine and His Emissaries.

A SIGH, A SIGN, A SONG.

MISS DALTON was aroused from her usual twilight siesta—which it was her custom to indulge in when too dark for reading or writing, and too light for gas or lamps—by a dream of mice in the wainscoting. It was a series of faint little scratches, and it finally dawned upon her that it must be the “open sesame” of the “Kitty Kats,” who she knew must be awaiting her reply outside.

“Come in, girls,” she said, smiling to herself at their quiet little request for admittance.

“Did we disturb you?”

“Oh, it’s too bad! she was fast asleep.”

“Please forgive us,” came the trio of girl voices as each one drew near the lounge and settled herself at the side or feet of its occupant.

“It was quite time I had taken my departure from dream-land and returned to practical life, therefore no apologies are necessary; let me light the lamp and make things more cheerful,” replied Miss Dalton, attempting to rise.

“Oh no! please lie still, and let us have this delightful dusk a while longer,” said Kitty Wood, gently pushing Miss Dalton back into her recumbent position and making her prisoner with a caress. “We haven’t come for any *practical* purpose whatever,” she went on; “we are in a most romantic state of mind, and so ‘dreams and dreamy shadows’ are most appropriate.”

“Wouldn’t the glimmer of that pink fairy-lamp be lovely for the occasion, Kitty?” cried Kate Grant, going over to the table and striking a match, and immediately the room was illuminated by a faint rose-colored light.

“‘Love’s proper hue, celestial rosy red,’” quoted Miss Derwent.

“What does all this prelude mean, pray?” asked Miss Dalton, smiling. “What new prank now are you wild ‘kats’ up to?”

“We are the demurest kittens in the world, I assure you, Miss Dalton,” returned Miss Derwent, kneeling down beside the lounge. “We have been all the afternoon talking over our great-grandmothers and grand aunts and uncles——”

“Yes,” interrupted Kitty Wood, “and we have come to the conclusion that they had much jollier times when they were boys and girls, with their Christmasing and Twelfth-night festivities; and only think what lovely, loving valentines they received and sent!—and no one laughed at their romantic effusions.”

“Ah! so *that* is the subject in hand—valentines!” said Miss Dalton.

“Yes; you’re warm at the first guess. We want to hear something about St. Valentine and the customs incident to his day. Won’t you tell us something interesting?”

“Something, you know, that we might learn from,” said Kitty, so quietly, and folding her pretty hands and looking so demure, that they all laughed outright.

“I doubt whether I could teach *you* any valentine fancies,” said Miss Dalton.

Kitty lifted up her bright eyes with a flash, and her dimples and roses all bloomed together as she sang out:

“As a miser loves his pelf,
As the bard in fame to shine,
As Narcissus loved himself,
So I love my Valentine.”

And if I do not receive half a dozen, at least, I shall be perfectly wretched.”

“How about *sending* one, Kitty?” asked Kate Grant, mischievously.

“If someone would write me one suitable, I would send

it; but—heigho!—nobody writes valentines for girls to send; the boys have it all their say!” and Kitty sighed dismally again.

“Was there ever a St. Valentine, Miss Dalton? and did he ‘send a message to his Love’?” asked Miss Derwent.

“Oh, yes indeed, there really was such a saint,” replied Miss Dalton. “He was Bishop of Rome in the third century, and was a man eminently distinguished for his great love and charity toward his fellow men. I cannot vouch for his sending any ‘love messages’ to any of the feminine sex, however, for those emissaries of Cupid now connected with his name, are supposed to be of an earlier date.

“Among the Romans, the festival of the Lupercalia was celebrated upon the fourteenth of February, and upon that day the names of the young women participating were put into a receptacle and drawn out by the young men, who thus won a partner for their companionship in the riotous pleasures of that season.”

“I suppose calling marriage a ‘lottery’ originated from that custom,” said Miss Grant.

“Probably, as choosing a mate was certainly a game of chance, not choice, in that instance. But, to continue our bit of history on the subject, in the year 496, one of the early popes, Gelasius, deemed it wise for the church to abolish the orgies with which the festival of the Lupercalia was fast developing; and finding it necessary to explain his decision by appealing to the superstitious of the Roman senators and populace, he searched the roll of saints and martyrs in order to discover if there might not be among them some one who had suffered on that same day, and in that way consecrate to such a saint the fourteenth day of February.

“He was rewarded for his research, by finding that some two hundred years previous, St. Valentine, a bishop of undoubted piety and loveliness of character, had been crucified on that day, in the forum close to the nook where the altar of Pan was originally placed, and where tradition affirmed that the sacred wolf had suckled the founder of Rome. After this period, the fourteenth of February was known as the day of the blessed St. Valentine.

“It was to St. Francis de Sales, however, that the ‘messages’ of St. Valentine owed their name. He originated the custom of sending abroad on that day, slips of paper upon which were written the trials and sufferings of the good saint. Later, these papers became, as well, the means of conveying words of sweeter and more personal signification, until finally their religious tenor was lost and overwhelmed by the ardor and passion of the individuals who secretly sent what was then first called ‘Valentines.’

“Some of the Lupercalian customs, however, were still retained. At one period, on that day youths and maidens chose a favorite sweetheart to be their Valentine, and a close companionship, as well as some liberties, were permitted between the couples so chosen. It was also believed that the first one of the opposite sex upon which a maiden’s eyes alighted after daybreak upon February fourteenth, would be her mate for life; and it is told of more than one ‘foolish virgin,’ that on that day she would steadfastly remain in her chamber with closed eyes, drawn curtains, and bolted doors, until the step she *knew* should be heard outside!

“In some portions of England, Scotland, and France, particularly in Lorraine, the old Roman custom still prevails on St. Valentine’s Eve, and upon that evening the maids and bachelors assemble together and inscribe on little billets, or ballots, the names of as many as are there present; these are then thrown into a box and drawn out by one blindfolded, and the couples thus mated are supposed to be attentive and affectionate toward one another for the ensu-

ing year. In the time of Charles II. of England, both married and single participated in this St. Valentine game."

"Wouldn't that be a pretty idea for a valentine party, girls!" exclaimed Miss Derwent.

"Perfectly delightful!" cried Kitty Wood, clapping her hands. "Let's have one next week. Let me see: we can have a prettily decorated box for the ballots, have a lovely 'love' quotation upon each paper under the name, and draw for our partners in the St. Valentine reel!"

"Why Kitty! that is an inspiration!"

"A happy thought. Book it!"

"O Miss Dalton, you're a jewel!"

After this little interlude of girlish ebullition, Miss Dalton continued:

"There is another pretty custom prevalent in some portions of England, as well as on the continent, that of treating the day as a fit season for making some trifling gift to a favored one; and dainty boxes of sweetmeats, or loving books of poetry, or flowers are sent. The correct method of sending such a gift, is to cover it up well in a basket, pin outside a paper with 'Good-morrow, Valentine!' written upon it, then put it upon the door-step, ring the bell and run away; for in this, as in all other tokens of the season, the sender of a valentine should be unknown. He is Love's *secret* emissary."

Miss Dalton rose now and lighted another lamp, and the girls felt that they had usurped her time long enough; therefore, with profuse thanks for her kind little lecture upon St. Valentine, they took their leave.

The next morning, Miss Dalton handed over a little paper to the girls, saying, "Your romantic visit last evening inspired me, and I have written each one of you a *maiden* valentine, which you may 'sigh,' 'sign,' or 'sing' to the one you love best."

Upon Kitty's paper was written:

A SIGH.

Ah me!

Oh, life is long and Love is sweet!
But life is short when Love we greet,
For life is then the most complete.

Ah me!

Heigh ho!

'Tis when a lassie loves a lad
That she must smile, tho' she be sad;
For should she tell it,—that were bad,

Heigh ho!

Ah me!

Love, were I bird or flower or vine,
For *you* I'd sing or blossom fine;
Then—you would know your Valentine,

But—ah me!

Miss Derwent's paper contained the following:

A SIGN.

True love knows no barriers,
Laughs at lock and key,
Needs no tongue interpreter
To ask, "Lov'st thou me?"

Eyes look into eyes and speak
Eloquently, dumb;
Tell tale blushes on the cheek
Whisper whence they come.

Hand greets hand with mute caress,
Lingering tenderly,
Saying thus "I'd fain express
All I feel for thee."

But when Love, grown brave, would dare
Make some bolder sign,
Then—from out a heart's despair—
There comes a Valentine."

Kate Grant's missive was "A Song," which ran thus:

TO MY VALENTINE.

Good mor-row, sweet Val-en-tine! Thus un-to thee a mes-sage I send, and I sing; Oh,

lis-ten and hear it, and then un-to me An an-swer-ing ech-o swift bring.

With the birds thus I carol and tenderly woo;
With the birds thus I choose my dear mate;
And I call, and I call, with a love strong and true;
Oh listen, and whisper my fate.

I love thee, I love thee! O king of my heart!
Ev'ry thought of my being is thine.
Behold all the feeling I fain would impart,
And crown me thy dear Valentine.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

1489 and 1682.



HELLO!—1489, please.”

“One—four—eight—nine. All right!”

With flushed cheeks and a rapidly beating heart, Beatrice Morton waits to be rung up by “1489.” It is about eleven o'clock of a raw, disagreeable evening in November, and Beatrice is all alone in her father's office, with nothing to keep her company but a rather weird novel on the table, and, hanging around the walls, various photographs of the medical faculty. She has read until she has got to the point when she feels, perforce, obliged to glance over her shoulder every page or two, and finally, as she realizes that the book is having a bad effect on her nerves, she has put it down and tries to divert her mind by walking around the room and singing a bar or two of her last favorite song. But it sounds woefully out of tune, and with a sigh it dies away; and pushing aside the curtain of the window, near which she is standing, she peers out into the dark, gusty night, and wishes they did not live quite so far out of town, and that her father's profession were anything but that of a doctor, so that he would not be called out in the evening quite so often.

Her eyes wander up and down as far as she can see, and she reflects how nice it would be if they only lived on a street where people were constantly passing; then she would not have this feeling of loneliness, which is really dreadful. Just then her eyes are attracted to the fence that runs along the side of the house, and she sees a dark form leaning up against it. She never doubts for an instant that its intentions are the most sinister, and instantly all the burglarious tales she has heard (and of late they have been frequent) present themselves in rapid succession to her mind.

She lets the curtain fall and steps back into the room. Shall she call Johanna and confide her suspicions to her, or to the cook? No; they would both probably scream or faint, and the next day leave for a less lonely part of town. Shades of the intelligence offices! She would rather suffer alone than risk so much. But must it be alone? Is there no one to whom she can telephone? Not for a policeman. It would be too absurd to call for a guardian of the peace simply because she saw a man leaning against their fence. And although Nina Murchison and she are so intimate and she would not mind ringing her up, still what could Nina do for her, but offer to send out one of her brothers? And that would never do; for if, after all, her fears were unnecessary, she would be unmercifully teased and—oh no! Nina is utterly out of the question.

Still—it does seem that if she only had someone to speak to she would get over this dreary feeling of solitude.

Suddenly an idea flashed through her head, which she instantly dismisses; but that does not prevent its speedy return, and with its reappearance its impracticability does not seem so decided. Two or three days before, on her way downtown, she had noticed a very pretty house a short distance from her own, and Nina Murchison, with whom she was walking, had told her that Dick Peters, her brother Tom's old college chum, occupied the entire upper floor, and was more comfortably fixed than any man she knew, with every luxury imaginable, including a telephone in his hall, in spite of the fact that there was one in the house besides.

They had attended to some shopping and were standing on the corner waiting for a car, when Beatrice noticed a good-looking young man coming towards them, about whose face there was something she at once liked. He raised his hat and stopped to speak to her companion, who, after greeting him, turned towards her and introduced, “Mr. Peters.” He merely bowed, and then as their car approached he hailed it for them. As he assisted them into it his eyes met

Beatrice's, and with a charming smile, that lit up his face most attractively, he bowed, and stood for an instant looking after the car as it moved away.

She cautiously raises the curtain and looks out. The dark outlines of a manly form still show clear against the fence.

Yes! She has fully decided to telephone to Mr. Peters. He need never know she did it, and the comfort of being able to consult someone about that shadowy figure, even if that someone is a few blocks away, will be inexpressible.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling.

Beatrice hastily kneels on the chair she has placed under the telephone in order that she may reach it easily, and in a slightly tremulous voice calls:

“Hello! Is that Mr. Peters?”

“Yes,” comes the answer, “who is it?”

“Well—er—never mind—er—the fact is you don't know me, but I'm lonely and want to talk with someone. I am all alone in the house excepting the servants, and I feel rather frightened, as there is a man leaning against our fence, and I suppose I'm a coward; but I'm only a girl, and what shall I do if he tries to come in?”

Beatrice pauses out of breath, and already rather ashamed of her freak.

“Shall I come out there?”

“No, no!” hastily, forgetting that he does not know where she is; “I would not have you come, for the world! I merely want to feel that I have somebody to tell me what to do. I would telephone for a policeman, but if the man has no evil designs it would appear so childish and silly.”

“Well, I feel rather powerless to help you; but if I were you I would not be frightened. Probably the man is simply waiting for somebody. If he were a burglar, he would not stand where there was any prospect of the occupants of the house he intended to enter, seeing him. But if you feel so timid, why do you not get one of the neighbors to come in and stay with you—if you won't have me?”

“I would have to pass him to get to our nearest neighbor, and I would not dare to do that!”

“Well, you poor child! Why did your family leave you alone? It's cruel!”

“There is only father, and he has gone to see a patient;—and I'm not exactly a child, although my fears may seem babyish.”

“Not at all; I don't blame you for being a little uneasy, although I am sure that in the morning all this will seem like an ugly dream to you.”

“Yes, and I shall feel very sorry that I called upon a stranger.”

“Oh, I hope not! I feel flattered that you should rely upon my judgment. But what made you select me?”

“Because I like your face.”

“Ah, thanks! Where have you seen me? Do I know you well?”

“Please do not ask me any questions. I am already very much ashamed of telephoning to you, and I would not have you know who I am, for the world!”

“But I assure you I think nothing of it excepting that I should be very glad to help you. Do let me know who you are.”

“No indeed! I really could not.”

“Well, I suppose ‘half a loaf is better than no bread.’ I shall know your voice, I am quite sure, if I ever chance to meet you.”

“Oh!” trembles a little dismayed cry across the wires. He laughs, and a short pause ensues.

“I am going to get down and see where my burglar is now. Good-bye,” says Beatrice, who has made up her mind she had better not talk much more lest he should become so accustomed to her voice that it could not be mistaken.

"Oh, wait a moment!" impulsively. "Promise, first, that you will come back and let me know if he is still there. It would not be fair to leave me in this suspense."

"Well, I will," replied Beatrice, who sees the justice of this.

She dismounts from her chair, and goes to the window in time to see a companion join the dark form which has occasioned so much anxious thought. They walk briskly down the street together, and soon disappear. Beatrice, though somewhat relieved, flushes uncomfortably as she realizes how foolish have been her fears. Shall she return to the telephone or not? Well, yes. It would not be fair to Mr. Peters to stop when she needed help no more, and leave him in doubt as to whether she was murdered or not. Although he could take no personal interest in her, still he would naturally want to know the sequel to the matter.

"Hello!" she calls.

"Yes—I am here. Do you still feel frightened? Is he there yet?"

"No-o-o-o," replies Beatrice, who is ashamed to let him know the full extent of her unnecessary terror. "He has left. Perhaps he saw that he was being watched."

"Very likely. Although you are such a little thing you would not inspire much fear. I should think you would look too much like a small angel, with your blonde hair framing your face like a sort of halo, for him to be able to resist entering."

Beatrice awakens to the emergency with a start, and, with a laugh, quickly rejoins:

"The description sounds well,—but unfortunately it does not apply."

"'Sure pop!' as the children say?"

"'Sure pop!'" she replies; "but it was clever of you."

"Well, as far as your height is concerned, I am quite positive it is about five feet, as you were kneeling on something, and probably are now, to enable you to reach the telephone easily."

"How do you know that?" defiantly.

"It is very simple,—you said you had to 'get down' to go to the window."

"Oh-h. Well, good-night, and many thanks for your kindness."

"Don't thank me for doing nothing. If you had only allowed me to come to you,—and it cannot be far, as I hear all you say so distinctly, and you seem to understand me equally well."

"I think it is high time for me to leave. You have decided upon my height, and that I live near you, and I do not know what other conclusions you may draw, should I stay longer. Good-night."

"But promise to ring me up again and let me be assured that the robber does not return."

"No! One does not want to repeat a foolish act."

"But you say I have helped you," artfully; "now don't you think I deserve to know if my little telephone protégée is all right?"

Beatrice hesitates; but she is rather enjoying this novel experience, and in an instant replies:

"You shall hear from me again; and now I am really going."

"Good-night," he rejoins, with a very audible sigh, which makes her laugh as she leaves the telephone with her nervousness thoroughly dispelled, and nothing to disturb her in its stead save an uneasy feeling that she has done wrong in appealing to a strange young man.

"But it was better than obliging Nina to send someone to me," she comforts herself by reflecting, "and far better than making me the laughing-stock of the police force,—and

far, far more fun!" she adds with a mischievous smile as she seeks her room.

* * * * *

"Hello! Hello! 1489, please."

"All right!"

Ting-a-ling.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes."

"Can you guess who I am?"

"Yes. My little telephone protégée. I recognize your voice. No burglar around this evening, I hope?"

"Oh, no indeed! And I should not have been so frightened last night, but I had been reading Hawthorne's 'Archibald Malmaison' and that is enough to upset any one's nerves. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I owe Mr. Hawthorne a debt of gratitude, however, for were it not for him, perhaps I should not have heard from you. Let me recommend Poe's 'Black Cat.'"

Beatrice laughs.

"And now," he continues, "do you not think it unfair to leave me in utter darkness while you know who I am and all about me? Do, please, tell me your name," beseechingly.

"Oh! consider my feelings and do not ask."

"Give me a clue then, just a faint clue."

"Well, then,—we had a jolly time at that dinner the other night, did we not?" says Beatrice, who has had some points from Nina that morning.

"Very," he rejoins; "but, unfortunately, you were not there."

"Oh pshaw!" with a charming little pout at the telephone

"By the way, do you believe in clairvoyance, second-sight, and all that?" asks Mr. Peters abruptly.

"Not the least bit," she answers decidedly.

"Then are you willing I should try a power that I possess in a remarkable degree? I will throw myself into a mesmeric state and describe yourself accurately to you, and also the room in which you stand."

Beatrice hesitates for a second, and then, ashamed of even giving such nonsense a thought, replies: "How lovely! Do go on! I am promising myself a treat. But you must not mind if I break upon your trance, every now and then, with a laugh."

"Not at all. Now do not speak for a moment," he says. A short pause ensues and then he slowly begins: "I see a good-sized square room on the ground floor of a three-story house. A wooden mantel is on the right-hand side of the door, as you enter, and near it is a double window. In the middle of the room stands a large table covered with papers and magazines. There is a book-case filled with medical works, on the left side, and near it is a telephone at which I see—a young girl of about twenty. She is *petite*, with a very pretty figure, and a beautiful neck upon which is set a small head crowned with a wealth of soft, brown hair, through which run threads of purest gold. Her eyes are like two dewy violets, and their long, dark lashes shade them as modestly as are the violets by their leaves. In beautiful conjunction are the roses and lilies that bloom around them. One small, white hand is holding the hand-piece to her ear, and the other—er—the other— Why, where am I? Oh! yes,—I remember now. Have I told you anything wonderful?" Beatrice is speechless.

"I suppose," he continues, "you will find me very commonplace in comparison with my mesmeric state, for when in that condition I generally grow quite poetic."

Beatrice is still incapable of action or speech.

"Hello!" he calls.—"Where are you? Do speak to me!"

"How—how—did you find out?" asks Beatrice at last, faintly.

"Clairvoyance, of course."

"No; but really? Please tell me."

He laughs. "Well then, if you will promise to forgive me?"

"Yes—" breathlessly.

"After we were disconnected last evening, I telephoned to 'Central' and asked who had called for '1489.' I was told '1682,' and I looked in the book and found it was you. I at once remembered our introduction downtown. Then it was very easy to get a few hints from Tom Murchison about your father's office."

"Oh, what a goose I was not to think of all that!" cries poor Beatrice.

"But I will not have my little protégée called any names," he protests.

"She shall only be abused in her own mind, then; and there she must submit to it. And now adieu; I have promised Nina to spend this evening there, and I must start."

"Ah!" joyfully. "I will see you there then. Good-bye."

* * * * *

"I began by feeling flattered that you appealed to me. Let a girl need and accept a man's protection, and he is very apt to take at least an interest in her, and if she be pretty she will probably arouse a far warmer feeling; just as a man who is thrown on a woman's hands helpless, or in any condition to excite her sympathy, will, in nine cases out of ten, inspire her with tenderness and love. But that awful burglar was not, by any means, the whole cause of your attraction for me. It was a case of love at first sight; for when your eyes met mine, as you stepped into the car that afternoon, my heart executed some remarkable throbs that were quite new and strange to me."

"But I don't believe in love at first sight," protests Beatrice.

"Well, then, let the burglar,—or, better still, the tele-

phone, have all the credit; and may it flourish in our new home!"

Beatrice blushes, and then, with a mischievous sparkle in her pretty eyes, demurely says:

"Hello!—Is that the Bohemian Club? Yes? Will you please tell Mr. Peters it is nearly day-light, and send him right home?"

The answer to this is evidently satisfactory, and after a blissful pause Beatrice looks up:

"And you don't think it was very dreadful of me to call upon a strange young man?" she asks with a charming blush.

"Well—er—not in this case," replied Mr. Peters charitably.

KAWEEN.

Re-assurance.

WHEN my love from its hidden source
A mountain torrent sprung,
Threatening destruction in its course,
So madly forth it flung,
It was not strange you feared its force,
And turned aside,

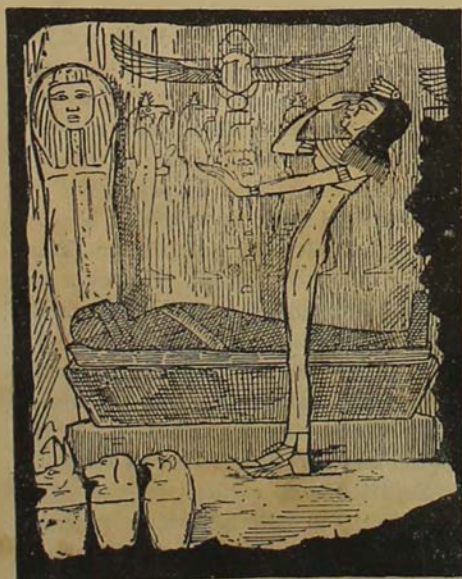
And when it swept in gathering power
A swelling river, on its breast
Bearing fair argosies of dower
To one by Fortune blest,
It was not strange that in that hour
You feared its pride.

But now it lies, a sobbing sea,
Moaning and creeping to your feet;
Not all its wealth of waters free,
Can follow or can meet
You, who no more need fear and flee
Its restless tide.

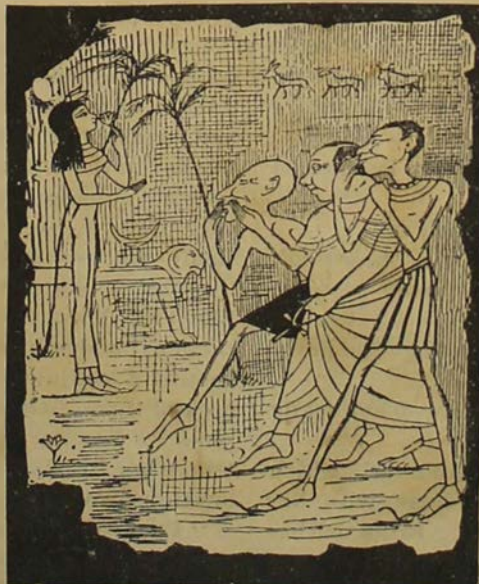
LEILA SOUTHARD FROST.

THE EGYPTIAN WIDOW.

FROM A PAPYRUS DISCOVERED IN AN OLD EGYPTIAN TOMB.



The widow of the Egyptian Hotep weepeth at the tomb of her departed lord (holding her head back so that the tears will trickle behind her ears and not spoil her beautiful complexion). "O my beloved, return!"



Being rich and fair to behold, suitors are not lacking. Three of the more ardent follow her as she passeth them on her way homeward.



Yet the beautiful widow of the Nile remaineth perfectly cool, and only smyleth maliciously, as she sitteth at her toilet, saying to herself: "I will fix those fellows!"



She calleth the first one aside and saith confidentially: "If thou would'st win me, lie to-night in the sarcophagus of my late husband."



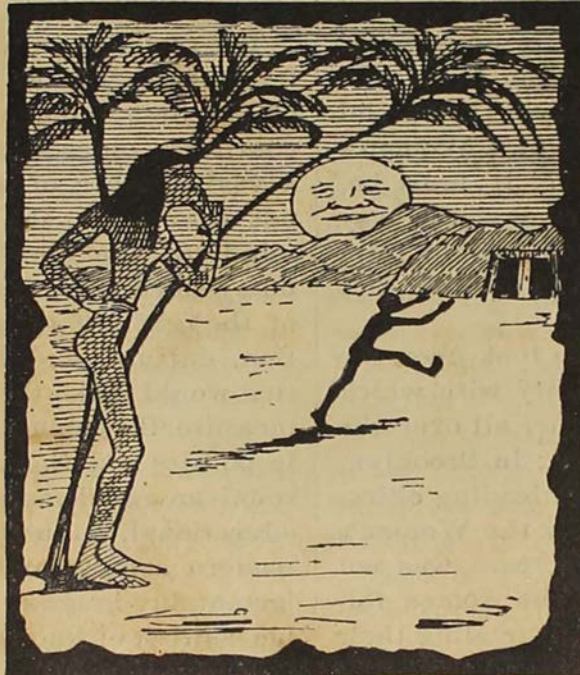
And instead of going to the dance, the foolish youth lifteth the body of Hotep out of its casket and lieth therein himself, finding it much too short for him.



She prepareth a clean white robe for the second. "Dear one," she whispereth, "watch by Hotep's tomb to-night, till I come to release thee."



She persuadeth the smiling number three to let her cover him with soot. "Lovest thou me, indeed?" she crieth. "Then hasten and bring me my husband's mummy from its tomb."



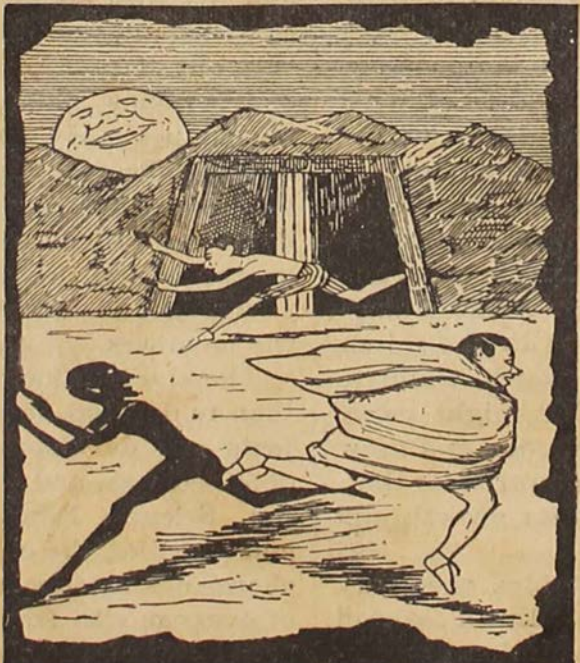
And the black creature speedeth like the wind across the desert, and the fair one swiftly after him, and concealeth herself behind a date-palm in the pale moonlight.



The white-robed youth seeth the black one approach, and with a terrific exercise of muscle proceedeth to punish him.



The youth in the sarcophagus perceiveth the two outside, and thinketh, "It is a struggle between Typhon and Osiris for the soul of the departed. Methinketh 'twould be well for me to depart."



He springeth forth in terror, and suddenly appeareth to the twain without, who, supposing him to be the deceased Hotep, flee before him.



The beautiful widow smileth serenely and saith to her cat: "The plague of the fly tarrieth not with the widow of Hotep;" while the discomfited suitors compare notes and sigh over the folly of love and the wiles of woman.

Twenty-One Years of Club Life.

WHAT CLUBS HAVE DONE AND ARE DOING FOR WOMEN.

BY JENNY JUNE.

THE first Woman's Club organized in this country was called "Sorosis," a name derived from the Greek, and meaning aggregation, or one from many: its symbol the pine-apple, a fruit which is the growth of many flowers. It was born in March, 1868, and in March, 1889, will therefore have reached its majority.

In these days of many clubs and numerous organizations composed of women only, it is difficult to imagine a condition, still so recent, in which there were no Women's Clubs, no Literary Societies of women, no State Aid Societies (the first was the work of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, in New York, years afterwards), no Village Improvement Societies, no Women's Temperance Organizations, no secular societies of women whatever, and no place for them in the church except as the working auxiliaries of men who officered and controlled them.

It seems incredible, now, that the harmless coming together of a few women whose objects were purely social and intellectual, should have raised the storm of wonder, condemnation, ridicule, and aspersion cast upon them, and the smoke of which has hardly yet cleared away. The special ire of men seemed to be aroused by the idea of a Woman's Club! What did women want of clubs? It must be, of course, to drink, smoke, and gamble, as was the way of men's clubs. They were willing women should form societies to hem pocket-handkerchiefs for the heathen, but not for good fellowship.

Remarkable evidence of the hold the idea took upon the minds of women, was furnished by the rapidity with which similar clubs were organized one after another all over the country: in Boston, in May of the same year; in Brooklyn, the following autumn; in Chicago and other leading cities, as well as many smaller towns. Undoubtedly the Woman's Club supplied a long-felt want, for this increase was not fostered by voice of press or public; and the women followed the leading and came together, notwithstanding their fears, their sensitiveness to public comment, and the belief which had been implanted in women themselves, that the sex could not hold or work together in an associative capacity.

In the beginning it was indeed difficult, often, to withstand the pressure from within and without. Bitter tears were shed over the sneers, the falsifying, the lampooning, the invented paragraphs, the make-believe reports of what was done and said. It was all the harder because of the apparent absence of a great moral principle and purpose. "Give it up! What is the use?"—was so often said. "You have nothing especially to fight for, what is the use of exciting antagonism? Let the women drink their tea and make their calls, as usual; and don't bother about clubs." This view was strengthened by the response in the minds of many conscientious women. Was it worth while to spend time and strength in establishing what might prove of doubtful good? But the plant had taken root, and grew of itself; its soul had been born, and no power after that, not even that of its creator, could prevent its growth and expansion.

The new departure involved in the club idea was very little understood, even by those who originated, and assisted in its development. It was a social revolution, accomplished in the quietest way, by the simplest means. It established bonds of unity and fellowship among women, and made them participators in the social life of men, from

which they had been heretofore shut out. It also accomplished other, and possibly more important work. It opened up new sources of interest to home-loving and home-keeping women; it enlarged their intellectual life; it discovered to them new powers; and by exhibiting the club idea in a new light, and the capacity of women for its enjoyment, exerted an immediate and salutary influence upon the club life of men, which has gradually modified its old characteristics, and introduced finer social and intellectual elements into, and as part of, its regular interests. The latest and finest outgrowth of the century in the way of clubs, the Nineteenth Century Men's and Women's Club, would not have been possible had it not been for the successful life of Sorosis, and the vindication of the Woman's Club idea.

What *is* the idea of a Woman's Club, and how does it differ from women's societies in general?—is a question frequently asked; and the answer is that women's societies are specialized. They may be many-sided in their modes of operation, but they address themselves to women who are interested in a special object: in suffrage, in temperance, in missionary work, home or foreign, in the protection of or providing for something or other, and the society has the advantage of attracting to itself those who are interested in that particular form of benevolence or activity.

The societies in which women had been permitted an interest were almost uniformly, previous to the formation of the first Woman's Club, devoted to special church and charitable objects; and the social idea was condemned by a vast number of men and women alike, as frivolous, if not worse. But the true club idea, as it shaped itself in the minds of the founders of Sorosis, was of a far-reaching, many-sided organization, composed of women of all shades of thought and opinion, of different degrees of social position, culture, and development, of work by each for all, that would make the knowledge and experiences of one, in a measure, the common property of all, avoiding such subjects in politics and theology as would be likely to provoke personal antagonisms, but cultivating the whole field of art, educational, industrial, and scientific progress, with the modern aspects of which many women found themselves lamentably ignorant, and greatly desirous of finding available sources of knowledge, practical, as well as such as could be derived from books and schools.

It was upon these lines that Sorosis was founded, and its plan of work organized; and its breadth, liberality, combined with a wise conservatism, freedom from iconoclastic notions, and steadfast adherence to foundation principles, enabled it to withstand prejudice, and create harmony and good fellowship out of many varying habits, ideas, and opinions. It stands almost alone, not only in being the first to organize, but in being always wholly and solely composed of, maintained, officered, and carried on by women, also in having the work done by its own membership. This, doubtless, deprives it of some good things from outside sources; but on the whole, the method is stimulating, educational, and advantageous in keeping up a certain *esprit du corps* among the members.

The aim also has been less to cultivate literary standards, than to develop latent powers, and keep abreast of current facts and developments. The means by which these were obtained was, and is, by standing committees, representing Art, Science, Education, House and Home, Philanthropy, and the like, the chairmen of which have in succession the charge of the "Social" days, which occur on the first Monday of every month from and including October, till June. The social life of the club has been fostered by its central and convenient quarters at Delmonico's, its easily adjusted responsibilities, and the spirit of recognition and hospitality which has been the natural outgrowth of opportunity and organ-

ization. This has been the case with all clubs of women ; and if they had accomplished nothing more, they would still have performed valuable service in affording a medium for recognition of service of women to women, and the world at large.

The outgrowths of the modern Woman's Club are various, differing one from another according to the size, tone, temper, activity, and pre-existing conditions of the community. But there are some features common to them all ; they are all of them practical temperance workers, not one, so far as I know, admitting wine or any alcoholic stimulant to their entertainments or regular gatherings. This is not because the membership is individually pledged to total abstinence, but a simple, simultaneous recognition of danger, and of the moral fitness of things. There is also a uniform absence of card-playing, and a universal endeavor to cultivate an intellectual life. These facts are interesting because they are not the result of concerted action, but of spontaneous, as well as apparently universal, inclination.

There was small outlook for a woman, formerly, after she had passed into middle age, and cares or loneliness preyed upon her ; to many such the " Club " has been an immeasurable blessing, furnishing companionship and interests and activities apart from themselves. To women in sorrow, it has been a refuge, an enlargement of the family, where they were sure of meeting sympathy, and where they could escape the dreariness of isolation, without incurring the criticism of " society."

One of the perpetual difficulties that a club has to meet,—that is a Woman's Club,—is the pressure, from outside and inside, in favor of riding some hobby, and running it in the interest of an opinion or a cause. Women are the head and front of most of the charities and charitable institutions in the world ; and they grow more numerous and more exacting every day. Like other things, they grow with what they feed upon ; and each woman wants a club at her back to enable her to carry her share of the burden. But this, while it may help the woman, and, for the moment, the cause she represents, kills the club ; and when it becomes a question whether the club idea is to be sacrificed and the hobby put in its place, the club usually gets the best of it.

Herein, Sorosis has done educational work. It has not founded institutions, but it has discussed methods ; it has shown how partial and one-sided, individual, especially incompetent individual effort, often is, in dealing with great social problems, and how frequently it is a barrier rather than a help, towards a wider view, and stronger, more united action. The working out of modern organized and comprehensive systems has demonstrated the wisdom of dealing with the questions that vex society upon broad, as well as high ground, and has taken away the occupation, largely, of even the professional philanthropist ; while a cause and its advocates, dear though they may be to individual members, should never be allowed to disturb the happy and harmonious life of a club, where it is the privilege of all opinions, all degrees, to meet and mingle, without the friction of opposition or the bitterness of controversy.

" Women have no idea, after all, of the social uses of clubs," says a critical paragraphist. " They have not yet built a club-house, or even hired one, where the members can drop in, lunch, dine, meet a friend, leave a parcel, read the papers, or spend an hour in social chat." This is true measurably, not entirely. There are clubs that hire club-rooms and club-houses that belong to them entirely, and there is one Western Woman's Club that has formed a joint stock company, and is building its house.

If Sorosis has not done this, there are good reasons. It is not a wealthy organization. Its membership find little time for " dropping in," upon the chance of finding someone to

talk to ; its parcels are all sent home, down to a spool of thread, if need be, by the system of delivery now in vogue in all business houses, or they are sent to the parcel department of any one of the dozen railway stations, for delivery to the person calling for them. New York furnishes any quantity of cheap and excellent lunch-rooms and restaurants, where ladies can entertain each other at less rates than would be possible in an expensive club-house ; and finally, papers are so cheap at two or three cents each, that the majority read several every morning, at home.

These existing comforts and conveniences make the club-house less necessary, and have modified the old idea of club life, even for men. Doubtless the club-house has its advantages ; but its usually empty spaces, or the silent card-tables, in the evening, around which a few men are gathered, do not convey any very attractive social idea to the mind, as it expresses itself in a club of men, while the occasional public dinners and receptions differ but little, except in the addition of the wine and tobacco elements, from those of women.

But the principal obstacle to a club-house for women in New York, is the cost of obtaining and maintaining it in a desirable position, and with its few and remote sources of income. The central location, the large, light and convenient auditorium required, and the smaller rooms and offices, must be on the scale of a hotel. It must either be maintained as a philanthropy, by a few, or upon business principles ; and then sentiment, ideas, opinions, even comfort, must be sacrificed to the necessity of making an income. Expenses must be met at any cost ; and if a woman of doubtful reputation obtained admittance as a lodger, or a poor woman was sent away because she could not pay her rent, a howl would go up against Sorosis in particular, and Woman's Clubs in general, from one end of the country to the other.

There is really little use in this city for a woman's club-house, for the purposes usually set forth ; and the difficulties in the way are of a kind that time will lessen, while it will strengthen the motive and desire for its acquisition.

There is a latent dream in the minds of some, of a club-house for women, with gymnasium and sanitarium, library and auditorium, class-rooms and reading-rooms, dining-rooms and kitchens above, instead of below, and a garden on the roof, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, overlooking the greatness of the entire city. This is quite possible of realization ; but in the meantime Sorosis may be happy that it has lived to the age of twenty-one without any break in its collective life, that it has solved some problems, that it has had its measure of usefulness, that it has promoted good feeling and fellowship among women, that it still lives, prosperous and happy, at work, with added experience, if not quite upon the same lines as of old, with only the modifications that come inevitably with time and time's changes, and with much less of modification than might be expected, because the basis for work was to commend itself to the general judgment and intelligence of the club, and was therefore accepted as permanent.

It has been said that the old idea of club life has been modified by the existence of women's clubs. This statement does not require proof. The woman element in one way or another has entered into nearly all the male clubs, either on a basis of membership or as guests, and always in a way to refine and improve their methods.

A wider discussion of this subject, of the club life of women, of its tendencies, of its results, would be interesting from many points of view, and might be the work of a Convention of Clubs, and a fitting celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of Sorosis, the Mother of the American Woman's Club.

The Little House on Laurel Street.



JEANNIE! I do think it is too hard that you have to come down to this tiny little house after living in that lovely home on the Avenue!" said Anna Mayhew to her cousin, as the two stood in the middle of an empty room in the small house which was all that remained to Jeannette of the large estate which her father was supposed to have left to her at his death. Everything else had been mortgaged so heavily that when the crash came all had to go.

"Perhaps you'd better say that I ought to think myself fortunate that I have even a shelter for my head," replied Jeannette, trying to speak lightly of the matter.

"That is about all it is, a shelter. Where the carpets, curtains, and furniture are to come from, I don't see."

"I do!"

"Then pray lend me your spectacles. May be, too, you can imagine Oliver Sawtelle contented and happy in these shabby rooms, surrounded by the cheap furniture you'll have to buy."

"No, I cannot think that he will be at all contented; but men, you know, have their clubs to which they can resort. However, he will have to make the best of a bad bargain; though I'm sure his aunts will not fail to remind him that he would be in a very different position to-day if he had married Minnie Morris instead of me. Her father has weathered the financial storm which has wrecked us."

Anna was sorry she had spoken as she did, for she had suspected for some time that Oliver Sawtelle was not the devoted husband that he might have been; there was really nothing serious against him, only that he spent less and less time at home, and was more devoted to his club than a man should be who had been married only two years. So to change the current of her cousin's thoughts she asked:

"As for furniture, now with what do you propose to fill this bare room? I presume it will be the parlor."

"Sitting-room, I shall dub it, and then my plain cretonne-covered chairs will not look so out of place. I intend to have the floor stained, and so dispense with carpets; one can make serviceable rugs out of a yard or two of gay bordering and a small center of solid color. I intend to take that old sofa and easy-chair which were in the housekeeper's room, and by covering them both with some of that pretty cretonne which I saw for twenty-five cents a yard, at Blank's, I will make them look fresh and comfortable; some of the same cretonne shall be converted into curtains, sofa pillows, and cushions for the backs of those two willow rockers of mine."

"Oh! if you are going for that sort of thing, you *can* get along on the little money you have set aside for furnishing."

"I can and *must* get on with it! I have good wide window-sills here, so I have a good place for plants; and they, you know, do much towards brightening up a room."

Anna shed more tears that night over Jeannette's "come-down in the world" than Jeannette herself did. Jeannette was too busy planning, to have many spare hours for pitying herself; indeed she did not want to find time for such sentiments: for the thing that troubled her most was not this sudden descent from vast wealth to literally nothing, but the alienation of her husband's affections. Long before this crash came, she had seen that he cared less and less for his home, so, to stifle sorrow, she had become gayer than ever before in her bright young life; she dressed and danced, rode and drove, laughed and flirted mildly, until the failure of the great banking-house in which her husband and his father were partners, brought financial ruin to her.

A friend gave Oliver a commission to execute, which, though it would not bring in much money, would take him to Germany for four or five months, and thus let him escape

some of the annoyances and mortifications incident upon settling up the business.

"I hate to go, Jeannie," he had said to his wife when telling her of the offer, "and leave you to the task of breaking up and moving, and, as you see, we must leave this house as soon as possible; but there seems to be no other opening for me just now, and at least I will be getting my living out of it."

"Of course you will accept this offer," she had said quickly. "As for me, I can get on. I have been thinking that, for the present at any rate, we had better move into that little house of mine on Laurel street; it is idle now."

"Way out there? It is almost out into the country; none of your friends will know where to find you."

"My butterfly acquaintances will not, but those whose friendship is worth anything can see me whenever they want to; horse-cars go within half a block. But seriously, Oliver, what else is there for us to do? The rent will be nothing, the furnishing a mere trifle, and my house-keeping bills for myself alone will not be enormous. If our prospects brighten, when you return we can easily make another change."

"Poor girl!" said he to himself, "she wants to hide her head now that our bubble has burst. Well, I can't blame her. I wish, though, she was not so icily indifferent about my going away for the whole autumn. What a mistake our marriage was! She took me for my money, and I—well, I did love her then, but somehow things are different from what I hoped they would be; perhaps if we had a child she would be more domestic." But he gave no expression to his thoughts; did not even show his gratified surprise at the grief she exhibited when the hour at last came for him to sail.

As his was a business trip, he had little time for sight-seeing; so he made the mistake of thinking that he had nothing worth writing about, and his letters home were of the briefest, as were also hers to him, and he really knew nothing at all about her household arrangements except that she was trying to make the new house habitable on a pitifully small sum of money.

At last, after a remarkably short passage from Liverpool, Oliver found himself in his native city twenty-four hours before anyone could reasonably have expected him. Giving his luggage to an expressman, he took the horse-cars for the little house in Laurel street, wondering if Jeannette would be surprised to see him, or whether she would take his return as placidly as she had taken the news of his projected departure. Of course he had no latch-key to this house, so he had to ring the bell. He was admitted by a girl who had once lived with his mother.

"Hullo! Norah, do you live here?" he exclaimed.

"Sure an' it's the mather his own self! Oh but it's a pity that the mistress isn't in yet! No, sir, I don't live here, Mrs. Sawtelle don't keep a girl; but she gets me to come in once a week an' do the scrubbin' for her, an' whiles I'm here she takes the chance to go out to do her arrants."

"Don't tell her I've come, I want to surprise her," said he, as he entered the room nearest the front door.

Setting his bag down on the floor, he struck a match, for it was quite late in the afternoon, and as he lighted the gas he emitted a soft whistle.

"Whew! This isn't at all what I expected. Why, this room makes me think of the sitting-room at grandmother's! It looks as if a tired fellow might rest and be happy here."

While thus meditating, half-aloud, he had been glancing around the pretty apartment; he now went up to the bird-cages, and whistling to their occupants received in answer a burst of song which made him almost imagine that the tiny creatures recognized him. Then he examined the plants in

the windows, smelling with appreciation the odor of the carnations and geraniums, and finally drew the big easy-chair up to the cheery grate-fire, and leaning his head on the cushioned back was in two minutes in the land of Nod.

He had a queer dream. He thought the door opened quietly, and Jeannette entered the room, stepped silently up to his chair, bent over and kissed him on the forehead, saying: "You dear old fellow, how glad I am to see you again! Oh, if you only cared as much for me as I do for you, how happy we might be in this cosy little nest!"

Drowsily opening his eyes he found himself alone, so he calmly returned to his nap. In a short time, however, he was thoroughly aroused by hearing the front door shut. Rising, he saw his wife come in looking rosy and blooming, prettier, he thought, than ever before.

"Why Oliver! is this really you and not your ghost?" she exclaimed. "How long have you been here? Why didn't you tell me you were coming, so that I could have had the house in festive array?"

"I wanted to catch you unawares, so as to see what sort of a housekeeper you are," was his laughing rejoinder.

"As if you were any judge of such matters! I have your grandmother's approval, and you must really excuse me if I say that that is more to the purpose than any *man's* opinion. Did you have a pleasant journey?"

After chatting a few moments, Jeannette said she must go to the kitchen to see about supper; and a little later she summoned him to the little dining-room, where there was an appetizing smell of hot oysters and coffee.

"Do you see that you are drinking your coffee out of one of your great-grandmother's cups?" she presently asked him.

"Why, so it is! Where did you get it?"

"I went up to the old farm a week ago, to ask about having some winter butter put up for us, and after we had talked a while, your dear old grandmother said: 'I do declare, Jeannette, you are going to be a real capable housekeeper, after all! Who'd ever have expected a society belle, as you were six months ago, to come here and ask me for some of my queer old receipts! I believe you'll appreciate 'em, so I mean to give you and Oliver two or three of my mother's fine china cups and saucers; now that you can't keep a girl, and so have to do your dishes yourself, they will not be likely to be broken.' So she gave these to me, and several linen sheets, pillow-cases, and table-cloths which she had woven herself, long before she was married."

Noting the way her face lighted up as she described these treasures, Oliver said to himself, "Sure enough, who would have expected her to be interested in such things!"

"Who cooks your bread and things?" he asked.

"I do, of course; and now isn't my bread good? I have put up quite a nice lot of preserves, and pickles too, for I know that you like such things. I find my cooking-school lessons come in very handy now; yet do you remember what fun your brothers and you made of Anna and me when we said we were going to take those lessons?"

When supper was over she told him to go into the sitting-room while she "did" the dishes; but he said he preferred to superintend her in that branch of her labors; so he followed her to the kitchen and sat in the low chair beside the table while she fitted back and forth. They laughed and joked like two children, and he decided that she was more fascinating with the big gingham apron tied around her slender waist, than she had ever been in gauzy ball attire. Presently, in answer to something he said about the oysters he had just eaten, she said:

"Yes, when Norah told me you had come, I just ran out and got them; I was sure you'd relish them better than chops or steak."

"Oh! she did tell you, then. Did you come in the other room while I was asleep?" he asked, remembering that kiss.

"Yes, and you were having such a nice nap I would not disturb you——"

"What makes you think I care less for you than you for me?" asked he, going up and putting his arm about her. "Do you know I thought I was having a most delightful dream—in fact I'm not sure but I am still dreaming. It is all so much jollier here than it ever was in our big house on the Avenue! If you only knew how I had dreaded coming home to find you discontented and unhappy, pining for the gay life you used to so enjoy!"

"Save your worries for something more substantial," she said lightly. "Do you not believe *you* will be the discontented one? It is so far out here that you will be later than ever getting home from your club."

"Club, indeed! In the first place, clubs are expensive; then, too, what man with such a home wants to loaf around a club-house? Seems to me, my darling, we have made a near shave to being very miserable. We ought to have begun our married life in just such a little home, then we might not have drifted so far apart——"

"Let's make believe we've just been married, then, and we can begin all over!" said Jeannette, with a smiling face; but the tears in her eyes told of deeper feeling than the words had given expression to. "Then if you must have a club, you know, why it can meet here. I can cook oysters and coffee, as you see, and there is no fine furniture here to spoil."

Some of Oliver Sawtelle's club cronies pitied him exceedingly because reverses of fortune had sent him "way out to Laurel Street" to live; they changed their minds, however, after spending an evening with him at his "domestic club-house," as he jestingly named it. A nice, simple little supper, a pleasant game of cards, and next morning no headache from strong beverages, and no depleted purse from high play, proved "not half bad after all;" and more than one young bachelor began to wonder if indeed it did require ten thousand per annum to enable a man and his wife to "live happy ever after" the wedding-day.

FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

My Palace.

LONG since a day-dream palace

I builded in the air,

My heart with joy exulting

That naught could be more fair.

I peopled it with pleasures,

I lighted it with love,

While fears of its destruction

Were fears I knew not of.

But, just a cold word spoken

By one I loved too well,

One fond glance given another,

And lo! my palace fell.

Walls, towers, love-light, pleasures,

One heap of ruins lay.

Call not those ruins airy,

They crush my heart to-day.

LOUISE V. BOYD.

Our Girls.

Reading for the Older Girls.

PLEASANT PATHS IN SCIENCE

IT was the meeting of the ladies' reading-circle at Drowsydale, and a dozen women and young girls were assembled in the cosy sitting-room of the president and founder. We had been talking of the young master of the choral class, the winter styles, the best mode of making chocolate creams, and the next comedietta to be given by the dramatic club. We had been called to order by our president, and required to listen while the minister's wife read: "Nothing probably will ever be discovered to invalidate the physical conclusion that while there was an excess of carbonic acid in the air the flora would tend to be cryptogamic and gymnospermic, and that there would be a scarcity of monocotyledons and dicotyledonous angiosperms in the coal. We must descend perhaps as late as the Wealden before we discover any flowering plants except gymnosperms."

No one knew what "cryptogamic" or "gymnospermic" meant. No one understood the terms "monocotyledonous" or "dicotyledonous." No one had the faintest idea where or when or what or who "the Wealden" was.

Why did we flounder through these mazes when we would have preferred to talk of chocolate creams and the singing master? Were we doing penance for our sins?"

No! we were reading science and improving our minds.

In the first place, we seekers after wisdom had erred in choosing a book above our capacity. It is not what one reads, but what one apprehends, that makes one wise. In the second place, we lost much benefit and pleasure which our book might have afforded us, because we hurried over what we did not understand.

Suppose we had devoted half an hour to the one sentence quoted above. Suppose we had had patience to consult the encyclopedia for the meaning of those few ponderous words. We could then have taken home from our meeting, instead of a jumble of (to us) meaningless terms, soon forgotten, a clear knowledge of the great classes into which botanists divide plants. We would also have had a mental picture of those forests of tree-ferns and plants which clothed the earth ages and ages ago.

How majestic they must have been, how beautiful, how silent! No hum of insect life was heard in them, no bird-note, no fluttering of the winged things; for these were uncreated yet. No flower unfolded its soft petals to the light,—only here and there a golden fleck of sunlight, dropped among the ferns and mosses, simulated the dandelions and buttercups which were coming by and by.

Then came the minute blossoms of evergreens, which only the diligent seeker can find, and only the botanist recognizes as flowers at all. Then some lily-like blossoms were born; and last of all, just before man was created, came all the glad company we know and love,—roses, clover, buttercups and daisies. So that when the first little children tottered about the meadows, there, all ready to greet them, were their faithful flower friends.

If we had been less ambitious at Drowsydale, we could have found books which would have told us, in bright, simple language, the facts which our ponderous piece of literature set forth in such stupendous words. Drowsydale was quiet, not to say dull, socially, but the region all around was fertile and beautiful. A book which would have opened our eyes to the wonders of plant and insect life about us, and excited our curiosity to learn more of nature's bewitch-

ing story, would have added greatly to the joy of our somewhat monotonous lives.

This Ernest Ingersoll has done for us in two charming works, entitled "Country Cousins," and "Friends Worth Knowing." These books describe what we can all see and find at our very doors, and they are filled with pictures faithful to nature and exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Ingersoll suggests that young people in the country might derive great pleasure from little clubs formed for the study of natural science.

Botanizing and beetle-hunting might form the object of many a delightful walk, in which the members could enjoy each other's society and get strong muscles and rosy cheeks. Each member should be requested to find out all she could about the mosses, flowers, or insects which she had found. At the club meeting she could show the trophies of her hunting, and give her fellow students the benefit of her newly gained knowledge.

A person already somewhat versed in natural science, who could give the young members some idea what to seek and where to seek it, would be a great acquisition to the "Field Club." But even when such a guide, philosopher, and friend cannot be found, "if half a dozen earnest people meet together occasionally, between November and April," says Ingersoll, "to discuss the productions of their neighborhood, they will become so interested that the advent of spring will find them eager to get out into woods and fields.

Do not wander off to Alaska for information on fur seals, or down to Ceylon to tell something you read of in Wallace. Notice the things in your own locality."

Even in the depth of winter, it is astonishing how much the woods and fields afford. On a bare tree we find buds, and perhaps a chrysalis; and there are plenty of interesting things to be said about both these "finds." Berries and seed-vessels, whereby hangs a tale, can be gathered along any hedge-row. Some birds are with us all winter. The manner in which snow-flakes are formed will interest the "Field Club." And from a single geranium from some one's window-garden, the Club can learn the names and uses of the flower's delicate organs, so that when violets and anemones come they will find themselves among friends who already know something of them, and wish to pursue acquaintance.

One charming chapter in "Country Cousins" is called "Nature in Winter Quarters;" and from it we see how much there is to interest us even in the apparently lifeless fields shrouded in snow.

The story of plant life, from the sprouting of the tender seedling in spring, is pleasantly told by Prof. Gray in "How Plants Grow." A sequel, "How Plants Behave," tells of the flower, and of the wonderful manner in which each blossom is fitted to attract and delight its own insect-friend. Both these books are simply written, and full of excellent pictures. I know of none by which we are taken so easily over the first steps of that fascinating study, Botany.

Girls who have learned the A B C of the science, may derive much pleasure from a work entitled "Colin Clout's Calendar," by Grant Allen, an English naturalist. Colin Clout is a name the author chooses for the English peasant. Colin neither knows nor cares what is going on in the political and social world. To him the flight of time is marked only by the altering aspect of the landscape, the return of the birds in spring, the unfolding of the leaves, and the sweet succession of the flowers. In a series of delightful short papers, the author, who is poet and naturalist both at once, teaches the lore of the meadows. Most of the plants described grow here, as well as in England.

Those who already know a little about outdoor things,

will derive boundless pleasure from the writings of John Burroughs, our American poet-naturalist. To him Nature tells her stories, and our outdoor neighbors, it seems, have no fear of him, but let him into their secrets, and show him all their ingenious little devices. In his bewitching books, "Winter Sunshine," "Signs and Seasons," "Locusts and Wild Honey," and "Pepacton," he opens our eyes to the world of beauty and wonder lying all around us.

"Pepacton" is the Indian name of the author's native stream. The word means "the marriage of the waters." The life of insect, bird, and plant, described here so beautifully, so lovingly, and sometimes so drolly, is by no means peculiar to the Pepacton; and John Burroughs' friends are neither too fine, too foreign, nor too rare, to become familiar to us all.

"*Chapters on Plant Life*," by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, is a recently published child's book from which adults will derive both pleasure and profit. It treats of the flowerless plants,—ferns, mosses, lichens, mildews, and moulds. These wondrous, tiny things, which are some of them very good friends, and some of them dangerous foes of ours, are generally treated of in dry books loaded with nomenclature. Our author, however, is clever enough to set the same truths before her readers so brightly and clearly that a child could not fail to understand, nor an adult to be interested.

Another child's book, by Stella Louise Hook, will hold the attention of older readers. Under the title of "*Little People and their Homes in Meadows, Woods, and Waters*" it teaches some of the wonders of insect life. Most of the facts here told with such poetic grace, are new to us all. How prettily fanciful are the headings of the chapters! Butterflies are called "Flower Fairies;" crickets are "The Musical Elves;" and under the heading "The Wisest of the Little People," we read of the ingenuity and intelligence of ants.

Mrs. Treat, like John Burroughs, seems to have a peculiar faculty for making outdoor acquaintances, and her sympathy for gentle little wild things, leads her to speak of them almost as if they were human. A number of articles, which she has written from time to time for various publications, are bound together under the title "*Home Studies from Nature*." From this interesting little book the young student of field-lore will find out just what to seek and where to seek it. Mrs. Treat describes the marvels of plant and insect life in chatty style, free from technicalities. Her "Chapter on Ants" is a popular account of those tiny soldiers, queens, and architects, which, in the opinion of an eminent naturalist, rank next in intelligence to Nature's head scholar, man.

"*Tenants of an Old Farm*," by Henry McCook, D.D., also treats of common American insects. This book has been warmly praised by the press, and the first edition, a large one, was all sold in three weeks. Comical pictures by Dan Beard brighten the pages with mirth. Other engravings represent objects in natural history never before illustrated, and are faithful, as well as artistic. These many pictures may make the book too expensive for some of us to possess it, but it will be a valuable addition to the library of a country town or Natural History Club.

Amanda B. Harris writes charmingly of New England "*Wild Flowers and Where They Grow*." Under the title "*How We Went Bird-Nesting*," she brightly narrates the adventures and discoveries of two girls who, one happy summer, devoted most of their spare time to finding out from observation about our familiar birds.

The tale of the stellar universe is simply told by Agnes Giberne in a pleasant little book called "*Sun, Moon, and Stars*." This is the most clear and interesting work on astronomy, for beginners, that I know of. Mathematics, which

play so formidable a part in most books on the subject, are almost entirely omitted, and some of us "dote upon their absence." After perusing this, the young reader will, I think, wish to follow the subject further. She will then derive benefit and pleasure from "*Other Worlds than Ours*," by Richard A. Proctor.

"*The Earth in Past Ages*," by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, was published too late to be mentioned in the papers on "Pleasant Reading for 'Seven Times Two.'" It sets the great facts of geology before us in most attractive form, and tells the history of the beautiful earth, from the time when it was "a desolate waste of waters, a shoreless sea, whose tides, instead of rising and falling and breaking upon some sandy beach, followed the moon, sweeping unbrokenly around the globe. Then there were no blue skies overarching the wide waters, no fleecy clouds turning to gold in the sunsets. A heavy mass of leaden clouds covered the sky," says our author, "and poured down into the hot seas hot rain-water, day and night."

Those who have tried to get through the intricacies of an ordinary work on geology, will appreciate the wonderful skill with which the main truths of the science have been brought together and clothed in language which will hold the attention, even of a child.

"*The Childhood of the World*," by Edward Clodd, also has wide general interest, though written for children. In simple, well-chosen words, the author gives information for which, did he not offer it so pleasantly, we might have to search through many ponderous tomes. We learn what man's first dwellings were like, how he chipped his first tools out of slabs of flint, and how the heathen religions grew from man's worship of the sun, the moon, the wind, and the dawn.

Much that is told in this very interesting little book will be new even to students. After reading it one is desirous to continue the subject in a beautifully written work by Keary, entitled "*The Dawn of History*." Reading this we realize that we are indeed "the heirs of all the ages."

The schoolboy who said that "multiplication is vexation," was ungrateful to his ancestors. What should we do if they had not patiently devised a system of writing figures? Imagine a modern business-house keeping accounts in the mode which our author tells us was used in the Sandwich Islands, not very long ago:

"The revenue book of Hawaii was a rope four hundred fathoms long, divided into portions corresponding to districts on the island; each portion was under the care of a tax-gatherer, who, by means of knots, loops, and tufts, of different colors, shapes, and sizes, managed to keep account of the number of hogs, dogs, pieces of sandal-wood, etc., at which his district was rated."

Much was said in a former paper (in the number for last September), on the need that women should learn something of the structure and laws of their own frames. The books already mentioned, bearing on this subject, are excellent for a reader of any age.

"*Our Girls*," by Dio Lewis, is perhaps too popular to need recommendation. Another excellent work, also by a physician, is entitled "*Number One, and How to Take Care of Him*." It is a series of popular talks on the art of keeping well; they are full of sound sense and helpful suggestions, and treat of everyday matters of vital importance to us all.

E. M. HARDINGE.

DON'T flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.



DETAIL OF SORRENTO EMBROIDERY, FIVE-FINGERED IVY PATTERN.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Paris Tinting and Sorrento Embroidery.

WITH DESIGNS.

MODERN fancy-work has acquired great artistic value in the last few years, partly because of what might be called a *renaissance* of the almost forgotten designs of old art embroideries and tapestries, and partly because of the real skill employed by designers.

The application of one material on another with embroidery stitches, has for some time resulted in some of the handsomest pieces of fancy-work, and the genius who first thought of outlining and embroidering designs on printed cretonnes, etc., paved the way for a class of work now very fashionable.

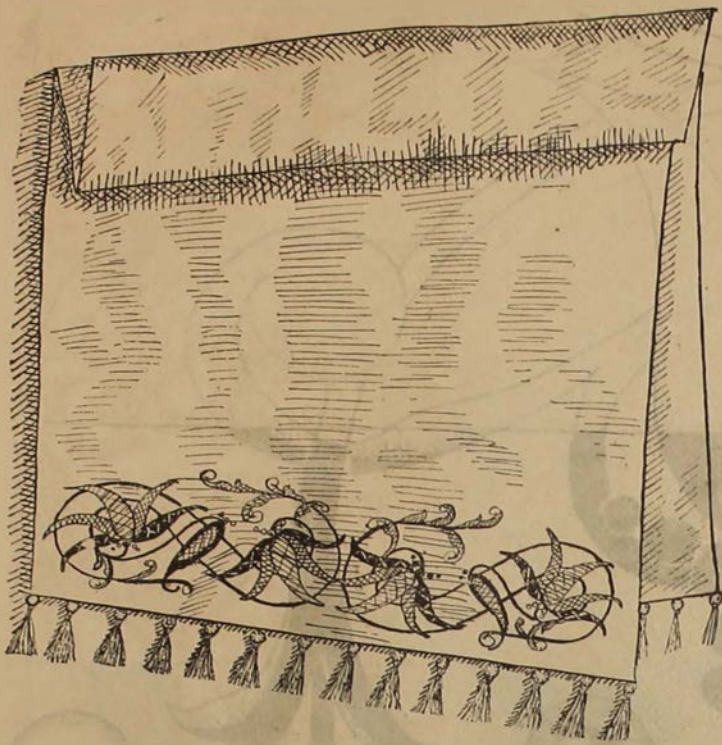


MINIATURE OF FIVE-FINGERED IVY PATTERN.



DETAIL OF
PARIS TINTING.

DESIGN FOR
SCARFS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.



MINIATURE OF PARIS TINTING DESIGN.

This is embroidery in connection with designs tinted in dye paints, called sometimes alliance embroidery, and, when used in conventional designs resembling appliqué embroidery, such as the five-fingered ivy pattern we illustrate, Sorrento embroidery, as it is then an imitation of the designs wrought by the nuns of Sorrento, and also known as cut-out work, Italian, or Reticella embroidery.

The colors used are the Paris tinting colors, which are particularly adapted to thin silk materials, such as bolting cloth, Persian silk, Smyrna silk, crown sheeting, satin sheeting, etc. These colors are transparent, so that light colors can seldom be used successfully on dark grounds, and when it is desirable to decorate with light colors on dark, satin of a shade suitable for the lights in the design can be cut out in the shapes required, and the parts to be shaded, tinted in. Then the satin should be pasted to a backing of crinoline, and when dry, each flower, leaf, or arabesque sewed down in its proper place on the material to which it is to be applied.

The article on "Tapestry Stains," in the Magazine for July, 1887, gives directions for the use and manufacture of colors which can be used as above, and in the following number (August, 1887), an article entitled "Pigments and Colors; How to Mix Them," gives full directions for the mixture of various colors in different proportions to obtain the shades required. For instance: By mixing yellow, blue and brown, or yellow, olive and blue, a great variety of leaf greens may be obtained, differing according to which of these colors predominates.

The design, which is of a conventional type, is stamped the same as for embroidery, and the designs we give for this work are quite as suitable for outline or other embroidery, and for appliqué, as for Paris tinting, although specially prepared for the latter purpose.

Tack the material out smoothly over clean blotting-paper, and paint the designs as in washes of water-color or as in flat tinting. The color should be poured in a small saucer, such as is used for water-color painting, diluting with water if the color is too intense. The brush should take up but very little

color, especially when used on satin, so that the color will not run beyond the outline of the design the tinting is intended to fill in or to surround. Moisten the brush very slightly with the color, and go over the space a number of times, rubbing the color well in to get an even tint.

When the Paris tinting is used alone, as on the thin India silks, it may be washed with Castile soap and warm water. Before washing, wring out a cloth wet in a strong solution of alum and water, and lay it on a table; over this lay the material and press it with a warm iron.

It is well always to test the color on the material to be tinted, as yellow on blue appears very different from the same color on pink or red.

We give two designs in actual size, showing the various stages of the tinting and embroidering process. The ivy pattern is one-fourth of the whole design, and the arabesque and lotos design is actual size, but may be repeated as a border, as shown on the scarf. These designs can be readily transferred with impression paper.

The five-fingered-ivy pattern is shown in miniature as a sofa-cushion cover, in Sorrento embroidery on Bolton cloth, with the ground work stained in tinting of chocolate color, the leaves left in white, and the open-work embroidery in white silk. In the design for working, the pattern is divided into four sections, each showing a detail of the work. The upper left-hand division shows the stamped outline; the next upper corner shows the tinting put in carefully to leave the outlines clear and distinct; the lower right-hand corner shows the appliqué side-stitching and veining of chocolate silk; and the fourth, the completed work with the lace-stitches in white silk, which give it the effect of Sorrento embroidery. Our illustration shows the application in button-holing so as to leave the edges of the outline sharply defined for tracing, since there are so many indentations in the pattern; but an outlining of cable silk couched on, as shown in the detail for the scarf, is even more effective. Fine cord can also be sewed on all around before working the lace-stitches.

This effect can of course be reproduced in any combination of colors, always working the open lace-stitches in the same color as the leaves which they connect.

The embroidered and tinted scarf is of white satin sheet-



DETAIL OF FRINGE.



TURKISH PILLOWS.



LACE SACHET.

ing about twenty inches wide and a yard and a half long. Each end is tinted and embroidered in shades of old-rose with Japanese gilt in couched outlines, with the design of lotos-flowers and arabesques, which is given in actual size, repeated for each side. The scarf is suitable for a buffet, bureau, or table cover, or for a chair or sofa scarf. Such scarfs are also draped to the front of carved wood mantels or over a plain plush lambrequin.

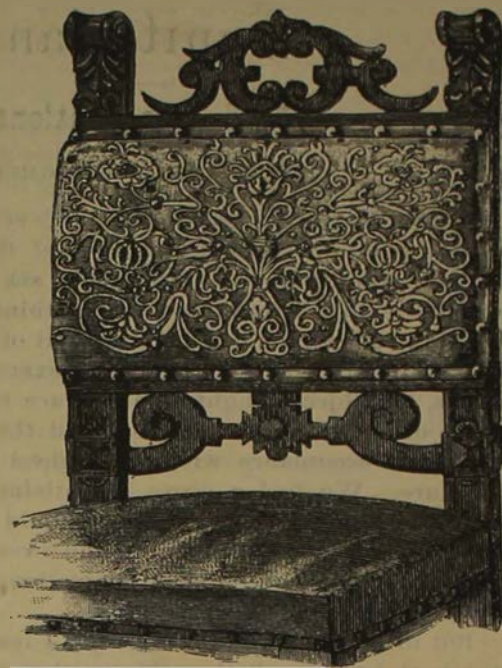
It is finished with a fringe of silk-covered rings with a tassel of silk in each. One ring is given in detail, showing how the embroidery silk is crocheted over the ring, just as one begins to crochet a round for a lamp-mat or tidy. A dozen strands of silk are knotted over the ring. Fringe in this style is used to edge all varieties of articles for which it is suitable, lambrequins, chair-backs, etc.

The dark portions of the full-sized design for the decoration of the scarf, show where the Paris tinting is to be put on without shading in the deepest tint of color, and the others show lighter tints or shaded spots. The design being too wide for the page it was necessary to cut it, and the cut-off portions of the scrolls will be found at the sides, so that they can easily be added in tracing the pattern. Beginning from the left, the design is shown in four sections: the first in outline only; the second, tinted; the third, with outline of cording; and the fourth completed, with fancy lace-stitches in cable silk, which can be easily worked from the pattern. The round spots at the base of the flowers may be outlined with cable silk, or with rings crocheted over with silk like those of the fringe.

The Turkish pillows, lace sachet, and chair back are examples of work produced in this manner. The Turkish pillows are of dark moss-green plush, with the lower pillow made on an ottoman frame with castors so it can be rolled around. The second pillow is laid across the first and may be secured to it or not, as preferred. The cover for the upper one is of Bolton sheeting decorated with a conventional floral design in Paris tinting and embroidery, with a fringe of silk threads worked in all around the edge. The ivy-leaf pattern described and illustrated is a suitable design for this. The corners of the pillows or cushions are gathered up and finished with "macaroons," as they are called, of green silk braid.

The chair-back is of pearl-colored satin, with a conventional design in rose-color and blues in Paris tinting, shaded as in water-color painting, and outlined with Japanese gilt, couched down. The flowers are finished with floss silk of the same color. The style of chair is one very much in use as a reception chair, and is of ebony, with the satin upholstered on with enamel-headed nails of the same color as the satin. A chair-back of satin like this may be applied to any good chair with upholstered back.

For the lace sachet, the embroidery and tinting is represented on white satin. The leaves are tinted pale green, the flowers rose-color, and the silk with which they are appliquéd is of shades of the same colors, and chestnut brown for the stems. The sachet is five-eighths of a yard long and three-eighths wide, is wadded with perfumed cotton, lined with pale rose-colored satin, and finished around the edges with a rose-colored silk cord.



CHAIR BACK.

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

To The Rescue!

(See Water-Color.)

A THRILLING incident of coast life—the brave fishermen in their frail boat daring the furious breakers in an attempt to rescue some, if not all, of the crew of a foundering bark—is graphically portrayed in our exquisite water-color.

The anxious yet hopeful countenances of the daring rescuers pulling sturdily at their oars,

"While the hungry sea is roaring,
And the breakers talk with Death."

are not the least interesting feature of the scene. The mad white waters foaming beyond the light-house tell of the fearful struggle which yet awaits them before they can reach the convulsed vessel and her despairing crew. Even with all the improved apparatus of our Life-Saving Service, such a task is often a vain one; yet these poor Bretagne fishermen, with no reward in view save the satisfaction of rendering a service to humanity, often succeed by dint of sheer pluck and bravery in rescuing many an unfortunate driven ashore on their inhospitable coasts.


The picture is finely drawn, being a reproduction from a masterpiece by a noted modern artist; and the coloring is true to life and so faithfully executed that is difficult to distinguish the picture from one with the tints washed in by the brush.

A great advance is noticeable of late in the artistic requirements of popular taste; and to gratify it we are giving our readers a series of water-colors, which are far superior to all the chromos and cheap colored prints, and are at present the fashion in pictures. It is only our immense circulation that makes it possible for us to publish these really artistic pictures, in view of which is the expense of their production necessarily very great.

Sanitarian.

Food Combinations.

WHY FRUITS DISAGREE.

N literature, art, mechanics, etc., we make it a point to study the fitness of things—at least we ought to do so. We should ask how this and that will harmonize if put together. A thing good or beautiful within itself, might be altogether out of place if associated with things not suited to it. For example: in combining colors, the object sought is to produce either a harmonious effect or an agreeable contrast; and the result, if successful, or in accordance with the highest rules of art, gives pleasure. We feel a sense of satisfaction; a something within us says, "This is as it should be." In painting, architecture, house-furnishing, and even in dress, the rule should be the same—fitness, adaptation; the proper use of means to an end.

But in the matter of taking food, I fear we do not always think to inquire whether this or that is best suited to the needs of the system, or whether certain articles of diet which would be quite wholesome if properly eaten, might not be detrimental if taken in another way. This feature of the diet question, though a very important one, is relatively little understood. Indeed, the subject of food combinations has hardly received so much as a passing thought. People are in the habit of sitting down at table and partaking not only of a number of courses of food, but of a great variety as well; and it rarely occurs to them whether or not the combination is best or suitable. Moreover, if sickness or ill-feeling is afterward experienced, the blame is apt to be attributed to a particular article of food; when in all probability the fault was in the combination of articles taken, these not being suited to each other.

I have heard a number of persons remark that they could not eat strawberries; that this fruit was poison to them. And yet these very persons, after getting a little light on the subject of food combinations, have been able to partake of this delicious food without the slightest inconvenience. I am here reminded of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who once remarked that if he ate strawberries they invariably made him sick. Nevertheless, he was in the habit of gratifying his palate, and letting the stomach take care of itself; or, if very ill, he would call in the doctor. It chanced that a friend of mine saw him at his own tea-table, in the strawberry season; after he had partaken freely of lettuce and onions (a good soup-plate full), with a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, mustard, etc., this with bread and butter, some slices of cold tongue, and a cup or two of tea, he helped himself to a dish of strawberries, well saturated with cream and sugar, and then finished with a piece of rich cake. No doubt the old gentleman suffered that night from the usual attack of cramps, and sent, post-haste, for the family physician.

Another gentleman had the same difficulty in eating strawberries. I advised his wife to serve them (sound and fully ripe) with no cream, little or no sugar, and to leave off the tea, cake, and other objectionable things. She did so, and there was no further trouble.

It is not an unusual thing to hear individuals say, "Fruit may do very well for some people, but it is not the thing for me; I cannot eat it." When I hear this remark, I know that the person who makes it has not learned how to eat fruit; either he sweetens it too highly, or he takes it with certain other foods with which it should not be served, or he eats it at the end of the meal, when he has already had more

than enough. Or it may be that the individual is in that state, pathologically speaking, in which there is need of a particular kind of physical regeneration which some physicians term house-cleaning. Should this be his condition, it is quite probable that a little acid fruit, as the juice of a lemon, or even a milder acid, might cause nausea, perhaps vomiting. In such a case, the effect would not only be legitimate, but in all probability the very best thing possible under the circumstances; though a cup of hot water or of thin gruel might be a valuable addition. In short, when the liver is so fearfully engorged that a little sub-acid fruit will cause it to throw off its bile, it is high time that this relief was sought, and, if possible, obtained.

As a rule, men who use tobacco or drink whiskey, do not like fruit; "it does not agree" with them; it creates gases, and distresses them. Persons much addicted to the use of coffee or tea often make the same remark; and so do excessive meat-eaters. The whole trouble is just here: a bad combination is made. For example, there is a principle in tea (*theine*) that "quarrels" with the fruit-acid; and so of the *caffeine* in coffee. And the same may be said of tobacco; it, too, has its quarrelsome ingredients.

Fruit, then, to do its best work, must be properly eaten. There is no better time to take it—especially raw fruit—than in the morning, on an empty stomach; the first thing at breakfast, provided the food that is to follow consists of farinaceous preparations (bread, mushes, rice, etc.), with perhaps some sort of cooked fruit. A cup of milk may be added,—though not every one can take this.

To put the whole thing in a nut-shell, I would say, that after many years' experience with dyspeptics and other invalids, I am fully convinced that in order to get the best possible results from nutrient materials, we must not ignore those kindred ties among food products which make an agreeable combination; nor must we be oblivious of those opposite qualities in them, which by fine contrast please equally well. Take, for example, sweet potatoes and tomatoes: these make a good combination, and very acceptable to most persons; the one being sweet, the other acid, the one highly nutritious, and the other decidedly juicy.

It certainly stands to reason that the food products of the earth should be studied in relation to each other, as well as with respect to their nutritive qualities. In the first place, the commissariat as a whole should have in it all that is needed for the fullest development and growth of the body; and there should, if possible, be a sufficient variety to allow of more or less change in the bill of fare. The wants of the system are not always exactly the same; they may vary, somewhat, owing to habits of life, occupation, etc.; and also as to diseased conditions, to say nothing of climatic changes and influences.

It is folly to overlook the fact, that there is a certain fitness or adaptation to be observed, both in the selection and classification of foods, which enhances their value as a whole. It will not do to huddle them together indiscriminately, either on one's plate or in one's stomach. For example, baked beans and strawberries are both very satisfactory in themselves; but they have so little in common, that no one would think of eating them together—though the harm resulting from such a combination might be more apparent in some cases than in others. Not every one has the same condition of stomach; an individual whose digestive organs have been enfeebled by taking drug poisons, or from the long use of stimulating foods and drinks, has need to be very careful in the matter of diet. And a person of sedentary habits would require a different diet, both in quantity and quality, from that of a common laborer, who is given to much muscular exercise.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M. D.

Hygienic Effect of Cold Water.—Few persons, even the most intelligent, have any idea of the healthful feelings attending the regular internal and external use of cold water. The temporary exhilarating sensations induced by the custom of drinking hot beverages, are not healthy, continuous, or lasting, and cannot be compared with the invigoration that attends adherence to cold water as a beverage.

When the organs are not under a great tax in the way of fulfilling digestive or other functions, a drink of cold water, —rot ice-cold—equally with a cold bath, acts decisively as a tonic, and serves to repair that part of the blood which is constantly undergoing chemical change. Water is acknowledged to be the best solvent in the chemical laboratory, hence useful in performing the necessary changes in the human economy. It has its part as a constituent in nutrition, as well as being a dietetic remedy in some ailments of a feverish or an acute nature, to slake thirst, and supply what has been rapidly consumed, also giving help to the secretory organs.

Water is man's natural drink. Either pure, or mingled with various bodies, it is essential to life, holding in solution the different substances which sustain the many structures, our very bones having at some time circulated in the blood. By evaporation it regulates the temperature, and is the means by which effete matter is removed from the body. An adult requires from one to two quarts during the twenty-four hours.

Those who are not accustomed to taking cold water as a beverage and have never been so accustomed, require only a careful approach before becoming inured to the practice. Thus, they should never take a large draught to begin with, but drink it by sips, a little and often, and after a few days, or, it may be, weeks, increase the quantity by degrees, and in this way they will soon acquire the ability to take it without feeling any inconvenience. The best time to drink it is between meals, avoiding quantity at meal times.

IN CASE OF FIRE.—A popular lecturer gives the following concise and simple directions how to act on the occurrence of a fire. Fire requires air; therefore on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude air. Shut all doors and windows. By this means fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but if the doors and windows are thrown open, the fanning of the wind and the draught will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity.

It must never be forgotten that the most precious moments are at the commencement of a fire, and not a single second of time should be lost in tackling it. Always endeavor to attack the bed of a fire. In a large room a table-cloth or a rug can be so used as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat or anything similar may be used with an equally successful result. The great point is presence of mind,—calmness in danger, action guarded by reason and thought. In all large houses buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a little salt being put into the water. If you cannot extinguish a fire, shut the windows, and be sure to shut the door when making good your retreat.

A wet silk handkerchief tied over the mouth and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped around the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety. Should a lady's dress catch fire, let the wearer at once lie down. Rolling may extinguish the fire, but if it does not, anything (woolen preferred) wrapped tightly round the body will effect the desired purpose.

A burn becomes less painful the moment air is excluded from it. For simple burns, oil or the white of egg can be

used. One part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive oil is found to be invaluable in most cases, slight or severe, and the first layer of lint should not be removed till the cure is complete, but saturated by the application of fresh outer layers from time to time. A linen rag soaked in a mixture of equal parts of lime-water and linseed oil also forms a good dressing. Common whiting is very good if applied wet and continually dampened with a sponge.

Ride, Si Sapis.

WHY this willow-wearing,
Though you plucked the thorn and not the rose?
Kiss the wound. It shows your aim and daring
Better than the fairest rose that grows.

Why this look despairing?
There is good in every wind that blows.
E'en the blast that gives your follies airing
Haply may disperse them, too—who knows?

Why this sad wayfaring
Dolorous with the echo of your woes?
Smile, and help your fellows' burden-bearing.
Cheer the pilgrim's road with glad halloas!

Laugh, all grief foreswearing,
Joy for us perennially flows;
Pleasures, aye, are multiplied by sharing.
Love and love's delights will follow close.

No more willow-wearing!
Other springs will come if this one goes.
Cast your seed with happy faith, uncaring
Though another reaps. He wins who sows!
THOS. H. MUZZEY.

"She Loves Me—Loves Me Not—Loves Me."

I WONDER if the daisy knows
It says you love me dearly?
I wonder if the pink and rose,
And every flower that 'round us grows,
Know I love you sincerely?

They must, else why should every one
Seek to remind me of you?
Why shouldn't they? Beneath the sun
There's not a bird but has begun
To sing of how I love you.

But has this daisy told the truth?
I hardly dare believe it!
Can Beauty love the Beast uncouth?
The statement is so strange, forsooth,
I hardly dare receive it.

And yet I wish it might be so,
This fortune that it offers;
'Twere better than Fame's empty show,
Or Power, or Wisdom's overflow,
Or never-failing coffers.

KARL M. SHERMAN.

What Women are Doing.

Smith College for women has 437 students.

Iowa has no less than ten women county school superintendents.

There are now about forty ordained women ministers in the Universalist Church.

Honduras women have been granted the right to compound prescriptions and practice pharmacy.

Lottie Gerak, of St. Louis, has been awarded first honors at the Vienna Conservatory of Music.

The organization known as "The King's Daughters" is only six years old, but it has 40,000 members.

Three American ladies are studying chemistry and physics in the laboratories of the University of Jena, Germany.

Two women have recently been regularly licensed as captains of vessels, one in New York harbor, the other on the Mississippi.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the clever colored sculptor, who is now in Rome, has just completed a beautiful statue of St. Charles Borromeo.

Mme. Patti-Nicolini says learning "Romeo and Juliet" in French, after being accustomed to it in Italian, was harder than learning two entirely new parts.

Among the women inspectors at the New York Custom House, of whom there are over twenty, are a niece of Thurlow Weed and a sister of Roscoe Conkling.

The New York Exchange for Women's Work began ten years ago with thirty articles for sale. Last year, the returns in the cake and preserve department alone, were \$11,000.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., the well-known author and Egyptologist, will probably visit the United States next winter, to speak on Egypt, Greek Art, Woman in Ancient Egypt, Fiction, etc.

Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, daughter-in-law of the well-known chemist, is one of the most successful playwrights of her sex. Her plays show genuine dramatic gifts and a keen sense of humor.

The Woman's Physiological Institute of Chicago, organized seven years ago under the auspices of the Chicago Woman's Club, gives every year a course of free lectures to women on subjects relating to physical health.

Miss Kate A. Carl, of Memphis, Tennessee, has exhibited her pictures for three years in the French Salon, and they have attracted special attention. Even her smallest sketches show the touch of a strong hand.

Mme. Le Ray, the intrepid French woman who has traveled all over Asia Minor, is about to start for Teheran, whence she intends to make excursions into the least accessible portions of the Persian dominions.

Miss O. C. Converse, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who is now seventy-eight years old, in her prime taught school at South Bend, Indiana, where she taught President-elect Harrison his alphabet, and also had President Garfield for a pupil.

Miss Davenport, the Irish lady who has been appointed governess to the infant King of Spain, will be entitled to the whole of her salary of \$2,500 a year as a perpetual pension at the end of five years.

Philanthropic women in Hartford, Connecticut, have arranged classes in dressmaking and commercial arithmetic to aid young women in earning a living. A skillful instructor in dressmaking is employed, and the course includes thirteen lessons of two hours each.

Mrs. Annie Besant and Mrs. Ashton Dilke have just been elected to the Loudon School Board. Mrs. Besant received the second largest vote cast for any one in the metropolis, and came in at the head of the poll in her district.

Miss Mossel McGann, of Canada, a teacher of articulation in the Mississippi Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, who died at Jackson recently, was known in every institution for the deaf and dumb in the United States and Canada, as a successful teacher.

Miss Letitia Walkington has just taken the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the Royal University of Ireland, being the first woman to attain that honor. On the same occasion, two ladies took the degree of Master of Arts, and eighteen that of Bachelor of Arts.

Miss Julie Catlin, of New York, is a clever amateur violinist, who is the happy possessor of a violin bow with a diamond of the purest water set in the end, the gift of her fiancé. The idea is not a new one; Ole Bull, who never wore jewels on his fingers, had a diamond flashing in the end of his bow.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett in a recent lecture called attention to the fact that the heaviest brain ever weighed was that of a famous naturalist, and the next heaviest, that of a washerwoman. The natural inference is that there is no well-established relation between brain weight and brain power.

Mme. Munemitsu Mutsu, wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington, entertains her intimate friends with music on the "koto," the Japanese piano, on which she is a very clever performer. The instrument is six feet long by about eight inches wide, and the silk strings are drawn lengthwise on the rounded top.

Miss Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's wife) is fitting up a new house for herself in Adams, N. Y., in which provision is made for the accommodation of ten or twelve guests, to be selected from the sewing-girls of New York City, during the summer months. She expects to entertain four or five sets of them in succession.

Mrs. A. Stavely Hill, an English artist, the wife of a member of Parliament, has taken up lithography. Her paintings had been specially remarked for the skillful tones with which she denoted light and shade; and turning her talents to more practical account, she has now become well known for her work as an "artist on stone."

Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, in a paper on the work of women, read at the Woman's Congress recently held in Detroit, said: "Forty years ago none but a few women thought of having any non-domestic work, while now 3,000,000 women are classified in work. There are 34,000 accountants, clerks and saleswomen, 275 clergymen, and 75 lawyers in this number."

Coralie Cohen is claimed by the European Jews as a second Florence Nightingale. She is a Jewish lady, who was an angel of mercy during the late Franco-German war, and passed unharmed among the wounded in the two hostile camps. She is a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and has been elected president of that patriotic body the Association des Dames Françaises.

The Calcutta Branch of the W. C. T. U. under the active leadership of Mary E. Leslie, president, is doing good work for the promotion of social purity and the protection of young girls. Among other things, they are laboring for the removal of the disqualification put by British law upon the re-marriage of Hindoo widows, who may now live in open unchastity enjoying their inherited possessions, but are at once deprived of their property upon re-marriage.

Miss Jane Morgan, the sister of Miss Middie Morgan, of New York, the well known live-stock reporter, is an artist, and has been exercising her talents in the decoration of her sister's house on Staten Island. In one room the decorations are decidedly unique. It is rough-plastered, and the ceiling is ornamented with lobster and crab claws and clam shells, stuck in the plaster while it was still wet. The dado is decorated with the hoofs or "trotters" of pigs, carefully arranged in wreaths around satin rosettes. The decorations are the personal work of Miss Jane.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is expected to visit New York in February. Personally she is short and rather heavy, very pale, and has small, but very brilliant dark eyes. More than 70,000 copies of her novel have been sold in this country. Mrs. Ward explicitly states that there is no portrait whatever in "Robert Elsmere," except the obvious and intentional one of "Henry Grey," otherwise the late Professor Green. Green was quite as noble a man as Mrs. Ward has pictured. A friend writes of him: "After spending an hour with him, I always felt I had come under the influence of a superior being, and came away with a higher ideal of life."

Chat.

THE opening of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art marked a red letter day in the art history of New York, and was a significant event in the history of an institution which represents the interest of the country's metropolis in public education in art. Heretofore lack of space has interfered materially with the proper exhibition of many of the collections, but systematic arrangement is now rendered possible, and the general plan is like that followed at the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the object being to represent illustrations of art in chronological sequence, and, as far as possible, to show examples of successive stages of evolution. The resources of the Museum have been supplemented by various loan collections, and altogether the exhibition is one of which the city may be justly proud; there certainly is no American Art Museum of equal comprehensiveness.

Archæology and ancient art are illustrated in the Babylonian, Assyrian and Egyptian collections; the Cypriote collection illustrates stages of transition and advance to the art of Greece and Rome; in pictorial art the earliest may be found in the Byzantine examples of the Jarvis collection of old masters; modern French art is illustrated by the Catharine Wolfe collection and a number of famous paintings; and there is the nucleus of a collection of American art. Applied art is illustrated in the collection of Chinese porcelains and Japanese ivories and lacquers, the Astor collection of rare old laces, which are displayed in frames swinging from central standards so that the exquisite designs and workmanship may be conveniently studied, the wood-carving, the tapestries, armor, coins, cameos, glass, musical instruments (including many of the earlier forms of the lyre, guitar, and mandolin), and jewelry, the latter displayed in what is known as the "gold" room, which also contains the famous collection of cut gems, some fifteen hundred specimens, gathered by Maxwell Summerville, of Philadelphia, and now exhibited for the first time in New York. These gems are well known to savants and officials of the noted museums of Europe, and the collection is spoken of as second only to the Vatican collection. These are valued at \$100,000.

Special interest centers in the valuable collections of paintings loaned by Mr. Henry G. Marquand and Mr. Henry C. Havemeyer, which include several of the masterpieces of the world. Here may be seen the world-renowned Van Dyck portrait of the young Duke of Richmond and Lennox, the equally famous portraits by Rembrandt of the Burgomaster of Delft and his wife, painted in 1632, two fine portraits by Velasquez, an early painting by Rubens, and fine examples of the genius of Gainsborough, Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Constable, and a magnificent Delacroix, representing the "Flight from the Garden of Eden," which furnish a treat for all lovers of painting, amateur as well as professional, that has never before been equaled in this country. It is hoped that ultimately some of these may become the property of the Museum, which is more indebted to Mr. Marquand than to any single person for generous additions to its treasures.

* * * * *

UNDER the name of a "Directoire Bazaar," a handsome and unique entertainment was given during the holidays, which resulted in substantial benefit for the Mount Sinai Training-School for Nurses. Every detail was in exquisite taste, and the scene presented the picturesque effect of a French water-color. The ladies in charge all wore most bewitching Directoire gowns, and to correspond with the five members of the French Directory, there were five Departments in the Bazaar: of Floriculture, of Refined Sugar, of Vertu, of Pleasance, and of the Interior.

The "Department of Floriculture" was installed in a veritable bower of holly and laurel, and flowers were sold by ladies in charming costumes of white and pink brocade combined with creamy lace. The "Department of Refined Sugar" was artistically decorated in white and gold, with which the delicate tints of the cases and bags and various unique receptacles for *bon-bons* blended most charmingly, and the ladies all wore gowns of yel-

low and white brocade. The "Department of Vertu" was also the headquarters of the Director-in-Chief, and green was the predominating color, both for the decorations and the toilets, the latter having white in combination. Here bric-a-brac and a miscellaneous collection of rare and pretty things were displayed. The "Department of Pleasance" was devoted to dolls and toys, and the ladies were attired in blue and white; and refreshments were dispensed in the "Department of the Interior." The idea was unique and most successfully carried out, and furnishes practical suggestions for similar entertainments, not difficult of accomplishment.

* * * * *

ANOTHER novel and attractive entertainment, for the benefit of that most excellent institution the Free Reading Room for Working Boys, was called a "Rainbow Reception." The rooms were most beautifully decorated, the main room being arched by a large rainbow. There were eight tables, or booths, one for each prismatic color. The violet table was devoted to candy, and the ladies in charge wore costumes trimmed with violets and pansies. The indigo table had gray in combination; the booth was a moss-covered cottage, the inside an old-fashioned room filled with relics from the Isle of Nantucket, exquisite gray pottery, etc. The ladies wore Puritan dresses. The blue table was surmounted by a canopy representing the sky dotted with stars, and the costumes of the ladies were blue ornamented with silver crescents and stars. This division was devoted to fancy articles. Green was represented by a garden with rustic fence and gate, tables and chairs, and under a bower of green, young ladies wearing gowns of pale green with white sashes, and large garden-hats trimmed with white plumes, sold flowers and plants. Over the yellow table was a large yellow umbrella supporting yellow drapery, and here young ladies dressed in æsthetic gowns of pale yellow and green, dispensed cake and lemonade, for a consideration. The orange table was well supplied with fancy articles, the decorations were orange-color, and the ladies' toilets were orange-color and black. For red, was an Oriental booth lighted with lanterns, where appropriate goods were sold by ladies wearing rich Oriental costumes. At the white table, which was lighted with fairy lamps, ladies dressed in graceful Greek costumes sold fancy articles. The *café* was especially attractive, with little tables lighted with colored lamps and waited on by young girls dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. In addition there was an art gallery with a choice collection of paintings and curios, and a series of entertainments were given that helped perceptibly to swell the profits.

* * * * *

WE enjoy many beautiful things that come from Japan, and the "Americans of the East," as the Japanese have been called, can give us "points" about many things, charity included. The beginning of the year is a good time to institute a practice that has been in vogue for generations in a certain Japanese family, which could be followed to advantage in families where "charity begins at home" and of necessity has to abide there, as well as in those who have the opportunity of experiencing how much more pleasant it is to give than to receive. They have a box into which they put what they call percentages, and the system is thus described by one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs one dollar, I buy it for eighty cents; or give a feast that would cost five dollars, I give it for four dollars; or to build a house for one hundred dollars, I build it for eighty dollars, and put the balances in the box. At the end of the year, we meet, open the boxes, and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshiping "The Great Bright God of Self-Restraint."

* * * * *

ON the Chinese New-Year's Day, February 25th, the seventeen-year-old ruler, Emperor Kwang Su, will be married to Princess Kan Sing, and social circles in China, from coolie to mandarin, are in a high state of expectation regarding it. The ceremonies attending the event are to cost only \$15,000,000, which is several millions less than was originally proposed, the low state of the Celestial exchequer necessitating the economy. After the principal wedding the Emperor will marry four other wives, who, however, will hold inferior positions to the Empress.

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 "Haytien Republic."

The American steamer the "Haytien Republic" sailed for the West Indies last autumn with a general cargo for the West Indian trade. About three hundred passengers boarded her at one of her stations, Port-à-Paix, who debarked at the next port, Gonaives, and it is said that there these passengers attacked and defeated a detachment of Government troops. On the return trip the steamer was seized on a charge of running the blockade, and was taken to Port-au-Prince as a prize. The United States sent a cruiser to sustain the Minister in his demands that the vessel be returned, as its seizure was a violation of international law. But the yellow fever broke out on board, and she was obliged to return. Finally the American men-of-war the Galena and the Yantic were despatched to Hayti, and the captured steamer was delivered up. The Haytian people consider that this action of the United States Government is a parade of power, and this opinion is said to be that of some of the diplomatic representatives of other nations. The President of Hayti, General Legitime, is endeavoring to suppress the revolution. It is supposed that a claim for indemnity will be made by the owners of the seized steamer.

The British Gold and Silver Commission.

This commission, formed to investigate the causes of divergence between silver and gold currency, and to recommend a remedy, has not presented a very satisfactory report. Six of the members were in favor of a gold standard, and six of bi-metallism, and all adhere to their opinions. The first reports, that the Commission had substantially agreed in favor of bi-metallism, are not justified by this conclusion, and the problem yet remains unsolved, while the evils of the partial demonetization of silver are still threatening. The advocates of bi-metallism fear that the tendency to use gold rather than silver is the result of an apprehension that silver may be more completely discarded; also that the standard of value in Great Britain has been much impaired by the action of other countries, and that international compact will be necessary to arrest the evils. The advocates of a settlement have apparently the best of the argument, although it looks a little like proposing that other nations should come to the assistance of England, whose inconvenience seems to be more serious than that of foreign governments.

Samoan Troubles.

The conflict of interests between citizens of the German and United States Governments in the Samoan Islands has caused considerable diplomatic correspondence, which has been transmitted to Congress, and will, perhaps, lead to a final adjustment of the troubles. Secretary Bayard's proposition is that the executive branch of the government should consist of five persons: the King, the Vice-King, and three foreign ministers; but the German Government objects that in a country like Samoa, where there is a population of only two hundred white persons and a native population of thirty-five hundred, living in the most primitive style, such a division of government is not practicable, and the appointment of three white ministers would entail too much expense. The United States authorities seem disposed to respect the choice of the Samoans in their selection of Malictoa, who has been installed King by the natives; but the rival king, Tamasese, and his followers seem to receive favor from the Germans. Interference with the patriarchal government of the Samoans has not been very much to their advantage thus far, and it is to be hoped that the treaty-making powers will agree in helping them to create a government which shall be a modern State in relation to foreign countries, and yet be patriarchal enough in its character to properly develop the existing domestic institutions of the islands.

The New Library of Congress.

The new plans for the Library of Congress, as submitted by General Casey to the Secretary of War, present much the same style of architecture as the first. The general outline presents something of the appearance of the present building in the Capitol, except that the center building is larger and the wings

longer and narrower. The front walls will be of light-colored granite, and the remainder of the building principally of brick and iron, and fire-proof throughout. The construction will be solid and substantial and generally plain in the interior, where most of the enrichment will be found in the main stair hall and rotunda. Alcoves and shelving will be provided for 1,168,000 volumes of books. At the present rate of growth of the library, about 30,000 volumes per year, it will take about nineteen years to fill the shelvings. The cost of the building is limited by law to \$4,000,000, and special pains have been taken to secure the largest and most appropriate building for the purpose that the limit of cost will permit, while not sacrificing the dignified and monumental character the institution and its location demands.

An Interesting Find.

An engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence was lately found in New York City, by the City Librarian, Mr. Carvalho, wedged in between the walls and shelving of the library. It is bound in folio form and signed by Charles Carroll of Maryland, the only surviving signer of the Declaration, at the time the copy was made, in 1828. The autographs of the Federal, State and City authorities of that time were signed to it also. The folio was presented to the city two years later, it having been suggested in an address before the Common Council in 1826, that such a folio be presented to that body for use on every Fourth of July. The document was accordingly prepared, and was used for some years, before it retired from active life behind the City library shelves.

Stanley and Emin Pacha.

Recent despatches from Zanzibar and St. Thomas report the safety of Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pacha, and that on the 28th of August last they were at the camp at Yambouga on the Arawimi River. This news seems the more reassuring since it comes simultaneously from the East and West Coasts of Africa. The recent British and Egyptian victories at Suakim on the Red Sea have aroused hopes that the re-capture of Khartoum may be possible, but the subjugation of millions of people would be necessary to effect any permanent hold on the Soudanese territory. This would require war on a large scale, and the startling demand of Osman Digna, for a complete evacuation of the Soudan, with the lives of Emin and Stanley, whom he alleged were his captives, as forfeit, has challenged the military policy of the English Government, whose action in the matter is as severely criticised as it was when the English Ministry ordered the abandonment of the garrisons in the Soudan, and the intrepid Gordon, betrayed and forsaken, but refusing to desert those who trusted to him, was left waiting at Khartoum for months for an expedition of rescue which arrived a week too late! It is not positive that Stanley is held by Osman Digna, nor, in face of the latest despatches, probable; and the chief of the African missions thinks that Emin (a German explorer named Dr. Schnitzler) may have been captured, but not Stanley. It seems improbable, and, as was suggested in the House of Commons, the announcement of their captivity may have been a ruse on the part of the wily Osman to secure the evacuation of Suakim. It is too soon, however, to do more than hope that the American is safe, and that his expedition has been successful. The problem now presented by the state of affairs in the Dark Continent is a serious one. England must guard her route to India. Whether she can do more than that is doubtful. Yet in the interests of civilization and Egypt it is desirable that communication between the Lower and Upper Nile should be permanently established. Is it possible for any single existing European power to do this?

The Americans of Asia.

Thirty-three years ago Japan was as far behind the Western world in progress as medieval Europe was to the nineteenth century. But it has caught up with telegraphic speed. Japan is a land of islands, covering about three times as much territory as the State of New York, but with as many different climates as are to be found in the United States. Japan has now over four hundred miles of railway, an excellent postal system, and the Post-Office department employs women in some of its bureau work. The telegraph connects all important cities and towns, and is under the control of the Government. The telegraphing is done in the Japanese language, with an extra charge for telegraphing in a foreign language. The Japanese call themselves the "Americans of Asia," and to a certain extent their characteristics resemble those of Americans. They are quick-witted, ready to adopt novelties, and unhesitating in mortgaging the present to the future; but they are not quite as inventive as the typical Yankee. Until now the Japanese have been imitative rather than creative; but their imitative talent is also discriminating, and this, no doubt, is the secret of their wonderful progress in civilization as a nation. This land of islands, earthquakes, and volcanoes, is now a land also of post-offices, telegraphs, and schools, and will doubtless soon set us other fashions than those of the Japanese fan and the chrysanthemum craze. If among others it could induce the women of Western civilization to adopt, at least, a modification of the Japanese women's pretty and hygienic dress, it might be to our advantage.

The Panama Canal Collapse.

The extraordinary success of the Suez Canal, one of the greatest engineering and financial projects of the age, was an inspiring precedent for all concerned in the fortunes and feasibility of the Panama Canal. Now that the cuttings of the Panama Isthmus have finally proved to be only a sluice-way through which credulous investors poured their small fortunes into a soundless sea of ruin, the fame as well as the fortune of M. de Lesseps, one of the brightest names in modern progress, is bankrupted. Only sympathy and regret remain to him, instead of the brilliant success he so confidently predicted.

The Hudson River Bridges.

The Poughkeepsie bridge is now soon to be connected with the railroads going east, and there is every reason to believe that trains will be run from Hartford to the bridge, by the close of the winter. Work has also been begun on the projected Highland Suspension Bridge over the Hudson river, just above Peekskill, which, when completed, will open a direct, all-rail route from the coal fields of Pennsylvania to the New England States. Under the terms of its charter the Bridge Company will construct a suspension bridge to cross the Hudson, from Anthony's Nose on the east to Fort Clinton on the west bank. The site is nearer to New York City than any crossing yet contemplated, and is naturally adapted for a suspension bridge, as the river is narrower there than at any other point between New York and Albany. It is said that the crossing can be made with one span and without any piers, abutments, or any obstructions in the waterway, either during construction or when it is completed. The towers, 327 feet high, will stand upon the solid rock foundations on each side. The span from tower to tower will be by a great girder, which will continue through the towers to the land on the side hill slopes, about 2,850 feet in all, while the span will be 1,620 feet in length. This girder, 30 feet high and 37½ wide, will be hung by twelve cables anchored in anchor pits in the solid rock. The bridge will be 195 feet high to grade line, with a clear headway of 163 feet. It will have a double track railway, with a highway and footpath beneath. Work is now actively progressing upon the foundations, and the bridge will probably be finished within two years. The location is central and convenient for a connection between the bridge termini and the railroads on either side of the river.

The First Chinese Railway.

English engineering plans to build a railway in this Empire have met with no success; but now French engineers have been more favorably received by the viceroy Li-Hung-Chang and the General Tchen-Ki-Tang. It is, indeed, only a railway for private use, which is to connect Tientsin with the viceroy's country-seat, five or six miles distant. The country and the people will, of course, derive very little benefit from it, yet the first step is taken in China, and the most wonderful achievement of Western civilization, which already has found its way across the sands of Africa and the steppes of Asia, is now to be found within the walls of China. The cars or carriages for this road were built in Lyons. They are six in all, three luxuriously fitted up; the one intended for the viceroy's use is painted blue on the outside with gilt decorations, and in each panel is painted the Imperial shield and the dragon with five claws. The interior is Louis Quinze style, and is fitted up with cherry-colored satin and plush. The two other parlor-cars are painted red and gold, one with a large room for the mandarins, upholstered in green plush and satin, and the other contains a tea-room in violet velvet and satin.

Talking Letters and Newspapers.

The modern newspaper exemplifies in itself a marvelous evidence of man's inventive powers, but a newspaper that will read itself aloud is a creation that seems as wildly improbable as the singing tree of the old Eastern tale. The wizard of modern times, Edison, the inventor, has accomplished so many marvels that if he were to announce he had devised a means of establishing telephonic communication with the nearest planets, he would probably be believed; but his last idea is an invention by which he proposes to revolutionize journalism, or at least to "hurry it some."

This scheme, which is still in embryo, is one of the practical uses to which the perfected phonograph can be put. Mr. Edison has succeeded in producing what are called correspondence phonograms. These are sheets of a peculiar waxy composition, upon which a message has been traced by the needle of the receiving phonograph and they can be folded and placed in an envelope the same as an ordinary letter. When it is required to make them audible, they are wrapped around the phonographic cylinder, and can be made to emit the tones of the voice which first repeated the message.

It is possible to turn out 20,000 or more copies of the same message in a comparatively short space of time, so that the original message can be repeated indefinitely. This possibility suggested to the inventor the feasibility of a talking newspaper—which will not be a paper at all, but a wax cylinder adjustable to the phonograph, which the company will rent to the subscriber. This newspaper or correspondence phonogram will "talk" the

news to the subscriber, who can listen to it as he eats his breakfast. It will not entirely supersede the printed paper, for it would be manifestly inconvenient to take on the train or street-car, where a newspaper is such an effectual protection from intrusive conversation; but for those whose eyesight is poor, or who from any other cause cannot read the paper, these phonograms will be invaluable. Not only news, but passages of operatic music, the *bon mots* of orators and after-dinner speakers, and the applause which greeted them, will be reproduced audibly to the listening ear. It is to be hoped that our orators will take warning in time, and our singers be careful to guard against "flattening," lest the too accurate phonograph with its countless reproductions betray with emphatic reiterations the errors, which can often be explained away in print, having been only once heard.

A Telegraph of the 18th Century.

A work was published in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1744, which treated of curious and wonderful things, many of which were purely fabulous, and some, facts. Among the latter was described a telegraphic apparatus. This consisted of two round boxes, "each of which is inscribed with the alphabet, and made with such art that when the indicator on one points to A or B, the indicator on the other box, which is connected with the first, but situated at another place, some distance from the first, immediately designates the same letter, so that one can talk to anybody at a distance without speaking or writing." Unfortunately the name of the inventor is not given, nor is the mechanism of this apparatus explained. It was apparently looked upon only as a curiosity and put to no practical use, since it has been completely forgotten.

A Tower of Skulls.

A building of peculiar material, recalling the pyramid of skulls erected by the grim Timor, has been found in Servia, near the city of Nisch. It is square, about sixteen feet high, and composed of fifty-six piles of death's heads, seventeen skulls in each pile, so that the number is, altogether, 952. The skulls are those of the unfortunate companions of the Servian hero Singjelic, who fell defending the fortress Cegar near Kamenica, on the 31st of May, 1809. The Pasha of Nisch erected this tower of the heads of the fallen Servians, and called it Cela-Kula. Up to 1877, pious Servians used to go there in secret and steal one or more of the skulls and bury them. After the capture of Nisch by the Servians, their patriotism impelled them to loosen the skulls and place them in their houses as relics. Through this the Kula was shorn of much of its value, and Servia the poorer through the depreciation of a memorial which would have always called to mind what their forefathers had suffered for freedom under the Turk's foreign rule.

The Amazons of Dahomey.

The black female warriors of the warlike tribe of Dahomey belong to the romance of the Dark Continent; but the latest African discoveries are sweeping away much of the illusive nimbus which has hung over this state and its terrors. The king of Dahomey for a long time kept the neighboring tribes in fear, and when he with hundreds of his people suddenly invaded a peaceful land to capture slaves, opposition was not to be thought of; for if any one lost his head and resisted capture with weapons, he was pretty sure to have his head cut off. However, of late the neighboring tribes do not pay as much respect to the Dahomey tribe as formerly, for the king was recently attacked by a tribe from the North, and his renowned women-guards took to flight when the arrows really began to whistle through the air. This Amazonian guard of fifteen hundred women is the flower of the army. They by no means resemble the valiant Amazons of the Grecian myth: they are negro women, nothing more nor less than the king's wives, whom he keeps under strict discipline and craftily makes use of as his body-guard. The cunning king of Dahomey knows that his wives are as indolent as all negroes are, although they are made hewers of wood and drawers of water the world over, and so he compels them to work like men. The women of Dahomey consequently go to war, with shield and weapon, but the heroic courage formerly ascribed to them only exists in legend, for they are driven into battle by their royal and domestic tyrant, and are nothing more than food for powder.

The Poisonous Oleander.

The oleander with its beautiful rose-colored flowers is a plant frequently cultivated, but there are not very many who know that the oleander belongs to the poisonous plants. It is well to remember, when cultivating it as a house-plant, that under some circumstances it is very noxious. Pliny said of the oleander that it was poisonous, and later discoveries have confirmed this. In Madrid, a few years since, there was a case of poisoning by eating birds broiled on oleander leaves. In the south of Italy and Spain, the scraped rind of the tree is used as a rat-poison and to drive away noxious insects. In both countries, the localities where oleanders grow is generally malarious. In northern Africa, where they lend an especial charm to the scenery along the banks of the rivers, they are not suffered to grow near human habitations, and in this respect are really boycotted. It is remarkable that even bees avoid the oleander.

Household.

Graded Establishments.

I.

HOMES WITHOUT SERVANTS.

SELF-HELP is the key-note of economy. Practical people realize very early in their experience that nothing pays so well as economy in hiring labor; and this is essentially true in home life.

I well remember hearing a successful woman (one who had become a bread-winner from necessitous circumstances) exclaim: "Oh, yes! my income is treble what it used to be, but then compare my expenditure with what it was!" Nothing is so easy as increase of outlay, and nothing, on the whole, is so unsatisfactory.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me, that persons of small means insist upon keeping servants, on the score, generally, of appearances;—"keeping up appearances" being, in my estimation, about as silly a performance as anything that women can be accused of. It is an absurdity on the face of it; for appearances are of no value at all in actual experience, except for a very short time. People invariably meet their level after a very short acquaintanceship, and no human being was ever yet liked the better or respected the more for straining every nerve to keep up appearances, whether in the matter of home expenditure or any other.

One marked difference exists between middle-class life here and in England, in the habit of washing at home. In London, no one thinks of expecting a general servant to undertake the household washing, still less a good cook. If it is done at home at all, which is only the case when the strictest economy is necessary, a woman is engaged at 50 or 75 cents a day to do it; while here, washing day occurs as a matter of course in families in which the expenditure of a few dollars more or less is of no particular consequence.

My reason for alluding to it in this connection, is that it has often struck me as a strange peculiarity on the part of thrifty American housewives, that they prefer to keep a girl and wash at home, rather than put out the washing and keep no servant. To my mind, it would be far better to put out the washing, even at city prices, and do without hired help. Those who have tried it will certainly indorse my words; to those who have not, I heartily commend a trial of housekeeping without a servant. I myself have tried it successfully, both in a house of several stories and in a flat. In the latter case it commends itself still more emphatically. When method and order reign in a small flat, there is no question of the possibility of securing absolute comfort by dismissing Bridget; and even where stairs add to labor, it has been my experience that, with occasional assistance from a char-woman, it was perfectly easy to maintain cleanliness and enjoy every comfort of quiet and freedom from annoyances which are peculiar to all housekeepers.

To those who have not made trial of this simple way of living, a few suggestions, based upon my own experience, may have a value.

The first step which I found to be absolutely necessary, was order in the evening. This, no doubt, sounds odd to those who are accustomed to have their homes put into order for them every morning, but I have realized the truth of advice given me years ago by an experienced old maid:

"My dear," she said, "make it a point to have your parlors left in perfect order at night. You have no idea how it will simplify your labors in the morning."

Practically, every one knows how much time Bridget

spends in picking up and arranging the dining-room in the hour when all her energies should be directed to preparing breakfast; and where there is no Bridget, an immense gain is found in having nothing of that kind to attend to.

When I kept house servantless, I had a rule with regard to kitchen matters, too, which I found invaluable. We had late dinners, but I always managed to have my kitchen fire out by six o'clock, and often by four o'clock, so that I could have it ready laid for next day, before going to bed. I managed this by having an oil stove, one with an oven attachment, which cost me on the first instance \$8, and which was amply sufficient to finish off my preparations for dinner, often, indeed, serving for them entirely. Thus, by a little forethought, I secured peace in the morning, which, let me assure my readers, means peace all day; so I may be excused for beginning my recommendations at the wrong end of the day.

For the home where there is no hired help, half an hour spent in the evening in putting sitting-rooms in order, and laying the kitchen fire in readiness for early lighting, will be the earnest of a comfortable, easy morning, beginning with a match set to the fire, and a sweeping out of the dining-room before breakfast preparations set in. If hot breads are used, which I cannot find it in my conscience to recommend, they have of course been set over night, and the oven will soon be ready for them. Coffee and eggs, or steak or chops are all very easy of preparation in the orderly household, and it is surprising to find how methodical self-helpers are. There will be no litter or confusion of preparation in the home of the unaided mistress,—breakfast, I am sure, will appear on the table to the minute; and as soon as the gentlemen of the house have left, or the children are on the way to school, the breakfast table rapidly cleared leaves one's room in perfect order for use.

It should have been added to our evening preparations, that the dinner plates have been merely scraped and set aside, and the knives and forks used for the evening meal, placed in a jug of hot water; all to be attended to with the breakfast things. I have never found "washing up" such a terrible infliction as many people do. Armed with two mops, one for greasy dishes and one for cups and saucers, and a plentiful supply of hot water and pearline, I find real satisfaction in it. Before beginning, I usually see that all the beds in the house or flat are stripped, windows open, etc., and the regular morning's work is very soon under way.

Special work for each day is a feature in every well-regulated home. My own experience is that it is the greatest mistake to leave extra doings for the end of the week. While this is always injudicious, it becomes suicidal where there is no servant. The work should be evenly distributed over the six working days, and, beginning with Monday, every room in turn come in for thorough cleaning.

Those who have not tried it, have no idea of the exhilarating effect of housework. Sweeping and dusting are forms of healthful exercise that cannot be overrated. I distrust carpet-sweepers, and believe in the steady application of the old-fashioned broom.

In a flat, my plan includes sweeping the ordinary sitting-room daily, the best parlor every Monday, the bedrooms every Tuesday, the kitchen every Wednesday and Saturday, and taking the two leisure days, Thursday and Friday, for windows and silver and glass. This is absolutely easy work; of course, greatly complicated when it is a question of a house, however small, and especially so where, as in the country, water has to be pumped, and gas is an unknown luxury. But even so, in a small family where the washing is put out, or a woman is had in for two days to do it, there is very little reason for engaging help except that of appearances. The secret of comfort lies in method and in a judi-

cious division of work. The common sitting-room should be swept daily, the stairs twice a week, the bedrooms and best parlor once weekly, the silver especially rubbed up once a fortnight, which is amply sufficient if it is washed daily, as it ought to be, in hot soap-sud water, and carefully dried.

Among my acquaintances are many who never think of engaging hired help; and my experience in regard to them is that their homes are more completely comfortable than those of my richer friends. Order reigns supreme, and they enjoy an independence which is correspondingly lost as servants are engaged. There is an old but most true proverb, current in England, and perhaps here, too: "If you have no servant, you are well served; if you have one servant, you do half her work; if you have two servants, you do it all."

Where, as in some country homes, the whole work, including washing, is done by the mistress, matters are of course more complicated. I question whether, even for the sake of economy, it ever really pays for a woman to do everything, for instance, on a farm, where milking and feeding cattle are included in the day's work. Yet there is in mind a case in which such a little home in a country village was the picture of cleanliness and comfort. True, I knew it only after the children had grown up and married, but I cannot imagine that it was ever otherwise; yet here the mother did all the household work, and attended to the milking, making butter twice a week. In the afternoons I found her always free after three, or, at latest, four o'clock, reading or sewing; and although, as a neighbor having leisure, I dropped in at all hours of the morning, I can safely say that I never found her home in disorder. Of course she was at work most of the time, but it was only in the immediate neighborhood of her then occupation, that there were signs of it.

Faithful to my idea of beginning work at the wrong end of the day, I should like to add a few words about washing. There is a great difference of opinion, I find, in regard to soaking clothes overnight, so I wish to add my testimony in favor of it. In Germany it is universal, so, too, in France; and I can give it as a matter of personal experience, that much time and labor are saved by soaking the soiled clothes on Sunday night. Servantless people, if they are so un-economic as to do their own washing, will find it a real reward for breaking in upon Sunday's rest, when on Monday morning they find the satisfactory result of dirt drawn out to the saving of rubbing.

Most families of very moderate means dine early, and where there is no servant this is for many reasons desirable, although, as has been said, it is quite possible to manage the late dinner; but, of course, by dining early the kitchen fire problem is easier of solution.

The greatest drawback to doing without help is in the discouraging condition of the hands, which no lady likes; but by wearing gloves for dirty work, and by very *carefully drying* the hands, avoiding the use of hot water as much as possible, it is comparatively easy to keep them in good order.

I should, however, advise any lady who is entirely dependent upon herself, to consider the claims of gas or oil stoves, especially of gas ones; they are so clean, and it is such an inexpressible comfort to get rid of the labor of laying fires and cleaning out stoves,—a labor which adds greatly to the household work in the country, and in winter makes those terrible self-feeding stoves a necessity. I call them terrible, because the heat they generate is usually so dry and unwholesome, and, especially in small rooms, so overpowering excepting in the bitterest days.

If only it were summer all the year round, no housekeeper would feel discouraged at being single-handed; yet, in many

country homes, summer brings with it, in the fruit season, a full supply of exhausting work. But here again the self-helper manages to get through a variety and amount of work which very few hired girls would think of. It has been my invariable experience that much more work is done in the home where no servant is kept, than in that in which a servant reigns in the kitchen.

In short, while there *may* be great comfort with servants, it is fair to say that there *is* great comfort without them; and young housekeepers, especially, would often be richly rewarded if in their early married years they bought their experience by their own failures and successes, and not, as they too often do, in vain endeavors out of their own ignorance to direct unskilful servants, or by being ruled, as they too often are, by the girl in the kitchen who has had the experience the young mistress lacks.

"Knowledge is power;" and a knowledge of the details of housekeeping is the most satisfactory power a woman can possess.

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

Plus or Minus?

One who realizes the tenor of the varied advice to housekeepers given so freely in the publications of the day, there comes at last a question or two which demand answer, and which cannot be set aside. The path of the modern housekeeper has by their aid been made plain to her inexperienced feet, beyond any possibility dreamed of by our grandmothers; yet it is safe to say that these matrons fared better in some points than their descendants. It is at least certain that if the housekeeper of to-day followed one-tenth of the directions given, not one life, nor a dozen, would suffice to furnish the amount of time required. Household decoration, alone, as at present expounded, could easily be a matter of life-long occupation. Scientific dusting and a training for it have followed naturally as the result of accumulated bric-à-brac, and scientific sweeping is no less a necessity.

It is not with these, however, that we have to do; but with a tendency no less widespread, and full of complications more subtle than those involved in any other forms of woman's work. It is with cookery, and the present attitude of civilized humanity toward it.

A popular writer has lately described how fortune came to a forlorn young widow with a genius for cooking; and the admirable little story was, on one side, a valuable addition to the literature of this order. It is certain that really good cooking is comparatively unknown among us, and that we waste and abuse the gifts of nature in a fashion not practiced by any other civilized nation under the sun. It is also certain that half the sum expended would, in the hands of a French or Italian woman,—the former especially,—yield double the return of savory and nutritious food. But always in such statements, and in the pages which urge their application to our own life, the fact is apt to be ignored that the American woman is expected to understand not only cooking but everything else.

It is not only the dinner of many courses that must come from her hands, or at any rate from her oversight, but there is no surprise if she has painted the china on which it is served, decorated the tiles of her fireplace, embroidered her curtains, and grown the flowers that embellish the table. That she knows the last new book, is "up" in art and music, and has theories on every fact in science, and general investigation in any and all directions, is also very probable; and if, in process of time, there comes a collapse

and nervous prostration takes possession, the old formula is used and people sigh, "What a mysterious dispensation!"

This for the city woman; and the country one follows close behind, imitating, as far as means admit, the work that city conveniences make easier, but no less constant. In short, the perpetual and increasing tendency of life is toward complication in every phase. That the secret of high art, of which all can at present talk with more or less fluency, is in absolute simplicity, does not affect one whit the passion for complication. Life has taken in the ends of the earth, and we add to the necessities of our own zone and development such portions of other civilization as strike our fancy, new opportunities for more work coming with each adoption. In the midst of it all, sounds from every side a wail for "more time." The woman with a corps of servants joins the chorus no less than the woman with one or none; and if answered in the old Indian's formula, "You have all the time there is," the reply is instant and conclusive, "There isn't any!"

Doing, in this dispensation, has taken the place of Being. In fact, people have small time to be; and, to add to their difficulties, on all sides is heard the exhortation to do more. A recent criticism of a cookery-book held the suggestion that it would be quite worth while to devote an entire volume to the potato, and the possibilities of making it less a potato and more a little of everything else. Indeed, this contribution of nature was regarded as far too simple; and as impulse and motive to the ambitious housekeeper to disguise and generally hocus-pocus this vegetable, the reviewer told of one who for each day of two months served potatoes in a new form,—and thereupon called for a Potato Book!

Now may Heaven defend us from him and his tribe! Only a jaded palate demands food bewitched. Savory, appetizing cookery has its own place and rights; but these unending complications hold a positive vulgarity. In this restless seeking for novelty, we know little of the charm of pure natural flavor. Fish, flesh or fowl, vegetable or fruit, all must be disguised in sauces, piquant or bland, as may happen, but each and all destructive of original characteristics. The best cook appears to be considered the one most capable of transforming beyond recognition all ordinary forms of food; and our abounding dietary seems only another reason for more experiment in modes of varying variety.

With increasing methods, increase also labor and vexation. Entertaining determines itself as the luxury of the rich, and simple hospitality dies under the stifling weight and profusion of the new régime. The palate loses all power to enjoy pure and delicate flavor; and it is forgotten that to boil and serve a potato perfectly and properly at the crowning instant of its burst into mealiness, requires as keen an intelligence as to bejuggle it into a croquette or puff.

We need a new education for the palate. It is as much an essential as an educated eye or ear in music or painting or sculpture. To the perverted taste of the modern school, decisive, noble outline seems bare and poor; the ear tuned to the wild combinations of Wagner, finds the melody of Mozart or Mendelssohn too light and thin; and thus, each in its own degree, with the lesser arts, cookery coming under the same set of laws.

We are waiting for more time. Then why not make it by dismissing some of our present wildly unnecessary employments? So long as we are sighing for potatoes in forty of four hundred ways, we remain incapable of believing that for this and other good gifts of nature, fewer and simpler methods with each will best preserve the individual flavor; and that when we have decided to act upon this conclusion, not only with potatoes, but with pottery and every other complication of modern life, time will once more show itself as a possible possession for all.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

Winter Delicacies.

Beignets Soufflés.—Into a pint of water put a little salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg and the same quantity of sugar, and some grated lemon-peel. Pour into a saucepan, and when the water boils, stir into it, gradually, enough flour to make a thick paste; remove it from the fire, and when nearly cold beat into it three or four eggs. The whites may be beaten and worked into the paste separately, but this is not absolutely necessary. Drop pieces the size of a walnut into hot lard, and fry. Serve piled up on a dish and sprinkled with powdered sugar, and with a sliced or quartered lemon. Each *beignet* may be cut open and a small piece of jam or jelly inserted.

Caramel Custard.—Put a handful of loaf sugar into a saucepan with a little water, and let it set on the fire until it becomes a dark brown caramel; then add boiling water to make a dark liquid the color of strong coffee. Beat the yolks of six eggs with a little milk; strain, add a pint of milk, sugar to taste, and as much of the cold caramel-water as is required to color the custard. Pour into a buttered mold and set in a pan of cold water; then place this over the fire, but be careful that the water does not boil. Steam half an hour, and serve.

Orange Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar; half a cupful of butter; the yolks of five eggs and the whites of three; half a cupful of water, and the juice and grated rind of one orange. Beat all together well. Stir in two cupfuls of flour with two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in three separate layers, and spread between them a frosting made with the beaten whites of four eggs, two tea-cupfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated peel and juice of one orange. Ice the cakes while they are hot.

Fruit Salad.—Cut several oranges in transverse slices and remove the seeds. Lay some of the slices in the bottom of a glass fruit-dish; sprinkle with sugar and some desiccated cocoanut; then add a layer of sliced banana, and fill up the dish with alternate layers of oranges, cocoanut, and banana.

Iced Chocolate Pudding.—Grate half a pound of unsweetened chocolate and put it in a saucepan over a steamer, to dissolve, adding gradually a pint of water. Beat the yolks of eight eggs with twelve ounces of powdered sugar, and when the chocolate is thoroughly dissolved, add to it. Set the saucepan containing the mixture into a pan of boiling water, to cook the egg, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, flavor with vanilla extract, and beat it with an egg-beater until nearly cold. Then add three ounces of chopped citron, the same weight each of currants, raisins, and dried cherries. Add one pint of cream beaten up with the white of one egg. Pour into a mold, and freeze. It can be served with or without whipped cream.

Macaroni à la Milanaise.—Soak half a pound of macaroni in two quarts of white soup-stock, and when the macaroni has thoroughly softened, drain it and cut in small pieces about an inch and a half long, put it in a saucepan with two ounces of butter, two pinches of black pepper, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and some salt; heat thoroughly, and shake the saucepan from time to time to melt the butter. Make a ragout of truffles and mushrooms cut in slices, and sliced kidneys, in equal parts, in all a quantity equivalent to the macaroni. Put a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract of beef in a pint of water, add four table-spoonfuls of stewed tomato, reduce by boiling to one-fourth of the quantity, and pour it over the ragout, keeping all warm; when the dish is to be served, pour it over the macaroni, mix it carefully, turn out into a vegetable-dish or a shell of pie-crust, garnish with mushroom heads, and serve.

Salade Russe.—In summer this may be composed of any cooked vegetables, and in winter of haricot beans, red beets, called in France Castelnaudry beets, cut in fine slices, stoned olives, Spanish mackerel, corn-salad, celery, chopped fine, cold steamed potatoes, anchovies, caviar, and red cabbage, or any canned vegetables. The prettiest way to arrange this dish is to fill a round salad-dish with the vegetables arranged in wedge-shaped sections of each kind, like pieces of a round pie. For instance, a section of green peas, next that one of chopped red beets, and chopped beans next, etc., in four, six or eight sections, according to the materials of which the salad is composed. The dressing or mayonnaise, is prepared separately and only worked into the salad when it is to be served at the table.

A good dressing is as follows: A table-spoonful of mustard, one of salt, a pinch of white pepper, and one of curry-powder, five table-spoonfuls of vinegar, two of soup stock, five of olive oil. Work well into the salad.



REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—FEBRUARY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 277.

THE present idea in fashions is to give an appearance of slenderness, not the extreme tied-in slender effect of the *fourreau* styles which elicited so much ridicule before the advent of the bustle, but the graceful slenderness inseparable from the Empire gowns with their short waists and straight-hanging skirts, which are so very becoming to slender figures, and, if properly managed, equally so for those endowed with even more than their share of corporeal charms.

Modifications of the typical Empire gown with its low, full waist and short, puffed sleeves, are numerous; all agree in the matter of the skirt of straight breadths mounted with more or less fullness in front, as individual taste may decide or the figure require, but excepting for the evening toilets of young ladies, the waist is high, frequently a perfectly plain shape cut in the usual manner, with full fronts crossed in surplice style, and the sleeves either a modified leg-of-mutton shape, or in coat shape finished with a full puff at the top. A sash, preferably of soft silk, encircling the figure, and tied in a huge bow at the back, is worn in completion by young ladies and misses, while for the house dresses of young matrons, a girdle of heavy cable cord with handsome tassels depending nearly to the foot of the skirt, or a sash of medium width ribbon tied with drooping loops and long ends falling at the left side, is usually preferred.

This simple style, attractive for its quaint effect, and which certainly cannot be excelled for simplicity, is now a favorite model for house dresses made in soft woolens, and those sensible persons who take time by the forelock, and prepare their summer outfits before and during the Lenten season, are using the same model for percales, ginghams, and satines; for as soon as the holiday goods can be removed after Christmas, washable dress goods make their appearance. The designs already shown this season include the favorite polka dots, interlinked rings, and geometrical patterns, that seem to enjoy a perennial popularity, and what are known as India silk patterns are reproduced in the satines, which rival the silks in their beauty of texture and effectiveness. Quaint colors, noticeably Empire green, vari-

ous shades of copper and terra-cotta, old blue, and old red, are shown in the new cottons, and there are some with novel Oriental and Japanese effects that are very attractive.

After the main points of the fashions for a season are fully decided, the details that contribute so much to the effectiveness of the whole receive undivided attention, and many pretty devices in trimmings, and coquettish accessories make their appearance. A great deal of embroidery done in metallic threads appears on the waistcoats which complete the new walking-jackets that have revers rolled back the entire length, and in some cases the revers also are almost covered with the embroidery.

Redingotes and jackets of red cloth are made up with vests of white cloth almost entirely covered with embroidery of gold cord, or copper cord is used instead of the gold. Black cloth redingotes are brightened by having a narrow piping or fold of yellow or red on the edges of the revers, collar and cuffs; and simple cloth jackets have the edges finished with a narrow binding of short-haired fur, such as seal-skin or Persian lamb.

Fur is almost as frequently seen on bonnets as on wraps, and passementerie is also classed among millinery trimmings. The caprice of the moment is to have the bonnet matching the wrap rather than the dress. Redingotes made of rich materials are trimmed with a border of fur on the bottom, from twelve to sixteen inches deep; jackets, and redingotes as well, have vests of fur; morning robes and tea-gowns have bands of fur down the front; and at a recent fashionable wedding, the bride wore an elegant robe of white brocade trimmed with gold and silver embroidery and otter fur, which was disposed all round the long train, and formed a sort of berth effect on the corsage.

Silk muslin in cream, bright scarlet, dark red, blue, etc., laid in very fine knife-plaits, is used for turned-over frills at the neck and wrists; and gros-grain or moiré ribbon about half an inch wide, gathered very full, is a favorite finish for the neck, showing about half its width above the collar, and having ends tied in a small bow in front.

FOR information received regarding costumes, thanks are due to B. Altman & Co.; for ladies' underwear and shoes, to Stern Brothers; and for dress materials, to James McCreery & Co.

Directoire Costumes.

FOR these especially stylish costumes the same patterns are used, the "Merlin" redingote and a gored foundation skirt, with modifications as described below.

Fig. 1 represents the redingote made in brown cloth, with revers and full ceinture of tan-colored silk, and a broad band of otter fur at each side; and a foundation skirt of brown silk, over which is an apron made of a straight breadth of tan-colored cloth pinked out in a pattern at the foot, and crossed by a sash of tan-colored silk. The bonnet is brown velvet trimmed with brown ribbon and a pheasant's wing. The cravat is of white *crêpe lisse* plaited very fine and arranged *en jabot*.

Fig. 2 shows the coat made in black faille Française without trimming excepting a band of black fur on the sleeves; the vest is of old-gold faille fastened with gold buttons, and the cravat is of Mechlin lace. The gored foundation skirt is of black silk bordered with a band of black fur, and the front is covered by two full breadths of brocaded silk, black and old-gold, cut the full length of the skirt, gathered top and bottom, and the lower edge fastened just above the fur, to form the puff. The hat is of black velvet trimmed with loops of old-gold ribbon and a black ostrich-plume.

The pattern for the redingote is cut as illustrated on Fig. 2. To make the front as shown on Fig. 1, it is only necessary to omit the waistcoat, cut the revers off as indicated by the rows of holes, and sew them to the outer fronts, retaining the inner lining, and making the belt of half a width of silk drawn in to about five inches. At the back, the redingote is without drapery, but has plaits let in at the back and side-form seams.

The model is suitable for an independent outer garment to be worn with different skirts, or for a costume to be worn under a loose wrap, or for a house dress; and is appropriately made in plush, velvet, cloth, and silk and woolen dress goods of various qualities. It does not require trimming other than a finish for the bottom of the sleeves, or bands at the sides as shown on Fig. 1, and silk and some of the heavier goods are most effective without any. This will be an excellent design for a spring costume, and also for the lighter woolens and silks suitable for warm weather. For further particulars about the pattern, see page 262.



Directoire Costumes.

MERLIN REDINGOTE.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.

THE most fashionable *boutonnière* for a gentleman to wear, is a cluster of about twenty-five violets.

A CAPE ulster with full sleeves is the correct outer garment for gentlemen's evening costume.

DRESS gloves for gentlemen are either white, cream or pearl color, embroidered either in black or with self-stitching.

Francene Tea-Gown.

PEARL-GRAY cashmere, ruby velvet, and pink surah are combined in this stylish gown, which, though elaborate in effect, is yet quite simple in arrangement. The back is a plain waist to which the skirt is sewed in gathers; the broad belt crosses the back, being passed through the side seams, and has a sash at each side; and the outer fronts are slightly full. The yoke, belt, sashes, cuffs, and Medici collar are of velvet, and the remainder of cashmere, embroidered around the bottom with rose-color and silver tinsel. The inner waist and petticoat are of the surah, the latter tucked at the bottom, and the waist crossed in kerchief style over a plain lining. The pattern of the inner waist is cut high in the neck, and for those who prefer a less dressy style, the Medici collar can be omitted and a plain standing one of velvet substituted, and the upper part of the under-waist faced with velvet; or it can be made still simpler by the omission of the full pieces.

The design is suitable for all materials appropriate for



Francene Tea-Gown.

house dresses, even washable goods; and those who make their summer dresses during the Lenten season, will find this an excellent model for India silk, or even for satine or other fine cotton goods. A combination of colors or fabrics is most effective, but velvet is not essential for the accessories. Particulars about the pattern are given on page 262.

Breton Jacket.

MADE in heavy cloth or velvet, brown, blue, green, or red, with the vest of light-colored cloth, beige, tan, or chamois color, this is an especially becoming garment. The vest may be plain or embroidered, but the embroidery on the vest and the arrangement of silver, gold, or pearl sequins, as illustrated, are the distinctive features of the style. The illustration represents brown velvet for the jacket, chamois-colored cloth for the vest and cuffs, embroidered with brown and gold, and gold buttons and sequins. The hat is a



Breton Jacket.



Young Ladies' Evening Toilets.

EMPIRE WAIST.—LYDIE BASQUE. GORED SKIRT.

chamois-colored felt, trimmed with brown and chamois-colored ostrich-plumes and brown wings.

The model is tight-fitting, perfectly plain in the back with a lap at the middle seam, and is suitably made in medium, and even quite light weight goods, and will be very desirable for the coming season. For particulars regarding the pattern, see page 262.

Young Ladies' Evening Toilets.

FIG. 1.—An Empire gown, a style of toilet extremely popular with young ladies, and very becoming. Any young lady can make a costume of this kind in a few hours, and of the most inexpensive materials, and yet appear at the evening's entertainment attired in the height of fashion. The simpler the goods the more stylish the toilet; and no jewelry is required with it. The skirt is made of five straight breadths of goods of the ordinary width, gathered at the top and sewed to the waist with only sufficient fullness in front to make it hang well. The waist is made over a plain

lining, and is fastened in the back. The design is especially suitable for simple materials, cashmere, nuns'-veiling, and similar soft woolens, nainsock, mull, and other muslins without dressing, India surah, and other light qualities of silk. A contrast in color is admissible for the sash and ruching; but the skirt is most frequently finished with a broad hem and tucks (the ruching, of course being omitted), in which case it is mounted with a little more fullness in the front. Further suggestions about modifications of Empire dresses will be found in "Review of Fashions," on page 253.

This illustration represents it

this is an embroidered flounce, which is gathered quite full across the back and sides, and tucked in front to about one-third its depth; and over this again are four sashes made of *peau de soie* doubled to about nine inches in width, those at the sides measuring two yards in length, the quantity beyond

the length of the skirt forming the loop, and those in the back measuring about a quarter of a yard less. At the top the sashes are plaited, and extend only to the front seams of the side gores.

The basque—the "Lydie"—is very short and perfectly plain in the back, and is of *peau de soie*, the inner fronts covered with embroidered muslin arranged in surplice style above a broad belt of *peau de soie*, and the short puffed sleeves are also of the muslin, finished with a band and bow of white ribbon. Gloves or lace mitts of a very pale Suède tint, and hose and slippers of the same shade, complete the toilet. The pattern for the inner fronts is cut high in the neck, and a standing collar can be added; coat-sleeves can also be substituted for the short sleeves. See page 262 for particulars about the basque pattern.

FINGER rings set in Marquise effect with several different stones are liked.

A STRING of perfectly matched pearls, iridescent or pure white, is often preferred to a diamond necklace.



TOILET ACCESSORIES.

No. 1.—This shows a charming mode of adding ornamentation to a dark dress, for evening wear. The drapery is of white lace net or *crêpe de Chine* arranged in surplice style on the front of the waist, with rows of pale pink ribbon run across at intervals, through openings. The sleeves are full, and trimmed below the elbows with bands and bows of pink ribbon, like those on the shoulders. The sleeves of the dress may be taken out, or the lace put on over, as preferred. Black or white lace net, *point d'esprit*, tulle, *crêpe*, or any soft material may be used, with any colored ribbon preferred.

No. 2.—This pretty collar of plaited cream-colored *crêpe* may be worn with any costume. It is simply a strip of hemmed *crêpe* graduated in width and plaited on a band the size of the neck. Collars made in this style of plainly

hemmed white lawn are very popular for house wear, for ladies, misses, and little girls.

No. 3.—Ribbon garniture for a cashmere dress or one of similar material. The five straps of Empire-green ribbon are fastened at the side seams of the waist on either side, and the ends of one side secured to the middle of the front. The bows are made up and attached to the ends from the other side, and fastened to the dress with hooks and loops; or they may be pinned in place if the garniture is only temporary. Ribbons to match the dress or a pretty contrast may be used.

No. 4.—Plastron and collar of white satin ribbon and Fedora lace. The ribbon is arranged in fine plaits on a backing of white crinoline cut in V shape, and the lace edging put on rather scantily around it. Bows of wider ribbon

than that used on the plastron are fastened at the point and below the bust.

No. 5.—Veil of crimson gauze with chenille spots. It is a straight veil three yards long, completely covering the face, drawn up, crossed at the back, and brought around in front to tie under the chin. Black lace veils in this style are very fashionable.

No. 6.—Plastron made of black English *crêpe* and *crêpe* embroidered with mat jet beads. The embroidery is arranged on a V-shape of black crinoline around a drapery of plain English *crêpe* simulating a guimpe. The high collar is of the embroidery.

No. 7.—The "Hading" veil of black Chantilly veiling lace. About one yard of lace is required for this veil, which is worn loosely over the face and drawn up at the back so it catches over the chin.

No. 8.—Plastron and collar of gold lace embroidered with pale blue chenille. The plastron center is a V-shaped piece of gilt tinsel net, edged with the embroidered lace.

Dainty Underwear.

WITH the Empire gowns now so fashionable, soft undergarments are absolutely necessary, so that the required smoothness of flow shall be unbroken by one stiff plait or fold of heavy muslin or starched cambric. The new Japanese *crêpe* is fast superseding the soft India silk, which is, however, still popular. These materials are made up in entire sets, all of one color—pale gray, *ciel* blue, old rose, golden tan-color, green, cream, old-gold, white, and black, trimmed lavishly—in some cases fairly smothered in laces and needle-work.

The vest is of knitted or woven silk to match, and is either drawn up around the neck with the ribbon run in at the top, when worn with a high dress, or loosened to fall around the shoulders when worn with a *décolleté* gown.

The monogram or initials of the wearer are worked in long slender letters on the upper left-hand side of the silk or *crêpe* chemise. Often the possessor of several of these suits varies them by wearing a combination of colors, as pale green or tan with rose, blue, or cream, or black with any of the colors first named.

The expense of these garments puts them out of the reach of many, who are thus necessarily satisfied with fine percale and cambric, daintily made and trimmed with Smyrna and Torchon laces, and susceptible of frequent renovation in the laundry. With these are worn vests of woven wool in delicate or bright colors, fine and soft as any fabric need to be.

Fashionable Shoes.

THE most stylish walking-boots for ladies' winter wear are of fine calf-skin made with very stout soles, low heels, and slightly pointed patent-leather tips. The only ornamental part of the shoes is the "broguing," or little holes which are cut in the leather near the seam.

Ladies who wish a lighter foot-gear, select kid morocco boots with heavy soles and patent-leather tips. Gaiters of cloth, either to match the costume or wrap, or of black-and-white check, are sometimes worn with these shoes.

For house and evening wear, slippers and slipper-ties are of Suède kid with very low Louis Quinze heels, which are usually black. All shades of color are obtainable in these undressed kid slippers to match evening costumes, as it is now the fashion to do. Sometimes the kid slipper is trimmed in rows across the vamp with narrow gros-grain ribbon of the same color. Tiny buckles of steel or silver

are worn on some slippers, and on the slipper-ties, large, Pompadour buckles of old silver are very handsome.

Russet or Suède-colored shoes are sometimes worn in preference to those to match the dress, and with white, shoes of any color to accord with the other colors used, if any, or, if not, the choice is simply a matter of fancy.

For negligé wear, slippers without heels, silk-lined, and with a rolled top trimmed with black velvet in Venetian style, are liked. There are also Suède slippers with pointed Chinese toes, and the favorite red morocco mules, or slippers without heel-counters, which never go out of style.

Children's shoes are in similar styles, but are made with spring heels, which are only "lifts" instead of the real heels.

Slippers for dancing are precisely similar to those worn by older ladies, and the little girls and misses have their kid shoes or slippers selected of the same color as their dresses, if possible. If not, bronze kid boots or slippers are worn, or pale tan-colored Suède.

Fancy Costumes.

(See Page 261.)

FIG. 1.—OFFICER'S UNIFORM OF THE LAST CENTURY.—Blue cloth coat with yellow facings and cuffs, and brass buttons. White cloth waistcoat and knee-breeches. Black, three-cornered hat, and powdered wig with black ribbon bow. Black silk stockings and low shoes.

FIG. 2.—CLOWN.—Dress of black with pearl-gray spots, alternated with rose-color spotted with white. The material may be silk or wool figured, or the spots can be sewed or pasted on. Wig of white cotton with black spots and quills. Long black kid gloves, and high white kid boots. Black-and-white mask.

FIG. 3.—VENETIAN LADY.—Trained full skirt of white-and-gold brocade, with bodice of the same cut square in the neck and finished with a standing frill of lace and a band of maroon plush. The sleeves are puffed to the elbows, with deep cuffs of maroon plush. The hair is dressed high with a wreath of roses around the crown.

FIG. 4.—FOOL OR JESTER.—Long, tight-fitting coat of silk or cretonne, one-half rose-color and the other green. The sleeves, stockings, shoes, and cap are half green and half rose-color. Small brass bells are hung from the points on the coat and cap.

FIG. 5.—ROMEO.—Flesh-colored or pink silk tights, and crimson velvet *pourpoint* trimmed with white swan's-down. The puffed sleeves and gathered chemisette are of white surah. The hair is loosely curled, and the cap is of purple velvet edged with swan's-down and trimmed with heron feathers. Cloak of lavender satin, sword and gilt sword-belt. The shoes may be of white or pink kid or satin.

FIG. 6.—COURT-DRESS OF THE 17TH CENTURY.—Short-waisted bodice and full skirt of white satin, with puffed sleeves and wired satin ruff. Long white gloves, and white satin bag with crimson velvet strings. The hair is rolled high over a cushion, and powdered. This costume, as well as that of the Venetian lady, may be worn by either a lady or a little girl.

FIG. 7.—PILGRIM (FROM THE CANTERBURY TALES).—The cowl and gown are of white serge, gathered up around the waist with red silk cords. Staff and scallop shell.

FIG. 8.—MAGPIE.—Short gored skirt of black-and-white striped silk, with overdress of black. A stuffed magpie is mounted as a head-dress, and another placed on the left shoulder. Black stockings and white shoes. One white glove and one black.

FIG. 9.—SOUBRETTE.—Surplice waist and full skirt of blue-and-white striped satine or cambric. White silk bib

apron, trimmed with bands of blue ribbon and bows. Black stockings and shoes. White muslin cap trimmed with lace.

FIG. 10.—PAGE.—This dress is very suitable for a young boy. The jacket is of blue brocaded silk, with a white vest and full sleeves of plain blue. The knee-breeches are of olive-green silk tied at the knees with ribbons to match. Hat of olive-green plush, with two heron feathers.

FIG. 11.—MERCURY.—A costume suitable for either a boy or girl. The tunic is of white cashmere with gilt stripes, and the stockings are striped with gilt also. The sandals have white wings affixed, and the cap (called "petasus," in Greek) is of white silk with a gilt band and wings. Wings are fastened to the shoulders also.

FIG. 12.—FANCY DRESS OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.—The skirt of striped green-and-gold brocade, the green stripes brocaded in a fine *jardinière* pattern, is made with a Spanish founce set on in clusters of gathers. The bodice is pointed back and front, with very bouffant paniers of Empire-green silk. A bertha of white silk edged with white lace finishes the neck, and a fall of lace trims the elbow sleeves. Broad-brimmed straw hat, faced with green satin and trimmed with shaded lilac ostrich-feathers. Black stockings, and yellow satin slippers.

Miss's Directoire Costume.

(See Page 260.)

THIS quaint and becoming costume, suitable for a miss of fourteen or sixteen years, is composed of a "Directoire" redingote of bronze-green cloth worn over a skirt of cream-colored cloth embroidered in dull greens, browns, and gold-color. The vest is of cream-colored cloth, the plaited ceinture and sash are of bronze-brown faille, the latter made of half a width doubled. Faille is used also for the revers, cuffs, and cravat, the latter being edged with deep, cream-colored lace. The vest is of cream-colored cloth fastened with ivory buttons, and larger buttons of the same kind ornament the cuffs, waist, and back.

The design is especially desirable for a combination of colors and fabrics, as any of the seasonable woolens for the coat, with velvet or plush for the skirt, vest, and smaller accessories; but it is quite appropriately made in simple goods, and with slight modifications, as the omission of the ceinture and sash, and the substitution of a simpler bow or a pin for the cravat, is appropriate for quite practical uses. It is very stylish with the coat and skirt of the same material, cloth, for example, with braiding or rows of braid on the skirt, revers, and cuffs, and a plain ceinture, braided, instead of the plaited one.

For spring, it can be made up very effectively in light quality woolens, the skirt, vest, and accessories of the same goods or silk. We do not furnish a pattern of the skirt, which is composed of a slightly gored front, a side gore on each side, and a scant back breadth. For particulars regarding the redingote, see page 262.

Rosara Dress.

(See Page 260.)

THE extreme simplicity of this design makes it desirable for the least expensive goods, and yet it is a favorite model for dresses of surah and the soft woolen fabrics that are popular for children's dressy wear. The waist is slightly full back and front, but is made over a plain lining that might serve as a model for the outside material as well, if a plain waist be preferred to the full one. The sash can be of ribbon or a breadth of soft silk. The collar and cuffs should be of white lawn laid in very fine plaits. See page 262 for further particulars about the pattern.



Madeline Polonaise.

Clotilde Tea-Gown.



Lady's Petticoat.



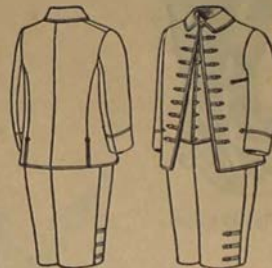
Mercedita Basque.



Pet Cap.



Agatha Corset-Cover.



Leon Suit.



Infant's Yoke Slip.



Bertha Apron.



Hilda Dress.



Florence Coat.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 262.

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.

Liliah Dress.

A GRACEFUL little dress made in cream-white cashmere trimmed with Irish crocheted lace down the fronts and on the collar and cuffs, and completed by a sash of ruby surah, which crosses the front and is passed through the side seams (thus leaving the outer fronts to fall loosely), and tied in a large bow at the back. The waist is fastened down the back with buttons, and is quite plain; and the skirt is sewed to it in box-plaits. In front, the plaits impart a surplice effect to the waist, and the skirt is gathered. The outer fronts can easily be omitted, thus simplifying the design; and it can be made still simpler, and rendered suitable for the most practical uses, by also leaving



Liliah Dress.



Rosara Dress.
(See Page 259.)

off the surplice plaiting from the front of the waist. It is a good design for woollens, and will be especially desirable for next spring and summer. See page 262 for directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

Russian Cloak.

It would be difficult to devise a more comfortable garment for winter than the

"Russian" cloak. It is an almost tight-fitting redingote with coat sleeves, to which are added loose over-fronts which are continued over the shoulders to the side-form seams, and reach to the bottom of the skirt. The requisite fullness is contributed by plaits let in the back and side-form seams. The illustration represents heavy woolen cloth plaided in several shades of brown, the over-fronts lined with red surah. The hat is of brown felt trimmed with brown velvet and ostrich feathers.

The model is quite as suitable for light-weight cloth, and the garment is complete without the over-fronts; or the over-fronts can be retained and the coat-sleeves omitted. For sizes fur-



Russian Cloak.



Miss's Directoire Costume.
(See Page 259.)

nished, and directions about the pattern, see page 262.

VIOLETS are the favorite flowers for ladies' wear on the street.

SMALL silver bowls, each filled with a different color of roses, are used for table decoration.

FOUR-IN-HAND scarfs are likely to be even more fashionable than the puff scarf young men have been wearing so much of late.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10

11



12

FANCY COSTUMES.
(See Page 258.)

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.

MERLIN REDINGOTE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Inner front, waistcoat, outer front, side form, back, revers, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches in the front and bottom of the waistcoat indicate the middle, and show how far the fronts are to be lapped. The rows of holes in the revers show where it is to be cut off to use on the outer front, if preferred, as suggested in the description of the "Directoire Costumes." The extensions at the side-form seam are to be joined, and then laid, on the inside, in two plaits turned toward the front, and one toward the back. The skirt is to be closed down the middle of the back, and the extra width at the middle seam laid in a double box-plait on the inside. A medium size will require ten yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the redingote, and one yard and a half of different goods for the waistcoat and revers. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

FRANCENE TEA-GOWN.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Inner front, surplice front, outer front, yoke, side form, back, half of skirt for back, two collars, sleeve, cuff, and half of skirt for front. The row of holes in the inner front indicate where it can be cut off for the open neck. The surplice front is to be gathered at the shoulder and lower edge, forward of the holes, all the fullness at the bottom to be lapped to the opposite side. The belt can be from three to five inches wide, and is to be passed through the gore seam in the outer front; the sashes are to be sewed to the belt, just back of this seam. The outer front is to be gathered at the top and joined to the yoke. The skirt for the back is to be gathered and sewed to the back pieces and side forms of the waist. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The skirt for the front is to have a side-plait laid on each side of the middle. For a medium size, eight yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the gown, three yards for the surplice front and skirt for front, and two yards of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BRETON JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches in the top and bottom of the vest indicate the middle, and show how far the fronts are to be lapped. The right side of the vest is to be cut like the pattern given, and the left side is to be cut off in a line with the notches which indicate the middle. The standing collar is to be sewed to the wide side of the vest, and tacked inside the neck of the jacket. A medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the jacket, or one yard and a quarter of forty-eight inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard additional for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LYDIE BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Inner front, surplice front, outer front, side gore, side form, back, sleeve, and band for sleeve. The inner front can be cut off in a line with the row of holes if a low neck be desired. The surplice front is to be gathered top and bottom, and lapped at the bottom far enough to make the opening at the top of the desired depth. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. Directions about the skirt are given in the description of "Young Ladies' Evening Toilets." For a medium size of the basque, one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, and one yard additional for the surplice fronts. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

EMPIRE WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back of lining, and full front, full back, sleeve, and band for sleeve. The full outer front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the hole near each edge, and the full back, back of the holes near the top and bottom; and drawn in so that the notches will match those in the lining. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The skirt is made of five breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide, and will require five and a half yards of goods, without hem or tucks, and two yards extra for ruching if it be used. One yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the waist. Pattern of waist in sizes for 34 and 36 inches bust measure.

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.

DIRECTOIRE REDINGOTE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Inner front, outer front, revers, side gore and side form in one piece, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The extension on the front of the side gore is to be laid in a side plait on the inside, turned toward the back. The extension on the back of the side form is to be laid in two side-plaits on the inside, turned toward the front. The extension on the front of the back piece is to be laid in one side-plait on the inside, turned toward the back. The back is to be closed down the middle, and the extra width is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes. The size for fourteen years will require five and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

RUSSIAN CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side form, back, outer front or shoulder-piece, two collars, and two sides of the sleeve. The shoulder-piece is to be carried down the back in a line with the row of holes as far as the extensions, and below this is to follow the side-form seam. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be joined

and then laid in a box-plait on the inside. The cloak is to be closed down the back, and the extra fullness is to be laid in a double box-plait on the inside. The size for fourteen years will require five and one-half yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

LILIAN DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Inner front, surplice front, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, sleeve, cuff, and one half of the skirt. The surplice front is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the front. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The extension on the outer front is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside, and the back edge of this piece is to be tacked to the skirt, so that the clusters of holes will match. The skirt is to be laid in box-plaits at the sides and back, and gathered in front. The sash is to be placed across the surplice front, and passed through the front side-gore seams of the waist. The size for eight years will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

ROSARA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Inner and outer front, inner and outer back, sleeve, and one half of the skirt. The outer front and back pieces are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered, and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for six years will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

MERCEDITA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, plaiting for front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, two pieces of the cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The plaiting on the front can be fastened down the middle or on one side. The side form and back seams are to be closed only as far down as the notches. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and seven-eighths of a yard of crape. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CLOTILDE TEA-GOWN.—Half of the pattern is given in 15 pieces: Under front, belt, full vest, outer front, revers, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Gather the full vest top and bottom, and join to the waist according to the notches. Lay the fullness at the back seams in box-plaits on the inside. A medium size will require eight and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of lace for the full vest. Three breadths of goods, or one yard and a half of lace flouncing will be required for a flounce on the foundation skirt. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

MADLINE POLONAISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, front drapery, and one-half of the back drapery. The revers on the basque is to be placed to the row of holes in the front. The front edge of the front drapery is to be turned over on the outside in a line with the holes, and the top is to be sewed to a belt and tacked inside to the basque seams. The back drapery is to be laid in plaits in the middle, near the top. The top edge is to be gathered all across, drawn into the smallest possible space, turned toward the middle so that it can be covered by a knot of the goods to give the effect of a bow, and then tacked to the back seam of the basque about two inches below the waist line. The cluster of holes near the front edge of the back drapery is to be matched with the cluster in the front drapery, to form the looping at the side. A medium size will require eight and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard of contrasting goods for the collar, cuffs, and plaited vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LADY'S PETTICOAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Half of front, side gore, half of back, half of flounce, and yoke. If the flounce is not desired at the back, cut the back breadth straight down to the required length. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

AGATHA CORSET COVER.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back. The holes in the front indicate the outline for the trimming. A medium size will require one yard and one-half of muslin. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

HILDA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Back and front of lining, back and front of outer part, yoke, collar, belt, cuff, and sleeve for waist; and one-half of the skirt. Lay the top of the outer front and back pieces in plaits, as indicated, fasten the plaits as far down as the lower row of holes, gather at the bottom, and join to the lining according to the notches. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. Gather the skirt, and sew to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. Place the belt over the joining. The size for six years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two yards of velvet, including the sash. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

BERTHA APRON.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, back, and skirt piece. Lay the front in five box-plaits as indicated. Gather the top of the skirt piece. The size for eight years will require three yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide, and four yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

PET CAP.—The pattern consists of 2 pieces: One side, and the entire crown. The size for four years will require three-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

FLORENCE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, back, hood, collar, two sides of the sleeve, and two pieces of the skirt. The front can be made single breasted by cutting it off in a line with the notches at top and bottom. Lay two plaits, turned toward the back, in the top of the front piece for the skirt. Gather the top of the back piece of the skirt, sew it in a reversed manner to the back piece in a line with the lower row of holes, and then turn it downward and tack it to the lower edge of the back piece. The hood is to be turned up in a line with the row of holes. The size for ten years will require two and one-quarter yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

LEON SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve of the jacket; front and back of vest; and three pieces of the trousers. The size for eight years will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

INFANT'S YOKE SLIP.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, and two sides of the sleeve. Two and one-eighth yards of yard-wide goods will be required, not allowing for tucks.

Mrs. Jennie E. Sibley,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA.

FRRIEND who entertained Mrs. Sibley at the late Annual Convention of the State W. C. T. U., at Atlanta, attended such a convention then for the first time, and became so much interested in the enthusiasm of these gentle ladies that she has since been taunted as a "turncoat." She writes enthusiastically herself of the winning soul whose influence brought her within the charmed circle:

"Chief among those who interested me was my old-time friend and school-mate, Jennie Thomas, now Mrs. W. C. Sibley. As I sat there looking at the white-haired dignified woman presiding with such grace and earnestness over that body of Christian workers, and recalled the time of her fun-loving, mirth-provoking girlhood,—the 'wag' of the school, the heroine of the play-ground, the favorite of the scholars, and withal the 'wildest' girl in town,—I could scarcely believe my eyes in attempting to reconcile the two."

This 'rollicking school-girlhood' was rapidly succeeded by a gay and happy young-womanhood, belle-ship, beaux, and marriage. The large and brilliant wedding was coincident with Lincoln's presidential election, and "secession badges" made their appearance in that vicinity for the first time. Her father, Judge Thomas, being one of the leading public men of Columbus and the State, the company there assembled represented what was most influential in social and political life; consequently with all the wedding festivities was mingled an undertone of prophetic possibilities whispering of a nation's war and a nation's woe, that were, alas! terribly verified.

The war following closely upon her marriage, she accompanied her soldier husband to the camp whenever she could. Then came peace and a removal of residence from Augusta, Georgia, to New Orleans, Louisiana. Wealth came quickly, only to be followed by misfortune and a noble effort to pay enormous debts.

They removed again to Georgia, and became established

in the manufacturing business, Mr. Sibley being president of two large cotton factories, one in Georgia, and another in South Carolina. Wealth flowed apace, and with it the disposition to dispense it liberally. There is a well-ordered household, an elegant, hospitable home, popularity unbounded, a delicate and all-embracing sympathy, and a purse open to the needy.

At one time when there was great stagnation in business throughout the country, and factories were closed, and there was much suffering among the poor, Mrs. Sibley with her pastor's wife canvassed the city of Augusta for provisions, clothing, medicine, and money for their relief. For two months or more they were the almoners of this public bounty, going about from house to house in the performance of this noble work.

At another time, when her church was embarrassed with a large debt, and the trustees were about to issue bonds to be paid in twenty years, she with another lady succeeded, by their individual personal appeals to the members of the church and congregation, in raising the money and liquidating the debt.

Her good works and this willingness to help in all benevolent and philanthropic enterprises have brought honor in various ways. She is President of the Ladies' Aid Society to the public library, and a Director in the Home for Unfortunate Women. Public testimonials have been given her, and a lodge of Good Templars in Augusta is named for her the "Sibley Lodge." In many



MRS. JENNIE E. SIBLEY.

other ways she is recognized as—

"A woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

But she regards her temperance work as her life-mission, in which she can best serve her home, her God, and her country. She entered this work under Miss Willard, during her Southern organizing tour in 1881. She attended her lecture under a special protest against "female lecturers," and with a conviction of the shameful and sinful nature of its being in a church; and she came away the President of the Augusta W. C. T. U., to which office she has been re-elected annually ever since. From that time on she has been a staunch and true lover of the cause she believes to

be so needful, and from which she hopes so much. She works against great opposition, prejudice, and difficulty, yet allowing nothing to daunt her purpose. And notwithstanding she has fought some of her bravest battles with the press, she has since received her highest and kindest words of praise from those who were then her opponents.

At the first Convention of the State W. C. T. U., in Atlanta, in 1882, she was elected State President, and each successive year this office has been returned to her; and she with her brave sisters have helped to elevate the W. C. T. U. till it has become a recognized power in the land. She goes before legislatures and other influential bodies, she gets numerous testimonies to her effectiveness and queenly bearing, and, what is more, she wins victories for the cause, and future generations will rise up and call her memory blessed. Her husband, Mr. Wm. C. Sibley, a native of Augusta, and a leading man of the city and the State, is his wife's strongest coadjutor in her temperance work. He is a Prohibitionist, and their home is the headquarters for temperance workers. Governor St. John, Prof. Hopkins, and other noted workers have been among their guests.

They have seven children, five splendid sons, all enthusiastic for temperance, and all members of the church. They are rising up to honor their parents and to continue the grand work so nobly begun.

JULIA COLMAN.

The Diabolism of a License.

A TREASONABLE CONSPIRACY UNMASKED.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

A LARGE number of reputable men, including many ministers and members in good standing in the Christian Church, and a clique of well-known politicians have entered into a treasonable conspiracy with the Liquor Dealers, Brewers, and Distillers, by legal sanction to poison millions of people and kill over fifty thousand each year, for a fee for the privilege.

The higher the fee the greater the monopoly; our religion, our homes, and our country are in danger. Patriots, arouse!

The only way to defeat this treasonable license conspiracy is by entire Prohibition of the Saloon!

A License does *not* give protection from the Saloon.
But it *does* protect and tends to perpetuate the Saloon.

A License does *not* restrict the amount of liquid poison sold.

But it *does* give a monopoly and legal sanction to the business of selling the poison, and in this way increases consumption.

A License is *not* the enemy of the Saloon.
But a License *is* the enemy of the homes of the people.

A License *is* often defended by the Church.
But the Church is *not* befriended by the Saloon.

This License is anti-American, anti-Republican, anti-Democratic, and anti-Christian, and is compounded of delusion, treachery, violence, and legalized duplicity fortified by cupidity.

But Prohibition justifies and confirms our claim to be a government of the people, for the people, for their mutual

security and protection from its enemies, especially its greatest enemy, the Saloon.

A License is a traitorous concession to an unscrupulous banditti to run amuck through the homes of the people, causing crime and desolation.

But Prohibition says, "No!" to these piratical fiends, and turns on them the condemnation and indignation of an outraged people, through the virtue of law enacted for that purpose.

A License is the concentrated essence of cupidity, treason, and hypocrisy, now unmasked and made plain to the public gaze, except to those who will not see.

But Prohibition offers, as a new revelation to those whose minds are open to reason, the pure light of heaven, that leads to the security of homes from the ravages of the Saloon, through the operation of just law.

A License puts the votes of the people into the power of the Saloon through the sanction of law.

But Prohibition protects the votes of the people by destroying the Saloon by law.

A License promotes idleness, and is a prodigal waste of the people's industry by the toleration and sanction of an exhilarating, fascinating poison, that weakens and destroys both the will and ability to work and to win.

But Prohibition insures successful employment by destroying the temptations to dissipation, and inspiring a thrift which leads to prosperity and to a higher civilization.

A License creates a grasping monopoly of unscrupulous men combined on a large scale to attract the people through costly and fascinating allurements into their dens of pollution and maelstroms of death and destruction.

But Prohibition knows only one effective method to restrict and destroy this terrible monopoly of abomination—Extermination.

A License is a wholesale permit establishing special resorts for corrupting politics by concentrating a horde of mercenary tramps waiting for bribes, and also attracting hangers-on for political chicanery.

But Prohibition effectively and permanently disperses this rabble, and purifies the political atmosphere by appeals to the patriotism and magnanimity of the people to combine to destroy the Saloon, for their mutual welfare and security.

A License is created by the sanction of individual votes, therefore each individual voter is personally responsible for the criminal results that follow the sanction of the Saloon.

But Prohibition releases the voter from this responsibility when his individual protest, personifying his moral courage, is put in the ballot-box.

A License is an insidious and traitorous method to break down the barriers of virtue and law, that centuries of the good impulses of the people have set up to save them from the cupidity of unscrupulous men.

But Prohibition, by just and righteous law, redeems our country from the grasping power of these enemies, the Liquor Dealers, who, like roaring lions, are constantly seeking whom they may devour.

A License, by appeals to the cupidity and selfishness of the people, is a screen to the heinous character of the Saloon, seeking to justify and cover up its ravages by giving it a legal sanction.

But Prohibition, by appeals to justice and humanity, seeks

to shield the people from the ravages of the Saloon by demanding and securing its entire destruction by law.

A License is a base, treacherous, cowardly compromise to put the whole people, with all their interests, in the power of their greatest enemy, the Saloon, for a money consideration.

But Prohibition, in order to secure liberty and justice to the people, knows no compromise with the Saloon but unconditional surrender.

A License manifests an utter insensibility to the tears and groans of a suffering humanity now cursed with alcoholic poison.

But Prohibition is the only method to secure relief from this flood of misery produced by this poisonous liquid.

A License is a delusive mask to cover up the moral deformity of a vicious, pernicious business.

But Prohibition uncovers this duplicity with the demand of just law to stem the flood of crime and pauperism caused by the Saloon.

A License is a delusive fraud, and has been used as an effectual barrier to the enactment of just and necessary law to destroy the great enemy of our homes, the Saloon.

But Prohibition sweeps all these barriers aside with its imperative demand for relief from the depredations of the Saloon, by the only method by which relief can be secured.

A License tends to make the conscience blind, deaf, and dumb to all moral questions, which is equivalent to saying all manhood is gone. In which case the man must have a resurrection of his conscience before he can see or know his duty on any moral question, more especially this question of alcoholic liquors.

But Prohibition is the radiating light of conscientious conviction, that awakens strong moral sentiments and quickens the sense of duty to see the truth and demand the annihilation of the greatest curse of our homes and country.

A License crushes all virtue and vitality out of religion by benumbing and destroying the conscience with the delusions of duplicity, cupidity, and insensibility.

But Prohibition is an active principle of justice, demanded alike by an active conscience, and by the best interests of the people for their security and protection from the temptations and ravages of the Saloon, and therefore promotes religious convictions of duty.

A License of an evil is the greatest enemy of religion, the antipodes of the demands of an intelligent conscience, and both cannot exist in or be tolerated by the same person at the same time.

But Prohibition is the acme of justice, demanded alike by moral sense, common sense, and Christian fidelity, and with which an enlightened conscience has no conflict.

A License, with traitorous sycophancy says, "Wait until all the people require the law of Prohibition, else we cannot enforce it."

But Prohibition justly as truthfully says, "If we wait until the law is wanted by all the people, no law will be necessary."

A License, on account of its benumbing influence on the conscience, is the greatest enemy of virtue and true religion.

But Prohibition, by its demand for conscientious sacrifice of appetites and old prejudices, awakens, fortifies, and establishes moral and religious convictions.

A License deludes the people with the fallacy that no other restriction of the Liquor Traffic is either necessary or possible.

But Prohibition carries the conviction that just law, to secure restriction, must and will have entire destruction of this monster enemy the Liquor Traffic.

A License, like a boa constrictor, covers its victims with the slime of cupidity and duplicity, so that they can the more easily be swallowed whole, and all the manhood and moral sense are absorbed out of them.

But Prohibition represents the majesty of law for the security and protection of individual liberty and the promotion and security of an advanced civilization.

A License is a subsidy to the breweries and distilleries, which helps to confirm and distribute their bonds so as to secure their permanent success through the personal interests of the people.

But Prohibition is the only enemy of the breweries, to depreciate the bonds and bring a monetary condemnation and disrepute on this business that destroys the homes of the people.

A License sanctioning and protecting the Liquor Traffic, on the pretense of restriction, is like the Devil quoting Scripture as an argument to justify his infernal work.

But Prohibition says, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and sends the Devil of Alcohol off into the infernal regions, where he belongs.

A License to justify liquor-selling could much more consistently justify other crimes in the community that are of much less injury to the people.

But Prohibition does not act on the principle of justifying any crime or wrong to the people by sanctioning it, especially by the bribery of a fee.

A License is a false flag of truce sent by the enemy of the homes and interests of the people to cheat them with a bribe, as a compromise for their treachery to save the Saloon.

But Prohibition makes the people aware of this deception, and arrays the friends of the home in a more determined attitude of opposition to this insidious, treasonable monster of death and destruction.

A License is a colossal swindle on the moral credulity of the people, which for its imbecility is only equalled by its fraudulent pretense of restriction.

But Prohibition is the acme of charitable enterprise and the higher wisdom that comes from above, to secure and protect the weak from insidious, temptations.

A License is opposed to all just law or equity, either human or divine.

But Prohibition is the essence of justice, put into law, to guard the homes and material interests of the people from the depredations of their worst enemy.

A License is a conspiracy of craven, cowardly traitors, who, through connivance with the appetites and selfishness of the people, protect and perpetuate the Saloon.

But Prohibition is a fair, open, determined enemy of the Saloon, and appeals to the magnanimity of the people for combination to annihilate it.

A License is a fallacious method to cheat and delude the people with the pretense of restriction, to cover up the fiendish nature of the Liquor Traffic.

But Prohibition is a simple method to not only restrict the traffic, but a just and necessary measure to destroy it altogether for the safety and security of the people.

A License is a subterfuge for the perfidious, wicked selfishness of those whose interests blind their vision to its enormity.

But Prohibition is a heroic, intelligent, self-sacrificing effort on the part of conscientious men to destroy the Saloon in order to save their country from the crime and misery it occasions.

A License is an insidious, deceptive misuse of the ordinary legal safeguards of virtue and morality, to justify criminal allurements to vice and immorality.

But Prohibition is an open, manly expression of respect for law, as a means to protect society from vice and crime.

A License both justifies and gives a monopoly for the sale of an alluring, fascinating liquid that inflames the passions and instigates nearly all the crime and misery that the world endures.

But Prohibition, by appeals to the nobler impulses of the people for the effective action and condemnation of law, saves the people from the accumulation of crime, misery, and death that the traffic always produces.

A License is a treasonable conspiracy on the part of politicians and some deluded and interested men, to destroy the homes of the people by a slow poison, for a fee paid in advance.

But Prohibition, through a party organized for that purpose, is the only way to prevent these monsters of perdition from carrying out their heinous work.

A License betrays labor, and protects its most destructive enemy—the Saloon.

But Prohibition protects labor from hard times, with a bright prospect for all departments of trade through the destruction of its vicious and most formidable enemy.

A License fails to protect the people from pauper immigration.

But Prohibition protects the interests of the people regarding both pauper and proper immigration.

A License is a permit and a monopoly to vicious men to poison and kill their victims, for a fee to be paid in advance as a bribe to the people for their sanction of its depredations.

But Prohibition denounces this blood-money project, and seeks to destroy the Saloon as the greatest enemy to the Church and to society.

A License benumbs conscience and demoralizes the people with delusive and fallacious arguments so as to justify the crime that the traffic inflicts on the community.

But Prohibition ennobles manhood with convictions of duty, and confirms sentiments of humanity through strong, inspiring, truthful statements of the necessity for destroying the traffic.

A License fee to bribe the people for their sanction of the Liquor Traffic, finds its counterpart in the bribery of the people by buying their votes.

But Prohibition repudiates and reprobates all election bribes and vote-buyers, as well as a bribe to the voters to sanction the Liquor Traffic, which is the greatest scandal now cursing our civilization.

A License, besides being a monopoly, is a compact and permit of toleration by the government to poison and kill its citizens with the sanction of law, for a fee, as an expedient to hoodwink and delude the people with the pretense of restriction.

But Prohibition discloses this hollow sham and hypocrisy, by showing that in giving the liquor dealers a monopoly,

they will congregate the drinkers in closer compact, with greater allurements to drink oftener than before, and thus destroy them with more efficacy.

A License is a wicked, selfish mockery of the tears and groans of agonized wives, mothers, and fathers, over the loss of husbands and sons through the alluring temptations of High-License, gilded saloons.

But Prohibition offers the best and only relief and security from the fascinating temptations of these dens of perdition that curse and destroy so many of the fairest, wisest, and best men.

A License is the crime of Judas re-enacted for about the same fee (more or less), and includes the same elements of moral treachery, the price of blood.

But Prohibition demands justice and security, and will have nothing less than the entire destruction of the most insidious foe and traitor to the people.

A License to murder the people with slow poison is the same thing, and no better or worse than to bribe men with the sanction of law to roam the sea with a piratical craft to mutilate and destroy all that come in their way.

But Prohibition would revoke these letters of marque, and clear the sea of all Saloon piracy.

A License is a legal sanction of the greatest Juggernaut of crime, misery, and pauperism, now cursing our country or ever known in history.

But Prohibition is the bright light of truth and duty that will scatter the clouds of selfish expediency that are used to cover the land with desolation.

A License in its selfish tendency is the blackness of darkness to curse the world with moral blindness, duplicity, crime, and anarchy.

But Prohibition is the angel of light come to bless the world with a grand and glorious revelation of a new and perfect way of salvation from the curse of the Saloon.

A License is a monster of hypocrisy, perfidy and cupidity, to cheat and delude the people, through legally sanctioned allurements, on to final perdition.

But Prohibition is the angel to roll away the stone for a new resurrection of a higher, nobler, moral life, and material prosperity.

A License dignifies the crime of liquor-selling with a legal sanction, and in this way clothes the nefarious business in a garb of sanctity and respectability.

But Prohibition outlaws this corrupting, crime-producing business, and sends it where it belongs, into the realm of disgrace and annihilation.

A License is wholesale, legal complicity with a large proportion of all crimes and outrages committed in the community.

But Prohibition provides for the safety of the people by protecting their lives and property from the ravages of the Saloon through just and effective law.

A License justifies and protects the most heinous legal wrong against God, Home, and Humanity, and whose whole tendency is to curse the world with crime, disease, misery, and pauperism.

But Prohibition is the acme of justice, blessing the world with truth, liberty, security, and good-will to the people.

A License is an unnecessary and vicious consent to sanction a hideous evil without any compensating advantages.

But Prohibition reprobates this terrible wrong, and offers the only method for its entire destruction.

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.

Correspondence Club.

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

DEAR DEMOREST.—I was much interested in Mrs. R. V. C.'s letter in the 'Correspondence Club' of your December number. Having been for some years an instructor in an academy for young ladies, I naturally take an interest in the subject on which she asks for advice; namely, the advisability of sending her girls away from home to complete their education. I have no daughters of my own, for I am a member of the 'single sisterhood'; but I feel tempted to offer my opinions and suggestions on the matter, for my experience in educating and training young girls has led me to see the many-sidedness of the question, and to formulate some ideas of my own about home training and influence.

It does not very often happen that the daughters of other than well-to-do families have the opportunity of 'going to boarding-school,' unless by some great self-sacrifice on the part of parents or guardians; and in the latter case it is generally because the girl has developed special talents which cannot be cultivated elsewhere, that such a sacrifice is made. In such an instance the result frequently justifies the effort. But whether the girls who can have governesses and instructors at home are benefited by an education, or a completion—so-called—of their education, at boarding-school, is another matter.

There is an atmosphere of adulation, often unconsciously created, and as unconsciously felt, around the home-life of many girls, from which, in my opinion, it is good for them to be removed for a time before their character is entirely formed. It does not necessarily follow that the girl is 'spoiled' or too much indulged by in judicious petting or flatteries, but the eldest daughter is often the most 'advanced' personage in the household, especially where there are many children and the mother is greatly occupied with household cares. Such a position naturally gives the most unassuming of girls a secret consciousness of innate superiority, which is likely to develop into something more aggressive in time, or to render her unhappy from an inability to assimilate readily with other surroundings, or to become popular in society.

Unless she is sent to an ultra-fashionable boarding-school, much of this fancied superiority and unconscious vanity will suffer dissolution by contact with minds of similar or higher caliber. The miniature world of the school is a training for that sphere we call society, and the lessons of life learned there are so different from those of the home circle that they cannot fail to be salutary.

It also often seems like positive cruelty to send a sensitive, shrinking girl at her most susceptible age amidst total strangers, but it is often the

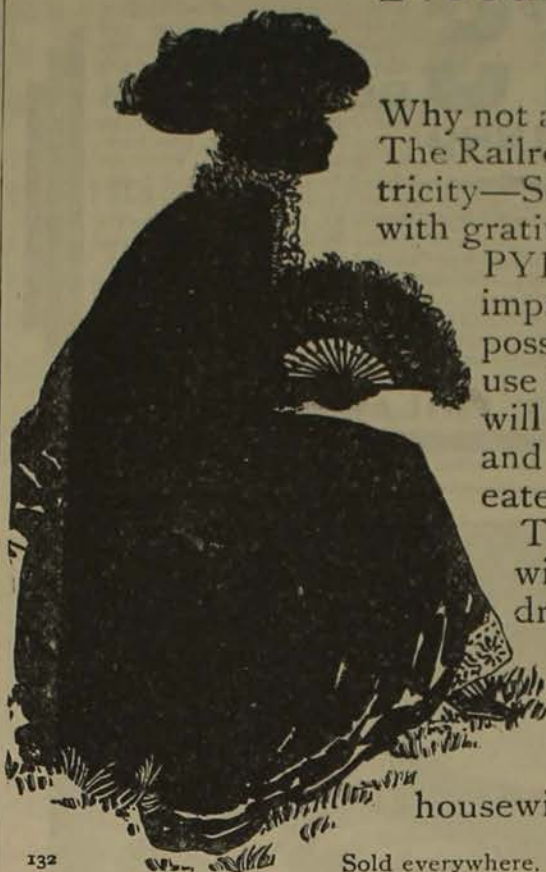
(Continued on page 268.)

Needs But a Moment's Thought.

Why not an improvement in the line of Soap? The Railroad—Telegraph—Telephone—Electricity—Sewing Machine, etc., are accepted with gratitude.

PLYLE'S PEARLINE is as great an improvement over soap as now seems possible. Millions realize this fact and use it. Let your servants use it—they will be better satisfied—so will you, and the clothes will not be rubbed, or eaten full of holes in the wash.

The woman who does her own work will welcome the saving of time and drudgery—fact is, a delicate woman can do a large wash—or clean house—with the aid of Pearline, work which otherwise would be utterly impossible. An economical, thrifty housewife must have PEARLINE.



132

Sold everywhere. Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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

HOUSES and COTTAGES.



New work. By author of Cottage Portfolio. Size 8 x 11 inches. Contains 33 designs of Dwellings. All new. Seven costing from \$300 to \$1000. Ten between \$1000 and \$2000, and up to \$15,000. With full descriptions. Price of material, etc., given, that estimates are made upon. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Parties not having Portfolio can have the two works for \$1.25.

Address D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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

AGONY! THE EASE!

USE THE OLD ST. CLASP OR HOW HORRIBLE

USE THE Q.D. CLASP. WHAT EASE & COMFORT.

TRIGORA CORSET WITH QUICK-DETACHABLE GLASS.

"IT RIDS WOMEN OF ONE OF THEIR MISERIES" JENNY JUNE

INSURES HEALTH AND COMFORT.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

SAMPLE PAIR FAMOUS TRIGORA CORSET ON BY MAIL FREE—RECEIPT OF \$1.50

J.G. FITZPATRICK & CO. 73, LEONARD ST. N.Y.

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

F. W. DEVOE & Co.

(Established 1852).

FULTON STREET,
Cor. William Street, NEW YORK,
MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent," or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

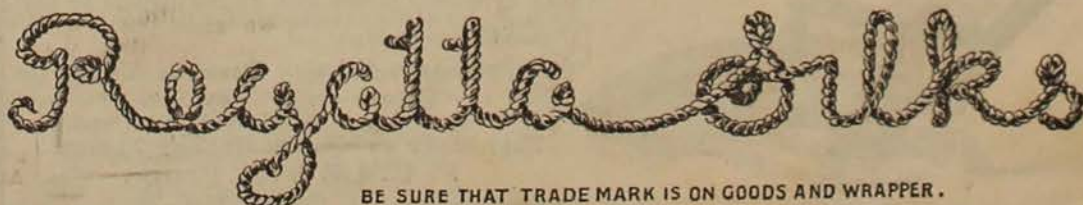
COFFIN, DEVOE & CO.,

176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

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

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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



BE SURE THAT TRADE MARK IS ON GOODS AND WRAPPER.

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.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1889

ENLARGED and IMPROVED.
A handsome book of 168 pages, hundreds of illustrations and beautiful colored plates, painted from nature; tells all about the **BEST SEEDS** including rare novelties of sterling merit—Bulbs, Plants, Thoroughbred Stock and Fancy Poultry.

THE BEST and MOST COMPLETE Catalogue published for the Garden and Farm. Mailed free to all customers; to others on receipt of 10 cts., which may be deducted from first order. (ten 2c. stamps) we will mail the FARM ANNUAL and one liberal packet each of Royal Prize, (Fancy, Show and Giant) Pansies, 15 magnificent named varieties, mixed, Eckford's New Sweet Peas, and our Fordhook Largest-flowered Phlox, OR one package each of New Greek Winter Onion, long keeper, delicate flavor, New Mid-Summer Lettuce of superb quality, and the new Matchless Tomato. Both Vegetables and Flowers, six grand varieties of unequal merit, mailed (with the Farm Annual) for 40 cents in stamps. We want everyone who orders our New Catalogue, also to try our Warranted SEEDS—Few equal—none better. IF YOU WANT MORE information, or have no stamps handy, then write for BURPEE'S SPECIAL LIST OF NOVELTIES, mailed FREE to any address, on Postal Card. Write Now!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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



THE AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST FREE SEED DISTRIBUTION

WORTH \$1.20, but greatest offer. The grand-est cheap at double our grand introductory pack. Our friends should make it 100,000 this season. READ what we give to every subscriber to our paper. 1 pkt. GREEN AND GOLD WATERMELON. Green without and Gold within. Grows very large and is sweet and luscious to surpass any melon you ever ate. Sells for double the price of ordinary melons. One melon will sell for 50c. 1 pkt. KING OF THE EARLIES TOMATO. The earliest in the world. Bears 6 to 12 large tomatoes in a cluster. Enormously productive. Bright red color and very solid. Worth \$10 to any market gardener. 1 pkt. EVERITT'S EARLIEST CABBAGE. Everybody wants it. Absolutely the earliest for home or market. Heads fine size, shape, and very solid. 1 pkt. BEST OF ALL BEANS. We brought this bean from Europe. Are very early, pods long, fleshy, succulent, stringless, tender, and rich flavor. Yield abundantly. We know every grower will think them worth 50c alone, and "the best of all." 1 pkt. EVERLASTING LETTUCE. Will stand almost through the summer without running to seed. Forms fine large handsome heads, crisp, tender, and of excellent flavor. 1 pkt. ASTONISHER CUCUMBER. This will astonish the natives by its immense productivity, fine size, form and quality. It has no superior. 1 pkt. MAMMOTH SANDWICH ISLAND SALSIFY (Oyster Plant). This does not grow real oysters, but the root when properly prepared is almost as good as the finest oysters. This variety has mammoth roots and should be in every garden. 1 pkt. MAPLEDALE PROLIFIC POP CORN. None other half-way equals this. Many stalks bear 18 ears each, and it will yield 5 times as much as an average crop. A dozen hills will yield a year's supply for an ordinary family. The seed we give will grow a crop worth \$3, and likely draw a premium at your fair. Boys and Girls accept our offer for this corn alone. It will pay. You get the Agricultural Epitomist a whole year and enough seed to plant a whole garden that will raise the finest, earliest and best vegetables you ever saw, all by mail, post paid, to any post-office in the world. No seedsman will sell the seeds alone for less than \$1.20 cash. Our paper has 35,000 subscribers already who live by it, farm by it, and love it. Many have said they could not keep house without it. It is the brightest, cheapest and best rural paper at 50c. Published monthly, but if we get 75,000 subscribers by next May 1st, we will thereafter publish it twice a month without any increase in price. We believe we will get the 75,000. We know we deserve them on our great offer. Send cash, money order, postal note or 1c stamps. HOW IT CAN BE DONE. We grow and sell seeds in immense quantities, and we give these seeds away to get people to try our seeds and to get their names so we can send them FREE our valuable Seed Catalogue. We depend on future trade for our profit. IF YOU HAVE NO GARDEN take our paper one year and send seeds to a friend and you will be amply repaid by a present from the choice products as they ripen. Yours Free! The more names the better. Send a club of 4 at 50 cents each and we will send you a present. **ORDER AT ONCE. YOUR PAPER AND SEEDS FREE.** ADDRESS **J. A. EVERITT & CO.,** Seedsmen & Publishers, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from page 267.)

only means of teaching her self-reliance, and the only possibility of her acquiring that mental poise which is often deficient in girls trained exclusively at home. I would not undervalue home influence, nor have it weakened; and if it is of the right sort, it cannot lose its power during the temporary absences of the school years.

"Yet there is one grave mistake sometimes made by parents anxious to secure for their children every good gift; that is, sending girls in delicate health, or of imperfect physical constitution, or too young, away from home. I wish all parents would or could appreciate the fact that physical culture is even of more importance than mental attainments, and that a healthy mental growth can hardly exist with ill health. Don't send your girls away from home unless they are in ordinary good health, would be my advice; but if they are perfectly well, and ambitious to learn, two or three years away from home, at a well-conducted school or academy, could hardly fail to benefit the majority of girls.

"Of course my remarks do not refer to the college education of women, which is a matter for still more serious consideration. If I have trespassed upon your patience, I must beg pardon and trust some of your correspondents will coincide with my views on the subject.

Sincerely yours,

ALIDA C.

We print Miss C.'s letter with pleasure, and feel that Mrs. R. V. C. will be gratified as well, coming as it does from one qualified to speak with authority on the subject. We would be pleased also to learn the views or experience of other of our readers on this important question.

"EDITOR'S WIFE."—You can drape your black silk with black Brussels net and trim it with black ribbon. This is newer than lace, and also rather more youthful in appearance. You could use colored ribbons on it for dressy occasions, and have black for ordinary wear. The Brussels net comes plain and in stripes, and black *point d'esprit* net is also used; but you will probably like the plain best. The bottom of the skirt is usually finished with a box-plaiting of net eight inches deep, and over this the net drapery falls in a full skirt draped and redraped, that is to say, draped as usual, and then caught up to the under-skirt near the lower part.

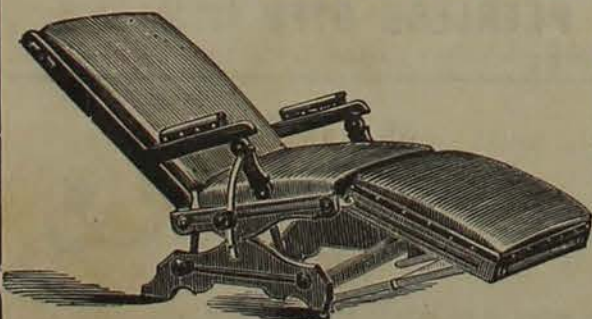
"INTZ PAUL, No. 1."—We have no connection with any purchasing bureau, nor do we conduct one ourselves. Neither have we any connection with the publication you designate, nor with any other than Demorest's Magazine, therefore cannot forward the articles you inquire about. The "Louise Home" is in Washington, D. C. It is on Massachusetts Avenue, between 15th and 16th Streets, and was built in 1871 by a wealthy Washingtonian, Mr. W. W. Coreoran, to provide an elegant home for reduced gentlewomen. It accommodates fifty-five inmates, who are invited by the lady directresses. It cost \$200,000 and has an endowment of \$250,000. Write to the "Louise Home," as directed above, for particulars as to application for admission, etc.

(Continued on page 269.)

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.

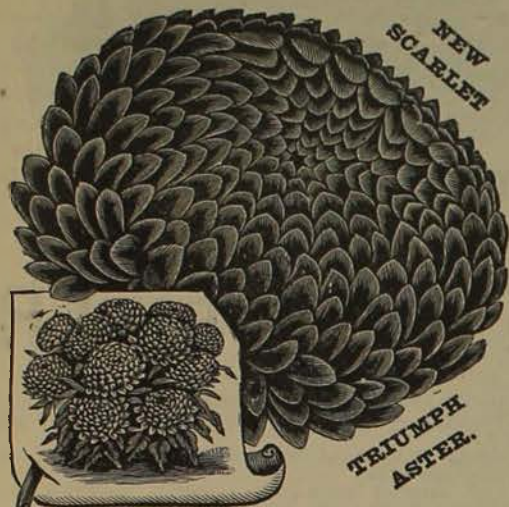
P. C. LEWIS, Prop., CATSKILL, New York.

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

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1889, advertised in another column, is considerably enlarged and improved over any previous issue of this popular seed catalogue. It is bound in a handsome lithographed cover, and is full of valuable information concerning different varieties of seeds for the farm, vegetable and flower garden, bulbs and plants. A special department, not found in other catalogues, contains illustrated descriptions of thoroughbred live stock, Scotch collie dogs, and fancy poultry. The great care given to the testing of all seeds by this house has resulted in the largest retail mail seed business in this country; they fill over three thousand mail orders a day in the season, and their seeds have an enviable reputation throughout the world. Every progressive farmer and gardener should certainly have Burpee's Farm Annual for 1889.

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 THE GARDEN



For 1889 is the handsomest and most complete Garden Guide ever published. It is really a book of 140 pages, size 9 x 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 *Peter Henderson*

This Manual we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). **To all** so remitting 25 cents 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 cents. One packet of *Autumn King Cabbage*, or one pkt. of *Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bean*, or one pkt. *Delmonico Musk Melon*, or one pkt. *Giant Pansy*, or one pkt. *Scarlet Triumph Aster* (see illustration), or one pkt. *Sunflower "Silver and Gold,"* or one plant of the climber *Blue Down Flower*, or one plant of the *White Moonflower*, or one *Bermuda Easter Lily*, or one plant of either a **Red, Yellow, White, or Pink, Everblooming Rose**—on the distinct **understanding**, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,

35 & 37 Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

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

(Continued from page 268.)

"EDITOR DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE.—I have been a subscriber for your valuable Magazine for several years. I have a new cottage which I propose furnishing from many designs that I have copied from your Magazine, and the best engravings I shall have framed, and only those shall I use. In fact, 'Demorest' would be a good name for the new cottage. Will you please answer how much two dozen mats for pictures would be and how to frame them?"

"Yours truly,
"M. A. G."

Mats for framing the full-page pictures we give in the Magazine will cost about twenty-five cents each, probably less if you buy a number; we cannot give exact prices, for something depends on the quality and the size of frame the mat is for. Flat wooden moldings, gilded, silvered, or in polished natural woods, are the frames best liked for engravings, etc. Very pretty frames can be made at home, of the cork-paper which is used for packing glass bottles. Cut the paper in strips of the required width, and paste it on a frame of thin board or heavy mill-board. Then the frame may be painted, gilded, bronzed, or shellacked, as preferred. Plush and velvet make suitable frame-coverings for deep-tinted engravings, and water-colors are very prettily framed in *pass-partouts* bound with colored ribbon, with a bow and strap of ribbon to hang them up by.

"Mrs. F. Y. B."—Your brown and old-gold goods is a woolen brocatelle, and would make up nicely after the "Faustina" mantle (illustrated in the November number). You could trim it with brown ostrich-feather bands, or with bands of seal-plush, or any brown fur. The material is not at all out of date. The black-and-white check is rather light for winter street wear, but would make a pretty jacket for early spring, if trimmed with black braid.

(Continued on page 270.)

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.



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.

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.

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.

\$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 269.)

"CHRISTINE R."—The well-known quotation:—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is the opening line of "The Mourning Bride," a tragedy by William Congreve the great English dramatist.

"ECILA."—Green cashmere like your sample would probably cost from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.

"L. C. MAY."—The American aloe is the century plant, so called from the mistaken idea that it only flowers once in a century. It has a short stem with a cluster of hard, cactus-like, pointed, bluish-green leaves, which last for years. It usually attains maturity in from ten to seventy years, according to the climate and varying circumstances.

"ADA V."—The "Kassala" redingote (illustrated in the September number) will be a good model for your black plush dress. If you have too small a pattern to make the redingote and skirt all of plush, use plush for the front breadth, and silk of some kind—satin merveilleux, Venetian twill, faille Française, or moire—for the rest of the skirt.

"LADY GWENDOLINE."—The name of Tennyson's heroine, Queen Guinevere is pronounced Geen'-e-veer.

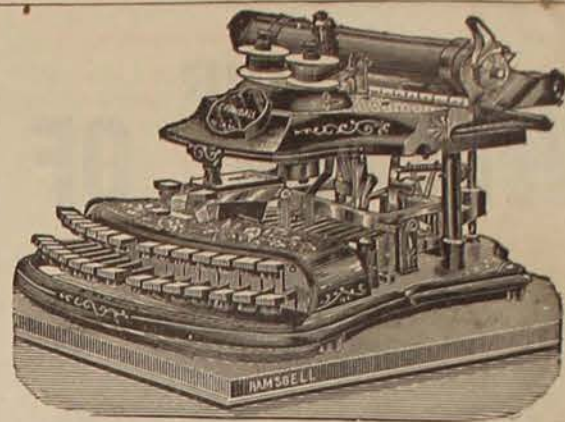
"ENID."—You need not worry about your face being too full for your figure. Probably you would not look as well if it were thinner. As for your double-chin, that is always an indication of amiability and good health. Lavater, the great physiognomist, said that a double-chin is the stamp and seal of Nature's aristocracy.

"E. H. G."—Make the cardinal flannel dress for your little girl of six years, with a plain waist, and full gathered skirt. Trim the waist in front with a V-shaped plastron of two puffs, outlined with bands of picot-edged moire ribbon. Make the sleeves plain and trim them with ribbon, either cardinal or white. If you prefer puffed sleeves, they may be cut full and tucked to the elbow, leaving the fullness below, to be gathered into a band at the wrist. A kilt skirt and plaited blouse of the plaid would be pretty for your four-years-old boy. The "Ronald" dress (illustrated in miniature in the November number) is also a good design for his dresses.

"MRS. W. S. B."—Your black-and-white striped silk is by no means out of style; combine it with black goods by all means. You could, as you suggest, use the black silk for an underskirt, and we would suggest black Henrietta cloth instead of silk for the basque and drapery, although you can use silk, if you prefer it.

"VIRGINIA."—It would perhaps be worth your while to alter your old black silk into a foundation skirt for your black lace. A basque of any kind of black silk could be worn with it. Jet garniture would be the most suitable trimming. The black plush skirt could be worn with a cashmere overdress.

"J. B. S."—There was a guild of artists in Siena, Italy, about 1355, which was not only a school of painting but a society of religious obligation also. Every member was held to rigid obedience to the head, who was called the rector, and the rules regarding good faith and honest dealing with each other and with customers, were very stringent. The secrets of the guild were to be religiously kept under very severe penalties. At that time, which was about the beginning of the Italian Renaissance, art was earnestly cultivated and patronized in many Italian cities, as well as Siena. This guild was in existence some years before the date named, for it was in it that the painter Duccio, who was born about 1260 and died in 1340, learned his trade. His great Madonna, which is now in the National Gallery at London, cost over 3000 golden florins, and the Siense chronicler Tura del Grasso says it "was the most beautiful picture ever seen or made."



THE NEW MODEL CRANDALL TYPE-WRITER

(PRICE, \$75.00)

Unequaled for speed, accuracy, alignment, and durability. Writing in plain sight, even to last letter.

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.

Took award of merit at the New York State Fair, Fall of 1887.

Send for circulars and catalogue to

IRELAND-BENEDICT CO., Limited,

SOLE AGENTS, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

New York Office, 157 Broadway.

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

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR
Simple, perfect and self-regulating. Hundreds in successful operation. Send 6c for new Illustrated Catalogue. GEO. H. STALL, Patentee and Sole Mfr., Quincy, Illinois.

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

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.

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

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.

PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK AND MARKETING GUIDE, 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. This is one of the most popular Cook Books ever printed, containing 1,724 receipts and items of instruction. The directions are clear and concise, and the chapters on marketing and kitchen furnish'g, very useful.

PARLOA'S NEW COOK BOOK. Edition, 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.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid by **ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, Mass.**

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

SHORTHAND.—Private instruction by 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, send 30c., 2 for 50c. **J. P. BEERS,** Druggist, New Haven Conn. (Est. 1844.) Reference: any N. H. Physician. *Mention this paper.*

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

ATOMIZER AND SPRINKLER SELLS ON ITS Own Merits.

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 illustration, pamphlet and price to Agents. No stamp no attention. Address **D M GOLDMAN, Pittsfield, Mass.**

FOR 1001 USES, PRICE 50c. BY MAIL. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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

The Latest Craze. 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

(Box A) **SCHULTZE PHOTO EQUIPMENT CO.,**

5 Chatham Square, NEW YORK.

Headquarters for Photographic Supplies of Every Description.

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

115 (4 papers) **SHARPS' NEEDLES** 10 Darning, 9 assorted Toilet, 20 new sample cards, all 10c. **NOVELTY CO., Clintonville, Ct.**

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.
 FLAT BAND, 18 CENTS.	 ENGRAVED FLORAL BAND 25 CENTS.

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.**

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

(Continued on page 271.)

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 270.)

"**ETHELNE.**"—A miniature oak or chestnut tree may be grown in water. A hyacinth-glass or pickle-jar is what is needed. Select a fine, sound-looking acorn or chestnut, and crochet a little open-work bag of coarse cotton to hold it. Take off the cup of the acorn, put the acorn point downward in the bag, and leave a loop of cotton about two inches long to hang it up by. Tie the loop to a little stick or strip of wood which will lie across the top of the glass, and thus suspend the acorn in the glass, so that its tip scarcely touches the water. Keep the glass in a dark closet until the acorn has sprouted, and then put it in the light, being careful to keep the water always at the same level.

"**MRS. ELLIOT G.**"—If the invitation you have received to the reception is worded in regular form, with the formula "the pleasure of your company is requested," it requires an answer in form, either of acceptance or declination, as:—"Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Grey accept with pleasure Mrs. John Leicester's invitation for Thursday evening, February thirteenth"; or if unable to attend, supply the words, "regret that a previous engagement will prevent their acceptance of," etc. An "At Home" card, unless engraved with the initials R. S. V. P., does not require a formal answer. If unable to attend, send a card upon the day of the reception.

"**A TEACHER.**"—The composition of the crayons used for marking on the blackboard is chiefly chalk, and there is no doubt that the practice of eating them, to which your pupil is addicted, is highly injurious. Such practices as slate-pencil and chalk eating are not uncommon among school-girls, and may be an idly acquired habit, or caused by some congenital craving, or a taste prompted by some lack of what the system demands. In the latter case, medical advice would be necessary to determine the proper cure for such a craving and habit. There must be something wrong about a girl's constitution for such a craving to exist, or such a practice to become habitual; and that she will eventually suffer for it, may not be only her own fault, but that of her guardians or parents, who ought to discover, if possible, what the defect in her system is, and supply it by the proper diet, etc., without which her own avoidance of a pernicious habit will be of little avail, unless she can be made to study and obey the laws of hygiene herself. But Nature, if she is often very swift with retribution, is frequently forgiving, also, of the outrages against her, and in time seems to almost forget many an insult. The young lady will probably break off her foolish habit if you set it before her in the right light. Future retribution seldom alarms the young. Life seems so endless to them. Try her on the score of personal vanity, and tell her how such a habit will soon destroy her beauty or good looks, and that it is, besides, very disagreeable to others, and that chalk-eaters soon show unmistakable lines about the mouth, which betrays their addiction to such a habit, and alienates, as does any similar vice, the affection of those for whom they cannot be persuaded to give it up.

"**NICKNAME.**"—It is proper for a gentleman in introducing his wife to say: "Allow me to make you acquainted with my wife," and then proceed with the introduction in the usual form. It is generally more dignified for a person to speak of his or her matrimonial partner as "my wife" or "my husband," as the case may be, than as Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so, except in speaking to servants or inferiors.

"**ELLA.**"—Half a cocoon-shell makes a very pretty hairpin holder, or a receiver for burnt matches. Gild the inside, paste a narrow strip of plush around the top outside, and hang with ribbons.

(Continued on page 272.)

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 able 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 lot of Telescopes. We are

Breech-Loading. 10 or 12 Bore.

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

BEHR BROS. & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.



Our new Grand Piano is the most wonderful achievement of the piano makers' art.

Our Uprights are noted for their Artistic Cases, Tone, Finish, and Durability, and contain the

PATENT CYLINDER TOP AND PIANO MUFFLER.

The latter patent saves the wear of the Piano, and reduces the tone to a mere pianissimo.

Factory, 11th Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

Warerooms, 15 East 14th St., N. Y.; 1229 Chestnut St., Phila.

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

PLANTS AND TREES NEEDS ROSES PLANTS

GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.

Among the latter we introduce the **CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY.** It combines more good qualities than any other. **YOU WANT IT!** If you want **PURE TESTED SEED** or anything, for **ORCHARD, GARDEN, LAWN or PARK,** send for our **VALUABLE FREE CATALOGUE** containing about 140 pages with hundreds of illustrations. **IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT.** Get the best at honest prices, and save all commissions. Thirty-fifth year; 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio

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

HOUSEHOLD NECESSARIES } NO HOME CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THEM.

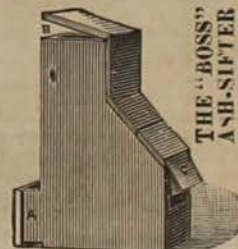
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALERS FOR THEM.



INODOROUS BEDROOM COMMODE.



BEDROOM CONVENIENCE.



AUTOMATIC AND DUSTLESS.



THE "MUSKEGON" IRONING-TABLE.

Send 6c for 24-page Illustrated Catalogue of Earth Closets; 5c for "HEALTHY HOMES: HOW TO HAVE THEM," 36 pages valuable information; FREE, "MEDICAL USES OF THE SITZ AND FOOT BATH."

HEAP'S PATENT EARTH CLOSET CO., MUSKEGON, MICH. Depots in Principal Cities. Depot for N. Y. City, **SARGENT MFG. CO., 814 & 816 Broad'y;** Philadelphia, **F. ALONZO BURGER, 21 N. 6th St**

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.

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 272.)

"KITTEEN C."—To make over or cut down stockings, cut off the worn heel, then cut off the sole from the unworn upper half of the foot, then lay a stocking of the proper size over the one to be cut down, and cut down the back of the leg just a little outside the pattern, allowing a trifle for the seam, and round off for the heel. Then sew up the back seam on the machine, holding the goods stretched so that the stitching will not break in wearing. The strip left at the foot must then be doubled under, rounded at the corners of toe, and the end sewed across the heel.

"MISS M."—Gray cashmere combined with blue plush will make a pretty winter dress, provided, of course, that the contrast of color is artistic. The colors this season are in different tones from that of last, so that if you are buying new to put with goods you already have on hand, be careful that the contrast is effective.

"A KENTUCKY GIRL."—The best innocent invigorator to promote a luxuriant growth of hair is the hair-brush. Bestow one hundred strokes of the brush upon your head of hair every day, and unless the scalp is diseased such treatment cannot fail to result in improvement. It might be advantageous to have the hair shaved off, and it might come in curly; but there is no certainty of its doing so. You had better clip the ends carefully once a month, and moisten the roots slightly, occasionally, with water in which is a little ammonia, and try brushing it faithfully, one hundred strokes per day, with a stiff brush. Wear your back hair in a braided knot fastened just below the crown, and cut your front bangs in what is called the "saucer" bang; that is, in a semi-circle over the forehead and temples, and curl it and comb it out, so as to make it look curly but not curled. Medicated red flannel is worn by delicate persons in winter, and it is undoubtedly an advantage for rheumatic and consumptive individuals to wear it next the skin. There are many, however, who find it too irritating to the skin. The "Feretith" polonaise (illustrated in the December number) would be a suitable model for your black broadcloth dress for church wear. As the rules of your boarding-school permit the use of color in trimming, you could have the revers and sleeve trimmings of old-rose moire or of cardinal velvet, either of which would be becoming to a brunette. Your other school-dresses might include a garnet cashmere, a dark blue flannel, and a black serge made simply. Blouse waists are quite suitable for school-room wear, and so are jerseys. Two or three of these will save the waists of your dresses very much. For evening wear make your red velvet into a long Directoire coat or polonaise, and get a skirt of surah or moire Francaise to wear with it. See the Fashion Department for models, etc. White felt bonnets are used for dressy wear in mid-winter. Also white furs and white ostrich-feather boas, which are very becoming to brunettes.

"PERPLEXED."—It is not at all necessary to have the same curtains in the parlor as on the upper floor, although if you have Madras curtains at the second floor windows, the effect would be better from the outside to have all alike. In city houses it is usual to have the sash-curtains all alike in the front of the house, and it does not matter about the others. The newest curtains are Persian cross-stripes in rich Oriental colors, with gilt interweavings in the figured stripes.

"CHARLIE'S SISTER."—Gray or brown holland is the most serviceable material for a skate-bag. Line it with the same or with flannel of any color. Take a piece of the linen, a little longer and over twice the width of the pair of skates, fold it once and bind the lower edges and the ends together with red or blue braid. It is neater looking if the lining is of the same color as the braid, for it should be hemmed over about an inch above the top, and the double draw-string of braid run in the hem.

(Continued on page 274.)



Every kind of hardy Fruit and Ornamental Tree or Plant (new or old, true to name and strictly first class), at half the price of most traveling agents and other nurseries.

Lovett's Guide to Horticultural tells about them (defects and merits, descriptions, prices, planting, culture, pruning, &c.) It is a handsome book of nearly 100 pages, finely printed, over 200 engravings. Mailed, with colored plates, 10c.; without plates free.

Headquarters for Wonderful Peach (far superior in beauty and merit all other late yellow kinds;) Gandy Strawberry bears the season planted, very large and excellent and the latest of all; Monmouth, the earliest large strawberry; the two remarkable plums (Abundance and Spaulding), Carlough Apple (the longest keeping sweet apple), Lawson Pear, Meech's Quince, etc. All fully illustrated and described in the Guide. 200,000 Peach Trees, Apple, Pear and other fruit trees: Strawberry, Blackberry, Raspberry, Grape Vines and other Small Fruits; Evergreen and Deciduous Ornamental Trees, Plants and Vines and Nut Blooming Trees in almost unlimited numbers and great variety.

Plants by mail to all points of the Continent a specialty.

J. T. LOVETT CO., Little Silver, N. J.

Mention this paper and a copy of ORCHARD & GARDEN will be mailed free.

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

SCOTT'S FLOWERS

40 Years' Experience in growing our strong and reliable ROSES Grand specialties in PLANTS, BULBS & FLOWER SEEDS of extra choice quality. Rare Novelties of great beauty. Handsomely illustrated Catalogue for 1889 with a lovely Colored Plate of Beautiful New Flowers ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. sent FREE to any address. Send for it now

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

OVER 6,000,000 people believe that the largest and most reliable house, and they use

Ferry's Seeds



Earliest Cauliflower in existence.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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

FREE. 20. Choice and New, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants. Send for Circular how to get them. F. E. FASSET & BRO., Florists, Ashtabula, Ohio.

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

THE NEWELL COMBINATION { Price, free by mail, One Dollar. BREAST SUPPORT, FORM,

SHOULDER BRACE & SKIRT SUPPORTER 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. Fleshly ladies find them a great comfort. When ordering send bust measure.

Mrs. C. D. NEWELL, 75 Madison St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

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

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY, Pk'ge Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds, GUIDE, and 10c. Certificate for Seeds, your choice, all for 2 stamps (4 cents.) Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA.

Be prompt. This offer will appear but once more. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



SEEDS FREE! I make a specialty of the choicest Seeds. If you did not try them last year, send 10c. for my New Catalog, before Feb. 20, and I will send 6 sample papers (worth 55c. free): Pansies, 50 vars. mixed; D'ble Asters, 35 vars.; Spotted and Blotched Petunias; Imp. Prize Sweet Williams, 50 vars., &c. Rare Pink, Blue and White Water Lilies, bear magnificent flowers, 4 to 8 in. across, in pans or tubs in open air, first year from seeds, 25c. (See Cat. for particulars). It will pay to send for it. GOODELL'S FLOWER FARM, Pansy Park, Dwight P.O. Mass.

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

COLE'S TESTED SEEDS Cole's Illus. Garden Annual Free. Latest Novelties, lowest prices. All should have it. COLE & BRO., Seedsmen, Pella, Ia.

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

FREE TO ALL A WHITE GRAPE VINE. Send 10 cents for postage, etc. POINT BREEZE GRAPERIE, Reading, Pa.

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

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. CAMPBELL, 120 Boyleston, Indiana.

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

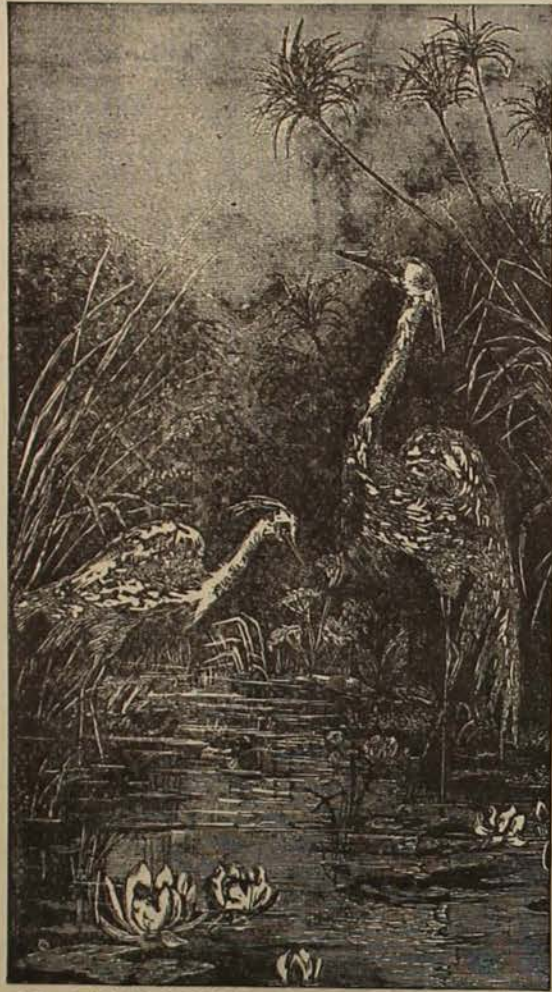
ALL FREE! New Book of Fancywork, 50 Designs for Stitches, 1 Beautiful Japanese Tray Mat, all with our paper 3 months on trial 10 cts. THE HOME, Boston, Mass.

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

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.

**LIDA CLARKSON'S
BRUSH STUDIES!
THIRD SERIES. PRICE 50 CTS.**

CONTENTS: Brush Notes. — Difficulties with Painting. — A River Scene. — Directions for Copying. — A Fruit Study. — Apple Branch. — Landscape Painting. — General Information in Answer to Many Queries. — Hints upon Sketching from Nature. — Plaque Study of Apple Blossoms. — Treatment of Design for a Two-Fold Screen. — Two Pretty Snow Scenes. — Tambourine Decoration. — Mountain Scenery. — Study of Old Saw Mill. — The Mixing of Tints. — Decorative Panel, White Heron and Pink Water Lilies. — Some Useful Hints. — Birds and Sweet Briar Branches. — Criticisms, etc. — Study of Roses for Screen or Panel. — Landscape Painting, continued. — Wood Interior, a June Study. This book is finely illustrated, including



12 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

HAVE you seen *Ingalls' Home Magazine*? It is a finely illustrated 64-page Monthly Magazine (single copies, 15c.; \$1.00 per year), devoted to Fancy Work, Art, Painting, Household Decoration, etc. LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON, are the Editors.

SPECIAL OFFER! We will send you a 3 months' trial subscription to the Magazine, also a copy of this 50-cent book, *Brush Studies, Third Series*, all for 18 two-cent stamps (36 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.

The White Tar Co., 125 Warren St., N. Y.

White Tar Soap.

Has no equal in preventing and curing skin diseases.

Ask for it. (Drug & Dry Goods Stores)

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

DO YOU WRITE?

If so, and desire fashionable writing paper at reasonable prices, ask your stationer for **Boston Linen, Boston Bond, or Bunker Hill Linen.** If he does not keep them send us 3 two-cent stamps for our complete samples of paper representing over 250 varieties which we sell by the pound. **SAMUEL WARD CO.,** 178 to 184 Devonshire St., Boston.

Postage is 16 cts. per lb. Express often cheaper.

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

THE DANA BICKFORD FAMILY KNITTER.

Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.

795 BROADWAY, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

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

(Continued from page 273.)

"A. B. C."—The custom of sending announcement cards to friends on the birth of a child is not practiced frequently enough to call it a custom; still it is followed to some extent, especially by those having a large and scattered list of acquaintances. The usual style is an engraved "Mr. and Mrs." card, with the address of the parents, enclosed in an envelope of proper size, and having attached by a narrow ribbon a very small card upon which the name of the little newcomer and the date of birth is engraved. Sometimes this small card is inclosed in a small envelope made on the flap of the larger one.

"S. P. T."—Very few dentifrices are of benefit to the teeth, although they may improve their appearance for a time. Water is as good as anything, although deposits of tartar may have to be removed by the dentist, or by rubbing with prepared pumice-stone. In brushing the teeth, always brush up and down from the gum, instead of across. Baked beans and brown bread are excellent bone and tooth building foods, and should be more used than they are. One great cause of poor teeth is the almost exclusive use of fine bolted wheat flour, which is nearly totally devoid of the carbonates and phosphates of lime that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment.

"Mrs. A. M. D."—Place a rusty nail in your canary's drinking water, and it will probably revive his drooping spirits. It is well to do this in the moulting season, whether the bird is indisposed or not. To cure his sore feet, see that the perches are cleaned *every day* and *dried* before replacing in the cage, and grease the bird's feet with vaseline. Give your bird fresh water to drink and to bathe, daily, feed regularly with canary seed mixed with a little hemp, keep the cage clean, have sand or earth on the bottom, and always have a cuttle-fish bone hanging in the cage where the bird can reach it. It is positive cruelty to keep canaries unless one is willing to devote a few minutes each day to their feeding and care, which they well repay by their joyous song when in health.

"LORENA."—A good way to renovate your old black basque is to open the back seam just above the waist line and insert two pieces of soft material, silk, veiling, lace, or net. The ends should be gathered and fastened to the back edges of the back piece of the waist so that when the middle seam is sewn up again they will meet in a V-shape. When the waist is put on, these pieces are brought over the shoulders and crossed like a fichu in front. The skirt is put on over the basque skirt, and a belt worn with it. This arrangement conceals the worn places in the seams, the shiny places across the shoulders, and improves the appearance of an old basque wonderfully.

"Mrs. DE VEREN."—The invention of visiting-cards, like many other conveniences, is due to the Chinese. From very ancient times to the present day, the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to paying visits. As early as the period of the Tong dynasty, from 618 to 907, visiting-cards were in common use in China. They are very large, and commonly bright red. When a man in China wishes to marry, he sends his card, on which is inscribed his name and the date of his birth, by means of the professional "match-maker," to the lady recommended by the latter. If the lady accepts, she sends her card in return. In the latter part of the eighteenth century our visiting-cards were called "tickets," and it was in Paris that the custom was introduced of visiting *en blanc*, as it was called,—that is, by merely leaving a card. Pictorial visiting-cards were quite common at that time. That of the sculptor Canova had on it a representation of a rough-hewn block of marble drawn in perspective, with A. Canova inscribed upon it in large Roman capitals.

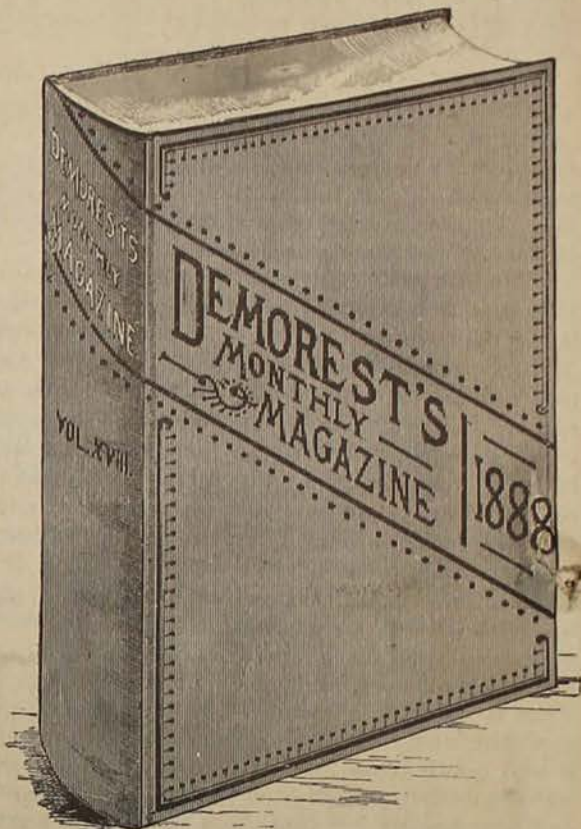
(Continued on page 275.)

NEW PIECES TO SPEAK IN SCHOOL.

A finely illustrated recitation book for 10c. EUGENE J. HALL, 34 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BINDING OF VOLUMES.

CASES of Peacock green, embossed in Gold, Red, and Black, Twenty-five cents, or by mail, Forty cents. Volumes bound for One Dollar, or with Gilt Edges, One Dollar and Fifty cents.



The postage to New York and return will be Forty-eight cents each way, added to the above, when forwarded for Binding by Mail. Place in two packages, unsealed and securely tied, with your name and address outside for identification.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

15 East Fourteenth Street, NEW YORK.

Subscribers ordering a change in the direction of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE must give the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the fifth of any month, and any order reaching us after that date the change will be made for the month following.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY COMMENCE AT ANY TIME. We receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for back numbers, while others wish them for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

Persons who desire to club together and subscribe for DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, can be supplied by the publisher only, at a reduced rate, as follows

LOW CLUBBING RATES.	1	Names to one or different Post Offices.	\$2 00
	2		3 50
	3		5 16
	4		6 76
	5		8 30
	6		9 78
	7		11 20
	8		12 56
	9		13 86
	10		15 00

Any additional subscriptions can be had for \$1.50 each. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

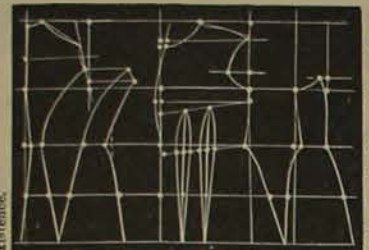
15 EAST 14TH STREET.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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.

HANOVER'S TAILOR SYSTEM of making garments, by direct measurement, and by direct measurement, directly on to the cloth, requires less material and gives greater satisfaction as applied to all forms. The best sleeve in existence.



Life-size drafting with each system and rules so simplified that any person can use it without verbal instructions. One complete System by mail on receipt of \$2. Agents wanted. **JOHN C. HANOVER, MARION TEMPLE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.**

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

BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR

OUR PURCHASE GEAR saves half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more. **Does not GREASE THE CLOTHES.**

Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. **Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.**

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

PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.

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.

F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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

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.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Green Turtle. | Mock Turtle. |
| Terrapin. | Consommé. |
| Chicken. | Oxtail. |
| Mullagatawny. | French Bouillon. |
| Printanier. | Tomato. |
| Mutton Broth. | Julienne. |
| *Vegetable. | Chicken Consommé. |
| *Beef. | *Pea. |
- *Not in glass.

Send us **12 cts.** in stamps and receive a sample can at your choice.

101 Warren St., New York.

SERVED ON ALL PULLMAN AND B. & O. BUFFET CARS. THEY CAN BE TASTED THERE.

Sold by Park & Tilford; Acker, Merrill & Condit, and leading grocers in the United States.

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



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.**

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

CARDS for 1889. Our New Sample Book of Fine Gold Beveled Edge, White Dove, all Hidden Name Cards. The finest ever offered with Agents outfit for a 2c stamp. **NATIONAL CARD CO., Scio, Ohio.**

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

For one dollar we will send Recipe of Our "Oriental Cream" as sold and made by us. Address, with stamp, **ART TOILET CO., 4 W. 14th St., New York.** Established 1860.

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

(Continued from page 274.)

"OUT OF CONCEIT."—The caster has disappeared almost entirely from fashionable tables. If you have a really handsome caster, however, it may be displayed on the sideboard with the rest of your silver and plate. For dinner-parties a fruit or flower piece takes the place of the caster in the center of the table.

"FLOSSIE O."—For a very small room, blue is a good color, as it is a receding color and gives the effect of size. Paint the walls of your sunny parlor blue, and relieve the coldness of the color by touches of pink or red. On the other hand, your library, which is on the shady side of the house, will be lightened by using shades or sash curtains of yellow or orange-colored silk, which will give the room almost a sunny light.

"W. D. S."—Cheese-cloth makes very pretty curtains for a breakfast-room or parlor. The curtains should be very full to look well, at least four breadths being required for each window. They need not be trimmed, but simply looped back with heavy white cord. Lace edging is an addition, and with bright-colored ribbons makes a very charming effect. Linen or blue jean curtains may be made very effective by appliquéd designs in unbleached muslin, Turkey-red, or colored sillesia, applied with any of the stitches used for appliqué work, or finished with a couched outline of heavy white cord.

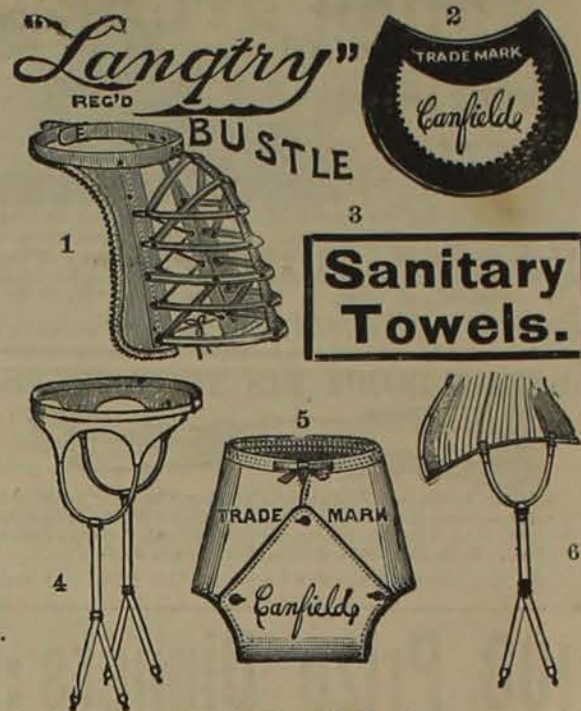
"ANNIE S."—Why should you regret not being able to provide a nurse for your little one, so that you can pursue uninterrupted your own studies and artistic pursuits? It is rather a privilege that the demands of society do not take you away from your child when it most needs intelligent training. What was all your fine education for, except to impart to others the blessings you enjoy? and whom would you rather prefer to enrich with your own mental treasures than your own child? Of course there are instructors who will relieve you of all the severer tasks, but it is in its earliest training that the powers of a child's mind are awakened or benumbed. Unfortunately, the chief educators of young children belonging to polite society, are ignorant nursery-maids; and children thus neglected become very obtuse to impressions, unskilful and awkward in manipulation, and often seem to find it impossible to understand what is said to them, or to see what is before their eyes. How different this is from the sense of power possessed by many children, apparently less favored by circumstances, whose intelligent and loving mother is nurse, teacher, playmate, and mother in one. Be glad that you have an opportunity to guard the first unfolding of the human soul, and teach it to reflect your highest ideal.

"EQUESTRIENNE."—The best way to care for a silk high hat is to use a pad of velvet or worsted plush for brushing it, instead of a brush, occasionally smoothing it with a soft silk handkerchief. An ordinary iron, not too hot, passed over the nap, will smooth out the very rough spots, which must afterwards be stroked with a silk handkerchief. Cared for in this way your silk riding-hat ought to keep in good order for a long time.

"ZULU."—Coarse straw hats can be made up into flower baskets in countless ways. They look well without painting, but may be painted in oil colors, or gilded and lacquered. A high handle made of wire covered with ribbon is a great addition. A pretty basket made of a hat, is wired around the edge of the hat-brim, which is lined with rose-pink satin and rolled over to form a lip. Some have a tin can placed inside to hold water for natural flowers. They can be draped with silk and muslin, and trimmed with flowers in almost any way. A pretty design for a basket in this style with a standard, is given in the department of "Home Art and Home Comfort" of the December number.

(Continued on page 276.)

CANFIELD GOODS.



- 1. LANGTRY BUSTLE.** Only perfect folding bustle; folds when sitting or lying down. 50 cents.
- 2. CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD.** Only seamless or reliable waterproof Shield made. Have been worn by more than 5,000,000 ladies. 25 cents.
- 3. SANITARY TOWELS.** A boon to young and middle-aged ladies. Cheaper than washing; easily destroyed by burning; highly indorsed by London Physicians. Small size, 40c a dozen; large size, 80c a dozen.
- 4. BELT HOSE SUPPORTER.** Prevents pain in hips and back. Patent swing-piece at sides adjusts to every movement of the person. 24 to 34 in. waist measure, 35 cents each.
- 5. STOCKINET DIAPER.** Soft, easily washed, waterproof, and made to fit any child. 18 to 26 in. waist measure, 75 cents.
- 6. CORSET HOSE SUPPORTERS,** with patent swing-piece, 25 cents.

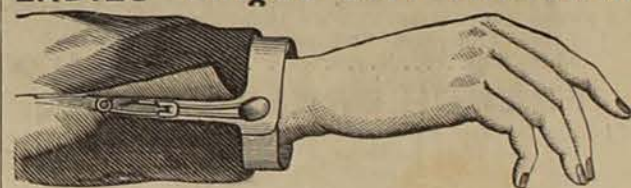
Sold by all leading Dry Goods Houses, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

Canfield Rubber Co., 86 Leonard St., N. Y.

[Save this card, as it will only appear once.]

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

THE LADIES' UNIQUE CUFF FASTENER.



Will not tear or become misplaced by raising the hand to the head. **DIRECTIONS FOR USE:** Pin to the seam inside the sleeve before putting on; at your convenience adjust the loop over the cuff button, "AS REPRESENTED IN CUT."

For sale by all the Dry and Fancy Goods Stores

MANUFACTURED BY **CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO., 33 Bleecker St., N. Y.**

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

N. M. SHEPARD, 83 Nassau Street, New York, Designer, Manufacturer, and Dealer in all the Leading Styles of

FINE GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS, ETC.

My Specialties: **BADGES, EMBLEMS, MEDALS, And Fine Presentation Jewels of every known Order.**

MONOGRAM WORK, GRADUATING CLASS PINS AND RINGS, Suitable for Schools and Colleges.

Over 30 different patterns of Class Rings, Prices from \$3 to \$10 each.

Also, Dealer in **Fine Gold Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, and Precious Stones.**

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.

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.

P. D. & CO.
(Royle's Patent)
SELF-POURING
COFFEE and TEA
POTS.



Pours out the Tea by simply pressing the lid, as illustrated. Does away entirely with the drudgery of lifting the Teapot. SAVES at least 25 per cent. of Tea, or brews the Tea proportionately better. Send for Lists. PAINE, DIEHL & CO., Philada., Pa.

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

LADIES DON'T PIN YOUR CUFFS.



Use the Indispensable Pat. Cuff Holder, the only adjustable one for ladies on the market. It requires no Buttoning or Sewing. Sample, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; dozen, \$1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. T. B. STAYNOR & CO., Providence, R. I.

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

100 Prize Dinners:

Or, How to Provide a Good Dinner for Four Persons for \$1.00. Also Recipes giving 150 ways how to cook eggs. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Address J. S. OGILVIE, Publisher, 57 Rose Street, New York.

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

DRY GOODS BY MAIL.
Great Bargains.
SILKS AND VELVETS.

- EVENING SILKS in great variety, including
- SURAHs, in delicate tints..... **69c**
 - FAILLE FRANÇAISE, in delicate tints..... **79c**
 - FRENCH FIGURED SULTANS..... **\$1.00**
 - 100 pieces BLACK VENETIAN ARMURES and RHADZIMIRS, worth \$1.40, reduced to..... **\$1.00**
 - 50 pieces IMPORTED SATIN LUXORS, in select shades and black, for dinner dresses, worth \$2.50, **\$1.50**
 - 75 pieces BLACK SILK VELVET AND PLUSH STRIPES, Faillie Française and satin grounds, worth \$2.50, at..... **\$1.00**

FRENCH DRESS GOODS.

- 54-inch FRENCH BROADCLOTHS, full line of shades, reduced from \$1.75 to..... **\$1.25**
- 40-inch HINDOO SERGES, all colors and black, marked down to..... **50c**
- 42-inch FRENCH CHEVIOTS, checks, stripes, and heather mixtures, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 qualities reduced to..... **75c**
- Special purchase of 1200 pieces FRENCH CASHMERE, at the following bargain prices:
- 40-inch, in evening and street shades, **39c, 48c, and 68c**
- 46-inch EXTRA FINE and extra wide, **78c, \$1.00, and \$1.25**

300 pieces BLACK FRENCH CASHMERE, superfine, \$1.35 quality, at..... **98c**
Special sales this month in Kid Gloves, WINTER UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY, Suits and Wraps, BLANKETS, Rugs and Portières, etc., to close out broken assortments previous to stock taking.

Write to us for INFORMATION or SAMPLE of any article in Dry Goods of which you may stand in need. Mail matter should bear our street address,

LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,
B'way & 14th St., N. Y.

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

WILBUR'S
BREAKFAST
COCOA

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

LADIES' COMPLETE in health & disease
GUIDE
Cloth, \$2.00 Sample
Mor., \$2.75 **TOKOLOGY** pages free.
AGENTS wanted in city and country.
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

(Continued from page 275.)

"MARION H."—The character of Esmeralda is usually dressed in a rich gipsy costume, yellow, black, and scarlet, trimmed with coins and braid, a gold tissue sash about the waist, a tambourine carried in the hand, bracelets above and below the elbows. The hair is put in a gold net with sequins. Amy Robsart is dressed in Elizabethan style, in satin or velvet brocade, the trained skirt worn over a hoop, full, and touching the ground in front. The front of the skirt should be a breadth of contrasting color, quilted or embroidered and sewn with gems,—glass beads will do. The waist is a low plain bodice, bordered at the waist with a plaiting of the same material, and the sleeves have one puff at the top and are tight to the wrists. A large lace ruff is wired to stand up around the shoulders. On the head, a slightly pointed cap of velvet edged with pearls and trimmed with feathers. Ruby velvet, with the front of light blue satin, and pearl embroideries, makes a lovely dress.

"ELLA T."—It is very easy to make a pretty music-holder. Cut a piece of plush the shape of a sheet of music, but two inches longer each way; lay it on a piece of buckram or cardboard the size of the music sheet, and paste or glue the edges over. Then take a piece of any colored silk, satin, or moire, of good quality and tolerably thick; turn in the edges all around, and sew neatly to the plush, on the inside of the cardboard. If you like you can embroider your name or the name of the person you wish to give it to, on the outside or inside. A ribbon to tie around the case when it is full of music, or a band of elastic with a bow of ribbon must be added. In ruby or golden-brown plush with old-gold or dark green lining, the case is most serviceable.

"E. C. L."—If you continue to use brick-dust to clean your engraved brass ornaments, you will soon destroy the fine engraving on your brass-work. It will be better to clean it in the following manner: Scrub with hot water and yellow soap, using a brush; then take freshly cut lemons and rub thoroughly into every part. Rinse thoroughly with cold water, and dry with a soft cloth, polishing finally with a warm chamois leather.

"HOUSEKEEPER."—The most fashionable counterpanes are squares of linen with drawn-thread hemming, and a monogram or initial worked in the center, and embroidered with devices in colored silks or flax thread, across one corner. The designs are usually arabesque, conventional floral patterns, or irregular Persian patterns. Pretty bed-covers are also made of alternate squares of *gupure d'art* over satin or satin sheeting. Sometimes *écru* linen squares alternate with those of plain white linen.

"SPEAKER."—Eloquence is defined by Mr. Emerson, in his "Letters and Social Aims," as follows: "Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak." Judged by this rule, some of the highest flights of oratory and rhetorical outbursts are very far from eloquence.

"PUNDITA."—The French phrase defining metaphysics, which, translated, is, "When he who listens does not understand, and he who speaks does not know what he is talking about, that is metaphysics," is commonly attributed to Voltaire, but its origin is doubtful.

"LAURA MATILDA."—The term "Laura Matilda" was used in a satire, intended to be general, against feeble female poetry, and not personal against any one in particular, although there was a poetess, Hannah Cowley, who wrote under the name "Anna Matilda." Such names were common among women writers some years ago, and in Mrs. Gore's novel entitled "Cecil; or, the Adventures of a Coxcomb," there is the following allusion: "Do you know, Lady Harriet, you would make a dangerous rival for Hatiz or 'Rose Matilda' of the *Morning Post*."

(Continued on page 277.)

BUY THE FAMOUS
Watchspring
WILL NEVER BREAK

GUARANTEED TO OUTWEAR ANY CUSTOM-MADE CORSET
MAYER, STROUSE & CO.
MFRS.—412 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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 and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circular to ROLLING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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



BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Awarded highest honors at
Phila., 1876 | Melbourne, 1880
Berlin, 1877 | Frankfort, 1881
Paris, 1878 | Amsterdam, 1883
New Orleans, 1884-85.
Paris Medal on every bottle.
Beware of Imitations.

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

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE CORSETS.

Boned with Featherbone, which is absolutely unbreakable.

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

PRICE \$180. We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES
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 \$85 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.

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts.
GIANT Self-inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, \$5
Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c.
W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

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

7 CENTS PER COPY! SHEET MUSIC { Full Size (11x14), best paper, sold elsewhere at from 30c to \$1.00 each. Our price only SEVEN CENTS per copy. Sample copy 7c. 100 POPULAR SONGS 7c. List of 2,000 pieces free.
EXCELSIOR MUSIC CO. Box 208, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold to the Light Cards, One Pack Escort Cards, One Pack Flirtation Cards, all free if you send 2 cents for Sample Book of Visiting Cards, Eagle Card Works, Cadiz, O.

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

741 Silk Fringe and Hidden Name Cards, Scrap Picture Gains, &c., this Gold Band Ring and Agents Sample Book of genuine Cards (not pictures.) All only 4 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

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

LOOK A Heart Ring worth \$1 sent free with the finest sample book, all for 25c. Star Card Co., Laceyville, O.

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.

Enlighten the Masses.

How shall we reach the people? That is the question which has puzzled our party managers more than any other.

The National Prohibition Bureau solves this problem.

PROHIBITION BOMBS are furnished for 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per 1,000.

No. 2. The South and Prohibition.

No. 3. The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century to be Annihilated by Prohibition.

No. 5. Necessity for a Prohibition Party.

No. 6. Rum-selling our Country's Scourge, and Remedy.

No. 7. Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times.

No. 8. Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.

No. 10. The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon. A Black Eye for Lager Beer and a Bier for Lager.

No. 11. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.

No. 12. The Voice of the Dram Shop.

No. 16. Patriotic Prohibition. A Moral Revolution Pending.

No. 17. The Signs of the Times. Heads and Tails.

No. 18. Moral Suasion or Prohibition, which shall it be? The Republican Party vs. Prohibition.

No. 20. An Arraignment of the Rum Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.

No. 21. The Great Political Issue. Dr. Pentecost's Reasons.

No. 22. The War of the Rum Power on the People. Talmage on High License.

No. 23. Prohibition Campaign Songs, with Music.

No. 24. Can a Man's Blood Cry? The Saloon Must Go.

No. 25. Doom of the Liquor Traffic. (In Scandinavian.)

No. 26. America's Joshua. The Debt to the Republican Party Paid.

No. 33. Prohibition Achieved only by Practical Politics. Total Depravity Illustrated in the Use of Alcohol. Prohibition Life-boat. Anti-poverty.

No. 34. Dr. Cushing against High License. Fisk on the Saloon in Politics. Powderly on Temperance. Reagan on Personal Liberty. Dow and Demorest on the Republican Party and Prohibition.

No. 36. What should the Christian Voter do with the Saloon? Politics a Personal Duty.

No. 38. The Liquor Traffic in Politics.

No. 39. Reasons for a Prohibition Party. Why, Where, and When Prohibition will prove a Success.

No. 40. Prohibition the Ultimatum, a Logical Chain of Argument. The Martyred Mother.

No. 41. Latest Evolution of the Temperance Reform.

No. 42. The Sparrows Must Go. The Liquor Vulture. The Irrepressible Conflict. Things that are Settled.

No. 43. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue? (German.)

No. 44. Our Modern Pontius Pilates. The National Prohibition Bureau.

No. 45. The Responsibility of Christian Ministers for the Liquor Traffic. Prohibition Dependent on the Ballot and Moral Courage of the People.

No. 46. License a Pernicious Delusion and Mockery of Justice. Failure of High License.

No. 47. What is Prohibition? A Glorious Resurrection. What the Constitution Guarantees.

No. 48. Give Us a Call. The Saloon Must Go!

No. 49. Liquor Traffic to be adjudged a Nuisance by Common Law.

No. 50. Liquor's War on Labor's Rights. Liquor vs. Labor. (A Startling Diagram.)

No. 51. Sketch of Gen. Fisk (with Portrait). Prohibition Party Imperative. Liberty and Prohibition.

No. 52. The Logic of Prohibition. The Saloon a Political Factor. (Finch's Last Speech.)

No. 53. High License the Monopoly of Abomination.

No. 54. Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate it.

No. 55. Appeal to Leaders of Labor Reform. The Voice of Labor Leaders. Conscience and Prohibition.

No. 56. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue? The following are two-page BOMBS that are furnished at 10 cents per 100, 50 cents per 1,000:

No. 57. The Horrors of the Liquor Traffic. The Duty of Voters.

No. 58. The Ballot the Only Hope for Prohibition. The Ruin of Rumselling and the Remedy.

No. 59. The Poison of Alcohol. Home vs. Saloon.

No. 60. The Liquor License Humbug. The Culmination of Prohibition.

Numbers omitted are out of print.

PROHIBITION BOMBS can be mailed from 32 E. 14th St., New York, directly to the voter, weekly, for 25 weeks for 5 cents.

Select a list of 1,000 hopeful voters in your county, send their names with \$20, and we will mail each a different BOMB weekly for ten weeks.

Send the names of 100 members of your church and \$2, or 50 names and \$1, and we will BOMBARD them through the mail weekly for ten weeks.

If you will send us addressed unstamped wrappers, the cost will be only one-half of above amount. The whole series of over 50 numbers sent post-free for 5 cents. Cash must accompany order.

Now is the time for Town, County, and State Committees to start this Bombardment. Do not delay till passions are aroused. Start now.

Address, NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU, 32 East 14th St., New York City.

(Continued from page 276.)

"J. R. B."—"Muffled moonlight," as spoken of in Tennyson's poem the "Princess, Part 1." "A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight," was suggested to the poet on a visit to Torquay, where, one night, looking out at sea, he saw the sky covered with thin vapor and the moon behind it. The poet himself spoke of this in a letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson, author of "A Study of the Princess."

"OSCAR."—Many birds, such as the eagle, the swan, and the raven, live more than a hundred years. The parrot, the heron, the goose, and the pelican have been known to live for sixty years; the peacock for twenty-five years: the pigeon, twenty; the crane, twenty; the linnet, twenty-five; the goldfinch, fifteen; the lark, thirteen; the blackbird, twelve; the canary, twenty-four; the pheasant, fifteen; the thrush, ten; the cock-robin, ten; the English robin redbreast, twelve; and the wren only three years.

"EVICTUS."—The Florentine painter Domenico Ghirlandajo was born in Florence, Italy, in 1449, and died in 1498. He was intended for a goldsmith, but his passion for art led him to become a painter,—chiefly of religious subjects. He is most celebrated for having been the tutor of Michael Angelo.

"ARTIST."—Holman Hunt, the distinguished English artist, was one of the founders of the school of art generally known as the Pre-Raphaelite. In 1850, he, with Millais and other young artists, endeavored to enter a protest against the old and conventional style of art. These young men called themselves the "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," and their works inaugurated a new era in art.

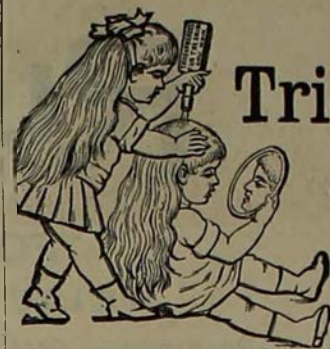
"C. F. S."—The lines you quote:
"There are no Shadows where there is no Sun;
There is no Beauty where there is no Shade;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;
And his dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnace on the mountain lake,
Fading and reappearing here and there."

are from a poem entitled "Heaven and Earth," by F. W. Faber. The poem was published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of February, 1839. The concluding lines of the poem, which you ask for, are as follows:

"The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that move,
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!"

(Continued on page 278.)

ESTABLISHED 1801.



Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

This excellent article is admitted to be the standard preparation for all purposes connected with the hair. It prevents its falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc., and keeps it in the most beautiful condition. Its habitual use renders the use of oil, pomatum, or any other preparation quite superfluous. It is richly perfumed with the most delicious fragrance, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

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

For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque~~, 34, 36, ~~38~~, 40 Bust Measure. Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

PATTERN ORDER

Name,

Street and Number,

Post-Office,

County, State

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1. Merlin Redingote. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 2. Francene Tea-Gown. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 3. Breton Jacket. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 4. Lydie Basque. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 5. Empire Waist. | 34 and 36 Bust Measure. |
| 6. Plain Gored Skirt. | 23 Waist, 39 Front. 25 Waist, 40 Front. 27 Waist, 41 Front. |
| 7. Directoire Redingote. | 14 and 16 years. |
| 8. Russian Cloak. | 10, 12, and 14 years. |
| 9. Lilliah Dress. | 8, 10, and 12 years. |
| 10. Rosara Dress. | 2, 4, and 6 years. |

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 11. Mercedita Basque. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 12. Clotilde Tea-Gown. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 13. Madeline Polonaise. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 14. Agatha Corset-Cover. | 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 15. Lady's Petticoat. | Medium and Large Sizes. |
| 16. Hilda Dress. | 6, 8, and 10 years. |
| 17. Bertha Apron. | 6, 8, and 10 years. |
| 18. Florence Coat. | 6, 8, and 10 years. |
| 19. Pet Cap. | 2, 4, and 6 years. |
| 20. Leon Suit. | 6, 8, and 10 years. |
| 21. Infant's Yoke Slip. | |

We do not SELL patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

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.



RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.
 PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.
 SEND NAME AND ADDRESS FOR SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM.

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



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
 \$1.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
 \$1.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
 \$1.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
 \$1.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
 \$1.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
 \$1.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
 All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

L. DOUGLAS SHOE FOR LADIES.

Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
 has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without
 ped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not
 te W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

in your letter when you write.

For the whereabouts of **A LOST GIRL.** This sum
 is offered to the first 94 persons
 informing us where in the Bible
 the word girl is first found. The first person answering correctly will
 receive \$50 in cash. If more than one correct answer the second one
 will receive \$25, the third \$15, the fourth \$10, the next 15 \$5 each, the
 next 25 \$3 each, the next fifty \$1 each. The other \$200 will be dis-
 tributed in silk lace. Competitors must send 50 cts. for which they will
 receive a nicely printed on cream laid paper elegantly illustrated and excels, as a
 complete, original short stories by the best authors, fashion plates, latest
 number of the family. **5 YARDS SILK LACE FREE.** In addition
 to the 5 yards of silk lace (warranted) every subscriber who orders our
 magazine must be received by April 27 when contest closes. Names and addresses
 including our magazine into new homes knowing if once a subscriber you will
 receive premiums are awarded free. You receive the full worth of your money
 first prize, but send now, To-Day and get it yourself. If you do not receive
 as cash. Address **The Young Ladies Magazine, Kansas City, Mo.**
 in your letter when you write.

\$3 Printing Press

Prints all your Cards, Labels, etc.
 Circular Press, \$8. Small newspa-
 per press, \$4. For old or young.
 Printed instructions for using.
 Send 2 stamps for catalogue of
 Presses, Type, Cards, etc., to fac-
 tory. **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FUN Cards, Scrap Pictures and book of beautiful sam-
 ple Cards for 2 cents. **A. B. HINES, Cadiz, Ohio.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PATTERN ORDER Good for One Pattern illus- trated in any number of

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published during the last twelve months,

If sent with two cents for return postage,

Before March 15th, 1889.

Address: DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
 15 East 14th Street, New York.

These patterns are not regular "stock" patterns, but are new and elegant designs upon which special care has been expended. They do not emanate from the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business, but are gotten up new each month, exclusively for this MAGAZINE, and can only be obtained through the "Pattern Orders" contained in each monthly issue, as we do not sell patterns.

REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each "Pattern Order."
 Send your Correct Address in full.
 Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire, by marking,
 as directed, the printed list on the other side; or if not in this number,
 then write on the other side the name and size of the pattern desired, which
 must be selected from a number issued during the last twelve months.
 Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after March 15th, 1889.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from page 277)

"P. N. L."—It is better to have thin veneers of wood for your door-panel paintings, and then you can remove them at any time, which could not be done if the painting were directly on the wood. You might need to have the room redecorated, and possibly the paintings might not be in keeping with the desired decoration. When the veneers are finished, the beadings or mouldings to the panel should be removed, and the veneers nailed on before the panel beading is replaced; or, if the latter is left off, the veneers must be glued in.

"JUIVE."—There was a Saint Aaron, a British martyr, who suffered in the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, A. D. 303. He was canonized one thousand years later. There is another St. Aaron, who founded the first monastery in Bretagne and flourished in the 6th century.

"VINNIE R."—The thermometers in use in this country are all "Fahrenheit thermometers," that is to say, they are on the scale formed by Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an experimental philosopher who improved the thermometer by making use of mercury instead of spirits of wine. The English have generally adopted his scale, but the French use Réaumur's, invented by an eminent French philosopher and mathematician, René Antoine Ferchault, Sieur de Réaumur, born 1683, died 1757.

"MINNIE."—The language of precious stones, according to Russian tradition, is as follows: January, garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February, amethyst; this month's stone preserves mortals from strong passions and insures their peace of mind. March, bloodstone; courage and success in danger and hazardous enterprise. April, sapphire and diamonds; repentance and innocence. May, emerald; success in love. June, agate; long life and health. July, cornelian or ruby; the forgetfulness or the source of the evils springing from friendship or love. August, sardonyx; conjugal affection. September, chrysolite; preserves from folly. October, aquamarine or opal; misfortune and hope. November, topaz; fidelity and friendship. December, turquoise or malachite; the most brilliant success and happiness in every undertaking or circumstance of life. The turquoise is also supposed to possess the property of securing friendly regard; this idea is probably derived from the proverb, "He who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of a friend." This proverb has a meaning not at once apparent. Formerly turquoises were much more costly than they are now, and the possessor of one would very likely be a rich man; hence the significance of the saying.

"ISABELLA."—The first pair of silk stockings were worn by Henry II., of France, 1547. Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, in 1560, and after that she never wore cloth stockings again.

"MISS LIDA H."—The most stylish black jackets are of wide-striped diagonal cloth made up into close-fitting double-breasted jackets, often curved up over the hip rather than straight round, as last season's jackets were. The buttons are covered with the cloth; very few jackets have metal buttons except the dressy jackets of fawn and light-colored cloths.

"PINK PEARL."—You make a great mistake in allowing the young man you speak of to call you his "company." The term has no meaning and does not commit him to anything, while it gives others to understand that his attentions to you exclude all others for the time being. Unless you are engaged, do not allow yourself to be appropriated by any one; and in any case do not speak of your betrothed as your "company." It is not a custom to be commended, and if it is prevalent among the young people you associate with, set them a good example by not complying with it.

(Continued on page 279.)

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.

NEW YORK
15TH AVE. & 14TH ST.

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

AJAX 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

PHILA. 904 WALNUT ST. THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO. 15TH AVE. & 14TH ST. NEW YORK

DEPT. OF COMMERCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
6TH & PENN. AVE.

PITTSBURGH 575 PENN. AVE.
CINCINNATI 100 N. HIGH ST.
ST. LOUIS 307 N. 3RD ST.
Baltimore 201 N. BERT ST.
CHICAGO 100 N. WICKER BLDG.
ST. PAUL 100 N. 3RD ST.

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, \$.80 Ladies' " " 34-39, 1.00

M. DEWEY, Mfr., 229 Marshfield Ave., Chicago. AGENTS WANTED
Send money by P. O. order. Catalogue free.

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

PEN & PENCIL STAMP 25 CENTS.

Rubber Stamp, Ink & Pads 15c.
Catalog 5c. Circulars Free.
MERCER & CO., Louisville, Ky.

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

A NEW ART Painting without drawing or mixing colors; every one their own artist; taught in from 2 to 4 lessons. Ladies, decorate your homes. Instructions by mail, inclose 10c. for particulars. Bartholdi Art Schools, 265 6th Ave., N. Y.

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

EARPHONES make the DEAF hear. Send stamp for circular. Prof. North, Syracuse, N. Y.

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

Novelty Spool Holder.
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.
STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

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

FALSE MOUSTACHE and illustrated catalogue for 10c. 3 for 25c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and Fringe Cards, Slights of Hand Tricks, Illustrations, Diagrams, Puzzles, Conundrums, Games, and how you can make \$10 a day at home. All for a 2 CENT STAMP. HOME AND YOUTH, CADIZ, OHIO.

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

(Continued from page 278.)

"A. L. C."—Tortoise-shell is finished by scraping with glass. Then it is polished with pulverized charcoal and water on a woolen cloth perfectly free from grease. Then it is moistened with vinegar and rubbed with wet whiting. Finally it is rubbed by hand with dry whiting or rotten stone. This is the way tortoise-shell is polished in the first place. You can omit the preliminary scraping and try the treatment on your locket and chain with good effect.

"L. B." and "Mrs. M. N."—We do not make trimmed patterns, and have nothing to do with any patterns other than those given with our Magazine, which you can obtain on the Pattern Order printed in each Magazine.

"ELSIE DE S."—House-plants cultivated in malarious soil are a cause of danger, and malarial fever is sometimes directly traceable to the flower-pots in heated apartments. This is not the fault of the plants, which can be cultivated without danger if the soil in which they are grown has not been obtained from some malarious district. See that the earth in which your plants are to grow is taken from a non-malarious location.

"EMMA Q."—If you will choose a dull day for your window-cleaning, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, you will succeed better with your windows; for if a window is washed at such a time it will be dry-streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Dust the windows inside and out, with a paint-brush, first, and then wash all the wood-work inside before touching the glass. Use warm water with a little ammonia for the latter;—do not use soap. Use a soft piece of cotton cloth, and polish with soft papers or old newspaper. The windows can be cleaned in half the time than when soap is used, and they will be brighter.

"R. D."—The "Isaline" polonaise would be pretty for you, and as illustrated in the December number especially so. It is difficult to match black silk, but you might try by sending a sample to one of the firms we give credit to in the Fashion Department of the Magazine. If you cannot match it well you had better get black Henrietta cloth to combine with it; eight yards would be enough with your eight and a quarter yards of silk to make a costume either with the "Eldora" drapery or the "Isaline" polonaise, in either case using the silk for the underskirt and accessories. The trimming could be lace as illustrated on the cut of the "Eldora" drapery (in the January number), or ornaments of braided or jetted passementerie. Crocheted silk buttons are the most desirable, and cost from thirty cents per dozen. The price of the garniture would depend upon the quantity and quality. Sets of braided ornaments cost from \$2.50 upward, and single ornaments, from thirty cents to as many dollars. Lace for trimming costs from forty cents to \$2.50 per yard, for imitation Chantilly lace.

"FAIROLIA."—We can supply a cover for binding the Magazine for twenty-five cents, or forty cents by mail. Each case is for binding one volume of the Magazine, and any book-binder can bind them for you. The binder we furnish is different from the cover, and is for holding the loose numbers of the Magazine. We will send the binder for fifty cents, postage paid. A cloth, raglan or pelisse, or a garment like the "Directoire" coat (illustrated in the January number), made of dark blue or red beaver cloth (or black if preferred), would be a stylish outer garment for country wear for a lady thirty years of age.

"IMOGENE."—For full directions and descriptions for the application of Paris tinting, see article on "Paris Tinting and Sorrento Embroidery" in "Home Art and Home Comfort" of the present number. The word "décolleté," is pronounced "day-kol-le-tay," with the accent on the first and last syllables, and the third syllable pronounced so as to be hardly perceptible.

A NICE PRESENT
for your husband, if a business man, would be **SMITH'S AUTOMATIC OFFICE TICKLER.** Minutes dropped into it for any future date, drop out upon the day wanted. "IT NEVER LIES." Address **F. E. SMITH, Toledo, Iowa.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Carter's Sphinx Indelible Ink.
Bottle, mail, postpaid, for 20 cts.; with stretcher (to hold cloth) penholder and pens, 30 cts. Specimen writing on cloth free.
CARTER, DINSMORE & CO., Boston, Mass.

LADIES' SHOES BUY OF THE MANUFACTURER and save money. A handsome present to every lady customer. Send stamp for terms to Agents.
S. P. LITTLEFIELD SHOE CO., LYNN, MASS.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PURE JUICE of the Grape, unfermented. Received International Medal. "To churches it gives universal satisfaction—Invalids prefer it to any other."—Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. Miss Anna Dickinson wrote: "I mend space; send another case at once" From President Gen. B. Harrison: "Accept thanks for your courtesy" Send for Circular. **T. H. JOHNSON, Newburgh, N. Y.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY **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 Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or 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.

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.**
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 I 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 15, Ohio.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Philadelphia Shopping, without charge, by a lady of experience. Address Miss **JULIA E. MASSEY, 1706 Walnut St., Phila.**
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.

PEARS'

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,

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY

M^DM^E ADELINA PATTI, M^RS LANGTRY, M^{ISS} FORTESCUE &c

THE WORST COMPLEXION IS IMPROVED BY ITS DAILY USE.