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CENTRAL AFRICA AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.



MAHOMET, when he established the religion which has so flourished and extended in Eastern lands, could not have foreseen, prophet though he declared himself to be, the endless misery that the spread of Islamism was destined to bring upon unhappy Africa. To Africa, where the serpent of slavery first lifted its seductive head, the Mussulman brought his immoral religion, his contempt of the negro, and all his shameful vices and diseases, to corrupt where he could not control, and finally to render a pop-

ulous and highly cultivated country a scene of devastation, crime, and horror.

Wherever Mahometanism is the religion, there slavery exists; and the slave-trade to-day is carried on more extensively and more inhumanly than at any previous time. Central Africa is now the great harvest-field for slaves, and from this region caravans of slaves are sent to ports on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, and from there they are shipped to Indo-China, the Persian Gulf, Arabia, Turkey in Asia, and wherever Mussulmans are to be found. The English at Suakim, on the Red Sea, are a perpetual hindrance to this traffic, and it is on this account that Osman Digna is constantly attacking Suakim and endeavoring to take it from the English, to hold it as a port from which slaves may be shipped to Arabia.

The territory from which slaves are captured is continually extending; for as soon as the European explorer has opened up a new route he is followed by the Arab trader, who goes ostensibly to procure ivory, and then by the Metis, or slave-dealers, who pursue their terrible traffic in all the regions where the natives are not known to publicly profess Mahometanism, so that the heart of the Dark Continent, as well as the countries of North Africa, is now a prey to the slave-

dealer, and the human hunt is carried on even beyond the limits of exploration.

The starting-points, now, for explorers, are Egypt and the kingdom of Zanzibar, over which Germany has lately assumed the protectorate under a treaty with the Sultan of the country, claiming the land from the ocean to the great lakes, and England claims land to the North. Both of these countries have proclaimed and are holding a blockade against the slave-ports of Zanzibar.

The space between the Lunda region in the south and the Soudan in the north, between the last Arabian station, Nyangwe, in the east, and the extreme outposts of the traders of the Atlantic coast in the west, includes the many-named white spot seen upon the maps, which is the unknown interior of Africa, the heart of the Dark Continent, that the readers of Mr. Haggard's novels doubtless have vastly enjoyed roaming through in fancy. Only a few of the outlying portions, however, have hitherto been described, although a great number of these Central African countries are very thickly populated, and there is a country on the middle Congo, Binya Ndschara, where there is a great city. Yet if the slave-trade continues as at present, it will finally depopulate this beautiful region, as it has other parts of Africa, until it dies a natural death because there are no more negroes to capture.

Slavery is the curse of Africa; and its evil effects are constantly increasing instead of diminishing. Not only has it destroyed many tribes, but it has made the condition of all other tribes one of restless anarchy and insecurity, and has had a marked effect on the personal and tribal characters of the natives. Many of the tribes that had made considerable advance in the manufacture of iron and copper utensils and weapons, have for some time ceased manufacturing, and some have entirely lost the arts they formerly possessed. The enterprise of the white races with whom they come in contact has made it useless for the negro to compete with them, for the Mahometan traders supply the articles the inhabitants need, and cheaper than they can manufacture them. This and the ever-increasing ravages of the slave-trade have almost destroyed native industries.

There are two kinds of slavery,—domestic and foreign.

The first is an African institution of native growth, and has always prevailed in Africa. Prisoners taken in war are either sacrificed, eaten, or made slaves. Certain offences also are punished with slavery, while in some tribes men sell themselves, or by some act forfeit their freedom. However, these slaves are usually treated as members of the family,

and, as they are of the same race and class, the cruelty and horrors of the real slave-trade are unknown in this slavery. In the latter case, the slave is torn from his home, carried a way



OSMAN DIGNA'S HOUSE IN SUAKIM.

VIEW IN SUAKIM.

among an unknown people, to a climate and country of which he knows nothing, and made the servant of a master of different color, with whom he has nothing in common.

At first, ivory was the excuse. On the beautiful inland plateaux of Africa it was found in such quantities that elephants' tusks were used to fence in the gardens and to support the poles of the natives' tents. This ivory was the ruin of the country. The trader was not satisfied to buy it for a trifling sum, or to take possession of it without payment; it must be carried to the coast: so when the Arab traders became acquainted with the country and gathered quantities of ivory, they seized upon a slight pretext to quarrel with the negroes; in other words they organized a premeditated massacre. The villages were burned, captives taken,—men for porters, women for the harem,—all who resisted were slain, and the caravan of slaves and ivory proceeded to the coast, where the human beasts of burden were sold, together with the ivory they brought.

This was the beginning. Every year the merchants of Khartoum sent armed expeditions into this region to collect ivory. These expeditions ascended the Nile to the Soudan and the lake region. It was, at first, a fine time for the Turkish speculators. Glass beads, copper dishes, and armlets were articles eagerly sought after by the negroes, and for half a dozen or so of "dove's eggs," large, milky-white glass beads, an elephant's tusk weighing eighty pounds could be purchased;—yes, a slave might be bought at that price!

But this state of affairs did not last long. The Soudan was fairly flooded with glass beads, etc., so that these articles became almost worthless; but the value of the slaves increased, and this induced the speculators to send out armed expeditions almost entirely for slaves. They established stockades at short distances apart, which served as the basis of their operations. These stockades are called "seribas;" and though at first they were presumably only stations where the Arab traders and Metis bought ivory, they soon became centers of slave-hunting when the elephant hunt became unprofitable.

The seriba of the ivory trader, which is surrounded with strong palisades or thorn hedges, composes a sort of citadel; and many of them are so strong that they can defy even the Egyptian government, which has forbidden the slave-trade. By degrees these markets have been opened everywhere beyond the Bahr el Ghazel and the other provinces once constituting Egypt's equatorial empire, but now under the rule

of the Khalif Abdallah of Khartoum, successor to the Mahdi, and known now himself as the Mahdi. The only obstacles to the traffic are Emin Pasha at Wadelai, the Christian missionaries, and the English trading-stations at the Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika. The Mahdi is aiding the slave-traders in efforts to destroy Emin Pasha and to expel the missionaries and all Europeans, and religious fanaticism is united with the greed of the slave-trader to

drive the Christians from the lake region.

The methods which the slave-traders make use of to secure the human cattle they deal in, are perfectly ferocious; and the wantonness with which many of the tribes are destroyed is frightful. If the ruler or pasha of a large tribe is called upon for tribute by his superior, if he wishes to build himself a palace, to replenish his harem, or to put himself in funds, he sends his soldiers armed with guns and ammunition (imported from the Christian countries of Europe), against a negro tribe armed with bows and spears, and captures slaves enough to supply his wants.



SLAVE-DEALERS.

At present the principal victims of slavery are women and children; the men are killed. The negro-traders of the interior are not dealers in ivory. They are employed by great Arab slave-traders, or by the native chiefs, like the lately deposed M'wanga of Uganda, who hunt slaves simply for their own caprice.

The slave-hunters surround the village of the tribe at midnight, when all the residents are asleep, or creep upon it from the surrounding thickets at a time when most of the men are known to be absent. The few men who endeavor to defend their homes are soon made to see how useless are their efforts, and their cries of terror, despair, and agony, mingle with the murderous fusilade of their fiendish assailants, who shackle the terrified, helpless women and drag them away, while the screaming children follow, if they can, leaving the men dead or dying amid the ruins of their home; for if the barbarous executioners do not set fire to the village in the first place, smoking their prey out, they burn it after their captives are secured.

A trader's camp where the fettered captives are confined for the night is a heart-rending sight. There the poor, naked creatures are huddled like sheep, too close for comfort in the hot equatorial climate. Row upon row, crowd the dark, nude forms of the captives: youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain is rove securing them by twenties; three copper rings are used to secure the children over ten, a ring on each leg being fastened to a ring between; the women are fastened in droves, with shorter chains than the youths; but the little children and infants are unbound save by the ties of maternal love, and they cling to the necks of their captive mammas and cluster round them, hiding the cruel links of iron which hang in loops or festoons over their breasts. Among a fold of 2,300 women and children, there was not a single adult male captive, yet the inhuman dealers had devastated 118 villages, and killed at least 2,500 men! And after the slave-drove has reached its destination, many of them will have succumbed to the hardships of the march, for the stoppages give them no relief, and they often die of hunger on the way.

They are compelled to walk on, at the point of the spear, even when they are dying; and although iron shackles are not always used, heavy wooden forks (see page engraving) are placed on their necks, as we put a yoke on our oxen. If a poor creature can no longer put one foot before the other,

instead of removing the fork, the trader leaves it on, so that the slave who falls by the way cannot escape death. Sometimes they are devoured alive by wild beasts not more savage than the brutal trader, who will break a child's neck before its agonized mother's eyes, when, fainting and exhausted, her weary arms can no longer uphold the double burden of her load of ivory and her infant.

Slavery is worse than death to these poor women of Africa: death sets the men free; but slavery holds a thousand deaths in reserve for the women and children. They are delivered defenceless into the hands of their masters, slaves to the vilest debauchery, and victims to every deed of wanton and atrocious cruelty.

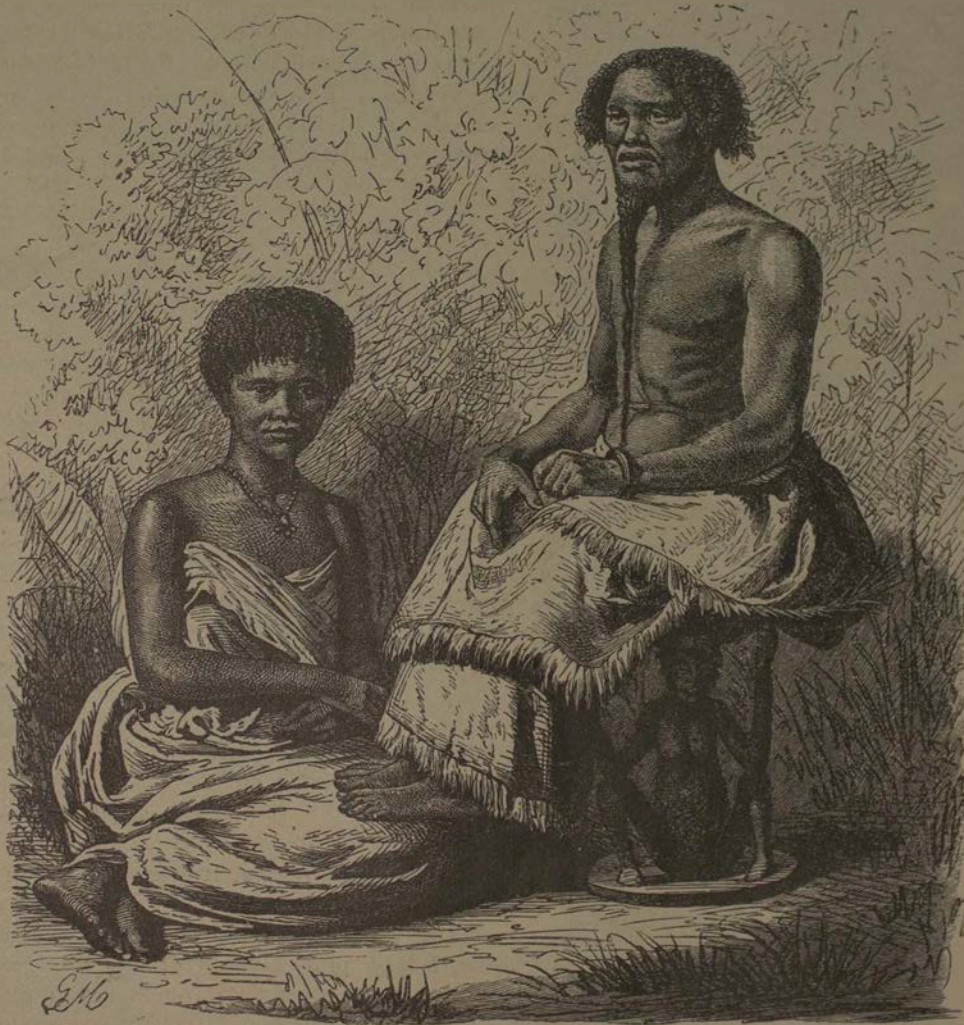
At the negro court of Uganda, from twelve to fifteen hundred women are slaves to a brutal tyrant's caprice.

"Not a day has passed," an eye-witness says, "without my seeing one, two, or even three of these unhappy women, who make up Mtesa's harem, led to death. Drawn or dragged along with a cord around their wrists, by the body-guard which leads them to the slaughter-house, the poor creatures, with eyes full of tears, utter cries that break your heart. 'Hai Minange!' (Oh! my Lord!) 'Kbakka!' (My king!) 'Hai N'ya-vis!' (Oh! my mother!) In spite of these piteous appeals to public pity, not a hand is lifted to save them from the executioners, though here and there one hears a remark, made in a low voice, on the beauty of the victims."

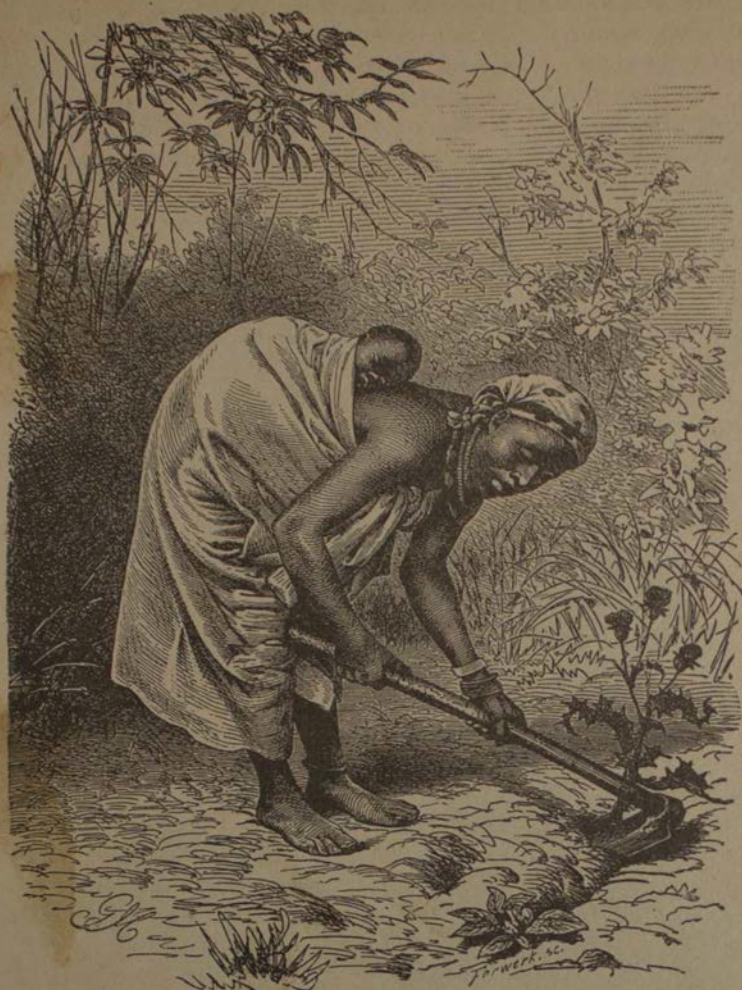
Concubinage and polygamy flourish as in all countries where women are

the surplus population; and as the wealth of a man is frequently estimated, as in Solomon's time, by the number of his wives, it follows that matrimony is for the most part a business transaction, and that the women are not usually considered as anything but valuable articles of merchandise, or domestic furniture. Almost every man tries to scrape enough wealth together to buy himself a couple of wives, at least. Naturally the greatest lawlessness in regard to marriage is the result, the more so as many of the poorer classes are not able to purchase wives, and so steal them, the women sometimes abetting the thief if inclination and the desire to escape from a hated tyrant prompt them. Striking instances of love and devotion are not lacking even among these uncivilized creatures.

The usual price for a wife is three or four oxen, or their equivalent; but where the trader has been, six drill-eyed



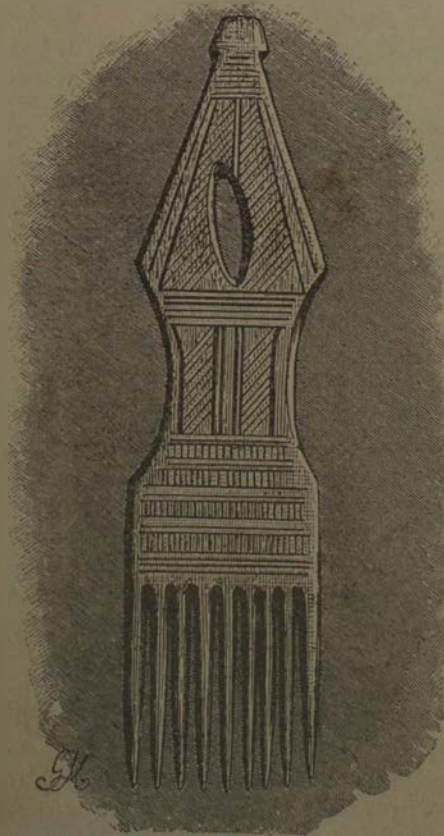
KING RUSSÛNA AND ONE OF HIS WIVES.



WOMAN CULTIVATING.

needles, or a little box of matches is considered a fair exchange for a dusky maid. The marriage ceremonies are very simple. The king of Uganda took two sisters to wife, in the following manner: After each had given her consent, he sat in the lap of the first, then the other girl sat in his, and he moved his head so that it rested first on their right and then on their left shoulders. Thus the marriage ceremony was concluded.

King Russûna, of the upper Lualaba district, is credited with having the handsomest women in Africa for his wives, and he has a village of forty huts, full of wives, four in each cabin, and his mother in charge. When receiving visitors he sits on a handsomely carved stool, while the lap of his wife, who sits on the ground, serves as a foot-stool. This lady, as well as the other wives, wears a kilt-skirt of grass-cloth, and a scarf of the same across her



COMB OF NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

bosom. As King Russûna is a friend of the great slave-trader Tippoo Tib (Haméd ibi Haméd), whom even the intrepid Stanley finds it advisable to conciliate, he is doubtless more secure in his possessions than many other of the tribe chiefs along the Congo, of which the river Lualaba is undoubtedly one of the head-waters.

Women are punished for certain offences, which naturally gives occasion for acts of the most wilful caprice; and, besides, any man can sell his wives into slavery. However, it adds greatly to the influence or popularity of a king if he is known to provide well for his *Wakungu*, or private village of wives; and although the women are sometimes severely chastised, excessive violence is seldom used for fear of injuring a valuable possession.

The bedroom furniture of certain of the native chiefs consists of women. Some of the members of the harem arrange themselves on their hands and knees, forming a couch with their backs, and others, lying flat on the ground, make a soft carpet for their master's feet.

Yet the wife is not necessarily the husband's slave in all cases. If he has married her or purchased her from her own people, she is not a slave; and if she is dissatisfied

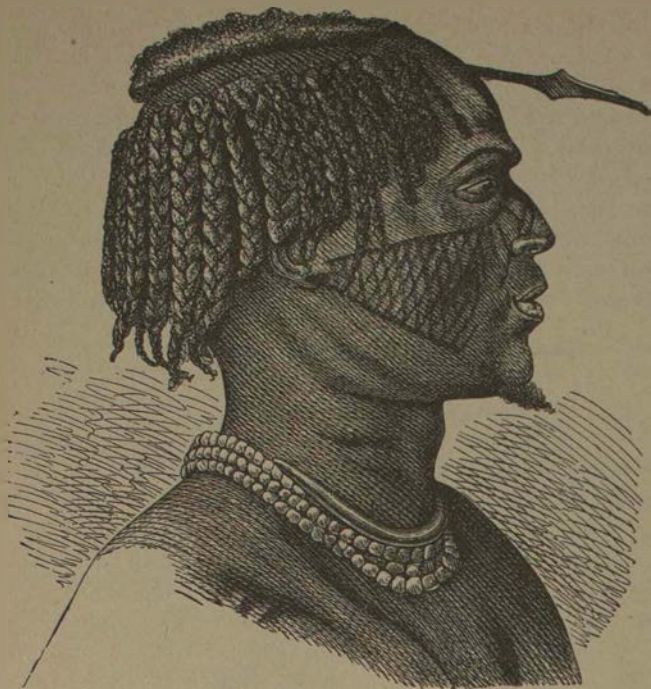


AMULETS.

and wishes a divorce, if her family can provide the necessary sum to re-purchase her she may depart, and the chief of the tribe gives the woman a piece of white clay with which she marks the trees of the principal street of her village, as a sign that she is again an unmarried woman. However, if she has broken a spoon or a trinket or some worthless possession of her husband's, the wife becomes his slave and it is useless for her to apply for a divorce.

Among most of the tribes the division of labor between man and wife does not differ greatly from our ideas of what it should be. That work which requires most strength falls to the man, and that requiring more endurance and skill, to the woman. The man drives the cattle to pasture, hunts those which have strayed away, guards against wild beasts, digs the wells, and fetches water from a distance. The woman takes care of the children; cultivates the fields, often with a baby on her back; has an eye to the calves and lambs of the flocks; helps the man build the house, which is very easily constructed of poles and platted grass; gets all the wood for burning; and milks the cows and prepares the food.

That, in case of necessity, the sexes, especially among the poorer classes, help each other, is only natural; and it is only natural, also, that a careless observer noticing that the man



A TATTOOED NIAM-NIAM.

allows the woman to do some of his work, might suppose that she had to do most of it. It is always a woman's work, as it is with us, to carry the children; even in the poorest villages a man is never seen carrying a child, or even upon a journey. In the house the man has the right to rule, *à priori*, and no one dare interfere if a man finds it fitting to chastise his wife.

Dress, among most of the Central African tribes, is purely ornamental in its character. Pearls and glass beads, strings of amulets purchased from the conjurer and worn as charms to keep off evil spirits or to "conjure" someone else with, decorative hair-dressing,—which is carried to every extreme, especially among the men, for the women usually have their hair cut as well as the slaves,—and an apron of grass-cloth worn for decency, are considered sufficient raiment. Among some of the tribes, the belles of the village make a new toilet of leaves arranged apron fashion, every morning; but many of them, thanks to the Mahometan and European traders, possess more lasting costumes.

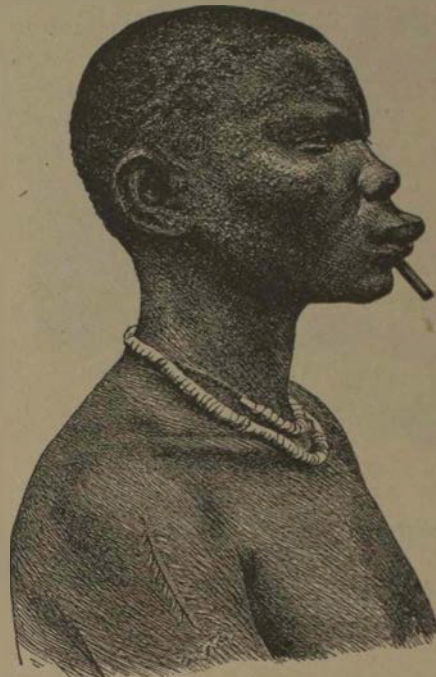
Painting themselves with clay and colored dyes is a widespread custom; and in some places where the natives smear

themselves with wood-ashes to keep off vermin, they look frightful indeed. The men, especially the warriors, frequently possess a leopard or goat skin which they wear as a cloak, and the married women have a soft leathern girdle, sometimes deeply fringed to form an apron; but the unmarried women of certain villages wear very little except beads.

A fine personal appearance is considered among these people as greatly enhanced by tattooing, which, although similarly practiced by the Tuschilange and the inhabitants of Rubunga on the middle Congo, who are tattooed "from the roots of the hair to the knees," is not frequently found among the negroes. The negroes of the upper Nile admire this primitive style of ornamentation the most, and tattoo themselves with really artistic designs. The very painful operation is performed only when the person has reached the age of complete maturity. Radial cuts over the brows

are the distinguishing marks of the Dinka and Nwer tribes. The Moru tribe display a characteristic pointed tattooing of the brows and temples, while the Niam-Niams tattoo a feather-shaped pattern on the cheeks and temples.

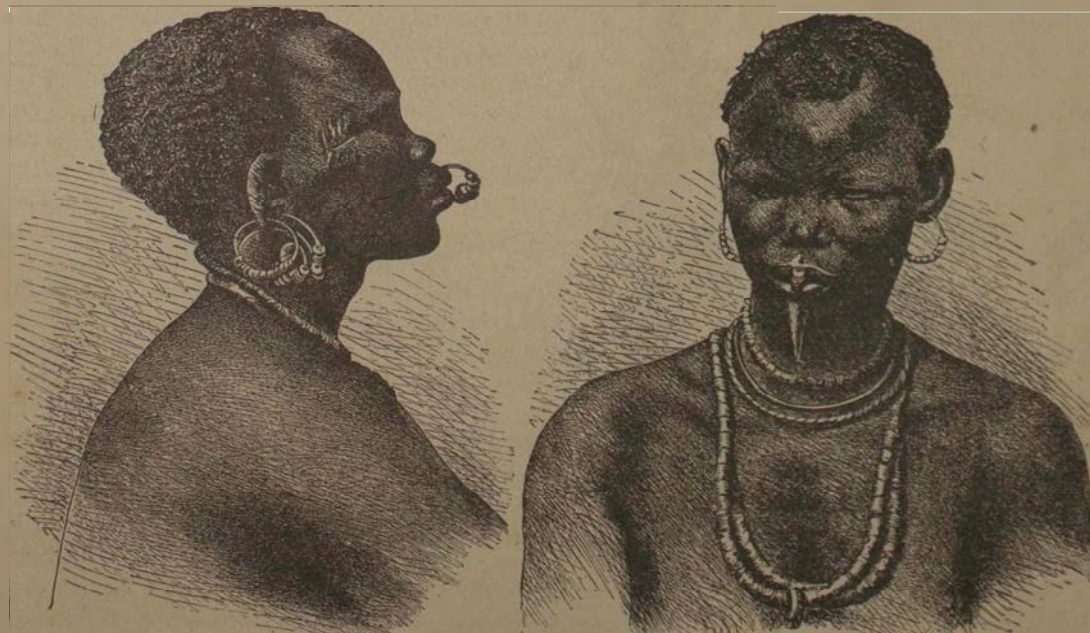
A custom which distinguishes the western tribes from others is that of wearing a piece of quartz two or three inches long through the under lip, which very much impedes articulation, already impaired by breaking out the incisors of the lower teeth, which is also a custom. The Moru women wear a



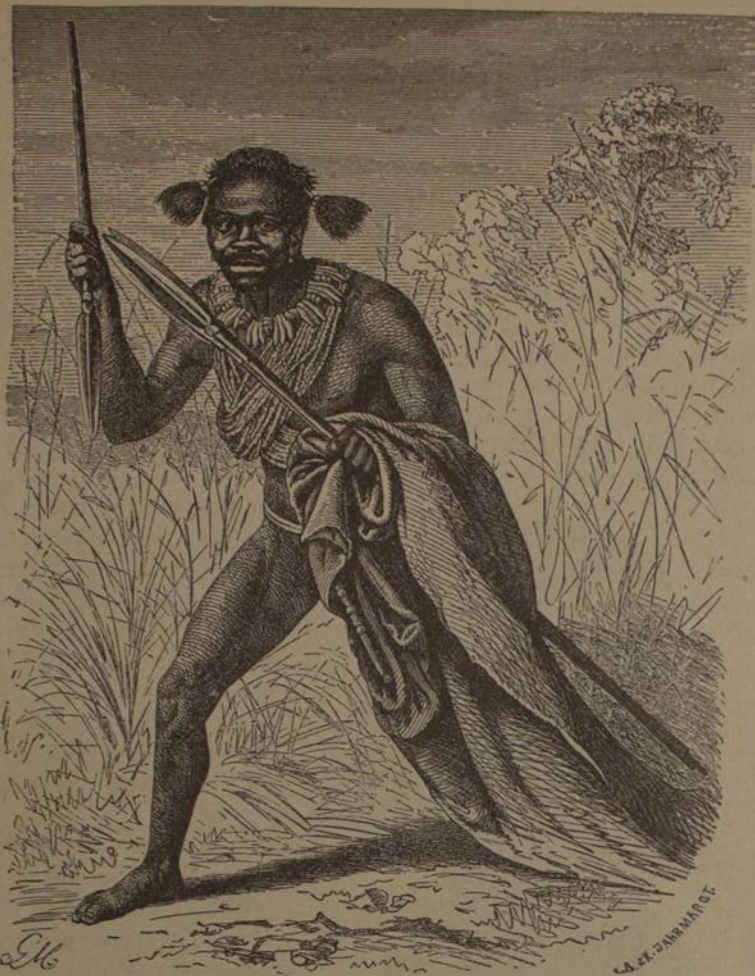
WOMAN OF WESTERN TRIBE.

splinter of wood in the upper lip, or a ring with a single pearl. Other ornaments are ear-rings, necklaces, and rings for arms and legs, of iron or other metal or of leather, anything they can make a ring out of, in fact, and with the aid of copious lavings with palm-oil or other grease they are considered to have made themselves exceedingly attractive.

The men delight in the trappings of war, and a warrior dressed and armed for the fray, with spear and shield or bow and arrows, is a frightful object to contemplate, although he can do no more harm than a civilized soldier well-armed with repeating rifle and cartridges. Still more frightful-looking objects are the "sham devils," who are men dressed in a fashion which they imagine closely resembles real devils, and who show themselves where the woods are reported to be haunted by real devils, as in Kibokwé, and make them remove to some other locality. They come among the people usually to collect alms, and live



MORU WOMEN.



A WARRIOR.

a pretty easy life on a comfortable income derived by trading on the superstitions of the people. Music is one of the charms they use to scare the devils away.

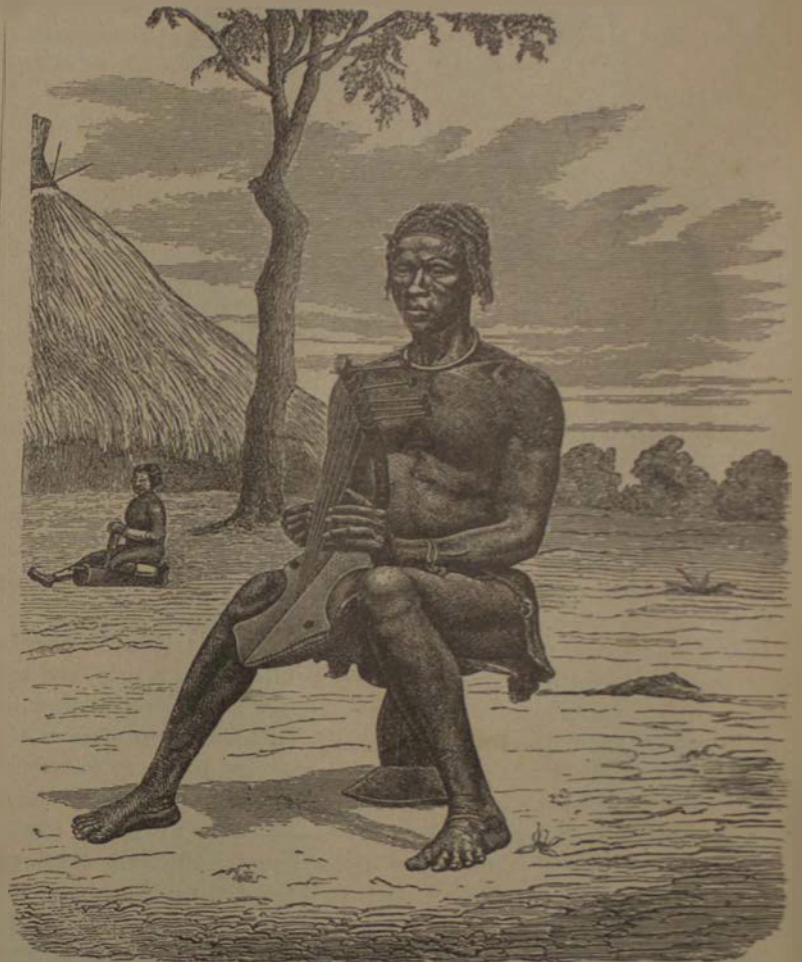
The use of musical instruments is wide-spread in Africa, for the negroes, perhaps to a greater extent than any primitive race, are gifted with musical taste and talent, and in Africa, as among the former slaves of the Southern States,

“ Dear the negro holds his gifts
Of music and of song,
The gold which kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong.”

Although the musical instruments of the negro are, to say the least, more noisy than melodious, yet among the more

skilful and wealthy tribes, such as the Niam-Niams and the Monbuddu, stringed instruments are not uncommon, and some of them are beautifully carved in wood and ivory. Most of the negro tribes play upon lute-like instruments, flutes, and whistles, and their music, although somewhat monotonous, like the “ pickin’ on de string ” of the Southern minstrels, is not unpleasing.

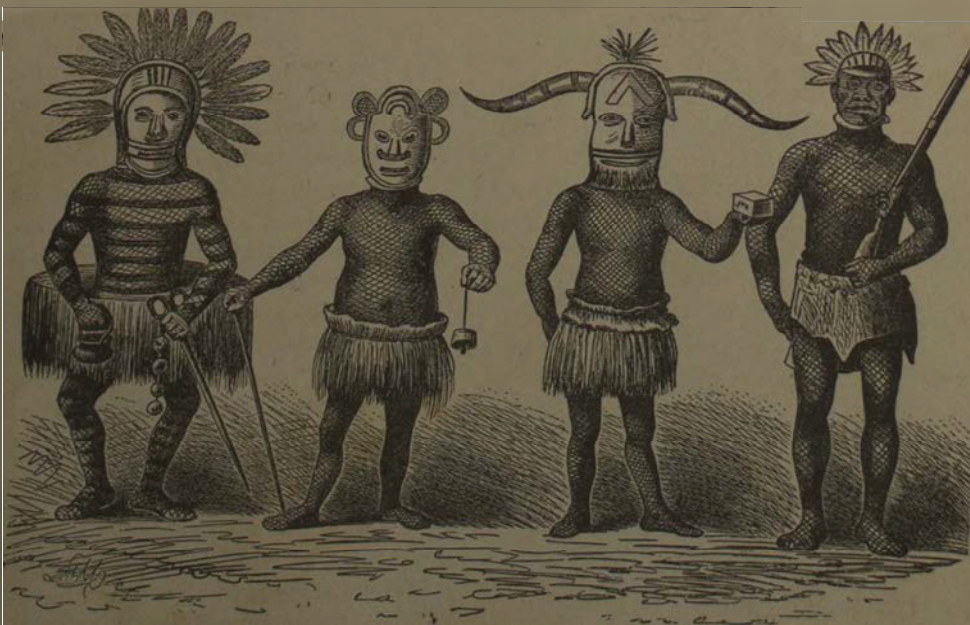
The passion for devoting their leisure time to making the various noises, more or less musical, with which they while away the hours, is not always productive of comfort to the cultivated ears of European travelers, and it is rumored that



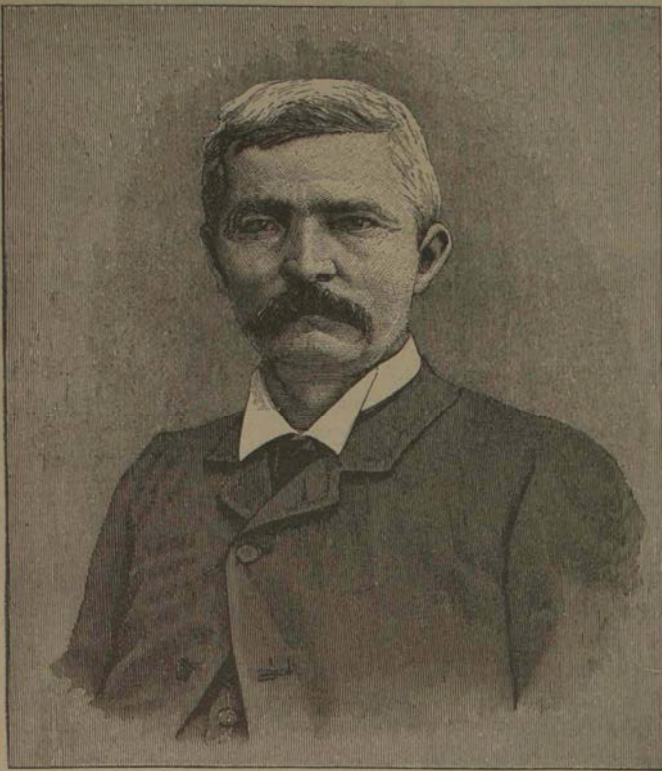
A HARP-PLAYER.

an expressed distaste for the sounds his servants called music, was one of the circumstances which led Major Barttelot's attendants to revolt and assassinate him as he was proceeding on his way to find and help Stanley in the unknown interior of Africa. But it is more probable that the murder of this gallant young officer of the English East African expedition was owing to the treachery of the wily Arab Tippoo Tib, who supplied him with bearers to prosecute his search into the wilds of Manyema.

When the intrepid explorer Henry M. Stanley was on his way in July, 1887, to Wadelai, with ammunition and stores for Emin Pasha, the Governor of the African equatorial provinces, he was obliged, on account of Tippoo Tib's failure to supply five hundred carriers as agreed upon, to leave the greater part of the stores with Major Barttelot, at the Zambouga camp. But on July 19 the major was murdered; and since then the fate of Stanley, and of Emin Bey, “ the true,” as his prefix “ Emin ” signifies, is clouded in mystery.



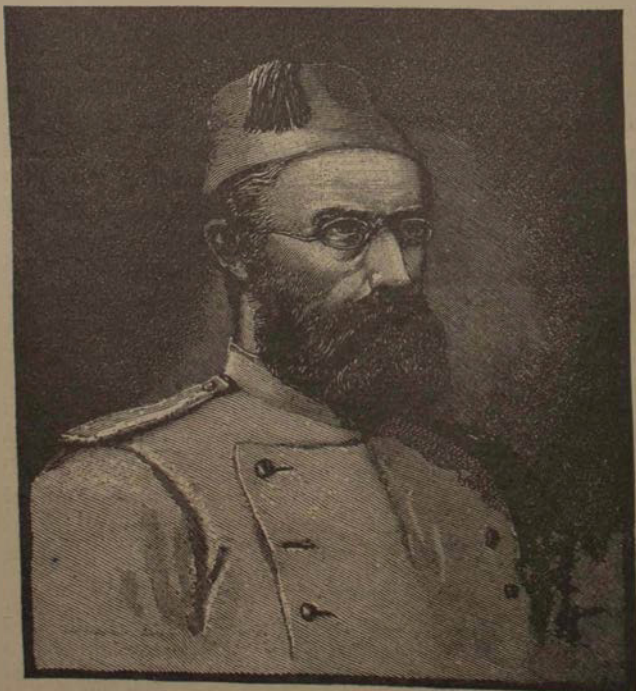
SHAM DEVILS.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

Conflicting reports of the safety of both, and the astounding intelligence that both had been captured by Osman Digna's forces, and were to have their throats cut unless the Anglo-Egyptian troops evacuated Suakim forthwith, staggered everyone. A letter purporting to have been written by Stanley to Tippoo Tib has been published, but doubts exist as to its authenticity. In the meantime a New York paper has sent an expedition in charge of the distinguished bicyclist, Mr. Thomas A. Stevens, to look up Stanley and Emin, and investigate the terrible traffic which is destroying the population of Africa.

The fertility and wealth of products of Africa, and its general unhealthiness of climate to Europeans make it almost imperative for the welfare of all nations that this fair land should be cultivated by its native inhabitants, with whom it would not be difficult to maintain a profitable com-



EMIN PASHA.

merce. Even in the more accessible regions of the Congo, the *Landolfio florida*, or rubber plant, grows in luxuriance; but as yet the natives know nothing of its value. Tamarinds, ivory, palm oil, gum-copal, gum tragacanth, myrrh, frankincense, furs, skins, feathers, copper, beeswax, bark-cloth, nutmeg, ginger, castor-oil nuts, and other tropical products can be made far more profitable to the intelligent trader than these pitiable objects in which they deal, for whom at least six lives must be forfeited to obtain one poor human chattel.

Perhaps the wondrous genius of this century, steam and electricity, will free Africa from her curse of slavery. The Belgians are about to construct a railroad on the southerly side of the Congo to the inland navigable waters of the Congo at Leopoldville, and the preliminary surveys have just been completed. Aided by the railroad and the telegraph, humanity may yet outwit the inhuman Arab traders; but until then, Stanley's despairing exclamation, when speaking of Africa and her accursed slave-trade, must find an echo throughout all civilization:

"Raided and devastated in such cruel fashion, of what possible use will it be when emptied of its people?"

ERNEST R. GRIFFITH.



View of Hudson River From West Point.

(See Water-Color.)

THE world-famed Hudson is beautiful at almost every point of its majestic course, but there is an additional interest in the view we give of the river, looking from West Point upward. Here, where the Nation's heroes are trained in the arts which are employed to defend freedom, the beauty of their environment may well inspire their youthful, impulsive hearts with love for the fair heritage it is their duty to protect. Not the moonlight, but the afternoon sun,

"Looks down on old Cro'nest,
And mellows the shades on his shaggy breast.

His sides are broken by spots of shade
By the walnut bough and the cedar made."

Though the great mountain-spur seems so near, and its massive, mirrored cone darkens the blue river to the very foot of the cliffs, Old Crow Nest is really more than a mile to the northward of West Point, and rises precipitously above the river to a height of more than 1,500 feet.

Far in the distance the pretty town of Newburg is seen, and on the right bank of the river lies the little village of Cold Spring, nestling under the frowning highlands, the white smoke of its foundries curling lightly in the warm air against the green hill-sides.

Our water-color beautifully reproduces the faint haze which lends a charm to the rugged hills and the opaline river, but to get the full effect of the perspective and delicacy of shading, the picture needs to be held at some little distance, and for this reason is admirably adapted for framing.

It will also prove useful to amateur artists, who can reproduce this lovely scene on a more ambitious scale if preferred, or copy it as it is. The coloring cannot be surpassed, and may serve as a guide for the tinting of other lake and river views.

THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

(Continued from Page 350.)

CHAPTER XXII.

"AT THE EXPENSE OF MY HONOR!"

AT this declaration of the president's, Wolfgang looked down; he was reflecting upon the result of this alternative "or." Yes, certainly, he had been a good calculator; he knew well enough that with his bride he would lose millions, the wealth, the brilliant future, for he enumerated to himself all for which he had voluntarily sold his happiness.

Suddenly that hour on Wolkenstein came back to him,—that moonlit, midsummer night when with significant warning this moment was prophesied to him: "The price now is your freedom—it may yet perhaps be your honor!"

Nordheim interpreted this silence in his own way. He laid his hand on the young chief-engineer's shoulder, and said in a milder tone:

"Be reasonable, Wolfgang. We should both lose by a separation, and I do not desire it in the least; but I can and do expect of my son-in-law that he should go hand in hand with me and make my interests his. Just give your signature and I will be responsible for all the rest. Then we will both forget this hour, and divide the profit which will make you an independently rich man."

"At the expense of my honor!" interrupted Wolfgang, passionately. "No, by Heaven, that shall never be! I might have known long ago what your manner of doing business would lead to, when you exacted so little of me since I have been betrothed to Alice; but I saw and knew nothing because I was fool enough to imagine that I could go my own way and have my own will in spite of everything. Now I see that there is no stopping-place upon a downward path; that whoever is connected with you cannot keep his honor intact. I have been ambitious and reckless—yes, I have counted upon our connection as you have done, and I have already sacrificed more to it than I can answer for to my conscience; but I will not stoop so low as to become an impostor. If you wish to make a knave of me with your wealth, if the future of which I have dreamed is only to be had at this price, then it may go!—I will not have it!"

He had drawn himself up to his fullest height, with flaming eyes, and hurled his reply at the president. There was something mighty, overpowering, in this stormy outbreak of the man whose better nature at last had risen and victoriously overcome the temptation so alluringly set before him. He knew that this "transaction" meant a million for him; then he would no longer be dependent upon his father-in-law; then he would stand free and untrammelled with the golden power in his hands, with which he might realize all his dreams of the future. It was only for a moment that he hesitated; then he cast the temptation from him and preserved his honor.

The president now saw that he had deluded himself when he hoped to find in the clever, ambitious "upstart" a pliant tool and as conscienceless a nature as his own; but a complete breach was not at all to his liking. He lost most by the separation. In the first place, the profits would be lost, which he could only obtain by means of Elmhurst's signature; and, besides, he said to himself, it was dangerous to

let a man who was so conversant with his plans become his enemy. The breach must be healed, at least for a time.

"We will not come to a final decision in this matter to-day," he said at length. "It is too important, and we are both too much excited to treat it calmly. I will be up at my mountain villa next week, and in the meantime you can revolve the matter; for at present I will not take your decision as final."

"Then you must next week," declared Wolfgang. "My answer will be the same then as now. Let the road be estimated at its value,—at its highest value,—and I will not oppose the estimate; but I will not put my signature to this account. That is my last word.—Farewell."

"You are not going back again now?" asked Nordheim, surprised.

"Certainly; the next express goes in two hours, and my business here is concluded. My presence on the railroad is imperatively necessary."

He bowed; it was not the confidential greeting of the relative, the son that was to be, but a cold, constrained leave-taking, as between strangers, and the president felt what it implied.

As Elmhurst passed through the hall, he met two servants who were waiting for him. They had, without waiting for Nordheim's orders, got his room ready for him, and now waited to see if he had any further orders to give; but he motioned them back with a slight wave of the hand. Without it was a cold, wet, October evening; the sky was starless, the air dank and dismal, and the keen wind heralded the approach of the late autumn. Elmhurst involuntarily drew the folds of his traveling-cloak closer around him as he strode forward with light, rapid steps.

It was at an end! That he knew to a certainty; and he knew it was Nordheim's view also, although he would try to repair the sudden breach because he feared a rash action of his once intended son-in-law, who could expose him if he would. A scornful smile curved Wolfgang's proud lips. Unnecessary fear,—he was not so base. His thoughts flew to his betrothed, where they seldom went. Alice assuredly would not suffer if the engagement were broken. She had accepted his suit without opposition to the will of her father, and would submit with the same unquestioning obedience if he destroyed the bond. Love had never been spoken of between them.

Wolfgang drew a long breath. Now he was free again; the payment had been returned to him; he now could go on that solitary, proud way, with only his own strength and his own courage on his side; but the voice which had roused him from the intoxicating dream of selfish ambition would never sound for him again, that beautiful proud face would never smile on him! The prize now belonged to another; and whatever he might strive for and attain in the future, his happiness was still forfeited—was lost to him forever!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ONLY THING WHICH CAN MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

UP in the mountains the autumn was still like the later days of summer. The days were, with few exceptions,

bright and sunshiny, the air warm, and the hills had that perfect, misty loveliness which is the charm of the latter part of the year.

The residents of the Nordheim villa still lingered in the mountains. Alice's health had so improved that she wished to continue the favorable treatment until it was positively necessary to return to Heilborn; Erna longed to stay in her beloved mountains, and Ernest, always anxious to be near her, and disliking city life at any time, encouraged them to remain.

Baroness Wally, or Madame Albert Gersdorf, as she insisted upon being called, had prevailed upon her indulgent husband to allow her to remain under the chaperonage of Madame von Lasberg and the cousinly protection of Benno, when, after their brief honeymoon in the mountains, Albert was compelled to return to the capital. The old secretary, Veit Gronau, followed the volatile young bride around, and Said and Djelma, who were not very clear as to the relations of all the personages with whom they came in contact, compared notes and decided that this unusual attention, which was a purely fatherly interest in the blooming girl, meant nothing less than that Veit was going to buy "Missis Gersdorf," as Djelma called her, and take her away with them.

It was a perfect afternoon, and the golden autumn sun lured the little party, assembled in Alice's drawing-room, out and up the mountain side, and they set forth, the little baroness, as usual, the life of the company. Her bright, fresh laughter inspired them all; she chatted with Alice, teased Erna, and quarreled with Waltenberg about Oriental customs, which she did not know the least thing about. Finally they reached the foot of a steep cliff, where Erna declared Alice must remain and rest until they came back. Much Wally lamented the absence of her usual attendant, Gronau, who was the most skilled climber of all; but he had gone to Heilborn suddenly, even Ernest did not know why.

Alice obediently did as she was told, and while Waltenberg with the other two ladies scaled the height, she remained on the little plateau below the rocks. It was a lovely, quiet place, that as yet the frosts of autumn had not touched. The dark firs and the delicate mosses still wore their fresh green, and the rays of the afternoon sun glinted through the dark branches. It was as light and warm as a day in spring. Alice might have been sitting there alone for some ten minutes, when in the distance appeared a familiar figure, that of Dr. Reinsfeld. He had just come from visiting a patient who lived up in the mountain, and was so absorbed in thought as he walked along, that he probably would have passed without noticing the young lady, had she not called to him:

"Well, really, doctor, will you hurry by without even a look at your patient?"

At the sound of her voice Benno stood surprised: "You here, Miss Alice, and all alone?"

"Oh, I am not so uncared for as you imagine," said Alice, almost maliciously. "Herr Waltenberg is up above with Erna and Wally; I only stayed here——"

"Because you were tired?" he interrupted, anxiously.

She shook her head, laughing. "Oh, no; I only wished to keep my strength for the journey back. You have enjoined this economy on me as a duty. See how obedient I am."

She made a little sideways movement and appeared to expect that the doctor would sit down by her; he hesitated a second and then accepted the mute invitation. They were no longer strangers, having seen and talked with each other daily.

Alice chatted brightly; there was a harmless, innocent joy in this gaiety, the joy of a new vitality, which had finally succeeded the oppressive tendency to disease of the

past years, and half-timidly, half-confidently, she was entering upon a new existence. No one could have talked more simply and childishly than this young heiress who was so unfitted for the brilliant position which her father's wealth gave her. Here, as she sat upon the mossy ground in the forest, without any of the ornaments or magnificence that were only a burden to her, the golden sunbeams flickering over her soft, light-brown hair, and her delicate features illumined by a faint rose-flush, her appearance was one of inexpressible charm and loveliness.

The young physician seemed uncommonly serious and silent; he forced himself to smile and to answer lightly, but it was evident that it did not come from his heart. Alice at last remarked it. She became less animated, and finally, after a long silence had ensued without Reinsfeld having made an effort to break it, she asked:

"Doctor—what is the matter?"

"With me?" replied Benno. "Oh, nothing—nothing at all."

"I was afraid there was, you were in such a hurry and you looked so serious and sad; and this is not the first time that I have noticed it. For some weeks it has been evident to me that something oppressed and annoyed you, although you took such pains to conceal it. Won't you tell me what it is?"

The soft voice of Alice pleaded sweetly, and the brown eyes gazed imploringly and sympathetically at the young physician, yet Nordheim's daughter was the last one in the world to whom Reinsfeld could tell the real cause of his uneasiness. She was right. Benno had been oppressed for weeks by the thought of a certain revelation which Veit Gronau had made while he was attending the latter; and although Veit had not been able to furnish the proofs of Nordheim's treachery to the friend of his youth, and the act by which he had won fortune for himself, Benno suspected that Gronau had at least a clue, for his sudden departure and unaccountable absence indicated as much. He quickly recovered himself and replied:

"It is hard for me to leave Oberstein. As fatiguing as my practice is, and as much as I have longed for a wider field of action, I yet feel how much attached I have become to these people, whose griefs and joys I have shared for years among these mountains which have become like a second home to me. I leave so much here from which it is hard for me to part."

His eyes sought the ground with the last words, although he must have been aware of the effect they had upon Alice. She paled and the beaming joyousness left her features, while the little cluster of wild-flowers which she had plucked dropped from her hand and fell upon the moss.

"Is the time of your departure so near?" asked she gently.

"Yes, I am only waiting for the arrival of my successor, which will probably be in about a week."

"And then you go—forever?"

"Yes—forever!"

Silence followed. Alice bent over and picked up her bouquet and began mechanically to re-arrange it. She knew of course of the appointment at Neuenfeld and of the doctor's approaching departure, but she had believed that he would remain until after she had left, and beyond this departure her thoughts had not gone. She had been so happy here in the mountains, and scarcely had thought that the glad, sunny days could come to an end; but now she perceived how near the end was.

"I can go without anxiety," Benno began again. "Most of my patients are doing well, and you really need me no longer. With the necessary precautions, which you must observe for some time yet, I believe I can count upon your

permanent good-health. I am very fortunate in having been able to keep my word to my friend and restore his betrothed to him in good health and spirits."

"If that is anything to him," said Alice in a low voice.

Reinsfeld looked astonished at this singular remark.

"But, Miss Nordheim—"

"Do you believe that Wolfgang has any love for me?—I do not!"

There was no bitterness in these words, they only sounded mournful; and the glance which she raised to the young physician was also mournfully questioning.

"You do not believe in Wolfgang's love?" queried he, amazed. "But why then has he—" he paused abruptly and was silent in the midst of his sentence. No one knew better than he that love had no part in his friend's choice; he recollected, distinctly, how the young engineer had planned with cold, ambitious calculation to win the daughter of the all-powerful president, the scornful shrug with which he repelled the idea of any inclination. He knew it had been a speculation, nothing more.

"I do not wish to utter a word of reproach against Wolfgang, certainly not," Alice continued. "He is always so attentive, so respectful,—but still I feel how little I am to him. Even when he is with me his thoughts are far away. I scarcely perceived it at first, and when I did it did not make me unhappy. I was always so weary I had no enjoyment of life, and I was always like a captive in the sick-room. But when the oppression that had crippled me, body and soul, began to lighten, I learned to see and discriminate. Wolfgang loves his profession, his future, his great work the Wolkenstein Bridge, of which he is so proud,—he will never love me!"

Benno could not find an answer; he was both alarmed and surprised at this judgment of the young girl whom he had supposed so indifferent on this point.

"Wolf is not of an emotional temperament," said he at length. "In him ambition exceeds all other feelings."

Alice shook her head. "Doctor Gersdorf is also a calm, cool nature, yet how he loves Wally! Ernest Waltenberg formerly knew no greater happiness than his unbounded freedom, and what has love made of him? Madame von Lasberg says, indeed, that the one is nonsensical trifling which will come to an end with the honeymoon, and that the other is a fire of straw which will die out as rapidly as it flamed up; that true, enduring love is only a dream, a foolish, romantic idea that a sensible woman must give up if she wishes to lead a happy married life. She may perhaps be right, but it is a most comfortless, discouraging philosophy.—Do you believe in it, doctor?"

"No!" said Reinsfeld, so firmly and emphatically that Alice glanced at him surprised, but she smiled sadly.

"Then we are both dreamers and fools."

"And thank God that we are!" broke in Benno. "Do not let yourself be defrauded of the only thing which can make life happy, which can make life worth the trouble of living. Wolf has indeed always prophesied that I would be a poor simpleton whom nobody would trouble themselves about.—I do not care! I am yet happier than he, with all his independence and its consequences. He takes no pleasure in it, he sees only barren reality, without inspiration, without any gleam of ideality. If we both could show the real summing up of our lives, the balance of happiness would probably be on my side, for Wolfgang would perhaps give all his proud attainments for a single draught of the spring which flows inexhaustibly for me. We poor, despised, and scorned idealists are the only happy people in the world, for we can love with our whole hearts, can inspire ourselves with all that is great and good, can hope and trust in spite of all our bitter experiences. And if all fails us in life, we

still possess that which is beyond all else, and which will carry us to a height where the others cannot follow; they lack those wings which are worth more than all their much-vaunted philosophy."

Alice listened silently, breathlessly, to this talk, which she never had heard before, yet which she understood with the instinctive perception of a young, warm heart longing for happiness and love.

"You are right!" cried she, extending both her hands to him, as if in thanks. "That is the highest, the sole happiness of life, and we will not let ourselves be defrauded of it!"

"The sole happiness?" returned Benno, as, almost without knowing it, he caught her hands and held them fast. "No, Alice, there is still another happiness for you. Wolfgang is, in spite of all, a great and noble nature, only you must first learn to understand him, and then he will and must make you happy, or he would not be worthy to possess you. I—" here his voice played him false, as it trembled with repressed anguish—"I shall often hear from him and his wife, for we shall correspond; and then—perhaps you also will once in a while send me a greeting."

Alice did not answer, but her eyes were full of hot tears; she was not able to conceal this first deep grief of her life, and at the last words she dropped her face in her hands, sobbing bitterly.

The two had no suspicion that they were overheard. But at the very moment that the doctor seized the hands of the young girl, the bushes separated at the foot of the cliff, and Wally, who had planned a mischievous surprise, looked out. Among the many laudable propensities of Madame Gersdorf was an excruciating curiosity. She wanted to know, at all hazards, what this meant; so she remained motionless in her hiding-place and heard all that was said, until Erna and Waltenberg approached. Fortunately the little lady possessed some presence of mind, and besides she recollected that Alice had played guardian angel for her, and it seemed about time for her to assume the rôle in turn. So she crept noiselessly back through the bushes, and called loudly to the others that she was away ahead of them. This had the desired effect; when the three a few minutes later came out where they had left Alice, the young couple had composed themselves. Alice was sitting down, and Benno standing gravely and silently before her. Wally of course was extremely surprised to see her cousin Benno. She meant to tell him as soon as they were alone that he could depend on her, and Alice also. She had unbounded confidence in herself as a guardian angel.

The little company proceeded on their way down the mountain, and it fell to Benno to escort his young relative, who showered him with questions and comments. He listened mechanically, and as mechanically gave the required answers, while his gaze followed the slender, delicate figure walking silently by Erna's side; to-day was not the first that he had known it was to him the dearest in the world.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONDEMNED BY HIS OWN CHILD.

ALICE NORDHEIM was in her father's study, which she never was known to enter hitherto, and it must have been something unusual which led her there at that time, for she looked pale and agitated, and appeared, as she leaned against the window, to be struggling with a secret anguish; and yet it was nothing more than an interview between father and child. But between them the confidence and intimacy of such a relation was wholly lacking. Nordheim, while he surrounded his daughter with all the splendor of his wealth, really took very little interest in her; and Alice

might have perceived it ere this, but that her obedient acquiescence in everything that her father saw fit to conclude upon, was good reason why no difference of opinion should ever have arisen between them.

Now for the first time it was otherwise; she was about to approach her father with a confession which she knew would arouse his scorn. But Alice was not so weak and unable to exercise any volition of her own as she had appeared; she feared this scorn, she trembled before it, and yet she did not waver a moment from her purpose.

The step of the president was heard in the adjoining room, and his voice also:

"The gentleman, Herr Waltenberg's secretary? Certainly, show him in."

Alice stood for a moment undecided; her father, who had no suspicion of her presence, did not come alone, and in her agonized agitation she could not meet a stranger. It was, in any case, probably only a message or some news from Waltenberg, that would take only a few minutes to deliver.

So the young girl quickly slipped into the adjoining sleeping-apartment, whose door stood open. At the same time Nordheim entered, and had scarcely seated himself when the gentleman appeared. The president received him with indifference.

"You are Herr Waltenberg's secretary?"

"I have that honor."

Nordheim started at the sound of that voice, which awakened an unbidden recollection. He cast a sharp glance at the stranger, and as he carelessly motioned to him to take a seat, he went on:

"He probably will not be here to-day. What can I do for you, Herr—I do not know your name?"

"Veit Gronau," replied the latter, as he calmly took the offered seat.

The president looked very much surprised; he seemed to be trying to recall in this weather-bronzed face the features of his former friend, but the recollection appeared to be not an agreeable one.

"Then we are not entirely strangers," Nordheim continued. "I often in my youth met a Veit Gronau——"

"Who has the honor to sit before you," explained Veit.

"That pleases me, indeed." The pleasure was expressed in very measured terms. "And how have things gone with you in the meantime? I hope, well; your position with Herr Waltenberg is evidently a very pleasant one."

"I have every reason to be satisfied with it. I have, of course, not got along as far as you, but one must be contented with what he has."

"Quite right! Fate sends people in very different directions."

"And sometimes people undertake to decide their own course; it is very often a question of which one knows how to pilot his ship of life in the most skillful manner."

This remark annoyed the president. It sounded to him too confidential, and he desired no confidence with the former friend of his youth; so he said abruptly:

"We are neglecting the purpose of your call. Herr Waltenberg sent you?"

"No!" stated Gronau dryly.

Nordheim looked at him in wonder. "Yet you come from him on some commission?"

"No; I come on business of my own."

"Well, speak out," said the president carelessly. "Our acquaintance dates very far back, however——"

"Yes, it dates twenty-five years back," Gronau cut him short. "And yet I would beg of you to give me some information of that date, and ask you what has become of our mutual—I beg to be excused—of my former friend, Benno Reinsfeld."

The question came so unexpectedly that Nordheim was dumfounded for a moment; but he was becoming accustomed to such surprises, and also to self-command.

"You really tax my memory too much, Herr Gronau. I cannot possibly keep every friend of my youth in mind, and in this case I do not even remember the name."

"No? Well, then, I must refresh your memory. I speak of the engineer Benno Reinsfeld, the inventor of the first mountain locomotive."

The eyes of the two men met, and instantly the president knew that this was not an accidental reference, but that an enemy stood before him, and that a threat was contained in those apparently harmless words. It only remained to be seen whether this man, who so suddenly re-appeared after an absence of years, was dangerous, or whether it was only an expression of ordinary resentment because he had so repelled the recollection of years gone by. Nordheim seemed to take the latter view of the case, for he said frigidly:

"You are incorrectly informed. I was the inventor of the first mountain locomotive, as my patents show."

Gronau rose suddenly, and his dark countenance grew a shade darker as the blood mantled his bronzed cheeks. He had mapped out and planned his field of operations, and meant to surround his adversary and drive him to extremes until the way of retreat was cut off; but this iron brow opposite him put all his clever ideas to flight, and the noble man's indignation got the upper hand.

"And you dare to tell me that to my face?" cried he passionately.—"to me, who was there when Benno showed us the plan and explained, while you praised and admired? Does your memory fail you in this respect also?"

The president quietly laid his hand on the bell-pull.

"Will you leave of your own accord, Herr Gronau, or shall I call a servant? I am not accustomed to submit to insult in my own house."

"I advise you to leave the bell alone," said Veit, grimly. "You have the choice whether what I have to say shall be said to you alone, or made public. If you refuse—I can find a listener elsewhere."

The threat was not inoperative; Nordheim withdrew his hand, but his voice still sounded unagitated: "Well, what have you to say to me?"

Veit Gronau advanced towards his former friend, and his eyes sparkled. "That you are a scoundrel, Nordheim—nothing else!"

The president drew back, but the next moment he continued: "Ah, you dare——"

"Oh, yes, and I dare do still more, for, unfortunately, the thing cannot be settled with a word. Poor Benno could or would do nothing about it, but bowed his head under the stroke, and suffered more, perhaps, from the knowledge that his dearest friend had betrayed him, than from the betrayal itself. If I had been there you would not have got off so easy. Don't take the trouble to put on such an indignant mien! You cannot hoodwink me. I know all, and, besides, we are alone. You need not bother yourself with formalities. What would you say if I made a public complaint against you?"

"What should I say?" said Nordheim, shrugging his shoulders. "Where are your proofs?"

Gronau smiled ironically. "Yes; I thought that was what it would be. Consequently I did not come to you at first, when I learned this pretty story from Reinsfeld's son in Oberstein, but followed up the clue. I have been for three weeks staying in Benno's last place of residence, in our native city."

"And have you found them, these proofs?"

"No,—at least nothing directly implicating you. You

simply were bent on enriching yourself, and Reinsfeld never thought of putting his discovery out of others' reach. It was at that time I went away. In the meantime, good, unsuspecting Benno altered and improved his effort, and built glittering air-castles, until he one day found out that the plan had been accepted and was richly remunerative. But the money and the patent were in some one else's pocket, that of his pretended friend, who thus had become a millionaire."

"And you will publish this fairy-tale?" inquired the president, scornfully. "Do you really believe that the recital of an adventurer, such as you are, can disturb a man in my position? Besides, you have no proof."

"Direct proof, no; but what I have discovered is enough to bring you down from where you stand. Reinsfeld tried to recover his rights, and, naturally, he was rebuffed, although here and there his story was believed; but he lost courage and gave the thing up. But it has come to light again; you must answer the accusation, and this time it is not the weak, inexperienced Benno, but me, whom you have for an opponent. Look out how you deal with me! I have taken an oath that I will do everything to have justice done to the son of my friend, and I will keep it 'for better, for worse.' As an 'adventurer' I have nothing to lose, and I shall proceed pitilessly against you. All that I have done in the past weeks is to forge my weapons; and the suspicion, which only a very limited circle now entertain, shall soon be public gossip. We will see whether the truth will be utterly unheeded when an honest man is ready to defend it with purse and life!"

Nordheim appeared to struggle with himself a moment, and then he asked: "How much do you want?"

A scornful smile curled Gronau's lip. "Ah, you want to make a compromise?"

"It amounts to that. I do not deny that a report such as you threaten to make public would be very unpleasant to me, even if I do not go so far as to anticipate danger from it. If you are inclined to look favorably upon it, I might be ready to make some concessions. Well, what do you propose?"

"Very little for a man in your circumstances. Give to the son of Benno, young Doctor Reinsfeld, the full amount of what you received at that time for the patent. It is his rightful inheritance, and a fortune for him in his present circumstances. Besides, you must acknowledge the truth to him, at least privately, and give the dead the honor that is due him, in his son's eyes at all events; then we will carry the affair no further, and I pledge myself to let the matter rest."

"The first condition I agree to," said Nordheim, in as cool a tone as if he had been arranging an ordinary business agreement. "The second, not! You ought to be satisfied with the money; that is not insignificant. You can divide with each other."

"You think so?" asked Gronau, with contempt. "Of course; how should you believe in an honorable, disinterested friendship? Benno Reinsfeld does not know that I have come here on this matter, and I would have to be sorely pressed to take any of that which belongs to him by right—to him alone in the sight of God. I should consider it a disgrace to touch even a penny of it! But enough of such exhortation. Will you agree to these conditions?"

"No; only to the first."

"I require both!—the money and the explanation."

"To place myself entirely in your hands? Never!"

"All right! then we are done. If you want fight, you shall have it."

With that Gronau turned and went towards the door. The president made a gesture as if he wished to detain him, but it was too late; the door had closed upon him.

Nordheim sprang up and began to pace rapidly to and fro. His forced composure and indifference had vanished. Wrath and anxiety strove for mastery, until finally he became calmer, and, pausing, said to himself: "Fool that I was to allow myself to become so concerned! He has no proof—not one.—I shall deny all!"

He turned to his desk, but suddenly he seemed rooted to the ground. The door of the sleeping-apartment had opened noiselessly, and on the threshold stood Alice, deathly pale, both hands pressed to her heart, and her great eyes fixed on her father.

"You here!" exclaimed he. "How came you here? Have you heard what has been said?"

"Yes—I heard all," said the young girl, in a scarcely audible voice.

Nordheim blanched for the first time. His daughter witness to this interview! But the next moment he regained his composure, and assured himself that it would not be difficult to dispel all suspicion from this inexperienced girl who had always meekly submitted to his authority.

"It was not intended for your ears," said Nordheim sharply to his daughter. "I cannot comprehend how you could have kept yourself hidden so long, listening; but since you have heard that the talk was about a business matter, and have been witness to an attempt at extortion from your father, perhaps I have no reason to regret it. Such clever impostors may be dangerous to the best men. The world is only too ready to believe lies, and whoever enters into any great undertaking for which the confidence of the public is an essential, cannot allow suspicion to rest upon him. It becomes necessary to buy off these men who live by such extortions—but you understand nothing of this. Go to your room, and, I pray, do not enter mine again secretly."

But Alice still stood immovable; she answered not, stirred not, and this obstinate silence seemed to irritate the president still more.

"Did you not hear me?" he repeated. "I wish to be alone; and, besides, I expect that not a word of what you have heard here will pass your lips.—Now go!"

Instead of obeying, Alice came nearer and said softly, but in a singularly nervous, tremulous tone: "Papa—I have something to say to you."

"What about? Not about this attempt at blackmail?" asked Nordheim gruffly. "I have told you how the matter stood, and I hope you would give no credence to an impostor?"

"The man was no impostor," returned the young maiden, in the same agitated, suppressed tone as before.

"No?" answered the president, "and what then am I, in your opinion?"

No answer; Alice seemed to struggle for breath. At last she recovered her voice: "I came here, papa, to make a confession which perhaps would have angered you,—but there is nothing to be said about that, now. I have only one question to ask you. Will you give—give Doctor Reinsfeld the satisfaction he requests of you?"

"I shall protect myself! That is my last word."

"Then I shall give it to him—in your place."

"Alice, are you out of your mind?" cried the president.

"He does not require the confession, for he knows the truth and must have known it a long time. Now I know why he was so altered, why he always looked at me so sadly, and never betrayed what was oppressing him. He knows all! And yet he has shown me only kindness and pity, has done all that he could to restore me to health—me, the daughter of the man who—" she could not complete the sentence.

Nordheim made no further attempt to play the wrathful

father, for he saw that Alice could not be hoodwinked; and he saw, also, that he must not treat her harshly. He must purchase her silence at any price.

"I am convinced that Doctor Reinsfeld has nothing to do with the matter," said he quietly, "for he is sensible enough to see the absurdity of such threats. What has put such an insane idea into your head as to talk to him about it, I don't know; but of course you are not in earnest. What is the affair to you?"

The young girl drew herself erect, and her infantile features assumed an infinitely austere expression hitherto foreign to them.

"You certainly ought to know that, papa. You know that Doctor Reinsfeld lived near us, that he worked day after day and never once tried to recover what his father lost. Life and the world have gone hard with him. He was cast upon the world an orphaned child, while he was studying he almost starved; and you—you had gained millions with that gold, had built you palaces, and dwelt in an abundance of riches. Do at least what Gronau asked of you, papa. You must do it,—or I will!"

"Alice!" cried Nordheim, vibrating between wrath and astonishment that his daughter, this weak, easily influenced creature, that never had been known to utter a contradiction, should make such a speech. "Have you no idea of the bearing of the case? Will you deliver your father into the hand of his bitterest enemy who——"

"Benno Reinsfeld is not your enemy!" interrupted Alice. "Even if he were, he would have guarded the secret long, for he might exact something entirely different from what Gronau demanded of you—for he loves me!"

"Reinsfeld—loves you?"

"Yes; I know it although he has never confessed it to me. I am the betrothed of another; and he who could exact all from you, if he would demand and threaten—he goes from here without a word of threat, without even asking justice from you, because he would spare me the shame that I would have to experience. You do not comprehend the nobility of this man!"

The president stood speechless; this solution of the difficulty was not impossible, for it required no very discerning eyes to see that Benno's love was reciprocated. The passionate outbreak of the girl spoke significantly enough.

"This is indeed surprising news!" said Nordheim, after a short pause. "And this is the first I knew of it. You spoke of a confession; what had you to say to me?"

Alice dropped her eyes, and a glowing crimson mounted to her temples: "That I love Wolfgang as little as he does me," answered she in a low voice. "I did not even know it myself until within a few days."

She fully expected an outbreak of wrath from her father, but nothing of the sort followed; on the contrary, his voice took an entirely different, unusually mild tone: "Why had you no confidence in me, Alice? I would certainly not compel my only daughter to a union from which her heart revolted. But that can be set aside; for now that I know you have no inclination for it, I will find a way to get out of it. Trust your father, my child, you will be satisfied with what he does." He bent towards her to imprint a fatherly kiss on her brow, but she drew back with a most unmistakable expression of aversion to the caress.

"What is this?" asked Nordheim, with frowning brow. "You are afraid of me? Do you not believe in me?"

She raised her eyes with an intense, appealing gaze, and her usually soft voice sounded strangely resolute as she answered: "No, papa, I do not believe in your love or your goodness. I shall never believe in you again!"

Nordheim compressed his lips and turned away. Silently

he motioned her to withdraw, and silently and timidly Alice obeyed.

She had perceived aright. The president had not thought of the possibility of a union between his daughter and the young physician, but there was no reason why he should not make use of such a possibility to avert the danger which momentarily threatened him. But he had miscalculated for once; this young, inexperienced girl had seen through him, and he, the man of iron, could not endure it. He had met the proud revolt of Wolfgang, the threatening appeals of Gronau, with wrath born of fear. But now, for the first time, something overtook him which he never had known in his whole life—shame! Although the actual danger was averted, he still felt, in his inmost soul, that he was judged and condemned by his own child.

(To be continued.)

Ten Woman-Poets of America.



FEW years since, if the question were asked, "Who is the foremost woman-poet in America?" the universal answer would, probably, have been, "Helen Hunt Jackson." Poets, critics, and the great reading public agreed in appreciation of that gifted woman whose poetry united an intellectual strength and that peculiar charm called by someone "heart-quality," to a remarkable degree. Helen Hunt was the American Mrs. Browning; and, even now, it seems scarcely right to write a paper on American poetesses without mentioning "H. H."

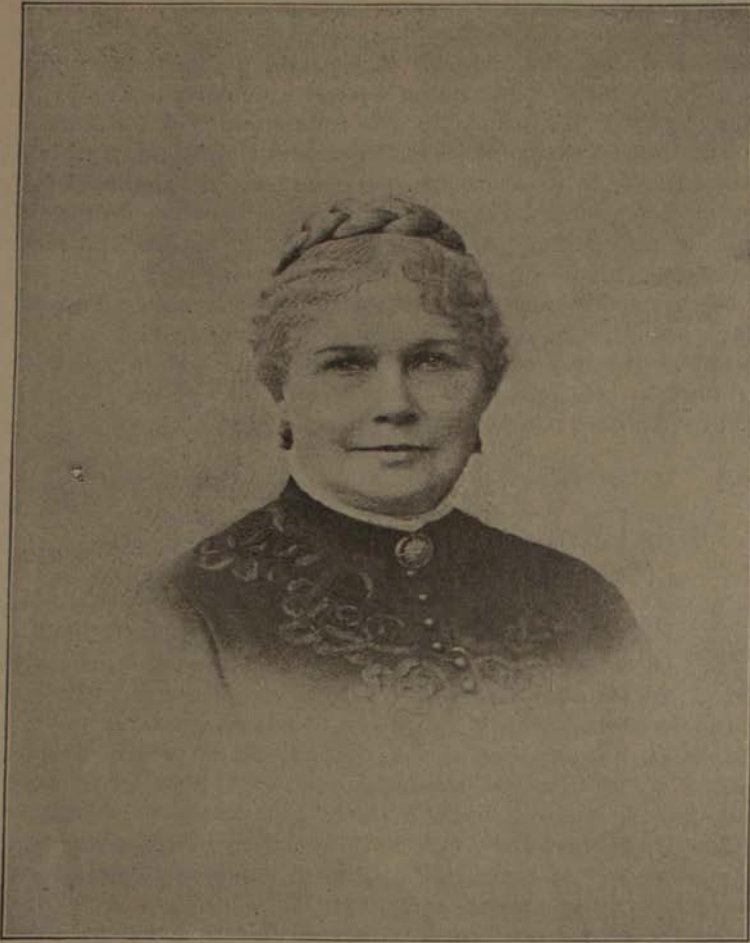
It is of living poetesses, however, that this article must treat, of whom our two oldest are probably Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

Julia Caroline Ripley was born in February, 1825, in Charleston, South Carolina. Her father, who was a direct descendant of William Ripley, one of the early Massachusetts colonists, and of Governor Bradford of the Plymouth colony, was a native of Vermont; and when she was about five years old, after a short residence in New York, Mr. Ripley returned to his native State, and his daughter has spent nearly all her life there. In fact, Vermont claims Mrs. Dorr as its one poet of world-wide fame.

She married the Hon. Seneca M. Dorr, in 1847, a gentleman celebrated in Vermont as a lawyer and legislator of prominence and ability. Mr. Dorr was the wise counselor and appreciative supporter of his wife's literary work; and up to the time of his death, four years ago, their life was exceptionally happy and ideal. Mrs. Dorr still lives in her beautiful home, "The Maples," at Rutland, and works on bravely and silently, contributing much to various magazines, both in prose and poetry.

Like many other of our woman-poets, she began writing novels, and under an assumed name. She took a first prize of a hundred dollars for her first story. Mr. Dorr, without his wife's knowledge, sent a poem to the "Union Magazine," thirty years ago. It was accepted with a request for more, and Mrs. Dorr was fairly started on her literary career. In 1854 she published a novel, "Farmingdale," and in after years followed it with "Lanmere," "Sybil Huntington," and "Expiation." Her first volume of poems was published in 1872; another, "Friar Anselmo, and Other Poems," appeared in 1879; "Daybreak," in 1882; and "Afternoon Songs," in 1885.

Her verse is marked by that quality of soul which finds instant recognition at the hands of all receptive, sensitive readers, and which seems to establish a personal relation between writer and reader. Perfectly happy in her home and married life, Mrs. Dorr has not overdriven her Pegasus,



*Very truly yours
Julia C. R. Howe*

nor been tormented by the cravings of a restless ambition. Consequently her work partakes of her own harmonious, gracious life, which could afford to wait for its singing moods. Even her husband's death, which came with the great shadow of deep sorrow into her life, has not darkened her faith; on the contrary, her poems are marked with a deeper sense of spiritual reality, which has strengthened the faith and broadened the purposes of more than a few of her readers.

Among the best of her work are the poems "Outgrown," to which Mr. Emerson gave a place in "Parnassus"; "Mercedes," a poem on the death of the young queen, and which was acknowledged personally with thanks by King Alfonso; "Friar Anselmo," "The Chamber of Silence," and "O wind that blows out of the West"; to which might be added many other poems, sketches, and essays, which have been always elevating, helpful, and cheering.

To how many women, for instance, have these verses (which she wrote some time before her husband's death, but which seem peculiarly appropriate now) been a comfort?

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?"

"Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere, still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

"Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray;
O true, brave heart, God bless thee wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day!"

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is to-day, as she has been for many years, a power in the most cultured and intellectual society of Boston. A native of that city, she has spent the greater part of her life there, although the sum of years which she has passed abroad, chiefly in Italy, are many, and her summers are always passed at Newport. Mrs. Howe's home on Beacon Street is marked by a cheerful and still actively intellectual air, that is felt most strongly, perhaps, by the casual caller. There is no vulgar, ostentatious show of merely elegant surroundings, although the curious observer will note that the belongings are quietly rich and substantial. A beautiful family life is lived there, for, despite Mrs. Howe's grievous bereavements, there are children and grandchildren who "rise and call her blessed"; and they are justly proud of "grandmamma," not alone because she is a famous woman, but because she is a true and loving woman.

Mrs. Howe's intellectuality has diffused itself among her children, too. Her only son, Henry Howe, gave promise of much talent before he died at an early age. Mrs. Julia Romana Anagnos, the daughter who died two years ago, was a woman of extraordinary mental power and scholarly attainments. Mrs. Laura E. Richards, well known as author of "The Joyous Story of Toto," is a daughter of Mrs. Howe, and so is Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, one of America's younger novelists, is her youngest daughter, and the one who lives with her mother on Beacon Street.

Personally, Mrs. Howe is a remarkably handsome woman, with no trace of self-consciousness about her. As one looks at her beautifully molded chin and neck, her full, mobile lips, her aristocratic nose, her delicate complexion and expressive eyes, and notes the exquisitely high-bred air which stamps their possessor, one instinctively falls to won-



Julia Ward Howe



Celia Thaxter.

dering what she must have been at eighteen. But at no time of her life could her manner have been more kindly, her voice more soft and gentle, or her interest in other women more gracious than it is now; and she is truly kind and helpful to all who need encouragement, either intellectually or morally.

Mrs. Howe has published several volumes of poems, and many essays and sketches of travel; but, probably more than is the case with any other poet, her extended fame rests on a single poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." That poem "wrote itself." It grew and sounded in her inner consciousness until she was forced to rise in the night and write it down; and, like most poems which come like inspiration, it needed scarcely any revision afterward. The hymn went like wild-fire all over the country, and the name of Julia Ward Howe—already famous in New England and New York as a writer of note, an intellectual woman of great force, and the wife of Dr. Howe, the man who gave his life to the education of the blind everywhere, and the development of Laura Bridgman—became a household word all through the North and West, and familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Mrs. Howe has been for many years president of the New England Woman's Club, a society second only to the famous Sorosis of New York.

Among our elder woman-poets, no name is better known, or more frequently seen, than that of Celia Leighton Thaxter. Unlike many others, she has given very little, if any, time to story or novel writing. She is essentially a poet, and one who writes from a truly poetical feeling. Her songs are like the outbursts of a wild-bird in their joyousness and fervor. Much of her life has been passed on the sea-coast and on the Isles of Shoals, and the influences of boundless outlooks, strong sunshine, brilliant coloring, and storms at sea, are plainly evident in her verse. Mrs. Thaxter usually passes the winter in some quiet hotel in Boston, and her summers at the Isles of Shoals.

Mrs. Thaxter has often been called the "goddess of

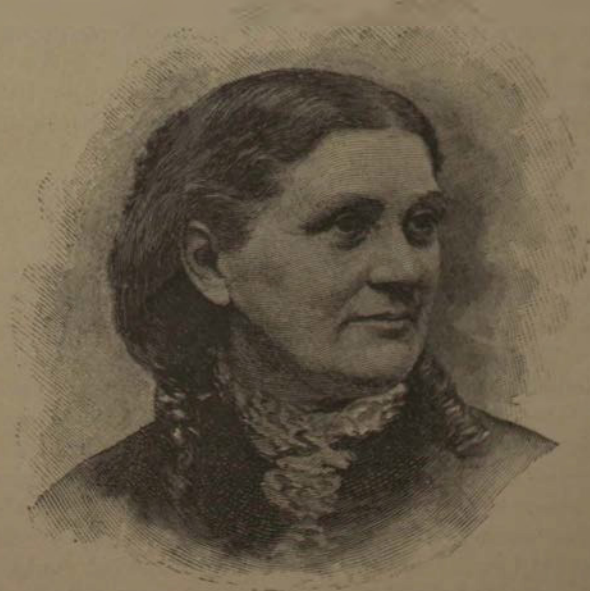
Appledore Island," and she looks it to one who sees her in her famous little garden there. She is a passionate lover of flowers and devotes much of her time to them; and at her house flowers have entirely superseded the weather as a topic of conversation in dull moments. She goes down to Appledore in the inclement March season to prepare the ground for the appearance of her favorites, and gives them all through the spring and summer the most loving and bountiful care and affection.

Her cottage at Appledore is a favorite resort of authors and artists, and for many years the group of literary people, musicians, and painters, have made a famous circle at her summer *salon*. There are always good music and entertaining converse, and on rare occasions the hostess consents to read selections from her own poems. At such times they are made more vivid by the poet's original comments, while her sympathetic voice brings close to the heart of her listeners the charm, the poetry, and the tragedy of life on the islands.

Mrs. Thaxter is vice-president of the Audubon Society, and is almost as fond of the birds as of flowers. Everyone who reads her poems remembers "The Sandpiper." One stormy night last summer she heard a cry of distress in her garden. In spite of inclement weather and the darkness, and quite scantily clad, Mrs. Thaxter, having recognized the cry as the sandpiper's note, went out to the little bird's assistance and rescued him from perishing from cold and wet. That is not an unusual thing for her to do, and she has often gone out at midnight to the relief of some distressed songster.

Mrs. Thaxter began to write when quite young, as Celia Leighton, and has published five volumes of poetry, among which her "Drift-Weed" is probably best known. Scarcely any collection of American poetry will fail to give selections from her pen, and, as she is but little past middle life, much work of excellent quality will yet, doubtless, be given the public by her.

Lucy Larcom is a poet who is blessed with so poetical a name that it has often been supposed to be a *nom de plume*; and, indeed, that was a strange accident which gave the little daughter of New England parentage such an utterly euphonious, suggestive, and pleasing name as "Lucy Larcom."



Lucy Larcom



*Cordially yours—
Louise Chandler Moulton*

The story of her literary beginnings is a most interesting one. When the cotton-mills, which proved to be the germ of great manufacturing interests in New England, were first started in Lowell, Massachusetts, the operatives were all from good American families. To be a "mill-girl" in 1850 was as respectable, or, rather, fully as desirable a calling as to be a teacher of a public school to-day. Lucy Larcom was not the only strong, intellectual, well-educated girl to enter the first cotton-mills at Lowell. In fact, she had so many scholarly companions at her loom, that literary societies were established, and "The Offering" (the famous paper edited and published by mill-girls) began to appear. Lucy Larcom was so much encouraged by the success of her contributions to the "Offering," that she sent her literary wares elsewhere, finding ready market for them.

Afterward she left the factory and went to teaching, but she says that some of the pleasantest days of her life were spent in Lowell; and when one looks upon her strong, kindly face, one thanks Heaven that here is a woman, the acknowledged peer of any woman-writer in America, who appreciates the dignity of labor, and who has no hesitation in classing herself among earth's working-people.

"I have written," says Miss Larcom, "as most American women must, with hindrances of many kinds, and always with the outside pressure of 'earning a living.' It seems to me that I could have done better things if I could have had command of my time. However, I have *felt* the music that surrounds our common life, and have longed to utter it. I could not, indeed, help writing, even as a child; and the habit once formed is hard to break. I have not tried to break it, but have just kept on, and that is all the 'career'

I have had. If I have had a desire or aspiration in writing, stronger than any other, it is that I might express something of the unseen truth and beauty—might make others feel the reality of the invisible Personal Presence who is the joy of our life. So I care much more for the hymns and devotional verses I have written, than for others. It would make me more glad and grateful than anything I could do, to write one true, living hymn."

Miss Larcom's home is in Beverly, on the Massachusetts shore, but, like Mrs. Thaxter, she spends her winters in Boston. She has published five or six volumes of poems.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has made for herself a name that is widely known on at least two continents. There is no poet who has so reduced her verse-making to a fine art, as Mrs. Moulton. The success which attends her is richly deserved, and is the result of years of careful study of old and modern English literature, and of patient, careful research and pruning. She can take a common thought, and by her artistic composition so put it before the public that it is like the polished statue, hewn from rough marble. Yet, as in all true art, no signs of the work-shop can be detected; the poem, like the beautiful statue, seems always to have existed.

Mrs. Moulton spends her summers in Europe, and has the *entrée* to some of the most exclusive literary circles of London. She is, indeed, esteemed even higher in England as a poet, than in her native country. At a recent dinner to American authors in London, Mrs. Moulton was called upon to respond to the toast in honor of American poets; and Mr. Edmund Gosse at that time paid her publicly a most eloquent and appreciative compliment. Her winters are passed in Boston, where she has a thoroughly artistic and delightful home. Her Friday afternoon receptions are among the most charming social events in that city, and are crowded with the literary and artistic life and thought of Boston. For one to have become a regular frequenter of Mrs. Moulton's receptions, is to have established a reputation in some literary or artistic calling.

Margaret Deland is a poet of whom nothing was known a few—perhaps even two—years since. Among her earliest published poems were several fugitive pieces which saw the light of literary publicity in the "Boston Evening Transcript"—a paper, by the way, in which many of our



Margaret Deland

prominent writers, speaking in a literary sense, were born. After those first poems, others kept coming, and were widely copied by newspapers. When her volume of poems, "The Old Garden, and Other Verses," appeared, she was at once recognized as a poet whose verse partook of an unusual daintiness coupled with spiritual strength. Like many others who are essentially poets by nature, Mrs. Deland made a venture last spring with a novel. The success of "John Ward, Preacher" has been almost phenomenal. The daintiness of her verses scarcely prepared the critics for the strength of "John Ward," and she took them, as it were, by storm. Critics, however (let it be whispered), do not make or unmake the popular novel, and Mrs. Deland's book appealed to thousands of readers who are in a transitional state as to their theology. It is to be hoped, however, that her success as a novelist will not deprive us of her poetry in the future; for we could ill afford to lose the peculiar flavor of her verse from the rose-jar of American poetry.

Mrs. Deland has a delightful home in Boston, and is devoted to home interests as well as to literature. She is still a young woman, and it is confidently assumed that she is a writer whose greatest successes lie in the future. What could be more daintily descriptive than her "Night"?

"The tender night in sable dress
Leans o'er the earth, intent to
bless.

"Like a round ball of misty light,
Her lantern moon grows soft and
bright;

"The yellow stars that wink and
yawn
Are her small candles to the
dawn:

"Thus lighted, round the world she
goes,
To heal with sleep its sharpest
woes!"

Probably the woman-poet who has reached more sister-women throughout the country through the medium of her verse, is Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The gift of rhyme is hers in a peculiar sense. Not many years ago, when she was a girl, Ella Wheeler used often to write seven, eight, and even ten poems a day! She had not to wait on the muses; they, on the contrary, stood at her elbow and heaped her manuscript with rhymes, until her pen could not fly fast enough to keep up with the swift-coming tide. Ten years ago, Ella Wheeler was only an ambitious, earnest young daughter of a farmer in Wisconsin. To-day she is mistress of a beautiful home in New York, which is the resort of a brilliant circle of gifted people, and an acknowledged force, herself, in both literary and social circles. What has done it? Her gift, her absolute genius for poetry. She could write exactly the kind of verses that appeal to the mothers and the lovers of the land, words that went to the heart of

the common people everywhere; and they have made her famous.

Critics have sneered at her as the "passionate poetess"; but they copied her poems all the same. And right here be it said, that while Mrs. Wilcox's fame seems now to rest on her passionate poems, they in reality constitute about ten in all, out of over three thousand others deeper, finer, and better. She is primarily a poet of the people, human in her sympathies, devoted to the heart-histories of men and women, in love with the whole world, modern in her ideas and tastes, and desiring, above all things, to say something which shall elevate and strengthen her kind. Her prose writing is overflowing with the practical spirit of humanity; and, strangely enough, in all her three thousand poems, not one can be found bearing upon the comic.

She is still a young woman, under thirty, and enjoys an ideally happy married life. Mr. Wilcox is her literary adviser—the one critic to whom she defers. She is personally a beautiful woman, and understands to perfection the art of dressing. Were she not a wonderful economist of time, she could not crowd so much of social life, charitable endeavor, and literary labor into her life, and have always the leisure hour for her husband's coming. She, at least, will never have to quote the old hymn, "Much of my time has run to waste." She has published several volumes of poems, and one quite recently,— "Poems of Pleasure." The last contains her best work of the last five years. Her "Two Glasses," "Solitude," "Two Sinners," and "Gethsemane" are probably the best-known and oftenest quoted of her poems.

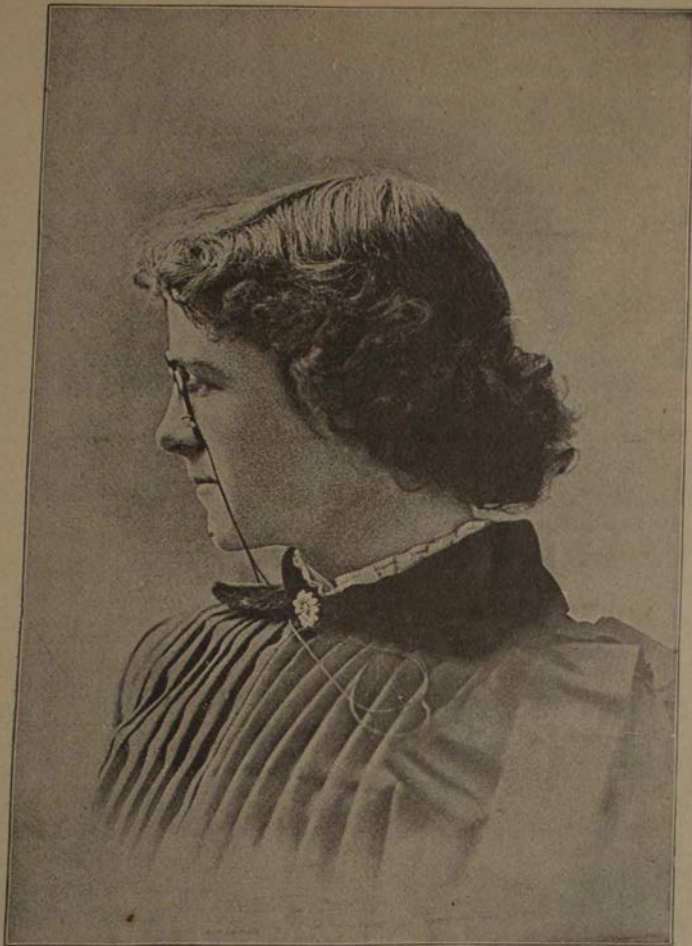
It is said that Edmund Clarence Stedman has expressed regret that he could not have had the literary training of her from the time she was twelve years old, affirming that he would

have made a polished, and even remarkable, poet of her. "I have no doubt," says she, in answer to this remark, "that he could have made a much better poet of me; but I should not have done the good in the world I have now, or been of so much assistance to those to whom I owe my existence." For the girl-poet transformed the dull farm-house where she had spent her childhood, into a tasteful, refined, and cultivated home, by means of the money she earned with her never-ceasing flow of poems. A letter lately received from her closes with these lines:

"For I am one who lives to say
My life has held more gold than gray
And that the pleasure of the real
Is greater than my youth's ideal."



Two Sinners
Ella Wheeler Wilcox



*Yours faithfully,
Louise Imogen Guiney.*

Louise Imogen Guiney is still so young as to call up the question as to whether she should yet be designated as a "woman"-poet. But she has done and is doing such strong, breezy, individual work, that to leave her name out from our list would scarcely seem fair. Miss Guiney was born in Boston, little more than twenty years ago, and inherited from her father, Colonel Guiney,—a brilliant lawyer and a brave soldier,—a fine intellectual taste and a predisposition to literature. Her appetite for reading has always been somewhat remarkable. She selected Charles Lamb for her favorite author when she was but seven years old, and read him until she had him by heart long before she was grown up. Hazlitt, Keats, and Shelley are her favorite poets; and Thoreau, Jeremy Taylor, and Robert Louis Stevenson the prose writers whom she likes best. She was educated in a much more scholarly way than many girls are trained, and is a strong and vigorous thinker as well as a brilliant and racy conversationalist.

Miss Guiney lives now at Auburndale, one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs, and is very fond of outdoor life. This fact might be easily inferred from her poetry, which has a bright, sweet odor of the woods, as in the "Wooing Pine," or a dashing, breezy air, as in "The Wild Ride." The latter poem, which perhaps has been more widely circulated and favorably commented upon, is rather dearer to its author than her others: "Entirely because," she says, "I am not directly responsible for it. I have the agreeable Stevensonian habit of dreaming verses sometimes, and 'The Wild Ride' was certainly taken on a nightmare." The

poem is distinguished by a rhythmic movement which is a perfect imitation of the galloping of wild horses on a prairie. Miss Guiney is a strong and forceful writer in other fields than that of poetry, and one from whom much intellectual work may be confidently expected.

A paper on American poets would be incomplete without some account of Miss Edith M. Thomas. Born on the banks of the Scioto, she imbibed with her earliest years that deep and tender love of nature which shines through all her poetry. Her father died in the outset of the civil war, when Edith was but seven years old. Soon after her mother removed to Geneva, Ohio, where they have since resided. She was educated at a Normal School in that place, but her literary taste formed itself. Her readings began with "The Spectator" and Shakespeare; afterward she came to know and love Keats, Spenser, Milton, and other old English poets. One who reads her poetry needs not to be told that she is a lover of the great masters of English verse.

Miss Thomas' earliest work saw the light in village newspapers and the Cleveland journals, and eventually died a natural death. Even as a little girl she wrote verses, and planned many a tragic episode to be acted by her school-mates and comrades.

About ten years ago she began sending her wares to the metropolitan markets, though at first without success to any degree. Seven years ago she met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who immediately afterward told a friend that she had discovered a real poet. Mrs. Jackson considered her nothing short of a poetic genius; and it was through her influence that Miss Thomas' poems appeared in some of the



*Yours truly,
Edith M. Thomas.*



Yours
Frances L. Mace

best magazines. Once fairly introduced to the intellectual public, however, she easily won recognition and fame.

Miss Thomas' verse is characterized by a spiritual loveliness, an inborn sweetness, a strong individuality, and pensive sweetness. It is always delicate and womanly in the highest sense. Her "Lyrics and Sonnets" was published in 1887, and was preceded by "A New Year's Masque," and by a prose volume, "The Round Year." Miss Thomas is quiet, thoughtful, and retiring by nature, but one who loves the few friends whom she takes to her heart, with the full strength of her strong nature. That soul who possesses her friendship, enjoys a gift of the gods vouchsafed to but few.

To Mrs. Frances L. Mace we owe some of the sweetest poems and most trustful hymns ever written in America. Frances Laughton was born in a country town near Bangor, Maine, in 1836. She was the daughter of a physician of that place, who is still practicing in his ripe old age, in Bangor, whence the family moved when Frances was fourteen years old. The Laughtons were well-to-do people, with plenty of time to read, to study, and to think. In short, they belonged to a class of earnest, well-descended New England people, who are becoming too rare in these latter days of bustling and crowded activity; and Dr. Laughton's children were given the best educational privileges of their day, both in schools and with private tutors. When she was nineteen years old, Frances Laughton became Mrs. Benjamin H. Mace. Her husband was a prominent lawyer of Bangor, and together they resided there until within a few years, when they removed to San José, California. But Mrs. Mace is still claimed by the people of Maine as pre-eminently their poet.

Her poems are characterized by a tender, spiritual insight, and a delicate sense of inborn sweetness. While she has not, perhaps, written so much as have many of our older writers, her verse is classed by competent critics with the products of the best of our poets; and it is the quality, rather than the quantity, of work one does, which should

decide who shall be our singers. Mrs. Mace's two volumes are entitled "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," and "Under Pine and Palm."

It is quite the fashion among certain literary circles to cry, "We have no poets!" No doubt the same fashion prevailed when Spenser and Milton and Keats were writing their immortal verses. It was more than a hundred years after William Shakespeare's death before the world began to get its eyes opened to the fact that a master of English poetry, as well as a dramatist second to none the world had ever produced, had lived and died and been buried among them. So the pessimist cry of the discouraged critics avails nothing.

There are not ten, but twenty, leading American poets among the women of our land; and there are others whose first notes of beauty and strength and help for suffering humanity are just beginning to be heard. God speed them all!

HELEN M. WINSLOW.



Day Dreams.

I WOULD we were back
In the dim long-ago,
You, a belle in brocade,
Powdered curls white as snow,
Patched, painted, and proud
As a dream of Watteau,—

I, brave in blue satin
Small-clothes, at your side,
A clouded cane poisoning,
With air satisfied.
The scene—drinking tea
In a garden at Ryde.

Why, you ask, do I long
For those old days, *petite?*
Because I have fancied
I'd kneel at your feet
And ask the dear boon
That I dare not entreat.

Because in that age
Of romance, I confess,
I think I should stand
Some faint chance of success;
For you *might* love me more,—
You could not love me less!

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

Modes of Travel in Japan.

TRAVELING in Japan is no luxury, except in thickly populated districts where railroads have been introduced. Nothing seems to be arranged for the comfort of the traveler, and, in fact, the tortured visitor often finds himself wondering if anything could be devised better calculated to produce discomfort than the conveyances with which he is obliged to put up, and the vile roads over which he must go. No intelligent race in the world, probably, offers worse facilities for going about than the Japanese. Their conveyances are all of them instruments of torture to the foreign visitor who has not the happy Japanese faculty of folding his limbs up like the blades of a knife and maintaining his composure in a cramped, uncomfortable position for hours at a stretch.

The most popular carriage in Japan is the *jinrikisha*, which was introduced a few years ago, and has rapidly grown into favor in all parts of the country where the roads will permit. It has been aptly designated as a "baby-carriage on adult wheels." Like a baby-carriage, it is small and narrow, and is propelled by man-power. Indeed, the name itself, *jinrikisha*, means man-carriage. The seat is very low, leaving no room for a person's legs, the springs are weak and jolting, the cushions are hard, and the appearance of the man-horse—*Gurumaya*, as he is called—is never attractive.

The *Gurumayas*, or coolies, who own and drag the *jinrikishas* and are the nearest approach to our cab-men, may be



A JAPANESE FAMILY IN A JINRIKISHA.

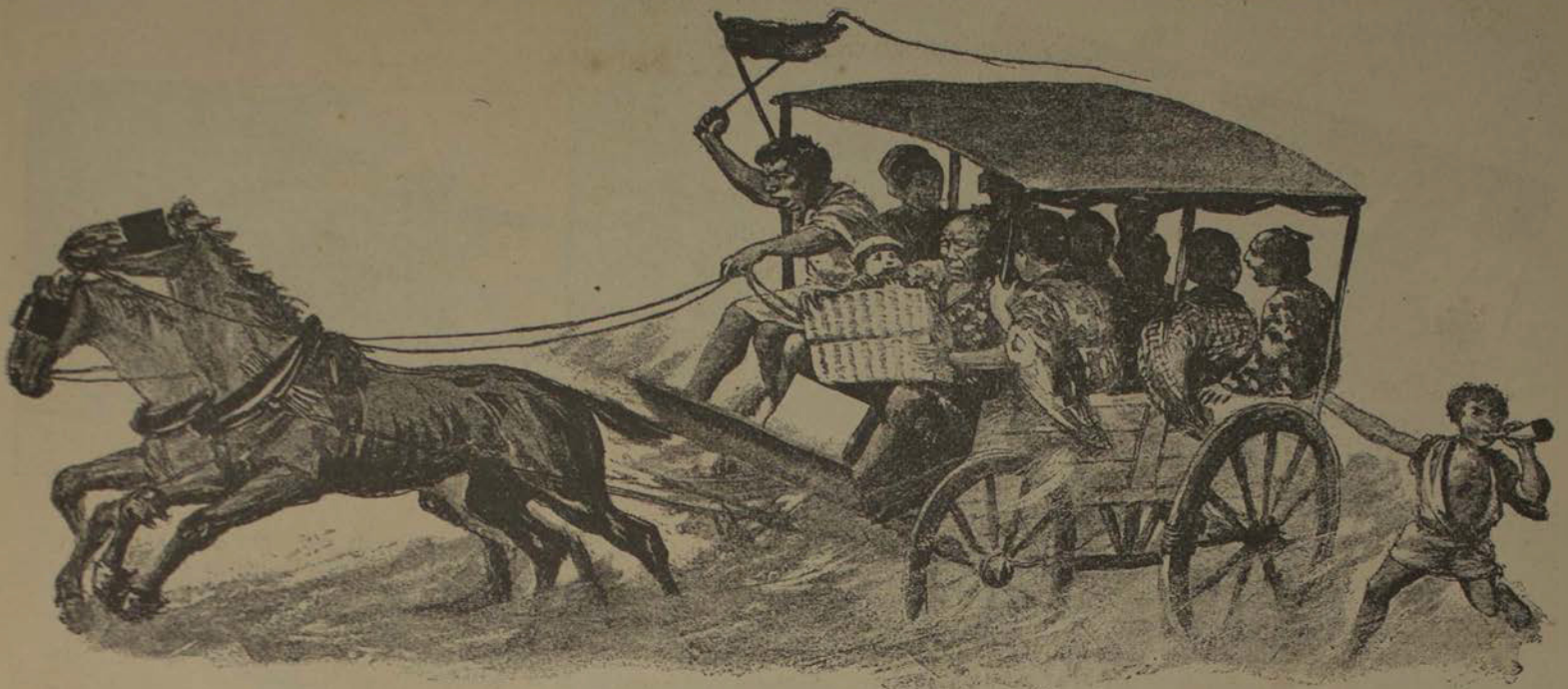
found in numbers loitering about the street corners in the cities, awaiting customers and amusing themselves meanwhile by imitating the manners of passers-by. Foreigners, especially, are prime subjects for their ridicule; and many a stately pace would have suddenly lost its dignity had its owner witnessed the crowd of half-naked coolies stalking behind in ridiculous imitation. Once in the traces, however,

and under their employers' eyes, the *Gurumayas* prove themselves excellent beasts of burden, steadily pulling their carts hour after hour, at a rapid pace, and showing much less evidence of fatigue than the unfortunate one who pays for the convenience. The *jinrikisha* owes its favor in Japan to its adaptability to the uneven roads which prevail there, and, despite its serious inconveniences, is by all odds the best native conveyance to be had.

The omnibus, another popular Japanese carriage, though built after foreign models, has been so transformed in certain important particulars by the natives, as to make travel in it as excruciating as if it were purely a home contrivance. The large, comfortable, smooth-riding



JINRIKISHA IN USE.



JAPANESE OMNIBUS.

“bus” to which we are accustomed at home, is replaced in Japanese cities by a small, narrow, jolting concern with weak springs. It differs from all other native vehicles in being drawn by one or two horses—and such horses! Ordinarily, the Japanese horse-owner treats his animal with all the consideration which he would show to one of his own flesh and blood; but when it comes to supplying a beast for his omnibus he selects the oldest, weakest, and sorriest one at hand, and then whips and urges him incessantly on at the most desperate pace.

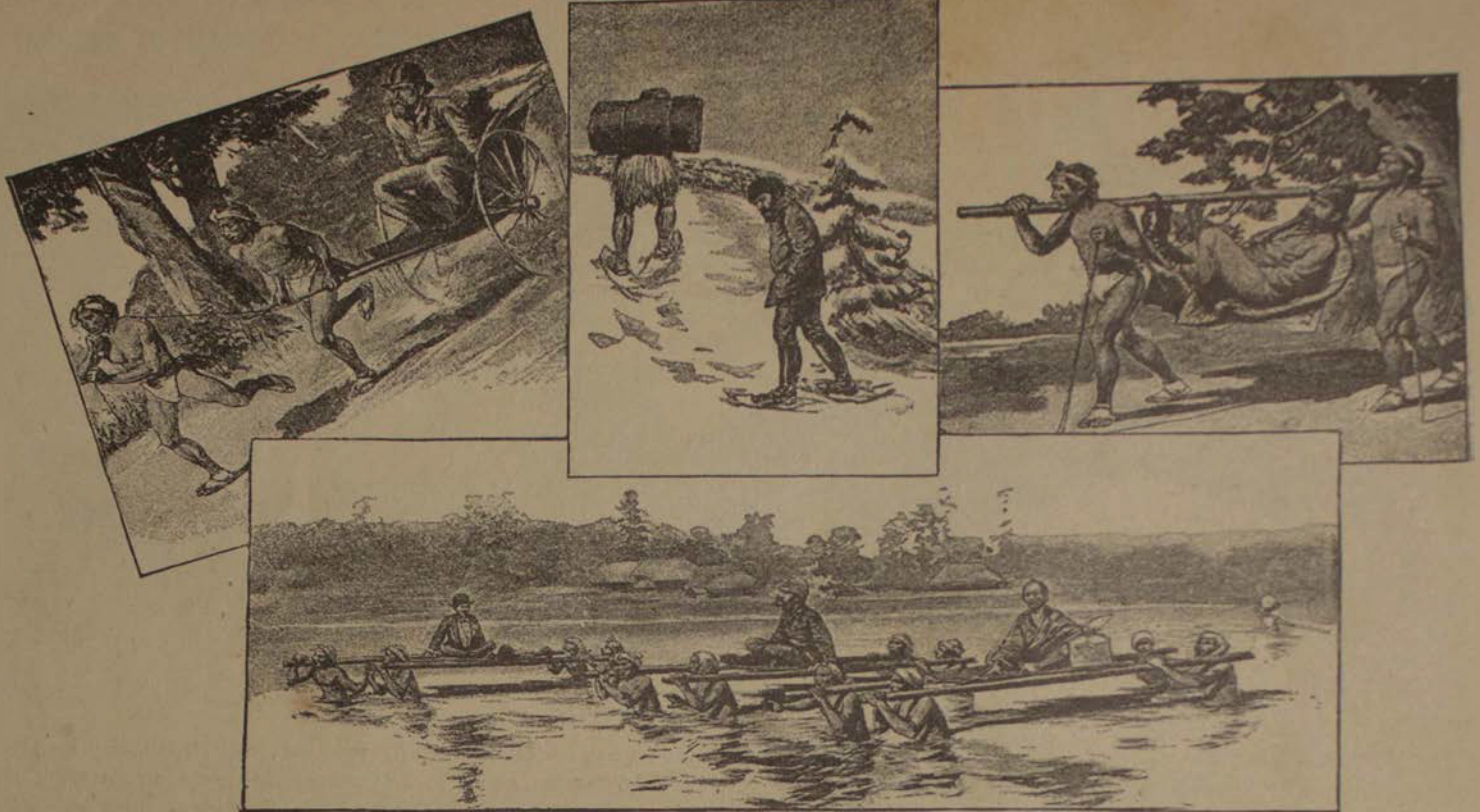
siastic lovers of romantic scenery, and, at first thought, their highways seem to have been laid out more with the aim of obtaining beautiful views than with any intention

In no other circumstances is the Japanese horse required to go faster than a walk: but the poor old “bus”-horses are so driven, it has been said, for fear that otherwise they would have time to realize the hopelessness of their condition and incontinently die.—like the cabman’s horse in “Pickwick Papers,” whose owner dare not take him from the shafts for fear that he would fall if unsupported, and not be able to rise again. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the omnibus is found mostly in towns, where the roads are passably good, and cannot be used in traveling in the interior.

The Japanese are enthu-



A JINRIKISHA AND ITS OWNER AT REST.



MORE PICTURESQUE THAN COMFORTABLE.

of affording good facilities for travel and transportation. The chief roads of the Empire wind about among the mountains, through green forests, skirting high and dangerous precipices, crossing and recrossing rushing mountain-torrents, and presenting to the persevering sight-seer view after view of charming beauty. At commanding spots in the most out-of-the-way places, small lodges, or tea-

houses, are built, where the tired traveler is invited to stop and refresh his body and mind with a cup of tea and a little quiet contemplation of some unusually beautiful view. The invitation is rarely refused; for over these roads the conveyances are such as to surpass the *jinrikisha* and the omnibus for discomfort.

Imagine trying to rest comfortably in a hammock of



SOME OF THE MODES OF TRAVEL IN JAPAN.

basket-work, four feet long, suspended from a long pole, each end of which rests on the shoulder of an active coolie slipping and swaying and stumbling in his efforts to make rapid progress over a rough mountain path. There is no rest for the head, which protrudes over one side of the basket, and the traveler's legs seek in vain for a resting-place at the other end of the hammock. This contrivance is called a *kago*, and is the usual conveyance for persons visiting the interior. It is a veritable instrument of torture for an able-bodied man, who in nine cases out of ten will prefer to walk.

The natural features of the islands of Japan make it necessary, to a great extent, for the main roads to go through the highlands. The country is made up of a large, central, mountainous area, bordered on all sides by a low, flat district of marshy coast-land. The shallow, sluggish rivers of the lower country, fed by mountain streams, are subject to frequent and sudden rises and overflows. The light wooden bridges are often carried away, and even when they withstand the freshets, the stream itself not infrequently changes its course and leaves them standing high and dry over a shallow, dry gully, with no apparent excuse for existence.

Dykes and levees are often made to prevent these occurrences, with the result of raising the river-bed sometimes several feet above the surrounding country, and increasing many fold the extent of the disaster which must ultimately come. These continual floods and changes of river-courses make it almost impossible to maintain a permanent road in the lowlands, and explain the choice of the mountain districts for the highways of Japan.

In crossing a flooded region coolies are employed, who wade through the water carrying their passenger on a wooden platform which is supported by poles on their shoulders. Sometimes, when the water is very deep and swift, the traveler is made to lie flat on a plank and is conveyed thus, within a few inches of the flood, by two natives. For short ferries, the plank or platform is dispensed with entirely, and he is carried



A SACRED LOCALITY.

pick-a-pack on the shoulders of a single stalwart Jap; or, if he prefers, he can let the coolie carry his clothes while he wades the stream on his own feet, under the protecting shelter of the universal Japanese sunshade. These streams naturally form a much-used means of inter-communication with Japanese, and are navigated mostly by flat-boats or barges drawing but a few inches of water. On some of the larger rivers steamboats have been introduced and are meeting with popular favor.



A PRAYING PILGRIM.

The pack-horse is an animal with which the traveler in Japan is likely to make a thorough acquaintance. It is one of the most customary methods of travel in Japan, and to the American is as unpleasant as riding in the *jinrikisha* or Japan-

ese omnibus, or being carried in a *kago*. Horses are used in Japan mainly for farm-work; but when not needed in the fields the thrifty peasant saddles up his plow-horse and turns him to account in transporting travelers and merchandise from point to point in his vicinity. The pack-horse is furnished with a high, wooden saddle, insecurely fastened by a loose girth of straw. When used by a traveler, a light cloth is laid on the saddle for a cushion.

Mounting one of these concerns is like climbing on to a camel's back, except that in this case the animal does not kneel to receive its burden. Once mounted, the passenger can ride facing either way, with his legs folded over the horse's neck, or the reverse, and he changes in vain from one position to the other trying to discover which is the less uncomfortable. To add to his trouble, he must be on the alert lest some incautious movement turn the saddle and bring it and its load to the ground, for the loose girth gives little or no security to the seat; and when thus dangerously perched, the rider of a pack-horse is denied all control over the movement of his steed, and is led off by an attendant on foot, who guides the horse by a halter, and adapts the pace to his own comfort. When one sees in Japan a horse with modern accoutrements, it is always safe to conclude that it is the property of a resident foreigner. A modern saddle with tight girths would not be allowed under any circumstances by a Japanese horseman, as he thinks it prevents the animal from breathing.

Northern Japan is rarely visited by travelers, and offers them little or no compensation for their effort.

Severe winters with much snow and ice are the rule in that part of the country, and regular means of transportation are wholly wanting. A rude kind of snow-shoe, made of bamboo and straw, is the only native contrivance for facilitating travel. The ingenious traveler must rely on his own resources; and some curious sledges made of a packing-box on runners have been wondered at and dragged through the snow by the natives.

In going about in Japan, one very rarely meets with natives who are traveling for pleasure; in fact it might almost be said that the only Japanese travelers are the thousands of the lower classes who go on pilgrimages to sacred temples and places. The "grand pilgrimage," which included a visit to all of the temples of Japan, was formerly considered by the poorer people to be a praiseworthy accomplishment; but as the number of these temples is enormous, and the time required to visit them all is fully three years, the Government has issued an edict forbidding it.

The pilgrim, who always travels afoot, and is everywhere to be met with, is an interesting study to the foreigner. His outfit is the simplest and most sensible possible: A white



END OF A DAY'S JOURNEY.

cotton cloak, straw sandals which can be easily replaced when worn out, a large, Japanese straw hat, two or three feet in diameter, a girdle, a stick, and a pipe constitute all his necessaries. When it is desirable to wash his garments, he borrows of someone else until his own clothing is ready for use again. Often these pilgrims rely on charity for the means of prosecuting their journey, in which case they add to their outfit a small bell, whose clangor announces to the public that contributions are in order.

The Japanese pilgrim, like our own modern traveler, is expected by those at home to bring some tangible evidence that he really has been to all the places which he describes to his friends. As he advances on his journey, therefore, his burdens grow gradually heavier by the addition of a stone from this sacred spot, a curious bit of wood from that temple, and similar souvenirs gathered here and there, so that the light-footed pilgrim at the outset, becomes too often a veritable pack-horse on his return.

The charm of traveling in Japan lies mainly in the people themselves and their quaint customs, and in the natural scenery. For the sight-seer there are few attractions. The towns are all alike. There are no famous or extraordinary

buildings, with the exception, possibly, of an old temple here and there, and even these maintain a monotonous resemblance to one another. Wooden edifices do not produce grand or historic ruins, and so there is an absolute dearth of this feature which is so dear to the average traveler.

Upon arriving at a village after a hot day's journey, the visitor hastens to the village inn, if there happens to be one, and becomes the center of a curious crowd of servants. One brings him a tub of warm water, takes off his sandals and washes his feet, while the rest admire his white skin and wonder at his curious garments and habits. They follow him into the dining-room and note his dislike for Japanese dishes and his peculiar fondness for the strange messes he brings with him in cans. Even when he is finally stretched out on the floor (the Japanese have no beds) in the privacy of his chamber, vainly trying to rest with his head propped up on the wooden contrivance used for a pillow, he is kept awake by the walking and talking of curious natives on the veranda outside, and occasionally is made still more conscious of their presence by hearing a finger punched cautiously through the paper walls of the building, when some impatient one can restrain himself no longer, but *must* see how a foreigner looks when asleep.



TRYING TO REST.

The visitor to Japan must limit his desires to seeing and studying the peculiarities of its wonderful inhabitants, and these are most easily and profitably observed where they are most easily found.—in the large towns on the coast. Traveling in Japan, except for the scenery, is unprofitable torture: a trip to Japan, however, is well worth the trouble.

GEORGE H. SEDGWICKE.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies.
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow

A Modern Ghost-Story.

AM decidedly tired of being 'chief cook and bottle washer,' as it were, and I am determined to put an end to this ridiculous and most uncomfortable state of affairs," thinks Inez Catherton as she brings the brush down on her luxuriant hair with an emphatic bang.

It is after eleven, and high time that Miss Inez was thinking of her beauty sleep; but her thoughts are too busily occupied with her trials and tribulations to admit of rest.

Mr. Catherton has a mine in B—— which he has come to superintend himself; and he has brought his wife and daughter with him, as they would not hear of his coming alone. Unfortunately they have rented a house which, although undeniably picturesque, is said to be haunted, and in consequence of its reputation they have found it impossible to procure a servant. At the end of a week they are heartily tired of doing their own work, and are beginning to lose all relish for their meals. It is no wonder that Inez has resolved to see what she can do to better matters.

"If I wander over this house between eleven and twelve every night, surely that will be proof enough for any of these foolish girls that it is not haunted; for there never was a ghost that did not appear somewhere around midnight," thinks Inez, as she rises and lights a candle on her bureau.

"Yes, I will do it! And after two or three nights of conscientious search I will go after that silly Kate Mahony who is such a good cook, and I know she will hesitate no longer about coming."

Her eyes fall upon the mirror before her, as she speaks, and she smiles. "Let us hope it will be the spirit of a young man that you encounter, Miss Inez," she continues, with a laugh, "for, if I do say it, you certainly have chosen, or chanced upon, a very becoming costume, and it would be a pity to waste it on a woman ghost."

She is right. A lovely picture is reflected as she stands with her soft hair falling in waves below her waist, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and her bright, brown eyes shining from beneath a tangled mass of curls half on and half off her forehead. She has on a trailing white cashmere gown, that half-defines the pretty curves of her rounded figure. On her little feet are soft, red felt slippers.

"Farewell," she adds, with a little nod directed at the mirror. "And now for the attic!"

Taking up her candle she starts for the door. She glides noiselessly through the hall and up the broad staircase which leads to the garret, a big, barn-like room with trunks, boxes, discarded pictures, broken chairs, tumble-down sofas, and all the usual paraphernalia of an attic scattered around. Upon this scene enters Inez, peering in the dusky corners where her light does not penetrate. Slowly, carefully, she advances, her candle held well in front of her, vainly endeavoring to keep her eyes in all four corners at once, in spite of her disbelief in spiritual manifestations.

A board creaks. She starts violently, thereby dropping a goodly amount of candle-grease on her hand. Then, realizing it is only a board, she smiles at her cowardice, and proceeds on her way to a flight of steps, at the further end of the attic, which lead to the tower.

Softly, for her slippers make not the faintest sound, she mounts the stairs. She has been up there before. It is a good-sized, square room, with a dormer window at one end. It was evidently a sitting-room at one time, and as such is furnished quite nicely.

Inez, standing on the top step, pushes open the door, and, holding her candle high above her head, bends anxiously forward and intently gazes into the room. Her eyes at first, naturally, seek the window, through which a sickly

moon peeps and casts a faint semblance of light. Then a slight movement brings her eyes suddenly a little to the left, and lighted by the dim rays of her candle she perceives with horror—a man!

She had not bargained for a burglar and she is paralyzed with fear. She makes not the faintest attempt to move, while the young man, for he is young, and apparently (the candle gives but a fluctuating light) good-looking, is as motionless as she.

He was lounging on the sofa, but started up as she appeared, and now, leaning forward, half-standing, with one hand grasping the arm of the sofa and the other shading his eyes from the light flashed suddenly in his face, he is staring with all his might at the fair apparition. For fully two minutes do they gaze at each other with distended eyes, and no sound breaks the intense stillness that surrounds them. Then a frank smile lights the young man's face, and with a slightly embarrassed air he advances a step and says:

"I beg pardon. I quite thought, until I caught sight of your red slippers, that you were the ghost."

Inez breathes a relieved sigh and the color returns to her cheeks as she becomes convinced, by his gentlemanly manner, that she is mistaken in her suspicions of the young man's character.

"Let me explain my presence," he resumes, as he strikes a match and lights the gas. "I am afraid I have startled you awfully. I had heard the old place was haunted, and although I knew, of course, that it was all nonsense, still there must be some reason for these mysterious noises, etc. So I persuaded the gardener, who has known me ever since I was a boy, to let me occupy the tower every night until I discovered the cause. This is my second night here; and I do not find it particularly lively, as from eleven or a little after I remain in darkness so that the spirits will not be frightened away."

Inez laughs, as she begins to rather enjoy the situation, and, with a little glance at him, demurely asks:

"And you really thought I was the ghost?"

"Well," he answers, "for the moment I certainly was a little startled. You were all in the regulation white, your face was colorless, and you looked misty and unreal enough to deceive anyone. But when I caught sight of your red slippers I was brought to my senses."

"And how did you ever get here? And why did you not let us know what you were doing in our behalf?" asks Inez.

"The gardener suggested my using the outside staircase, which leads from the old kitchen-garden to this room, on the principle, I suppose, that 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' He evidently was not aware you had heard your house was haunted."

"I suppose not," she returns; "we do not speak of it at all, but treat the subject with the contempt it deserves. However, I privately determined that I would come up here some night, and by so doing prove how utterly without foundation these reports are. Er—I suppose you have had no manifestations, as it were?"

"Not a sign!" gloomily.

She laughs, and a short pause ensues.

"I must go," she says, finally. "It is so late."

"Oh, don't go!" impulsively.

But Inez has come to a sense of the hour, and, ignoring his plea, says with dignity:

"I bid you good-night. I hope you will succeed in your search and will let us know the result." And she turns to leave.

"But are you going to give it up?" he asks.

"Certainly. One person is enough to pursue a phantom, I think."

"Yes; but you must be so much interested. I will vacate and leave the field clear for you."

"Oh, no!" with suspicious haste. "I would not think of spoiling your fun."

Then their eyes meet and each breaks into a broad smile at the absurdity of it. Inez turns again towards the door.

"Do you know," he says, "I was thinking, when you came in, that in a book one would move that big wardrobe and find a hollow panel, and hidden treasures or the ghost himself concealed behind."

Inez regards it with interest.

"Shall I move it and explore?" he asks.

She hesitates. "No," reluctantly, "I must go."

"But think," says this wily youth, "if we actually did find the cause of all this superstition regarding the place!"

A moment's pause, and then her spirit of adventure wins the day. "Well, I do not suppose it will take more than a few minutes," she says, putting down her candle.

They approach the old wardrobe and he endeavors to move it. "It is going to be a harder task than I imagined," he says.

He exerts his utmost strength, and at last it rolls slowly aside and discloses a life-size oil-painting. Simply a portrait of a beautiful young girl in a quaint, old-fashioned, black velvet dress. She is seated in a big arm-chair, her head resting against the back, and looking sadly, seriously, into space.

"Was ever anything so lovely seen in real life?" exclaims Inez at last, with a sigh. "She is the girl whose spirit haunts the house," she adds hastily, as she catches the young man's expression, which, though respectful, is answer enough. "I am quite certain of that. Poor thing! she does not look happy. I suppose she was in love with someone and he did not have enough money, so she took a richer man."

Her companion is decidedly amused. "Do you suppose," he asks, "that lovely, ethereal creature ever thought of money? More probably her lover was killed, or her pa and his pa were enemies—er—Capulet, you know, 'what's in a name' and all that."

"Well, I am sure she was not such a forward young damsel as Juliet, who made all the arrangements for her wedding and only stopped short of asking Romeo how much he would settle on her."

"Sensible girl! She was 'up to snuff.'"

"Yes; but think of Juliet being 'up to snuff'! But come!" she adds briskly, "let's move the picture and find that hidden staircase."

"Well, really! you seem rather certain of it," he rejoins, as he pushes the picture along a little way, thereby disclosing a portière of heavy, dark tapestry.

"By Jove!" he exclaims; and Inez looks rather startled as she stoutly asserts she is sure there is nothing further to discover.

"Have you ever received a horrid big package wrapped up in innumerable papers, and got all excited undoing it, and then come to the tiniest article that ever was seen? That is the way it will be now, probably. We will move the portière, and see nothing." But she does not look at all confident of seeing "nothing," although she starts forward and quickly dashes the portière aside. A closed door confronts them.

"Well, this is that 'horrid big package with innumerable wrappings,' and no mistake!" says the young man. "And now for the door."

"Oh, wait a minute!" begs Inez. "No, don't!" she adds quickly; "the less time we have to think, the better."

He turns the knob, opens the door, and a steep, narrow flight of stairs is disclosed.

"A secret staircase, as I'm a sinner!" he ejaculates excitedly, and somewhat like a gleeful school-boy.

"One would think you were glad," reproachfully says Inez, who has recoiled with a frightened exclamation at this last surprise.

"Not if you are sorry," he answers earnestly. "And indeed you look pale again. Let us give up the search."

"No, no!" answers Inez, who has quite recovered. "I am delighted!" she continues, as she takes up her candle. "Take this and light the way, and don't dare to malign my well-known courageous character."

Nothing loath, he descends a few steps in obedience to her wish, and then, turning, gives her his hand and helps her down. They are obliged to go very slowly, for, besides being steep, there are many turns, and one is in constant danger of falling.

"Are we never coming to the end?" asks Inez at last.

"It does not look much like it," he answers with a laugh. A minute or two more of steady descending, and then Inez turns her ankle, stumbles, and but for his support would have fallen. The shock has pushed him down two or three steps, just around the turn, and standing below them, at the bottom of the stairs, is a tall, white figure, with one arm stretched towards them. The light of their candle falls on a ghastly face from which dark eyes burn like coals!

The young man sees nothing as he looks at Inez anxiously to see if she is hurt. She is staring over his shoulder, straight at the awful specter. Seeing her distended eyes and horror-stricken face, he turns and his eyes fall upon—it! A moment—a moment of awe—and then it waves its arm. They do not move, but watch it, spell-bound!

"Away!" it whispers at last, hoarsely. Not the slightest movement do they make. It advances a step. "Away wid yez!" it hisses, in a rich and unmistakable Irish brogue.

With a bound Inez's companion reaches the bottom of the stairs, and tearing back the white covering from its head, discloses a shock of red hair. The ghost falls on his knees and pleads for mercy. His discoverer towers over him, wrath in his eye, and declares no mercy shall be shown.

"See how you have frightened the lady," he adds, pointing to Inez, who is leaning, faint and white, against the wall. The ghost bends still lower, and clasping his knees again begs for mercy and implores a hearing. He will explain all, and how harmless were his intentions.

Inez by this time is herself again, and descending, bids the ghost tell them what this masquerading means. They are in the cellar, evidently, but a part of it Inez has never seen; and remarking this, the ghost tells her it is partitioned off from the cellar that is known and used. He goes on to tell them that there is a story among the miners that a chest of money lies hidden somewhere in the walls, and that whosoever slept in that cellar would hear the clink of the money and be able to trace it.

Tim Flaherty was so impressed with this tale that he determined to try his luck. He slept in the cellar for a week or two, when it began to be reported that the place was haunted, as rappings had been heard, mysterious noises, etc. He was delighted, as he thought that would insure him sole possession; so he took care to wander around two or three nights a week, clad in white, and this he had done until the house had earned the name, far and wide, of being haunted.

It being about midnight, his usual time for appearing, and not having taken the trouble to dress up for several nights, he was just about to ascend the secret staircase and appear in the tower, when he heard their voices and deter-

mined to try and frighten them from his domain; for although he had given up hunting for his treasure now, still he found the old cellar a very cheap lodging-place, and did not want to be driven from there.

"And you have not found your treasure?" asks Inez sympathetically.

"Shure, I have that!" rejoins Mr. Flaherty in a dismal tone.

"You have?"

"I have, miss. Shure, airly loike, wan avening this week. I heard wan of them clinks close to where I was. Thinks I, it'll be afther bein' behint them bricks. I set to work, and the bricks were that loose, faith, they kim out aisy loike, and afther an hour, maybe, I found me trisure."

"Yes?" breathlessly.

"Yis, miss."

"Well?" impatiently.

"Well, miss, it was rats a-walkin' in and out of impty bottles; all impty, miss, not wan wid a drop in it, miss."

There is a moment's pause, and then Inez and her companion give up and roar. Mr. Flaherty laughs with them, and says artfully:

"Shure yez'll be lettin' me go afther me disapintment?"

"Yes, indeed," says Inez heartily. "You meant no harm;" and the young man presses something in his hand.

"And that yez may live happy together and lovin' ever, is the partin' wish of Tim Flaherty," he says, as the door closes on him.

There is a dead silence, broken only by the faint strains of "Erin is My Home," whistled gayly along the road.

Inez at last glances at her companion, then rapidly averts her eyes and wildly searches for something to say.

"Well, we have found the ghost," she asserts, finally, which is perhaps a self-evident fact; but it serves the purpose of breaking the silence into which Mr. Flaherty's "partin' wish" has thrown them.

"Yes," he says, coming back to earth, "we have."

"To think," says Inez, as they mount the stairs, "that lovely girl had nothing to do with the haunting of this house! Why, it is absurd! Instead of that most unromantic-looking Irishman, we should have met her wandering around, looking more beautiful than ever, and——"

"And hunting for the chest of money wherewith to endow her lover."

"Exactly! But never mind! We will have the credit for bravery just the same."

"Yes. I am only sorry our search has come to an end so soon," with a sigh.

"Why?" asks Inez innocently—then quickly: "Er—oh—here we are. You will call on papa—on us—tomorrow?"

"Indeed I will."

"Good-night."

"Good-night." He gazes after her until she disappears, and then throws himself on the sofa; but the ghost no longer occupies his thoughts.

* * * * *

"The course of true love is certainly running smoothly for me, Jack," says Inez some few weeks later, while she pours out tea and hands "Jack" a plate of delicious cookies fresh from the hands of the coveted Kate Mahony. "And for you to be a son of papa's oldest friend, and thoroughly respectable, and not an impecunious and shockingly Bohemian artist or something dreadful, is really wonderful! Do you appreciate your luck, sir?"

Words seem to fail Mr. Jack at this point; but on the principle that "actions speak louder than words," Inez is satisfied.

RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS.

The Visitation of Mrs. Sackbutt.

MRS. PHILETUS POPE had all her life of forty-five years cherished rose-pink theories about the domestic problem, which as preceptress of the Scrannville Female College she had observed at long range. In the exhaustive monograph she had deferred her marriage two months to prepare for the Scrannville alumnæ, she had warmly advocated reform. "Let us make of the domestic arts a science," she said sweetly. "Let us give them the place they should occupy. Let the American housewife solve the question of the kitchen by training young American girls to fill it." All this and much more was in the monograph, which was pronounced by those who listened to it, "masterly."

When, therefore, Mrs. Pope returned from her wedding trip and found the house which was to be her home in charge of Bridget O'Boyle, a capital cook and housekeeper, she took her blessings quite as a matter of course. It was in the nature of things, she felt, though she would have preferred that Bidly were not Irish, and had not received her training from Mrs. Pope No. 1, who had been, so everyone said, a very commonplace person indeed.

All things, even good ones, have an end; and upon Mrs. Pope's forty-sixth birthday, when she had been a wife but five months, Bidly suddenly died after a brief struggle with pneumonia, leaving her mistress to discover the difference between theory and practice. It was a memorable fortnight to Mrs. Pope, that one after the funeral. The limits of an hour, the possibilities of pain possessed by the female back, the nervous energy necessary to the preparation of an average dinner, and the fact that a man who talks charmingly about soul-companionship before marriage, may not after marriage have a scrap of sympathy with an intellectual and physical effort which evolves poor muffins, were a few of the facts pressed home to her attention. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when Mr. Jackson, a botanic doctor living in the neighborhood, called, and told her there was an American lady at his house wanting a place, that she nearly cried for joy, and just escaped sending for her at the moment.

"We've hed her fur about eight months," explained Mr. Jackson. "She ain't rapid, Miss Sackbutt ain't, but my wife says she's seen wuss help. She's kep' house herself, I reckon. She left her first husban', so she says; her second, that was Sackbutt, died."

"Why do you not keep her?" asked Mrs. Pope, with a spasm of caution.

"Whyee—" Mr. Jackson scratched his chin, and gazed meditatively at the ceiling—"whyee—you see she's slow. That is, rather; and we've nine in family, an' since Miss Jackson has gone into Christian Science, she can't be in the kitchen and in the parlor a-givin' a treatment, too. But," and the little man brightened, "I s'pose she'd do splendid for two."

Within half an hour Mrs. Pope called upon Mrs. Jackson. A small, withered person, with an albuminous complexion, watery blue eyes, and only the remains of a nose, answered the bell. "Mrs. Jackson's a-givin' a treatment," she said, with an owl-like, yet unctuous tone. "You'll hev to wait, or get the patient out of the thought."

As "getting the patient out of the thought" was evidently not to be thought of, unless the house was afire, Mrs. Pope entered. Mrs. Jackson was visible in the back parlor, seated behind Mr. Trowel, who had been as deaf as a telegraph-pole for ten years.

"I s'pose you're Mrs. Pope," began the small person. Mrs. Pope bowed, and she continued; "From what I've heard about you, I think I'd like to take the place."

Mrs. Pope stared, feeling that somehow she and Mrs.

Sackbutt had changed places; for this must be the "American lady" wanting a place.

"Mrs. Jackson's new girl came a fortnight ago," went on the small person. "Since then, I've 'tended door-bell. I'm willing to, to oblige."

She looked that she felt that she had condescended.

Just then Mrs. Jackson dismissed her patient, and looking very tired and nervous came forward to Mrs. Pope, who sympathetically thought that to treat an auditory tract so long out of repair must be wearing.

"Superior to her position," said Mrs. Jackson, waving Mrs. Sackbutt out of the room. "A very pious person, Mrs. Pope, and of course a church member, though not of your communion."

"Can she cook?" asked Mrs. Pope, reflecting that a family cannot be made comfortable by piety alone.

"What she does"—Mrs. Jackson paused for a breath—"is very good."

"And the washing and ironing?"

"I hire a laundress. I expect to with my family. But I think Nellie does not like to undertake washings. What she irons"—Mrs. Jackson paused again—"is very well done. In sickness—and all who are in mortal thought are liable to that—she would be invaluable."

Mrs. Pope engaged Mrs. Sackbutt on the spot; and she came to the parsonage that evening, looking more albuminous and broken-nosed than ever. With foreboding instinct Mrs. Pope gave her minute directions for breakfast, and set the alarm of the kitchen clock herself.

"We are very methodical," she explained. "Breakfast must be ready at half-past seven exactly, that my husband may have a long morning."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Sackbutt mellifluously; "at half-past seven, to have a long morning."

* * * * *

Half-past seven came, then the clock struck eight. Mrs. Pope descended to the kitchen to find out what was the matter. In a knitted hood, that surrounded her face like a dusky halo of dull red, and with a square of drab flannel around her shoulders, Mrs. Sackbutt sat by the stove, reading the last copy of the "New York Weekly Blazer." The tea-kettle was just beginning to steam.

"Where is breakfast?" asked Mrs. Pope meekly.

"I've been waitin' for you to come an' see about it," said Mrs. Sackbutt, taking off her glasses and looking up with watery-eyed composure. "I forgot what you said about it."

"I wrote down directions for everything upon that slate," said Mrs. Pope, pointing to the article in question, just in the line of Mrs. Sackbutt's vision.

"I forgot about the slate," said Mrs. Sackbutt, slowly shuffling up. "I slep' late. I'm in the habit of bein' called. Mrs. Jackson, she always helped."

"Didn't you hear the alarm?"

"No m'm,"—Mrs. Sackbutt's voice had a hollow sound, strangely like an owl.—"I stopped the clock; I don't like to hear a clock when I'm in bed. I haven't ben in the habit of hearin' an alarm. I've been called."

"You will not be called here," said Mrs. Pope, and retreated. Not even for Dr. Pope would she get breakfast that morning. She held that to keep a dog and do your own barking is unwise and wasteful domestic economy.

"What's to pay down stairs?" asked Dr. Pope with hungry brevity.

"Nothing!" replied Mrs. Pope. "And I do not think anything ever will be as long as we keep Mrs. Sackbutt."

At nine o'clock Mrs. Sackbutt rang the breakfast-bell like a fire-alarm. She had toasted three slices of bread and poached three eggs, and these viands, very cold and sloppy,

reposed, not on the table, but on the hearth of the kitchen stove. The dining-room was cold. "I hain't used to makin' fires," she whimpered. "Where I've lived, they've always ben made for me."

Mrs. Pope woke ten times that night and consulted her watch, that she might make sure to rouse Mrs. Sackbutt at a sufficiently early hour; and at half-past seven she descended to the kitchen, and prepared breakfast with her own hands, Mrs. Sackbutt assisting with remarks. It was sweeping day, and Mrs. Sackbutt had only to eat her own breakfast. But it was evident she believed with Emerson that "hurry is for slaves." Somehow she pattered over it till ten, and in desperation Mrs. Pope swept the parlors herself. Then, giving Mrs. Sackbutt minute directions how the fine sirloin steak should be broiled for the one o'clock dinner, she lay down.

At two o'clock a fragrance as of hot tallow diffused itself through the house. Mrs. Sackbutt had fried the steak in a liberal quantity of lard, and had thickened the mess with flour.

"I cooked it as I've ben used to cookin' steak," she said in self-justification. "I guess you'll feel better when you've et some of it."

It was impossible to pursue the subject. There is a composure that would turn off shot from a Krupp gun.

Dr. Pope gazed in amazement at the ruin set before him. "Tell her to leave!" he said, when he had heard Mrs. Pope's explanation; and then added, as if by way of a final reason, "I thought from the first she was dreadful to look at."

Dr. Dripper, a returned missionary, and two natives of Burmah were to be her guests on the morrow, and Mrs. Pope could not be precipitate. She ordered a fine roast for her guests' dinner, and wrote on the kitchen slate directions for cooking the vegetables. "I will come and prepare the roast when it is time to put it in the oven," she said. "Now what sort of cake can you make?"

Mrs. Sackbutt gazed at her questioner blankly. "Not any," she said, after a moment.

"But you are fifty, and have kept house for two husbands, and have lived out for eleven years!"

"Yes m'm," assented Mrs. Sackbutt, "but somehow I've got along 'thout cookin'. I was lit'ry before I was married, an' taught." Mrs. Pope winced. "My husbands et meat victuals; an' since I've lived out I've always ben where the ladies took hold.—Miss Jackson makes the nicest chawco-lait cake. Do you make it, Miss Pope?"

"I will give you my cookery book, and you may make some cookies," said Mrs. Pope, with decision.

"I hain't never ben asked to make cookies," said Mrs. Sackbutt gloomily. But brightening after an instant she added, "I've et 'em."

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Pope overheard Mrs. Sackbutt talking on the back porch to the domestic next door. Remembering Solomon's advice she did not listen, but hurried to the kitchen. The unwashed breakfast-things were still on the table.

"Cookies? No m'm." Mrs. Sackbutt shook her head. "I hain't had no time. I've ben a-tendin' that meat. I put it in the oven when it come at nine o'clock. You ort to hev a baker. They make meat so tender. I made a nice flour gravy and put 'round the meat, an' I've put the potatoes in the gravy to bake. I like 'em that-a-way." Mrs. Pope flung open the oven door. The eight-pound roast of beef was a dry, dark mass.

Mrs. Pope prepared the dessert herself, while Mrs. Sackbutt spent her time getting into a much beuffed alpaca and a bustle as big as a poll-parrot's cage. "I always dress for company," she explained. During dinner Mrs. Sackbutt

brushed a set of Dresden plates from the sideboard with her bustle, and that night Mrs. Pope went to bed with a nervous headache.

Mrs. Pope took her husband's advice, and bade Mrs. Sackbutt seek another home; but the next day Mrs. Sackbutt asked Mrs. Pope to take her son to board. "He's a-comin' to Scrannville to 'tend the Commercial College," she said. "He's big-feelin'. He's my first husband's boy, an', if I do say it, his conversation would be worth the price of his board to anyone who would take him."

"But you are to leave this house one week from Saturday," said Mrs. Pope, astonished.

That afternoon Mrs. Sackbutt spoke to Dr. Pope himself. "He'd be company for you," she said, quite unabashed when the doctor stared at her, "an' it would be company for me."

Mrs. Pope advertised for a domestic, but the result was not satisfactory. "Tried to throw me down cellar when I remonstrated with her for using my solid silver table-spoons to scrape the kettles with," said Mrs. Judge Greer, of one. "Cannot cook." "Is a miserable laundress." "There is nothing she will not touch, and few things she will not take." "Is filthy; did not take but one bath the five months I had her." "Is wasteful." These were some of the characters given.

Mrs. Sackbutt had made no preparations to leave on the Saturday Mrs. Pope had designated, and Mrs. Pope was weakly but secretly glad, and bade Mrs. Sackbutt try making some doughnuts. Dr. Pope, though he talked a good deal about hygiene, was fond of that dyspeptic goody for breakfast. At noon Mrs. Sackbutt had ten doughnuts fried, or, rather, soaked in lard. The fire was nearly out, and her dress, face, and hair were daubed with dough. "I reckon your receipt ain't very good," she said despondingly, poking the unwashed breakfast-things about. "I've et better cakes 'n them; an', you can see yourself, I can't noways git dinner by one to-day."

Remembering the specimens who had presented themselves to take Mrs. Sackbutt's place, Mrs. Pope patiently mended the fire and fried the cakes, though the hot fat made her giddy. It took only ten minutes, and she told herself that Mrs. Sackbutt might be worse. But that night, after eating seven doughnuts, Mrs. Sackbutt declared herself sick. "I've got sech a risin' to the stomach," she said, her feet dangling over the side of the bed, and with a dreadful look of *malaise* upon her albuminous countenance. "I feel like I was a-goin' to have the aigger."

"Mrs. Sackbutt," said Mrs. Pope, as firmly as she could, "you must find another place this week. The doctor and I must have different help."

"I think myself you need somebody pretty tough," said Mrs. Sackbutt, with some malice.

But she paid no attention to this conversation whatever. It was as though it had never happened, and she did not change any more than the polka spots of a leopard. When commanded to make yeast, she used what Mrs. Pope borrowed, and made none to keep. "I'm used to bought yeast," she said calmly; and each time Mrs. Pope borrowed yeast to start, if one may say so, a "yeast plant," each time Mrs. Sackbutt's inventiveness contrived an excuse for not obeying instructions. Once Mrs. Sackbutt was sent to the nearest grocery after "bought" yeast—but only once. Next to her slowness in getting started out, was her slowness in returning.

In order to have any Sunday dinner, Mrs. Pope was compelled to keep Mrs. Sackbutt at home Sunday morning, at which she complained bitterly that she was not permitted to "enjoy religion." She complained, too, that she was not invited Sunday afternoon to sit with the doctor and his

wife. "The doctor locks his study door," she said. "I don't like it. I'm used to bein' one of the family."

"I'll tell him what you say," said Mrs. Pope quietly. "But for myself I must have privacy in my home."

"I s'pose I ain't good enough to set with ye," said Mrs. Sackbutt with curious slow heat. "I don't want nothin' but justice. I'm American, an' I ought to have justice."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Pope kindly.

"Well—er—I'm used to bein' one of the family. My first husband was a big-feelin' man, an' when I married him I wore gold-heeled slippers."

"I hire you to do the work. It is exactly like buying meat or vegetables : so much money for a certain equivalent. You have a pleasant, comfortable room. The kitchen, till you came here, was clean and pleasant. I give you books and papers to read. I do not want your company, nor indeed the company of anyone in my hours of privacy." Mrs. Pope left the kitchen, but as she closed the door behind her, she heard subdued whimperings about "justice."

But a climax came in Dr. Pope's patience when Mrs. Sackbutt washed the dining-room paint with the concentrated lye Mrs. Pope had used to doctor the drains with while Mrs. Sackbutt was "enjoying religion" Sunday nights, and which she thought she had carefully secreted. "I, Mrs. Pope, shall tell that old—" he paused, seeking for a word he dared utter, and gave up the attempt, "to leave this time, and we will see if she will obey."

Mrs. Sackbutt received his somewhat excited announcement with perfect composure. "Understand, you are to go this coming Saturday !" he said, with a flash behind his spectacles which his friends had always found meant business.

Mrs. Sackbutt spent her leisure, as usual, reading the "Blazer," and on Thursday afternoon went out and bought herself a pair of high-heeled, peaked-toed shoes with red strings, which hurt her many corns cruelly. On Saturday there was a sleety snow falling, and she seemed quite lame.

"Well, on next Saturday," said the doctor, whose heart was as soft as butter ; "but really, Mrs. Pope, she must go then, for we cannot keep an old woman's home in our kitchen."

But that week Mrs. Sackbutt washed the kitchen paint also with lye, and covered the neat floor with lemon-colored spots. And she did not go when Saturday came.

* * * * *

No, Mrs. Sackbutt did not go, but stayed on ; and, regardless alike of entreaties and commands, cooked as she pleased, and did as she pleased, and when her mistress was harassed with a multitude of duties, ran down a notch lower in the scale of inefficiency and helplessness. It turned out that she was not "used to" ironing the fine things ; and the coarser clothes she draggled through the week, consuming no end of time and coal. The names of visitors she bawled up the front stairs, as, "a man wants to see you," or, "there's a lady down yere." Attempts at teaching her better manners were fruitless, and resulted only in vexation. When a book-agent appeared, which was not seldom, she looked over his publication, and listened to all the story he reeled off, supposing her some sort of relation to the doctor ; and then she would go upstairs and advise the doctor to buy "the work."

"I think, my dear," said the doctor one evening, "that if we do not get rid of Mrs. Sackbutt, I shall sometime be carried out of myself and—and—slap her !"

Mrs. Pope made several unsuccessful attempts to get other help, and had nervous headaches with alarming frequency. During these attacks she dreamed much of Mrs. Sackbutt. It was always of the impossibility of getting rid of her. "Don't fret," said the doctor, in one of these visions of pain. "There's a vacant house on the next street,

and we'll move, and leave her in the parsonage." But Mrs. Sackbutt of the vision was as calm as her flesh-and-blood prototype. "I'm going with you," she announced when the moving was begun. "We'll leave town," said the doctor of the dream. "We'll go in the middle of the night." Then Mrs. Pope awoke wailing that Mrs. Sackbutt would look at the marks on the luggage and follow them.

One day a dear old friend came unexpectedly in upon the doctor and Mrs. Pope, and Mrs. Sackbutt quite outdid her worst in spoiling the dinner. The instant he was gone, Dr. Pope laid his hand upon Mrs. Sackbutt's shoulder. "Go upstairs," he said, "and pack your trunk. You say your home is at Hipper Creek. The three o'clock train will land you there at six."

"I ain't no ways prepared to go home now," said Mrs. Sackbutt calmly. "I want to get my bonnet fixed, an' get my brown dress done over with a basque, an'——"

"You'll go all the same," said the doctor, clapping on his hat. "I am going after the express-man ; and if when he comes you are not ready, it will be the worse for you."

"I'm sure you'll never get anybody who'll put in more time than I have," whimpered Mrs. Sackbutt, sitting on the side of her bed while Mrs. Pope hastily folded up her not very clean dresses.

"I must have someone who puts in less time and more work," said Mrs. Pope, quite at the end of her patience.

The door-bell rang, and, thinking to save time, Mrs. Pope answered it. Mrs. Sackbutt slipped off her clothes, got into her night-dress, and crawled into bed. The express-man came and went away. The pastor of the largest church in Scrannville could not put a woman of fifty out of his house half-clad.

* * * * *

The days passed, and Mrs. Sackbutt was as idle, as useless, and as inconsequent as ever. Mrs. Pope was steadily losing flesh, and the doctor was developing a frightful temper. "Tell about the tyranny of men !" he exclaimed one day, when his wife expressed sympathy with the cause known as "Woman's Rights." "What kind of a time are we having with that woman ? What kind of a time did her husbands have ? I don't wonder her nose is broken ; I wonder one or the other did not break her into bits ! She never left Number One. He ran away, you may depend ! And Number Two died ! Um ! I believe he took poison ! She don't weigh more than one hundred and twenty pounds, but every ounce is maddening ! Tell about a skeleton ! Give me forty, rather than this creature of flesh that walks by noon-day, and which we are never going to be able to get rid of."

Relief was nearer than he thought. Mrs. Pope was taken violently ill before the week was out, and Mrs. Sackbutt announced herself as ready to go home. "I wish you'd give me some of your old clothes," she said to the doctor, "I want 'em for a rag carpet ; and I'd be obliged if you'll have the 'bus come to take me to the *de-peau*."

The doctor went.

Mrs. Pope recovered in time, and when she started the household machinery again, it was with the help of a broad-backed German girl who could not speak a word of English.

"I thought you believed in employing only native-born help in your kitchen, Amelia," said Miss Maria French, who had taken Mrs. Pope's place in the Scrannville College, and who had distributed many copies of the "Monograph on Domestic Science."

"I used to believe a great many things, and had a good many theories," said Mrs. Pope humbly. "But I have none now. I shall never again open my lips upon the great kitchen question. I only hope that Gretchen will never learn English, and that she will stay with me forever !"

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

The Convention of Women's Clubs.

AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

BY JENNY JUNE.



HE celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of Sorosis by a Convention of Women's Clubs was an idea that elicited an instant and cordial response from every part of the country, and brought together a body of women of unexampled brightness, refinement, intelligence, and social as well as intellectual position and attainments. It was altogether a remarkable assemblage, that came from East, West, North, and South, in answer to a "call" which summarized the business of the Convention as follows :

" I.—The enunciation of the Club idea, and its point of departure from the ' Society.'

" II.—To obtain accurate data of the extent to which, in twenty-one years, club life has grown among women.

" III.—In what it consists, and how it is differentiated from the club life of men.

" IV.—The methods of work and their operation.

" V.—The results so far obtained, and the prospects for the future.

" VI.—The influence which Women's Clubs have exerted upon the community in which they exist."

The " call " concluded as follows :

" The associative life of women is now an established fact : steady growth for twenty-one years has demonstrated it. This associative life has produced, as its first flower, a bond of fellowship to which every good club-woman responds."

The clubs invited were, as far as possible, limited to incorporated bodies, and to those originated, carried on, and supported wholly by women. Out of upwards of a hundred of these, nearly half were represented by delegate, the representatives coming from all quarters of the Union, from Maine to California, and from Dakota to the green hills of Vermont. The delegates were the guests of Sorosis while in New York City, and preparations for entertaining them were made on an extensive scale. Mrs. A. M. Palmer, on behalf of her husband, Mr. Albert M. Palmer, offered, for the use of the ladies of Sorosis and the delegates, for their day sessions, the auditorium of the Madison Square Theatre, whose subdued elegance is that of an enlarged drawing-room, and the seating capacity of which enabled the entertainers to offer hospitality to members of near-by clubs not represented by delegates.

Sorosis was also honored by an invitation for its delegates to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art, extended by General di Cesnola, and also to the Museum of Natural History, the Museum of the Historical Society, the Five Points House of Industry, the " World " newspaper building, various studios, including those of Miss Lawson the sculptor, and Mr. J. W. Champney. In addition to these public hospitalities, private receptions and luncheons were given by the President, first Vice-President, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee of Sorosis, and a closing reception by Sorosis as a body, to the delegates.

Anniversary Day (March 18th) was celebrated by a dinner given at Delmonico's, and by the installation of new officers and various exercises incidental to the occasion. These anniversary dinners have been given now for twenty-one years, and have become famous even in a banquet-loving city like New York. The presence of about fifty women delegates, in addition to two hundred and sixty members of Sorosis and other guests, tested the capacity of even Delmonico's great halls ; and under electric lights, the tables bright with flowers and ferns, but shaded with solemn palms, the assemblage of handsome, beautifully dressed club-women presented a very striking picture.

Among the guests and members present were Mrs. Julia

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Ward Howe, " Grace Greenwood," " Marion Harland," Mary E. Bryan, the Princess Marthe Engalitcheff of Russia, Kate Sanborn, Mrs. W. D. Howells, Mrs. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, Mrs. General Starin, Mrs. James T. Peck of Milwaukee, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell of Chicago, Mrs. John N. Jewett, Mrs. Charlton Way, and many others of equal distinction. Mrs. M. Louise Thomas presided, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the newly elected President, occupying the head of the table next to that of the presiding officer. Mrs. Clymer is the youngest and the handsomest of the Presidents of Sorosis. She is above the medium height, tall, slender, with brown hair, lovely gray-brown eyes, and a manner at once gentle and distinguished. She is the daughter of Mrs. Dietz Hallock, the founder of the first kindergarten school established in New York, and is herself well-known as the author of several volumes of poems. Her sonnets are of exceptional beauty.

Five-minute speeches, song, or story, are all that is allowed on Anniversary Day, but every moment was employed. Telegrams were received and read, from San Francisco and New Orleans. Pine-apples, the early emblem of Sorosis, were sent from Georgia, from the plantation of Mrs. Charlton Way, and one was brought from Cuba by a member just returned from the South. One interesting circumstance must not be omitted : the presentation to Sorosis of a thousand dollars, by an absent member, through Mrs. Clymer. But no better wind-up could be found to all the wise and witty things that were said and done, than the following poem by another absent member, Mrs. May Riley Smith :

" TWENTY-AND-ONE.

" Ho ! sleepy old bells in the towers,
And banners that droop in the sun !
Have you never a jubilant flutter,
Nor note of rejoicing to utter,
In token of honors well won ?
Ring, sleepy old bells in the towers !
Sorosis is twenty-and-one !

" She has grown to the height of a woman,
Though Prejudice railed as she passed ;
She has trodden her path straight and purely,
While Custom, with brows arched demurely,
Cold glances of scrutiny cast ;
She has grown to the height of a woman :
The world understands her at last.

" A woman, benignant and tender,
With dignity, culture, and place ;
While the gallants, who erst did deride her,
Now sit with proud pleasure beside her,
And quaff a cold cup to her grace ;—
A woman, benignant and tender,
Whose fame is as fair as her face.

" Then a song for the years that are ended,
And the honor Sorosis has won !
Like a composite picture of faces,
Where cluster the virtues and graces,
Is our Maiden of twenty-and-one.
Then sing for the years that are ended,
And pray for her future begun !

" With her foot on the round of to-morrow,
Our pledges of love in her hands,
With purposes noble and human,
And soul consecrated to woman,
She waits for the future's commands,
With her foot on the round of to-morrow,
See ! eager and smiling she stands ! "

The regular sessions of the Convention, at which the reports of delegates were presented, opened on the morning of March 19, at the Madison Square Theatre, which presented a unique spectacle. The seating capacity of the auditorium is six hundred, and every available seat was

occupied excepting a few in the back part of the gallery. The stage was occupied by the presiding officer, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the President of Sorosis, the first Vice-President and other officers of Sorosis, and some delegates, prominent among them Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who made the first report after the words of welcome and congratulation from Mrs. Clymer. The stage had none of the bareness of the hall platform; it was arranged as a drawing-room interior, with richly upholstered sofas and easy-chairs; an enamelled stand held a tall group of Easter lilies, and a magnificent flat basket of roses, with "Sorosis" in red carnations on a white ground in the center, stood, easel fashion, on an inlaid table on the opposite side. The benignant presence of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was felt like a benediction by the whole assemblage, which was of a very marked and interesting character, refined, cultivated, and distinguished by active intelligence, without any marks of a selfishly personal or aggressive spirit.

It is impossible to give, even in outline, a tithe of the reports presented, for they would fill a volume. Out of upwards of a hundred Women Clubs addressed, fifty responded by sending a delegate, and each brought a report of club work, methods, and results, from among which the following are gathered.

The New England Woman's Club was the outgrowth of the spirit of association fostered by the Anti-slavery movement and the work of women during the war. It took shape at a meeting at the house of Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, on February 16, 1868, but remained in embryo until May 20 of the same year, when a public meeting was held, at which men as well as women were among the speakers. The initial movers and aids in the formation of the club were, besides Dr. Hunt, Miss Abby May, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, Mrs. Harriet W. Nowell, James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Octavius B. Frothingham.

It was always part of their plan to have rooms of their own, and they found them on Tremont Street, but have since removed to Park Street. These rooms were always open to members, and they facilitated the formation of classes and the execution of the routine work of the club. Monday was made "club" day, and as the membership naturally divided itself up into committees, each Monday in the month was assigned to the care of a special committee.

There were Art and Literature Committees, a Discussion Committee, and a Work Committee. The last covered the most ground and became the most popular. The social feature was the "teas," to which Abby May would sometimes bring a humorous poem, or Sarah Starr and Louisa M. Alcott "break a lance" together. Mrs. Howe briefly enumerated some of the objects to which the New England Woman's Club has devoted its energies, and summarized this part of the work in the following words:

"Our work has grown more serious, and the interests which call us together have become more and more those of the whole community, as we grow older. We have found that our united effort can promote many good causes; and comparing our present outlook and future prospects with the prejudice and adverse criticism encountered in times past, we are glad to find ourselves acknowledged as a source for good."

The impulse to the formation of Women's Clubs seems to have been gained directly from parent clubs,—Sorosis, the New England Woman's Club, the Fortnightly of Chicago, the New Century of Philadelphia,—some from the visits of the Association for the Advancement of Women, and many from the personal efforts of women, members of a club, who, finding homes in other and more benighted localities, set to work at once to create at least one element of modern civilization—the Woman's Club.

Three baby clubs, infants in arms, were represented at

the Convention,—one only six weeks old, born at Sleepy Eye, Brown Co., Minn., but wonderfully vigorous and promising. Another was the nine months' growth of Jamaica, Long Island, the founder and President being Mrs. Mabel Smith, daughter of Olive Thorne Miller, the author of many admirable works on natural history and kindred topics. A third young and very interesting club was reached through the following letter:

"1835 CARTER AVE., NEW YORK

"MRS. CROLY.

"DEAR MADAM:—I have just read your article on Women's Clubs in the March number of 'Demorest's Monthly,' and can tell you of still another very young club about which I do not suppose anything has yet been known, except among personal friends and acquaintances of members. It is the Industrial Art Club, organized May, 1888, by the students who had taken certificates in the free training class in modeling and design, of the Young Women's Christian Association. A portion of the number were graduates, and some of them are now employed in designing, architectural drawing, and in teaching industrial drawing and design, while the remainder constitute this year's 'Seniors,' or are studying in other art classes.

"The object is to unite professional women designers and workers in industrial art, that they may help and encourage each other, both in the advancement of professional skill and the acquirement of a high standard of excellence, each in her special work, and also to cultivate good fellowship, business and social interests, and improvement generally.

"Any woman designer, decorator, or teacher of industrial art is eligible to membership under certain conditions, and applications for admission are already being made by women who have had years of professional experience; which encourages us to believe that such a club will be helpful.

"You mention the Working Girls' Clubs organized by Miss Dodge, and make a comparison between them and the Young Women's Christian Association. The latter is in no sense a club for the young women who receive benefits from any of the Association's benevolences; but the young women who do enjoy the privileges of classes, lectures, etc., are not limited to any class or trades, but include women who work in every way, either with brain or hand. Among the Bible-class members, who number about 1,000, is a kind of mutual benefit society, known as the United Workers, over which their teacher, Miss Doheny, presides. This and our Art Club, of which I have been telling you, are the only organized bodies that may be said to have any connection with the Y. W. C. A., and only the Art Club is entirely managed independently of the Association, so far as I know.

"Yours respectfully,

"MARY A. E. CARTER,

"Teacher Modeling and Design Classes, Y. W. C. A."

This tells us all that is necessary in regard to this young club, which is all the more interesting because it is formed by workers for workers; and this effort to organize their own forces, and the success which has attended it, will stimulate others to like endeavor.

The Woman's Club of Wisconsin, located at Milwaukee, and the Ladies' Literary Club at Grand Rapids, Michigan, seem to be the only two Women's Clubs in the United States, so far, that have built and own their club quarters. The former have done it on co-operative principles, and have made it a financial as well as social success, the stock company having recently declared a dividend of five per cent. An outline of the scheme and the work of the club was given in the March number of this Magazine, as well as that of another western Woman's Club, that of Lansing, Michigan.

The Fortnightly of Chicago (represented by Mrs. E. Mitchell) is the oldest western club, and has been the mother of many aspiring young daughters. Its founder and early source of inspiration was Mrs. Kate N. Daggett, and it pursued from the beginning a strictly literary and social policy, excluding philanthropic subjects and labors, and adhering to severely literary and classic courses of study. This led to the formation of the Women's Club of Chicago, which numbers now upwards of four hundred members, and works in exactly opposite directions,—practical and philanthropic. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith was the delegate from this club, and the reports from the two representative clubs of the great metropolis of the West covered an enormous field of literary activity and useful benevolent work. Matrons for

Prisons have been obtained, a Sanitary Society established, a Protective Union for Working Women organized and sustained, and courses of study earnestly prosecuted, which have changed the entire aspect of the social life, stimulated the growth and formation of libraries, raised the intellectual standard, and reduced the number of drinking saloons.

An admirable little report from the Saturday Club, of Leavenworth, Kansas, summarizes so well the benefits derived from club life that it may be given entire :

"THE SATURDAY CLUB, OF LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, TO SOROSIS, GREETING :—The Saturday Club, located on the west bank of the Missouri River, sends not merely formal regrets that she cannot be with you by delegate on the auspicious occasion of a completed majority, but also desires to congratulate Sorosis on the activity displayed, the results achieved, and the great influence diffused over this country in the early formative period of her existence.

"With possibly two exceptions, club life in Kansas has had no existence till within the last ten years. At the present date, probably not less than eight hundred women are thus associated in literary work, and the value of such associations in a new community can be only approximately estimated. That it has brought into communication persons of like cultivation and tastes, has incited to reading and study lives more or less isolated, that search after information has left less time for gossip and supplied wholesome topics of conversation, are results so patent in the West that the bare statement of the fact will here receive unqualified assent.

"The influence of Women's Clubs upon the community in this section of our common country has been absolutely and unquestionably good. Club work here is universally commended, nowhere criticised, and everywhere encouraged.

"With great satisfaction in the present, and unbounded confidence in the future outcome of our several clubs, Sorosis will please accept thanks for remembrance of her 'little sister' in this her day of rejoicing, who will continue to proudly watch her future career, and ever rejoice in her grand achievements.

Most cordially,

"THE SATURDAY CLUB,
"per Mrs. C. H. Cushing."

Wichita (pronounced, *Wiche-taw*), Kansas, has an active Woman's Club which has helped to secure three things : a Prohibitory Amendment, Municipal Suffrage for women, and an Act which makes it a criminal offense to sell tobacco in any form to minors. The delegate, Mrs. Todd, considered herself an unusually happy woman in having been brought up in Indiana, and since made a resident of Kansas. A club which seems to provide an excellent model for young girls' school or parlor clubs, is the Tourist Club, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which took up as its first work an imaginary tour of the world. Miss Albright was its representative, and she did justice to her name. St. Paul, Minnesota, has two Women's Clubs, one, the Business Woman's Club, the direct outgrowth of the other, the New Century. Both have the same president, Miss Beals, but were well represented by Mrs. Driscoll.

Indianapolis is another of the wide-awake western cities, its Woman's Club being a power, and a center of all imaginable activities, through the influence of such women as Mrs. May Wright Sewall and Mrs. Kate Rand Winters, the latter the delegate from the club, the former from the International Council. One of the most interesting reports, however, the only one that received the exceptional honor of a vote of thanks from the Convention, was that of Miss Kate Nobles, of the Woman's Club of New Orleans, Louisiana. Its originator was a society girl, a Miss Bisland, now a resident of New York, and it has grown into a large, many-sided, most useful, and practical organization, representing every class in society, sustaining courses of lectures, classes in study, and forming, in addition to the social and intellectual influence it exerts, a complete school of training and methods.

The Jacksonville (Ill.) Sorosis was the direct outgrowth of Sorosis in New York, and is less than a year younger : it celebrates its twenty-first anniversary in November. From its report, given by Mrs. Kirby, Sorosis has great reason to be proud of its daughter—and is so.

The Woman's Club of Orange, New Jersey, has just celebrated its seventeenth anniversary, and so in one year will have attained to womanhood majority. Its delegate and president, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, said in her Report :

"We number at present about one hundred and thirty members, with a prospect of a large increase during the present year. We have just taken possession of commodious and beautiful rooms, which will comfortably accommodate three hundred persons. We meet every alternate Wednesday afternoon during eight months of the year. We have recently revised our plans of work so that we have nine standing committees, covering the whole field we care to investigate. Each committee has charge in turn of the regular meetings of the club, selecting topic in its own department, and providing for its discussion.

"It is proposed hereafter to have classes or circles on the alternate weeks, for the study of special subjects, each subject to be under the guidance of some member or members of the club especially qualified for that particular work.

"The club has nearly doubled both in numbers and interest during the last two or three years, and was never so hopeful, prosperous, and satisfactory, as it is at present. Its influence is widely felt, and the leading literary ladies of all the Oranges, and to some extent of the surrounding towns, compose its membership."

A most interesting report was made from the Detroit Woman's Club, from the closing sentences of which one brief extract is made :

"Our idea is for each to give the best she has to the other, feeling that we cannot make a thought our own until we have given it expression, in fact, shared it with others."

This attempt to give a bird's-eye view of one of the most remarkable and interesting gatherings of modern times, must close with an abstract of the Report made from the Rhode Island Women's Club, leaving out as many as have been mentioned, and which were of equal interest.

"The Rhode Island Women's Club was organized in 1876, mainly through the efforts of Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill, whose enthusiasm in the cause overcame the doubts of those who wished for a club, but feared to form one. She believed that if women were trained by the educational influences of a club established for literary and social culture, their influence for good would be much more potent. The object of the club is to turn the minds of women to higher themes than society ordinarily suggests ; to develop, especially, an interest in literary subjects ; and to cultivate a social life springing from similarity of tastes, rather than from membership of some society clique.

"Miss Sarah E. Doyle, delegate to the Convention, was the first president, holding the office for seven years, when she resigned. The present president is Mrs. Wm. H. Palmer. The club numbered the first year, 95. By vote at the last annual meeting, March 6, its membership is limited to 200. It is believed that a larger number lessens the bond of fellowship which should characterize a club, and impairs its individuality.

"The ideal the founders of the club had, was that the members should discuss all subjects upon which papers were read. While the attendance at the meetings the first few years was small, this was done ; but, as the numbers increased, this feature of the club life became very languid, and the meetings were mainly given up to listening to papers by persons paid to deliver them. At the annual meeting in March, 1888, the Cor. Sec'y, Miss Ellen G. Hunt, in an able report, presented a comparison of work done by different clubs whose members provided the entertainment. Miss Hunt pleaded earnestly for the R. I. W. C. to devote some of its meetings to work done by members. As a result of her report, committees were formed and a programme laid out for a year. The interest in the members' meetings has been very great ; the benefit to those who have taken part, most valuable.

"The club numbers among its members many women prominent in philanthropic organizations. They carry to this kind of work the training gained at the club, especially the knowledge of the method of conducting public meetings, and a readiness of speaking off-hand. No year has been more prosperous than the past one. Our organization is respected in the community, and we confidently look forward to years of greater usefulness."

One thing is particularly well worth noting, and that is the uniformity of effort among the members of Women's Clubs to learn what they do not know, to acquire methods by which to put to best use their new instrumentalities, and the acquisition of higher standards in the communities where club life for women exists.

The final work of the Convention was the formation of a committee to prepare a basis for the permanent organization

of Women's Clubs into a federation of independent clubs, capable of united action. The President of Sorosis, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, was made Chairman of this Committee by the unanimous voice of the Convention, which also ratified the following names, as composing the Committee: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Croly, Mrs. M. L. Thomas, Mrs. Hoffman, from New York; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, of Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Driscoll, of St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Doyle, of Rhode Island; Mrs. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago; Mrs. C. H. Hall, of Philadelphia; Miss Nobles, of New Orleans; Mrs. Putnam, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; and Mrs. Wing, of Brooklyn.

Two Visions.

My friend is dwelling in spacious halls,
 Paintings and statues adorn her walls,
 She treads on velvet and sleeps on down,
 Laces and jewels cover her gown.
 The earth's four corners yield up to her
 Their gold and purple, perfumes and myrrh;
 The artist and sculptor find new grace
 In every curve of her radiant face;
 The silver strings of the poet's lyre
 Swell to the tune of her heart's desire.
 I only muse to myself and say,
 "The fashions of this world pass away."
 Hers the palaces, statues, and rings,—
 The joys of the world,—"*riches have wings.*"

But, while I muse, there passes from me
 That glowing vision, and *this* I see:
 Her palace walls are riven apart—
 From broken statues winged creatures start;
 I see the dust on her garment's hem,
 Her mirrors cracked, distorted, and dim;
 Moths are rioting over her gown,
 Mildew invading her bed of down;
 Purple and gold and jewels and myrrh,
 Like smoke, have vanished away from her;
 The poet's harp with its trailing strings
 No more of her love and beauty sings;
 The glory gone from her summer day,
 Her world and its fashions have passed away;
 While her soul, in travail with evil things,
 Learns all too late that "*riches have wings.*"


MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

HOW WE LIVE IN NEW YORK.—This will be the subject of the next article in our comprehensive series about New York City, which will appear in the June number. Necessarily, in this great metropolis the modes of living are marked and various, and all phases are interesting, especially to a non-resident. Through the graphic descriptions, supplemented by numerous and finely executed illustrations, the reader will be introduced to all styles of homes, from the cheapest lodging and tenement houses, through the various grades of "flats" and dwellings and boarding-houses and hotels, to the palaces of the millionaires, and can note the contrast between how New Yorkers live to-day, and how they lived in 1789, which was described in the April number.

Practical Etiquette.

XI.

MOURNING CUSTOMS AND FUNERAL USAGES.

T the mouth of the grave, surely, all formalism might be laid aside, and in the presence of supreme grief and irreparable loss, we should not strictly insist upon obedience to mere human etiquette. The spirit of the mourners is stirred to its very depths; they are perhaps struggling to reconcile themselves to that inscrutable law of the Almighty which decrees that all flesh must die. What right have we, then, to trouble them at such a time with our petty human laws of conduct, or to try to preach to them when the knell of departed happiness is ringing in their ears—when a Higher Power is speaking to them as we cannot hope to speak?

Let us, rather, strive to do all that lies in our power to soften and mitigate their grief, and refrain from harshly judging them if they do not conform to our standard of mourning etiquette. It is for the best, I presume, that our sex is the arbiter of social laws; but let us not make others suffer for our love of conventionalism. When Mrs. A. is in deep sorrow, it is hard, indeed, that she must stop and think, "What will Mrs. B. say if I don't put on mourning? I certainly can't afford the expense, and I dislike mourning excessively; but people will think it so strange if I don't put it on."

It is pleasant to find that the world at large has grown less censorious in these matters: let us hope it will keep on advancing in liberality of spirit.

While we must seriously deprecate all tyranny of judgment about matters connected with death and mourning, it is evident that certain rules will be a help to many people in affliction, and will save them the trouble of thinking and planning. The dreary routine of preparing for a funeral and making mourning dresses, often affords a certain relief to those who are in sorrow, and diverts their minds a little from an overpowering grief. Let us by all means, then, have things done decently and in order, but not insist that they shall always be done in *our* particular order.

Fortunate are those mourners who have some near relative or friend living in the same town, who can assist them in these matters. Where a family has no such near friend, it becomes the duty of acquaintances to help them. We should not be backward about offering our services in time of trouble, though we should avoid being too officious.

After consulting the undertaker and arranging the day of the funeral, one of the first things to be done is to notify relatives, especially relatives living at a distance. We never can tell who will or who will not sympathize with us in our hour of trouble. Often, quite contrary to our expectations, some relative wishes to come to the funeral, even though residing several hundred miles from us. A notice inserted in the papers of towns in which relatives or near friends live will often suffice; but it should be inserted very promptly, by the helpful friend of whom I have spoken above.

The ladies of a bereaved family seldom see anyone but intimate friends before the funeral. The gentlemen arrange all the sad details with the undertaker, and attend to the insertion of the proper notices in the papers. It is quite usual, now, to insert in a notice of a funeral, "It is requested that no flowers be sent." But it is not courteous to say simply "No flowers," because this phrase is too abrupt.

If the services are to be at the house, the furniture in the parlors is removed, or arranged so as to leave as much space as possible for the guests, and extra chairs or camp-

stools are provided. Sometimes the windows are darkened and the rooms dimly lighted with gas; but this is not by any means a universal practice.

According to recent usage, the near relatives are not seen at a house funeral. They sit in a separate room, sometimes they assemble in an upper room, while the guests are seated in the parlors and adjacent hall, and the officiating clergyman stands in the hall or near the parlor door, so that the services may be heard by the family. The singing of one or more hymns, either by a soloist or a quartette, is customary.

The coffin is placed in one of the parlors, usually before the mantel, or it may stand in the wide doorway between the parlors; its position must be decided by the size and shape of the room.

It has been customary, of late, to attempt to make the frail tenement of clay look as though life still inhabited it, and we hear of young girls being placed upon a couch, as if they had fallen asleep there. All these arrangements must, of course, depend largely upon individual taste; but to most of us it would seem best to avoid everything fantastic or exaggerated. The simplest way, and that in accordance with the best taste, is to place the body of the deceased in a casket of some description, covered with flowers if the friends wish. While it is well to make "him who has fallen on sleep" preserve a certain lifelikeness of aspect, is there not a sort of horrible mockery in allowing the undertaker to color the beloved features, in the vain attempt to disguise death?

For a young person or child, a casket covered with white cloth, resting upon a white pall, is both beautiful and appropriate. The Astor family are buried in coffins covered with purple velvet, with wreaths of flowers hanging from the handles. Many people prefer caskets covered with black cloth, or those made of some hard wood, with silver handles.

Men are usually buried in a suit of black clothes; but for women and young people, the white shroud of some soft woolen material has again come in vogue, although the custom of attiring the beloved dead in a favorite white dress, if a young person, or in a black dress, if an elderly lady, is most popular. Loose cut flowers or loosely tied bouquets are now preferred to conspicuous "set" pieces, and color is not excluded as formerly, pink roses, violets, and pansies being used for the purpose. A profusion of flowers, however, is not desirable, nor is it considered in good taste.

The pall-bearers should be invited by note. They do not now carry the coffin, but act as a sort of guard of honor. They assemble at the house of the deceased, and carriages should be provided to take them to church, also to the cemetery. When they are old persons, however, or if the weather is inclement, they should be allowed their choice about taking a long drive to an out-of-town cemetery. At a recent funeral, that of an old and much-respected gentleman who had been an ardent champion of woman suffrage, there were six female and six male pall-bearers. In some parts of the country these functionaries often wear white scarfs, which, together with black gloves, are presented to them by the family of the deceased. In New England, I have never seen these white scarfs, although black gloves are often presented there.

Where friends come from a distance to attend a funeral, or where there are to be two services, one at the house and one at church, it is a good plan to provide, in the dining-room, some slight refreshment for the pall-bearers or guests from a distance. A cup of coffee and a sandwich may prevent people from taking cold during the drive to a distant cemetery. We must not forget the old saying, "one funeral makes others;" people constantly "get their death" from taking cold at a funeral. Therefore it seems

almost inhuman to have any but a very brief service at the grave, unless, of course, the weather be fine and warm. In New York, the ladies of the afflicted family do not usually go to the church or to the grave. In Boston, where the customs are more simple, they often do so.

The new fashion, in accordance with which the interment takes place at the convenience of the family, seems a very sensible and humane one. In this case the services are held at the house at any convenient hour of the day, or even in the evening, and the interment may not be until the following day.

Many people make no change in their dress after the death of a near relative; but the majority still prefer to wear mourning, or, at least, black. There is a certain protection in a deep mourning dress, that makes it a comfort to many women. Others feel that it is unchristian and absolutely wrong to adopt a garb of woe because their friends have gone to a happier world. We must leave these matters to individual feeling and taste. A friend of mine met, not long ago, in a Pullman car, a lady whom she knew very well. The lady wore a bright scarlet velvet bonnet, and my friend said to her, jokingly: "What jolly things have you been doing in New York? What party did you come on for?" She of the scarlet hat burst into a passion of weeping, and said, "I came on to my father's funeral!" My friend was much distressed that she had made such a mistake, which was a most natural one, however. The story carries its own moral.

Few ladies now wear crape veils over their faces. It is very unwholesome to do so, and injurious to the eyes. At a funeral, it is of course natural and proper that a person in deep sorrow should wish to shroud her face; but the old-fashioned views of mourning, which condemn a woman to make a hearse of herself, have fortunately given place, very largely, to more sensible ideas. Veils made of nuns'-veiling are now usually worn instead of those of crape. These are often pinned closely to the bonnet, thus following its outlines. It is more graceful, however, not to confine the veil so tightly.

Deep mourning is seldom worn save for parents, children, husband or wife, brother or sister. It consists of a costume of lusterless black woolen material (Henrietta cloth, bombazine, etc.), sometimes crape-trimmed, crape bonnet and veil. It must be borne in mind that our mourning and its degrees are governed by ideas of respect, as well as of affection for the dead. Thus, daughters usually wear mourning during two years for their parents (some women prolong the period to three or four), while parents need not, unless they choose, wear mourning longer than a year for a child. Indeed, for a little child, it is unusual to wear very deep mourning. Yet every mother knows, by instinct, if not by experience, that the loss of a child is one of the most severe afflictions to which flesh is heir. For a brother or sister, mourning is worn during one or two years.

All mourning, unless it be widows' mourning, may be lightened after a year. Or, if one intend to wear mourning dress for a year only, it should be somewhat lightened after six months. At the end of that period, black braid or black silk trimming may be substituted for crape, and the veil may be omitted. According to old ideas, jet was not admissible on a mourning costume; now, however, lusterless jet is worn, even with deep mourning. To some of us, however, even these lusterless black beads look very inappropriate on a crape bonnet. Extreme simplicity should characterize mourning garments. They may be of expensive material, but they should be very plain in design and finish.

A widow does not usually lighten her mourning until two years are over. Indeed, some elderly widows never leave off the dress. The widow's cap, a white ruche, with or without white strings to be tied beneath the chin, should

appear in a widow's bonnet only. I have seen other ladies wear this white ruche with a crape bonnet, presumably because they thought it becoming; but it is considered as the distinctive badge of widows.

For uncles, aunts, or grandparents, many persons do not wear mourning at all in these days. If they do so, they wear ordinary, rather than deep, mourning; that is, silk or straw bonnet trimmed with black ribbon or silk, and woolen dress trimmed with silk. Where especial affection or intimacy has existed between the parties, deeper mourning may be worn from choice.

A fashionable lady, to whom I was speaking upon this subject, said to me: "Do, pray, put in a plea for young people. It is cruel to shroud their young lives in gloom, and to make them lose all their happy youth wearing conventional mourning for this, that, or the other relative." There are much truth and sense in these remarks. We may naturally expect young people to pay a proper amount of respect to the memory of deceased relatives, but we should avoid making them wear mourning except for very near relations, and, even then, we should not expect them to retain a mourning dress as long as their elders.

People who are in deep mourning do not pay formal visits during the first year of their bereavement. Neither do they go to any place of public amusement for at least three months, many people say six. Here, again, we must leave matters to the private judgment of individuals. Some people cannot endure the severe seclusion which is a comfort to others. But it is certainly shocking to see anyone at a large and gay entertainment who has just lost a relative.

Music furnishes such balm to the wounded spirit, that it is considered proper for ladies who are in deep mourning to attend concerts, especially when given in the afternoon, since evening affairs usually involve a greater amount of gayety. After the death of any near relative, one would not go to the opera, a party, etc., in less than six months, although one might, perhaps, attend the opera at an earlier date, in a very quiet way. People make a distinction between going quietly to hear the music, or going in full-dress to take part in the gayety of such an occasion.

It is becoming an unwritten law for ladies attending a funeral, especially if at the residence of the deceased, to wear a black dress, or to dress very quietly. Within a month after the funeral it is customary for all friends of the deceased to call or leave cards for the bereaved family. Unless on terms of intimacy, cards left in person are quite sufficient; sometimes "To inquire" is written on the card, above the name. These cards should be carefully preserved, and when a proper time has elapsed—when the mourning is lightened, or the mourners wish to re-enter society—they should be acknowledged by leaving cards on all these friends. "Thanks for kind inquiries" should be written on the cards left in reply to those having "To inquire" penciled on them; but if a plain visiting-card was left, nothing should be written on the one left in return.

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

A May-Basket Party.

"Of all the daughters of the year
There's none her equal, none her peer,
Nor one so beauteous, fair, and gay,
As laughing, joyous, merry May."

SANG out Kitty Wood, as she stood at the open window of Miss Dalton's study, watching the wistaria vine, the maple boughs, and the sparrows, all pluming themselves with a spring-time joyousness.

"It is indeed true," replied Miss Dalton, "that May is the

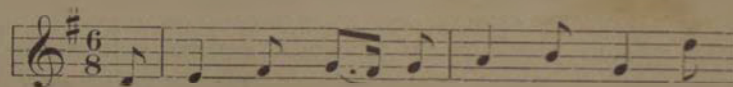
song-time, and from time immemorial May-day has been the happy-tide of the year. Centuries ago in Rome, the 'Floralia,' or festival in honor of Flora, was celebrated in May, when youths and maidens used to go out in the fields and spend the 'calends of May' in dancing and singing in honor of the goddess Flora, and also in going in large processions to the grotto of Egeria.

"Among the Celts, a heathen custom was celebrated the night before May-day, called 'Beltane.' It was the kindling of fires upon the hill-tops. In some parts of Ireland and Scotland this custom, the lighting of bonfires on the eve of May-day, 'to keep away evil spirits,' they say, is still observed."

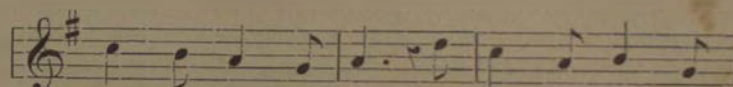
"I have always thought England was the only country that observed May-day festivities," said Kitty, closing the window and drawing nearer Miss Dalton's chair.

"Oh no; but in old England, I think, the prettiest customs were observed, even as early as the fifteenth century. One of these customs is prevalent to-day: The ladies and lasses go out at an early hour on May-day morning and gather flowers and hawthorn-blossoms and bring them home at sunrise with songs and merry-making. They call it 'Bringing home the May.' An ancient May-day carol, sung by the children and maidens, which I came across recently, is very quaint and pretty. Ah, here it is!" and Miss Dalton opened an old folio and sang therefrom the

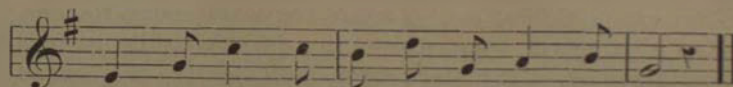
"MAY-DAY CAROL.



"We have been ram - bling all the night, And



part of the new day, And now re - turn - ing



home again, We bring you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we bring you,
And with it you we greet.
Our heavenly Father watered it
With heavenly dew so sweet.

"The moon shines bright, the stars give light,
A little before the day.
God bless you all both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

"Kings and queens," continued Miss Dalton, "have condescended to mingle with their subjects upon these occasions, and in Chaucer's 'Court of Love' we read:

"Forth goeth all the court, both most and least,
To fetch the flowers."

"Yes," laughed Kitty, "and I dare say the custom was originated at even an earlier date than that—when the dove flew back to the ark with a bit of green in her mouth. She, too, went a-Maying. I'm sure it must have been in the spring-time."

"And then there is the May-pole," continued Miss Dalton. "What a beautiful old English country custom that is! It is usually set up on the village green, and is a tall, fixed pole, tall as the mast of a vessel. From it are suspended garlands and bunches of flowers, and sometimes gay ribbons, and the boys and girls assemble and dance around it in great glee on May-day morning. It is under the May-pole, too, that the May-queen is crowned.

"A May-pole of some renown was one erected in London

in the year 1713. On the site now occupied by St. Mary-le-Strand Church, there anciently stood a cross; in place of this cross a May-pole was set up by the father of the Duchess of Albemarle. It had two gilt balls and a vane at the top, and on holidays the pole was decorated with flags and wreaths. In the year 1718 it was removed and sent by Sir Isaac Newton to Wemstead Park, to support the largest telescope in Europe.

"I think another pretty English custom is that of May-baskets, and that is one any of the young men of this country might copy."

"What is it, pray?" asked Kitty, with great interest.

"Well, the lads sometimes go out very early a-Maying, alone, and bring home a little basket of May-flowers, which they hang upon the door of their sweetheart's house, and in 'the language of flowers' tell her all they dare not whisper."

"Ah!" sighed Kitty, "that is the next best thing to a valentine! Miss Dalton, why couldn't we get up some kind of a May-day party?" she continued. "Couldn't we have an out-of-town picnic, with lanterns instead of bonfires, and a portable May-pole, and May-baskets? Something, you know, real rural and pretty?"

"Apropos of which, I have a letter to read you, that I have just received from one of my out-of-town girls; perhaps it will offer you a suggestion for a May-basket party," replied Miss Dalton, looking over her mail.

"Oh! wait, please, until I call the other girls," cried Kitty. Then she flew downstairs, and presently the three "Kitty-Kats" sat at the feet of their priestess to hear her read to them how a "basket" party was conducted:

"'We gave out,' wrote the young lady to Miss Dalton, 'that upon a certain evening designated, such gentlemen as were interested in lessening the church debt would meet for consultation upon the matter in Mrs. Greer's parlors, they being the largest in the village. As the matter under consideration would take some time to discuss, a basket of refreshments would be provided for each gentleman, with a maid to assist in serving its contents.'

"The ladies then went to work and bought several dozens of cheap little splint baskets, which they trimmed and decorated with bright tissue-paper, cutting fringes to wind the handles and border the edges. One lady donated a certain kind of cake for which she had a reputation; another, sandwiches; another, biscuits; another furnished cold chicken; one, tongue; one, pickles; and so on, until a very delicious menu was gathered together.

"Then with these various dainties, and tarts and patties, etc., each basket was filled with a generous supply for two persons, and each basket provided with two Japanese napkins. In the parlors there were little "five o'clock tea" tables for four, or stands for two, and a larger table in the dining-room, all covered with dainty cloths and bearing pretty tea-cups, plates, knives and forks, and spoons.

"The baskets were sold to the gentlemen as they arrived, and the purchaser, on looking under the napkin, which he was not allowed to lift until after he had bought it, found the name of the lady whom he must invite to share his basket of supper. Then, with his basket upon his arm and his ticket of "by your leave" in his hand, each gentleman started through the parlors in quest of his allotted partner.

"Sometimes it very curiously happened that the couple were strangers, and then the situation was a "Comedy of Errors" until an introduction was given. Sometimes the lady of the basket happened to be wife or sweetheart, and then the play was "As You Like It." When each Jack had found his Gill, each Romeo discovered his Juliet, each Benedick his Beatrice, they seated themselves at one of the tables, in duos, trios, or quartettes, and each lady then

took it upon herself to arrange the supper temptingly upon the plates for her liege lord of the evening, saw that the waiters brought coffee, and served him as a maiden should. One "Brigham Young" of a fellow bought three baskets, and had three pretty girls to administer to his comfort!

"A little comedy of "Love's Labor's Lost" was perpetrated by some mischievous girls upon one of their number, a young lady whom they knew to be very "sweet" upon a certain old bachelor of the town. They saw her tie a little bunch of paper violets, like some she wore, upon the basket containing her name, and, feeling quite sure this was to be a token or signal for him to select that basket, they made a similar bunch and put it on a basket that contained the name of a charming widow. The bachelor made a tour of the rooms before purchasing, and, seeing two baskets instead of one in blossom, was nonplussed for a moment; but, being a lawyer, he was bound not to be outwitted, and he boldly bought both.

"Result: The young lady, when she confronted her rival, was angry, and consequently unamiable and disagreeable at the table; while the widow was amused and behaved charmingly. They say the widow is likely to win the case; and "All's well that ends well."

"The baskets were presented to the ladies as souvenirs. The sum realized was satisfactory, and altogether the "Basket-party" scored a success."

"Delightful!" cried the Kitty-Kat Club in chorus, as Miss Dalton ended the letter. "Let's put our wits together and arrange a 'May-basket Party.'"

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.



Jetty.

(For the Children)

IT isn't considered very good taste to talk about one's self, I know; but I've never said one word in all my life before, and probably never shall again, so I think I ought to be excused this time. Besides, there is a mystery about my ancestry that needs clearing up; to say nothing of the secret that Nan and I have kept so long.

That secret will certainly be the death of me if I don't tell it to someone! Why! sometimes I get thinking about it till I swell and *swell* till I certainly think I shall burst; and then someone exclaims, "Just look at Jetty! Is she frightened, or going into a fit?" And then some stupid person opens the door, and another stupid one takes me by the nape of the neck and throws me out! I'm sure to alight on my feet though; so there is some comfort in being a cat!

I am the Marshalls' cat. They found me on the door-step one morning, and had the good sense to admire my fine



"CULTIVATE AN EYE FOR COLOR."

black coat and yellow eyes, and so they invited me in and have treated me well ever since, so far as eating and sleeping go, but my feelings are hurt almost every day of my life by hearing someone say I was a "stray kitten," and wonder where I came from; and the worst of it is, some of them think I belonged to barber Jones and wandered up from the alley!

Now I ask you if that isn't a little trying for a well-bred cat to hear? It shows such a want of observation, too; to say nothing of the difference in the personal appearance of

myself and the alley cats. My tastes are so different! Who ever saw *me* prowling about back yards and sleeping on ash-barrels? Why, if I couldn't take my nap in the crimson-cushioned window-seat, I'd stay awake! Do you suppose I have lived in the house with people who *cultivate* an eye for color, all this time, without knowing that crimson is my color? I'd die sooner than wear a blue ribbon, and I scratched Ted awfully the other day when he tried to tie one around my neck. Even a boy ought to know more about "effects" than that.

By this time you must begin to realize how very fine my tastes are, and how harrowing it must be to my feelings to be considered a relative of those plebeian alley-cats. The truth of the matter is just this: I came from Judge Bully's, and am own son of Mrs. Maltese, who has lived on the fat of the land, from a china plate, three times a day for three years! There were four of us kittens; and we lived in a soft, wool-lined basket, that is, before we had our eyes open. After that we saw so many amusing things that we were always rolling out and scampering about the house; and one day, just because I sharpened my claws a little on the Judge's leg while he was taking his after-dinner nap, he jumped up and called me a terrible name in a dreadful voice, and said that every one of us should be "disposed of."

So that night, after everyone had gone to bed, mother woke us up and said: "Children, you



"HE WIPED A TEAR FROM HER EYE WITH THE END OF HER TAIL."



"I SHARPENED MY CLAWS A LITTLE ON THE JUDGE'S LEG."

didn't realize what 'disposed of' means, or you would never be sleeping so quietly. It means that you are all to be taken away from me,—taken to-morrow morning and dropped along the street anywhere, or, worse still, dropped over the bridge into the river! I *have* heard of such things," and here she heaved a dreadful sigh and wiped a tear from her eyes with the end of her tail, and then we all set up a howl.

But either mother did not feel so badly as she pretended, or grief made her nervous, for she just flew at us and boxed every ear in the family. "There!" said she, giving an extra touch on my left ear, "now keep still, and you'll see you've nothing to cry for. You have been getting so frisky and noisy lately that I've been expecting every day to hear that you must go; so I have looked all about the town to

find nice homes where there are no other cats, and no dogs to annoy you, and I have found excellent places for all of you. You are very lucky kittens, let me tell you, to have such a mother to provide for you."

Without more ado she seized me by the nape of the neck and jumped out the shed window and hurried away across



"SHE BOXED EVERY EAR IN THE FAMILY."

gardens and fields to the Marshalls', and as there wasn't much dew, and I curled up my tail so it wouldn't be stepped on, we had a very pleasant journey, and mother set me on the door-step, and washed me till I certainly thought my skin would be pulled off over my eyes! "Now yowl,"



"NOW YOWL TILL THEY LET YOU IN!"



"WE HAD A PLEASANT JOURNEY."

said she, when she had finished, "yowl till they let you in!" And I did. And that is how I came there; and now I'll tell the secret.

Nan is a baby and sleeps in a crib; and every night when she goes to bed she takes a little soft shawl knit of wool,

in her hand, and cuddles her pink fingers into it, and goes to sleep smiling as if it was the nicest thing in the world. Well, I happened to get my paw on that shawl one day, and when I felt how soft it was, I decided I would like to sleep with it, too; so I just climb up the horse-chestnut tree at night, as soon as the light in that room is turned out, and in at the window, which they always leave open at night, and in a minute more I'm in the baby's crib, with my black paws right beside her pink fingers. Sometimes she wakes up and feels me, and it makes her talk in her "coo" way, and her mother says: "I wonder what awakened that child; and how good she is to lie there cooing to herself."

I am out of the window again before light, so nobody suspects me; and when I walk into the room through the door, in my most dignified way, later in the day, Nan claps her hands and just shrieks with laughter to see how cute I am. But I only wink, and nobody notices that but Nan.

HARRIET LAWSON.

Our Girls.

The Company You Keep.

DEAR girls, I greet you again, greet you kindly, gladly, lovingly. I have thought much about you since we had our last talk, and I come now to ask you, "What kind of company do you keep?"

We are, I suppose, all more or less fond of thinking and speaking of our individuality. Sometimes it would almost seem as though we thought we stood alone, an utterly unique species of man or woman kind; while the fact is we are, everyone of us, a conglomeration of ourselves and everybody we come in contact with.

There will, undoubtedly, always remain to us some traits

of character and expressions of features, some habits of motion and tricks of movement, that are individually and permanently ours. But even these are often changed in a great degree by our surroundings and habits of life and thought, or, I should say, thought and life, since life is a direct result of thought. And to what is thought due? Largely to those among whom we "live and move and have our being." Now, girls, you will see at once, for we do not catch our nineteenth-century girls napping, that since life is the direct result of thought, and thought is due largely to those among whom we move, that we should be extremely careful about our companions and associates.

Someone has wittily and wisely remarked that "A man

is known by the company he keeps—out of.” You may be placed in a position where you cannot secure good companions, but you will never be placed where you cannot be alone; and better, a thousand times, is solitude and loneliness, than unfit companionship! And there are extremely few people who cannot get a good book for a companion when they will.

The man or woman who flirts, and tries to convince you that flirting is right; who laughs at you when you declare that you do not care to tamper with any pastime that even *may* do harm; who assures you “everyone must take care of himself,” and you “need not be looking out for everybody”; who makes a sin seem like something that perhaps is foolish, but pleasantly foolish, *not* wrong, is one whose company you should keep—out of. The companion who assures you that you may dally with temptation and sin (and I call all things sin which blunt one's finer instincts and make him more readily degraded), that you may be something less than pure, a little less than white-hearted, is one whose company you had better dispense with.

Those who habitually use slang, or take the fine edge off of language by vulgarisms, are people with whom we should converse as little as possible. Those who are low in mind, habit, or expression, whether this lowness shows itself in well-chosen language or coarse words, should not be our friends or companions.

Now it seems to me I hear some of “our girls” say: “Why, the sort of people of which you have spoken could have no influence over me! I might be in the presence of one of them every day for weeks, and be just as much of a woman as I am now. We cannot be harmed by those we despise!”

Now, girls, I wish I could take each one of you by the hand and look into your eyes, black or blue, brown or gray eyes, while I assure you that if you take up that line of argument, and conform to it in action, you are very likely to “die,” that is, die to much that is essential to your well being, “for want of knowledge.” The fact is, *everyone* with whom you come in contact has an influence, recognized or unrecognized, over you.

I wish every school above the intermediate was obliged to teach one thing which comes under the head of metaphysics; namely, that two minds cannot come in contact without one leaving an influence upon the other. The law in this case is as certain, unvarying, and inevitable as the law of gravitation. The fact that few people, comparatively, understand that such a law exists, or the workings of it, does not make it less a fact. You think you cannot be influenced by one whom you despise? The fact that thousands of people are going down to terrible depths every year, under the influence of people they once despised, but in whose company they dared to linger, proves that people *are* influenced by those for whom they can never have respect.

Again and again it is proved that “Discretion is the better part of valor.” How often we hear remarks like this: “I cannot understand why Miss So-and-so is so fascinated by such a man or woman. She used to seem like such a nice girl!” And the speakers cannot understand, because they do not understand the inevitable law of attraction, the power of mind over mind. I consider it just as dangerous to linger in bad company as in a dram-shop.

A secondary, but still very important, evil is that you will, by mixing in bad company, lose your good reputation. I have heard girls say, “Weh, people will talk anyway; and as long as *I* know I don't mean any harm, I am going to do as I please.” This is a most fallacious reasoning, girls, and reasoning that is likely to lead to very serious consequences.

In the first place, there is a direct command in the Book of

books concerning such a course: “Abstain from all *appearance* of evil.” In the second place, a girl cannot enter the society that will strengthen and stimulate her, that will give her a prestige in the world, if her name is tainted. Thirdly, she cannot expect to obtain as good a position in her business if she is not well spoken of. To get into the best of things she must be like Cæsar's wife, “above suspicion.” And finally, and this point is very important, she has no right to be in any place or company, however innocent she may feel as to herself, where another, perhaps weaker and sorely tempted, might say of her, “She goes to such a place, or with such a one, and if she is not too good for such places or people, neither am I.”

O girls, you are *all* too good for any tainted place, or to be with any tainted people! You cannot afford, looking at the matter either from a worldly or spiritual point of view, to be open to suspicion. Seek society by all means; I do not believe in misanthropy or solitude. The latter may be sometimes necessary, but it cannot for any length of time be as well for one as association with his fellows. But seek the society of those who do nothing “in a corner”; of those who are found in their places in church on Sundays; of those who do not stop to argue about wrong, trying to see if *possibly* two and two may not make something else than four, but just put it from them without demur or question. Seek those of true hearts and white lives, whose laugh is hearty but wholly without bitterness, whose words are true and never have any meaning but a good one; who are strong because right is might; who are merry because there is no dark secret or questionable deeds to be sorry about; who stand by the good through all the years, and get it into their hearts and lives as a permanent possession. There are such people. Make it a point to secure such as your friends. It will reflect honor upon you to do so. You will here “be known by the company you keep,” and rated accordingly. Better still, you will *be* what you are rated.

Perhaps you have all heard of the Dutchman who declared with more truth than clearness, that “Birds of a feather go mit demselves.” And when you associate with the good and pure and high-minded, you become psychologized with good, just as you become psychologized with impurity when associating with those who are less than good. The inevitable law of extension of thought, of influence of mind over mind, holds good. You cannot expect to learn wisdom from those who have not learned to be wise themselves, or goodness from those who think goodness rather “slow,” and who declare for a “short life and a merry one,” meaning, usually, as long a life as they can cling to, and one unworthy for a child of God to live. Get lots of enjoyment out of life. “A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,” says the proverb, and wiser words were never spoken. But let your enjoyment be clean and above-board. Let no suspicion of sin lurk around it.

I wonder that in a world so wise and philosophical, it has not come to be fully recognized that “the way of the transgressor is hard”; not the way of him who, being pure in heart, can “see God,” and clear in conscience, can look confidently into the face of all the world, and *expect* blessings because he is abiding in the good.

I hope sincerely, girls, that among your New Year's resolutions there was one that no doubtful company should be chosen or tolerated by you; that in regard to this matter it should be “yea, yea,” and “nay, nay,” with you; that you would go only for the *very best* of life. James Freeman Clarke has declared, “It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong to-day.”

I wish he had used the word “must,” instead of “may”!

LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

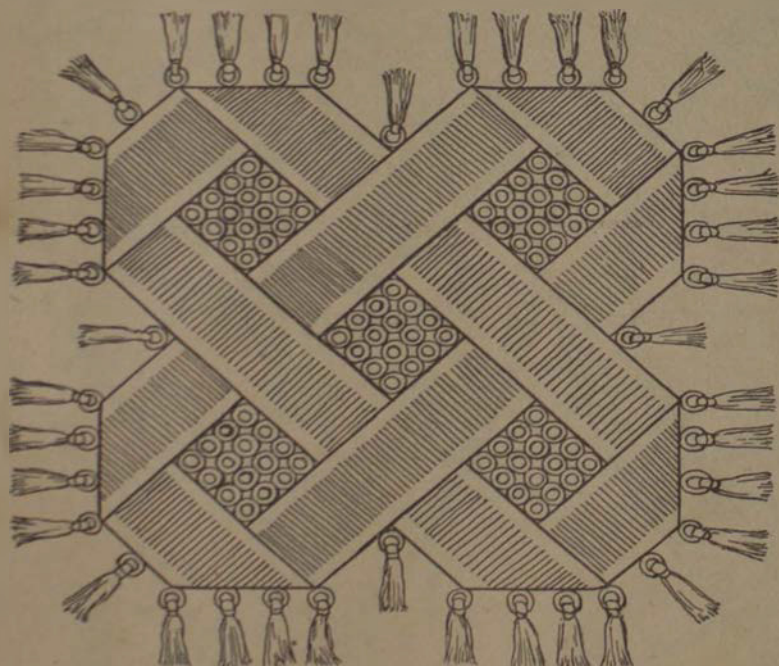
Home Art and Home Comfort.

Decorations in Ring-Work.

ONE of the most pleasing innovations in fancy-work is the use of the ordinary brass curtain-rings crocheted closely over with heavy rope silk, as one crochets the center of a lamp-mat. There are several sizes of crocheted rings for sale at the art stores, the largest a trifle over an inch in diameter, and the smaller about the size of a child's finger-ring; but there are innumerable sizes purchasable of the plain brass rings, and the amateur art-worker can select that or those which best suit her convenience.

These crocheted rings are used in appliqué-work, in squares of a number of the same or alternating sizes sewn together, for sofa-cushion covers, for chair-backs, and as fringes for scarfs and lambrequins, than which nothing is prettier and more appropriate. As a bordering to take the place of ribbon they are also used on sachets, pin-cushions, and all sorts of toilet articles, and whole bags are made of a number of rings crocheted and joined together, with a lining of satin of a contrasting color, or with no lining at all, the owner's gay balls of silk for her fancy-work, or a pretty colored handkerchief showing through the open rings. In fact they are lavished upon every conceivable article of fancy-work. A fringed scarf and detail of crocheted ring were illustrated in connection with the article on "Paris Tinting, Etc." in "Home Art and Home Comfort" of the Magazine for February, to which we refer the reader for an exact illustration of one of the medium-sized crocheted rings.

Perhaps the most novel method of using these rings is to connect them in squares of greater or less size and then join the squares together with strips of ribbon, of the same

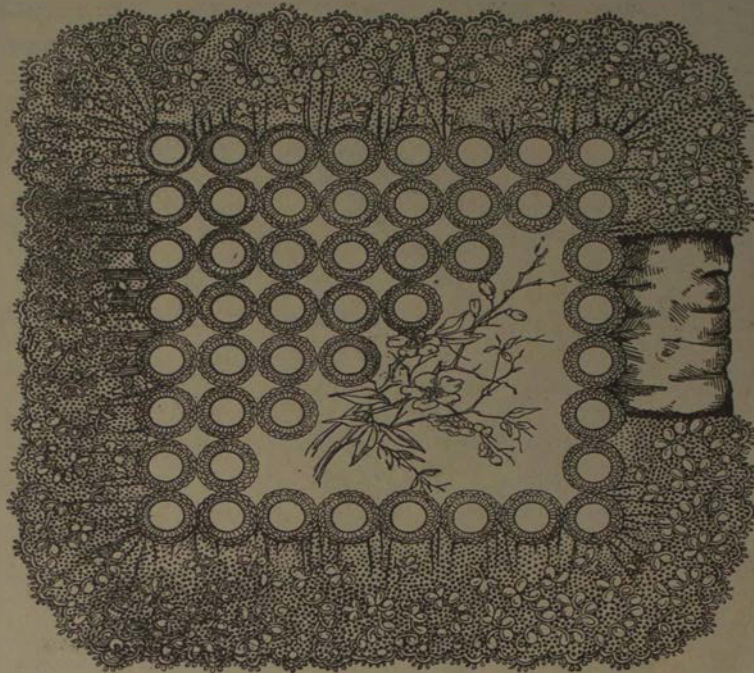


TIDY OF RIBBON AND RINGS.

width as the squares, or narrower, as preferred. The pretty tidy we illustrate is made in this way, of squares of rings crocheted over with shrimp-pink rope silk, and put together with Empire-green satin-edged faille ribbon about three and a half inches wide. The illustration shows very clearly how the ribbon is folded and interlaced to form the Greek square. The tidy might be made also of narrower ribbons,

and four such squares joined by five additional ring squares, which would make a still more elaborate arrangement. It is usual to have a contrasting darker color of ribbon than the silk used in crocheting the rings; and favorite combinations are orange and dark leaf-green, pale forget-me-not blue and medium green, old-gold and brown, etc.

The square design in ring-work is for a sachet of pale pink bolting-cloth over satin of the brilliant rose-color



HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

known as Empire pink. The sachet is made of a square of satin in any desired size, and finished with a puff and edging of white lace all around. The illustration shows a part of the lace missing, as if cut away, but this is to show the arrangement of the puff underneath the lace, which otherwise would not be apparent in the design. The square of bolting-cloth is decorated with a spray of flowers in water-color and appliquéd to the satin top of the sachet with a border of small rings crocheted with pink silk, and one-half of the top covered, as illustrated, with a triangle of close set rings.

This arrangement of rings can be reproduced on a larger scale with the largest size of rings as an appliqué for a satin-covered sofa-pillow, or applied to fringed squares of ribbon of any size, and made up as perfume sachets.

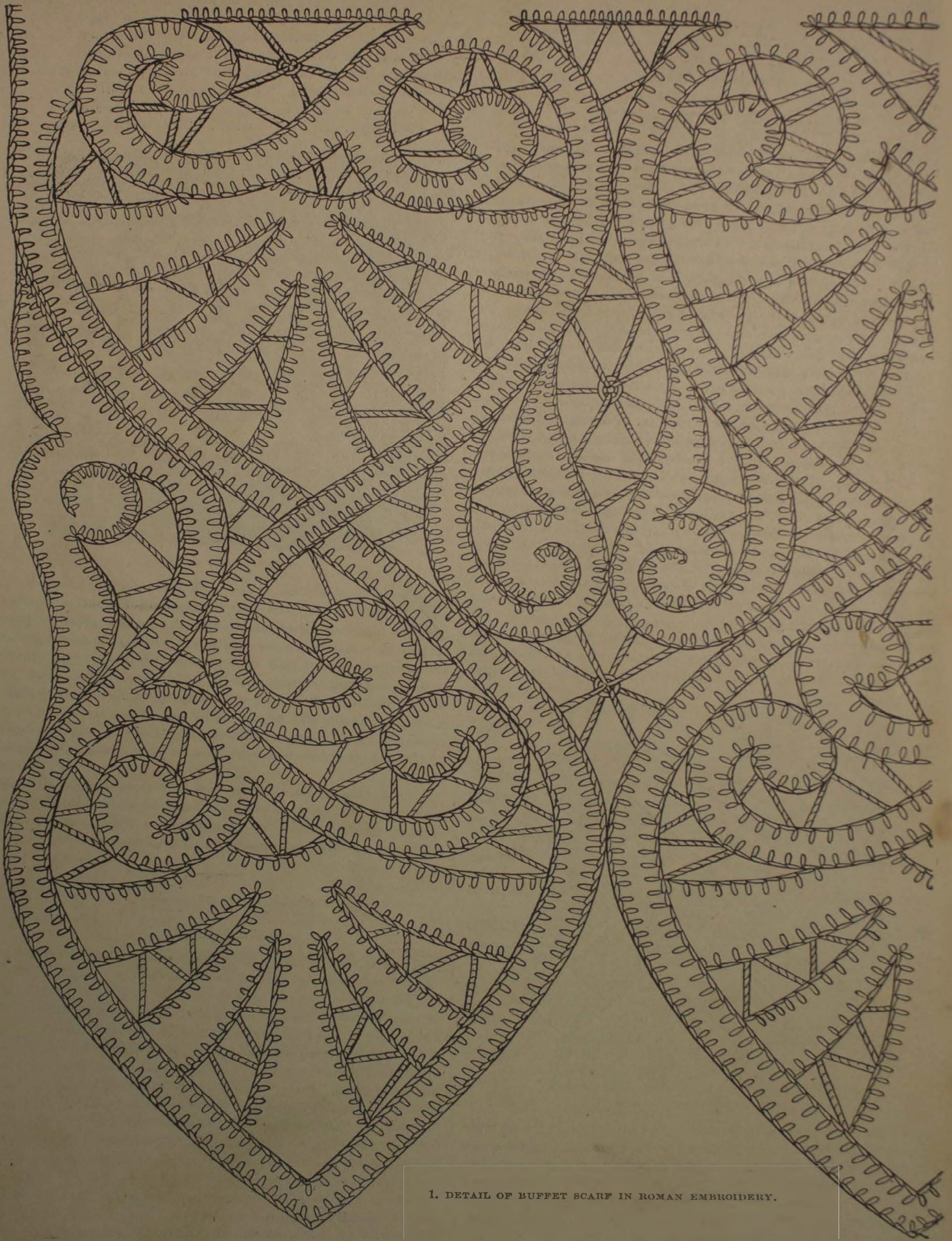
Roman Embroidery,

WITH DESIGNS.

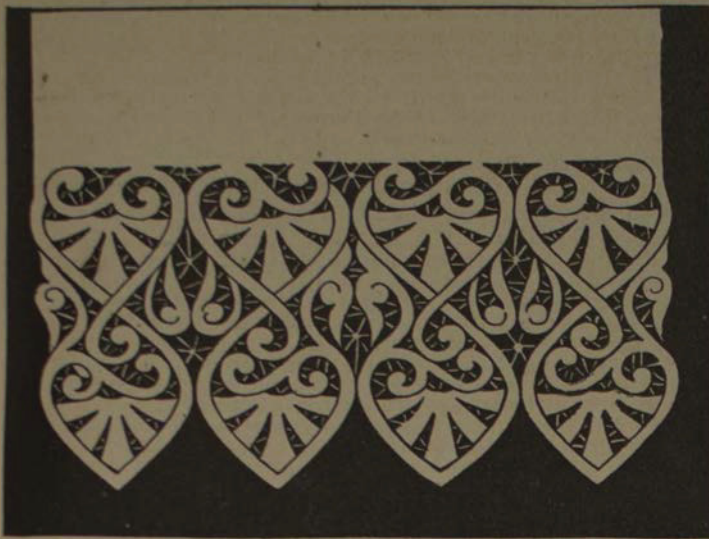
AMONG the most easily executed and effective of the modern art embroideries is the so-called Roman embroidery, a variety of the exquisite Reticella, or cut-out work, which occupied the slender fingers of noble Florentine and Roman ladies in medieval times.

Cut-out work as applied to another fabric is known as appliqué; and when a cut-out pattern is simulated by dyeing a portion of the goods and embroidering around it, the work is popularly known as Sorrento embroidery. Designs for this work were given in "Home Art and Home Comfort" in the February number, under the title "Paris Tinting and Sorrento Embroidery," which designs are also very suitable for Roman embroidery.

This is the simplest form of embroidered cut-out work, and is usually wrought on heavy linen fabrics, such as linen drilling, satin linen, and heavy butchers' linen, for



1. DETAIL OF BUFFET SCARF IN ROMAN EMBROIDERY.



2. END OF SCARF IN ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

table and buffet covers, bureau scarfs, pillow shams, and counterpane borders, while it is also used laid over a color for pin-cushion and bottle covers, and various articles which are suitably decorated with appliqué work.

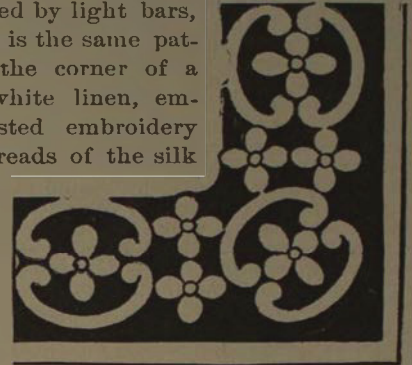
Our designs illustrate some of the newest and most admired patterns for Roman embroidery, and as they are shown both in patterns which may readily be traced and copied, and also in a reduced size showing how they may be applied and extended, they are of real, practical utility.

The full-page design is an arabesque border for a buffet scarf of linen duck in a deep écreu, about seventeen inches wide and a yard and a half long, including the border on both ends. No. 2 shows the design extended to form the border (in reduced size). These designs may be copied for stamping by making a careful tracing on Crane bond or parchment paper, and then perforating the design by running it through the sewing-machine, having the machine

set with a coarse needle and to a long stitch, but, of course, not threaded. The patterns thus obtained can be used for all kinds of stamping and for various kinds of art work, as they are appropriate designs also for outline, appliqué, or other embroidery.

It may also be transferred by tracing directly upon the linen goods to be embroidered. The scarf illustrated is to be buttonholed around all the outlines, before they are cut out, with brown twisted embroidery silk, and the spider-web filling worked from point to point as indicated by the lines, in the same silk. After the embroidery is completed, all the open spaces, as shown in No. 2, are to be cut away carefully.

No. 3 is a design in actual size of the same class of work, with conventionalized orange-blossoms and scrolls embroidered and connected by light bars, and then cut out. No. 4 is the same pattern arranged to form the corner of a pillow-sham of heavy white linen, embroidered in white twisted embroidery silk, and connected by threads of the silk

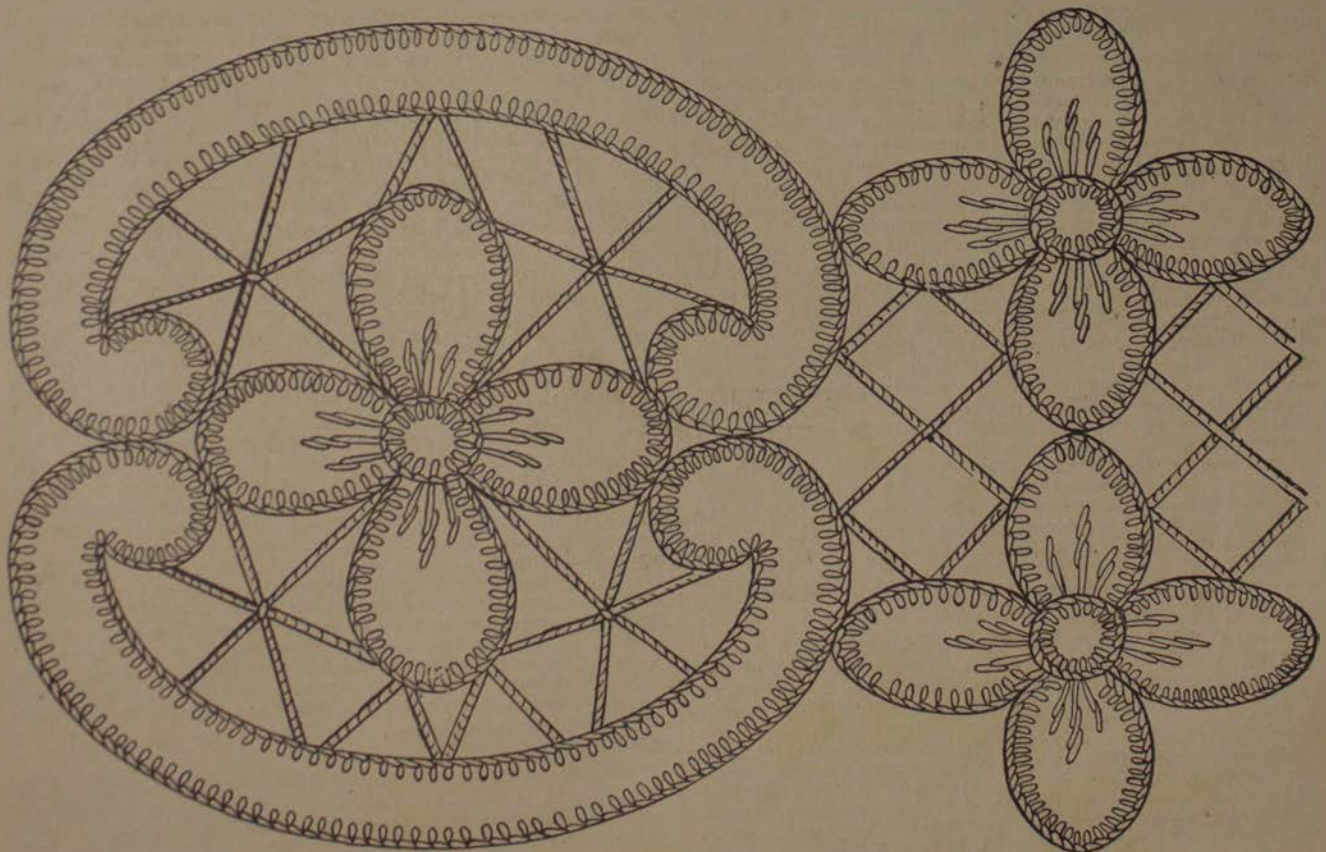


4. MINIATURE OF BORDER.

forming open-work bars as indicated by the pattern in full size. The work, or embroidery in button-hole stitch, is exactly indicated both in this and the preceding full-page design, so that even the novice in embroidery can copy the stitch.

These designs are appropriate also for cut-out work in chamois-leather or felt, which is not to be embroidered, and the narrow pattern is an excellent design for solid jet beading on crinoline to be used as an appliqué passementerie for dress garnitures.

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



3. DETAIL OF BORDER OF ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

The World's Progress.

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.

Central American Trade.

The republics of Central America, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador, although geographically closely related to the United States, give, according to the latest statistics, scarcely more than one-seventh of the total of import and export trade to the United States, which would seem a little strange. For the reason given above, and also because of the increasing similarity of institutions, the United States ought to control a much larger proportion of the trade of these small but increasingly prosperous republics. The stability of government in these countries has become almost assured, and during the last decade the people have come to see that there is more money in developing the vast resources of a country where nature supplies all wants in a most prodigal way, than in disturbing the peace. In the Republic of Honduras, which, although possessing vast territories favorable to farming and cattle-raising, is essentially a mining country, many reforms and innovations have been introduced, and the country is now full of skilled native workmen who are eager in learning the use of modern complicated machinery and improved methods. Honduras also offers considerable inducements to immigrants, including free land to till, and advancement of the cost of the necessary agricultural implements and other requisites, besides immunity from civil and military service. As in all tropical countries, the lowland coasts are malarial; but on the mountains, where the air and water are pure, it is healthy enough. Is it not a pity to let English, German, and French merchants occupy almost exclusively so favorable a field of commerce? It is said that these have studied carefully the packing and shipping of goods, which arrive damaged much less than those shipped from the United States. It would seem worth while to study the requirements of the Central Americans and secure our rightful share of this trade. Far-away Samoa and revolutionary Hayti occupy much of our attention, but these youthful republics offer special inducements towards the exchange of commodities, etc. If the Nicaragua Canal be completed before long, it will shorten the distance to be traveled by over 800 miles on the present route, and greatly facilitate commercial and other intercommunication.

Japan's Constitution.

The new system of government in Japan, lately promulgated, consists of five laws: the constitution of the Empire of Japan, the imperial ordinance concerning the House of Peers, the law of the House, the law of election of members of the House of Representatives, and the law of finance. The Emperor, as hitherto, remains the source of all law, and the sacred and inviolable nature of the imperial title and perpetuity of the throne are asserted emphatically, but the legislative function of the Mikado is to be exercised with the sanction of the Diet. However, in case of urgent necessity to maintain the public safety, or avert public calamity, the Emperor can issue ordinances in lieu of laws, but only in such cases; and all such ordinances must be laid before the Diet at its next session, and if they are not approved by that body, they become invalid. This Imperial Diet is composed of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. The House of Peers is partly elective, partly hereditary, and partly nominated. The hereditary Peers are members of the Imperial family, princes, and marquises; and the elective portion comprises both noblemen and commoners. The noblemen are counts, viscounts, and barons, elected by members of their respective orders; the commoners are elected by cities and prefectures, one each from among the highest tax-payers. The lower House, or House of Representatives, has 300 members elected by ballot in districts defined by a supplementary law. Nine foreigners only, besides the members of legation, were granted permission to be present at the declaration of the new constitution.

A French Ranch in Dakota.

The founder of the Fleur de Lys settlement of French horse-breeders in Dakota, is about to publish a book with the above title, picturesquely describing the miserable failure he seems to have made of his experiment. The prospective author and experimenter, Baron Grancy, of Paris, who has spent some time and money in the Territory,—we should say State,—having had active experience, probably has written some very pungent criticisms on American customs; but as their severity was doubtless suggested by association with the unpolished cow-boys, whose natural roughness might have easily produced a very unpleasant impression upon the Parisian aristocrat, it is not likely the book will hurt any of our feelings, although, no doubt, it has been

written more to air the distinguished foreign critic's injured feelings, which he perhaps considers is a duty he owes to those of his compatriots who are would-be immigrants. The beautiful land of "handsome women" and fine horse-ranges is not likely to be less prosperous because of a little criticism, and Dakota will not feel the attack half as severely as the baron does his failure in keeping a horse-ranch.

To Complete the Panama Canal.

A rumor is afloat that the Tehuantepec Ship Railway Company is considering a proposal to build a ship railway in place of the unfinished part of the Panama Canal. The scheme is, for the Ship Railway Company to build a ship railway over the forty-two miles of the uncompleted canal route. The estimated cost of building the canal for this distance is \$160,000,000; but it is said that the ship railway can be built for \$40,000,000. If the French government would give its guarantee, the possibility of the stockholders getting some of their money back would give popularity to this new enterprise. At present the condition of canal matters at Panama is wholly unsatisfactory; the stoppage of work, and consequent loss of employment have led to a good deal of trouble with the laborers, although vigorous efforts have been made to assist those out of employment, and send them South or to near-by coast ports.

John Ericsson.

The great inventor who recently died at the advanced age of eighty-six, had made his name a household word by the creation of the Monitor, that "cheese-box on a raft," which saved the Union. In John Ericsson the world loses one of its most indefatigable workers, and one who has done his full share in promoting the welfare of humanity. His whole life was given to work, and he was so earnestly absorbed in pursuit of his self-assigned tasks that for years he would receive no one except upon matters relating to his work or experiments. He would receive any man who came with something ordered for his laboratory, but he declined to meet the hero General McClellan, who expressed a wish to call on the great engineer. He had made a rule, and would not break it for any consideration. Captain Ericsson was born July 31, 1803, in the province of Wermeland, Sweden. His father, Olaf Ericsson, was proprietor of mines; his mother, Sophie, was the daughter of an iron-master. He married in England, but his wife has been dead for twenty-five years, and he leaves no children. Sweden takes pride in the achievements of Captain Ericsson, as the land of his birth, England, where he spent his early manhood, and the United States, where he is identified with the glory of that unexampled combat in Hampton Roads which put a stop to the Merrimac's work of destruction, and revolutionized naval warfare. The screw-propeller Princeton, which was the first war propeller ever built, and many other of his inventions may be more useful and of more lasting importance than the Monitor; but this success was what made his name so popularly known. His last years were devoted exclusively to the investigation of solar heat, and to the determination of the mechanical energy possible to be developed from the sun when the coal-fields become exhausted. He had begun to develop a sun-motor, and labor on this occupied his thoughts up to his last hour, and he exacted a promise of his chief-engineer that the work should go on after his death. Yet the last words of this tireless worker were, "Give me rest," as if he had finally decided to accept the well-earned reward of years of uninterrupted toil. His is a name to be inscribed high upon the roll of those who have added to human welfare, and to be held in perpetual honor for his persistent application of his talents to the benefit of his race.

United States Exhibits at the Paris Exposition.

Nearly all the shipments have been made of the American exhibits to be displayed at the Paris Exposition. The United States Department of Agriculture will make a splendid display under the organization of Professor C. V. Riley, the famous entomologist, and an enterprising scientific observer. Congress has appropriated \$250,000 to aid exhibitors, and the result will be that this showing will insure the best illustration that the agricultural resources of the United States have ever had on the continent of Europe. The various branches will be represented as follows: fruit, Professor Van Deman and Professor George Hussman; grain, George N. Hill, St. Paul, Minn.; cotton and fibers, Col. James A. Benford, Duck Hill, Miss., and Charles R. Dodge, Boston; agricultural education and experimental stations, W. O. Atwater, Department of Agriculture; vegetables, including hops, M. G. Kern, St. Louis; entomology, including apiculture and silk-culture, C. V. Riley, N. W. McLean, of Hinsdale, Ill., and Philip Walker, Department of Agriculture; sorghum and other sugar plants, H. W. Wiley, Department of Agriculture; forestry, B. Fernow, Department of Agriculture, and M. G. Kern of St. Louis; grasses and forage-plants, George Vasey, Department of Agriculture; meat products, Dr. de Salmon, Department of Agriculture. The articles to be exhibited were forwarded free from New York, and no charge will be made for space in Paris.

Alginic Dye.

Of late years sea-weed has been made into charcoal and into a material for whip-handles, although formerly its chief products were iodine, bromine, magnesia, and potash salts; but a dye from sea-weed is a novel discovery. The curious substance algin, a recent production from sea-weed, in use as a stratum for photograph films, is used to produce an acid called alginic

acid, and by acting upon the latter with nitric acid, a new, light-colored dye, which is insoluble in water, but dissolves in alkalies, has just been discovered. The ammoniacal solution of this substance dyes cotton a fine brown resembling the shade known as Bismarck brown, and the color cannot be removed by soap. A peculiar feature of this new product is that, contrary to what is observed with aniline dyes, it will dye cotton, but not wool, and when used in acid solutions will not act as a dye at all.

The Manchester Ship-Canal.

The ship-canal now in course of construction between Eastham and Manchester, England, is, although begun but little more than a year ago, in a remarkably forward state. Some idea of the undertaking may be formed from the fact that Mr. Walker, the contractor, has found it necessary to lay upward of two hundred miles of temporary railway. The canal when finished will be one hundred and twenty feet wide at the bottom, and the sides will be faced with stone. The whole of this stone is being cut out of the canal at Eastham, Ellesmere, Moore, Barton, and other places. The greater part of the excavation is performed by various machines, over eighty in all, while more than one hundred locomotives are required to dispose of the earth, sand, and stone thrown up by the excavators or diggers. The American digger will rip up a ton and a half of earth with every movement of its huge spade, and its method of working seems to justify its nickname of the "Yankee Devil." Its daily task amounts to about one thousand two hundred tons. Over one-third of the actual excavation has been accomplished, and it will probably be but a few years before the landscape along the line, now so disfigured by unsightly heaps of earth and stumps of felled trees, will resume its fresh beauty, and the earth will have hidden the scars made during the course of construction.

The "Linotype."

The machine to which this name is given is calculated to supersede type-setting by hand in the old way, although it is not a type-setting machine. The "Linotype," in use for some time in the office of a New York daily paper, is a machine for forming lines of type, or type bars, each of the length, width, and height of a line of type, the exact counterpart of that which would be set up by a compositor, except that each line is cast in a continuous piece of metal, instead of as many different pieces as there are characters, spaces, etc. It is operated from a keyboard somewhat resembling that of a type-writer, but with one hundred and seven keys, each marked for a capital or lower case letter of a font of type, or the figures, points, or compound letters used in the same font, several keys being provided for the letters most frequently used. The operator touches these keys, releasing matrices of the desired letters, which are delivered from vertical tubes instantaneously, and fall into a horizontal channel with rails to hold them upright. As each line is completed the matrices are then received, and the type-bar is cast in a mold automatically. To correct an error a new line has to be made; but this is done so quickly that the work of correcting is not increased. It is a little too early to predict the universal use of this machine instead of setting type by the old method, but this wonderful piece of mechanism seems almost intelligent, and no doubt will continue to supplement its present success, for special work.

India-rubber Pavement.

A new pavement, invented by Herr Busse, of Linden, Prussia, is made of india-rubber, and threatens to enter into competition with asphalt. It was first introduced in Hanover, for paving the Goethe Bridge, which has a surface of 10,764 square feet. The corporation of the city of Berlin were favorably impressed with the new pavement, and had a large area of ordinary carriage-way laid with it in that city, as an experiment. This new pavement, it is said, is perfectly noiseless, and unaffected either by heat or cold. It is not so slippery, and much more durable than asphalt, and it is asserted that it combines the elasticity of india-rubber with the resistance of granite. One obstacle in the way of its universal adoption might be its expense, which must be greater than that of any known pavement; yet if increased commerce with Africa be accomplished, which will indefinitely increase also the export of rubber from that country, that question may be solved satisfactorily. What a luxury to poor car-horses and city drivers such an elastic and lasting pavement must be!

Copra.

Copra, or dried cocoa-nut-meat, is the main product of Washington Island, which is a small islet in the Pacific Ocean, under British protection. The only inhabitants of the island are a colony of natives brought from a neighboring island, who gather and prepare the cocoa-nuts as follows: The men gather the fallen nuts, being forbidden to climb the trees for their best unripe nuts should be gathered. Then the men strip off the husks and carry the nuts to the village, where they are cracked in two, and given to the women to prepare for drying. The cocoa-nuts are set out to dry with the shells uppermost. In about two days the inside shrinks, and can be easily picked out. Then it is broken up, dried, and stored ready for removal by a schooner which visits the island once in six months, and delivers the copra, as it is called, at San Francisco. The amount of copra delivered last year from this island amounted to about 180 tons. The value of a ton of copra is about sixty dollars, and is equivalent to about 4,300 cocoa-nuts. Washington Island is of coral formation, though very fertile, and cocoa nuts, bananas, and other tropical fruits grow there luxuriantly.

Western Horse-Ranges.

In the new State of Montana the business of raising horses for all purposes of use is developing so rapidly as to justify a prediction that, next to the gold and silver of that State, its greatest source of prosperity will be found in its fine and spirited range-horses. The enormous profits of the cattle business conducted on the "ranging" principle are likely to be even exceeded by horse-raising, in central and eastern Montana, for much of otherwise good grazing land is land which cattle ranchers cannot use on account of its distance from water. But the question of water is not so important with horses as with other stock, for they will go many miles from water to feed, returning during the summer about once a day, and in the winter eating snow to satisfy their thirst. These range-horses are beautiful animals, graded up from the Indian ponies, or broncos, by the introduction of Clyde, Norman, Percheron, and stallions of other fine breeds, either full-blooded or high grade. They feed in bands, or "bunches" as they are called in the West, of from fifteen to seventy-five, seldom more than the latter number. The ranges are already overcrowded near the Pacific coast, so that in western Montana and Oregon the horses are cheaper than further east. The colts are broken to ride or drive at three years old, but the old style of breaking horses on the plains, as pursued by the cow-boy, is rapidly disappearing, and the methods of the scientific horse-breaker taking its place. This is necessary to make horses suitable for our Eastern markets, for a horse broken in the old style is either "broken-hearted," that is, spiritless, or else never freed from the vicious tricks he learned when trying to throw his rider. A band of unbroken range-horses feeding on the buffalo and bunch grasses of the upland plateaux, or seeking the water streams in the "coulées," or ravines, conveys the idea of the most unlimited freedom, yet they seldom wander more than six or seven miles from the ranch.

A Plague of Sparrows.

One of the most unwelcome of our immigrants is the English sparrow. A pest in his own country, this once-admired bird has become a veritable plague in ours. The sparrows, owing to their rapid multiplication, are everywhere driving out both insectivorous and song birds, besides fairly destroying farm crops. They have also destroyed the vine coverings of many churches and edifices. The luxuriant ivy formerly covering portions of the Smithsonian building, in Washington, was completely destroyed by the sparrows; and in one church at Providence, Rhode Island, the sexton took nine hundred and seventy eggs and two cart-loads of nests at one time from the ivy upon the walls of the church. Sportsmen have shot thousands of them, bringing marked relief in certain districts, yet it seems as if nothing but total extermination will rid us of the plague. This can only be accomplished by one means—poison. The United States Agricultural Department recommends feeding the sparrows with poisoned wheat, prepared by soaking the wheat for twenty-four hours in a solution of arseniate of soda, and then drying it. The sparrow that eats three kernels of wheat thus prepared, is a dead bird. However, it is only during the winter that they can be so poisoned, when the other birds have migrated. During the summer a liberal use of the shot-gun is to be recommended, or these winged pests will finally become more destructive than the locusts which "devoured all the standing corn in Egypt," or the imported English rabbits, which are now devastating Australia and its neighboring islands.

A Resurrected "Christ Before Pilate."

A curious and interesting discovery was recently made in Indianapolis. A canvas, painted in 1822 by William Dunlap, an American artist, was found among the properties of a former associate of P. T. Barnum's, and when unrolled an oil painting 18 x 12 feet was displayed, representing a similar scene to that of the famous painting by Munkacsy, and labeled "Christ Rejected; or, the Trial before Pontius Pilate." The painting is very ambitious in detail, and over one hundred figures are represented in groups or singly, all of them conspicuous Bible characters. The scene is laid in an open court in Jerusalem, and Pilate is seen crowned with laurel, and seated on a chair of state. Christ stands in the foreground, and not far from him Barabbas, while the crowd are represented as demanding the release of the robber, and the crucifixion of Christ. This painting, prior to 1838, was carried about for exhibition, much the same as Munkacsy's master-piece is to-day, and Theodore Steele, the artist, pronounces Dunlap's picture also a master-piece for its day and generation. This picture, famous in its time, yet which for forty years past has been virtually lost to the world, will probably be secured for some prominent art museum.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

A writer from Panama reports the chance discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. In Ayacucho, Peru, a man was bitten by a mad dog, and shortly after developed a severe case of hydrophobia. In his frenzy of madness he rushed among a lot of "peuca" plants (the agave Mexicana, a species of aloë), and snapping and biting at their leaves, of course swallowed some of the milky and glutinous sap which composes their juice. Finally his friends found him unconscious, with the "peuca" leaves in his hand, and he was taken home and ultimately recovered. It might be less trouble to cultivate the "peuca," or Mexican aloë, as a specific for hydrophobia, than to universally adopt Professor Pasteur's system of inoculation, which leaves much to be desired.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the W. C. T. U. "round-the-world" missionary, is organizing Unions in South Africa.

Fencing has become so popular among European ladies that many convents include it in their curriculum.

Queen Margherita of Italy, who is always ready to forward and encourage every scheme for the improvement and assistance of her countrywomen, has appointed Signora Farné her physician-in-ordinary.

Ada Ellen Bayly, otherwise "Edna Lyall," made up her mind at the venerable age of ten to be a novelist. Her first story she wrote while still in her teens.

Mrs. A. L. Wister, the translator of E. Marlitt's German works, is a daughter of Dr. William H. Furness, who has been for sixty three years pastor of his church in Philadelphia.

Miss Rhoda Broughton lives in a little old house on a little old street at Oxford, with a walled garden filled with roses. She keeps a number of pet dogs, chiefly of the "pug" breed.

The aged Empress Augusta of Germany has for years past bestowed a gold cross and a diploma with her own signature on all female servants who have remained continuously in one family for forty years. During the past eleven years 1,535 domestics have received the cross and diploma from the Empress.

Miss Mary A. Brigham, of Brooklyn, the new president of Mount Holyoke Seminary and College, is an alumna of that institution, and a native of Westboro', Mass. She has taught at Mount Holyoke and at Ingham University, Leroy, N. Y., besides in Brooklyn, and has been offered a professorship at Smith College, and the presidency of Wellesley.

Two Texan women are the largest individual sheep and stock owners in the world. One of these, the widow Callahan, owns 50,000 sheep, and when a long train of wagons starts out each spring and fall for market, loaded down with the wool of her sheep, it is a sight worth seeing. The other is Mrs. Rogers, the great herd-owner of Southwestern Texas, who is worth about a million dollars.

Mrs. Mary Parish has been decorated by the Emperor of Austria with the Order of the Golden Cross and Crown, in recognition of her charitable works at Senftenberg. Mrs. Parish is a sister of Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, of New York City.

Mrs. M. Porter, who holds the position of post trader at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, is a thorough-going business woman, and has done so well with her store that she has built herself a handsome house. When off duty she wears velvet gowns and diamonds.

Miss Frances E. Willard says that she has set down with absolute fidelity the recollections of herself which will appear in her forthcoming book, "Fifty Fortunate Years." One of the illustrations is to be Miss Willard's first composition—written at the age of ten and a half.

The Empress Frederick is one of the wealthiest widows in the world. Her late husband made generous provision for her, she receives an annuity of \$200,000 as Queen-Dowager of Prussia, and the Duchess of Galicia recently left her \$1,000,000.

Miss Bergliot Björnson, the eldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, has just made her début as an opera-singer at Paris, and French impresarios and artists are enthusiastic in praise of the wonderful soprano voice and the great dramatic talent of the young lady. Miss Björnson is nineteen years old, strikingly beautiful, with fair hair, and a tall, slender figure. For the next two years she is to continue her musical education, and at the end of that time a "starring tour" to America will be undertaken.

Miss Mary L. Booth, the noble and cultured woman whose death was felt almost as a personal loss in so many homes all over the land, in less than a week at the beginning of our civil war translated from the French Count de Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People," and in a fortnight afterward it was published and went over the land like a trumpet blast. In the midst of his arduous duties, Abraham Lincoln paused to write her a personal letter of thanks for what she had done in giving such encouragement to the American people; and Charles Sumner wrote to her: "It is worth a whole phalanx in the cause of human freedom."

Chat.

Those who had the pleasure of viewing Tiffany & Co.'s exhibit of jewelry for the Paris Exposition, saw the most unique and magnificent collection of jewels ever before shown in this country, at least. It was thoroughly American in design and workmanship; many of the designs were made by a great-grandson of one of the men who captured Major André in Revolutionary times. The exhibit is valued at an almost fabulous amount, somewhere in the millions, but when one sees diamonds and black pearls approximating the size of cherries, and precious gems of all other kinds, unique in size and color, and wrought into artistic and entirely novel designs, one is willing to believe any estimate that may be put upon their value. There is one necklace rated at \$300,000, which contains one hundred diamonds, the largest one alone valued at \$45,000. A corsage garniture of a novel design, something like a half-bertha fastened on one shoulder by a diamond rosette, and having a sort of pendent drapery fastened on the opposite hip by a similar rosette, contains three thousand diamonds, probably the greatest number ever before set in a single piece of jewelry. There are necklaces of cat's-eyes and American fresh-water pearls that rival in beauty the more brilliant jewels; watches in most curious designs, one with the tiny dial set in the heart of a half-open pink enameled rosebud, the bud, and the spray which serves as a *châtelaine*, sparkling with diamond dew-drops, and another *châtelaine* watch with the frame surrounding the scarcely visible dial, so encrusted with tiny pearls that they cannot be counted without the assistance of a glass; *vinaigrettes* made of choice pieces of crystal in the shape of rosebuds, tulips, and other flowers, ornamented with counterparts of the flowers and their foliage in enamel and sparkling with gems; brooches, rings, bracelets, card-cases, *porte-monnaies*, in fact every fashionable article of jewelry. But the most unique and truly artistic feature of the exhibit is shown in the brooches representing orchids, made of gold and enameled in the rare and delicate tints of those fairy-like blossoms, and the stems and stamens set with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Fifteen varieties of orchids are represented, each a perfect reproduction in actual size of its species, and nothing more beautiful or more satisfying to an artistic taste could be imagined. Many of the jewels were sold here, to be delivered after the Exposition.

* * * * *

THE entertainment for the benefit of the Society for Aiding Self-Supporting Women was a decided success, artistically and financially, and probably the finest thing of the kind ever gotten up in this city. It consisted of twenty-one tableaux from "Ben-Hur," among the most beautiful of which were "Ben-Hur and Iras on the Lake," "The Finish of the Race," "The Joppa Gate," and "The Exterior of the Hur Palace." Gen. Lew. Wallace was consulted regarding his conception of the various scenes chosen from his famous novel, the scenery was all Oriental in character, and in some instances an exact reproduction of the descriptions in the book. One of the Wise Men in the tableau of "Ben-Hur" was a native Persian, and among the Greeks was a native of Laconia, a graduate of the School of Athens. The costume of Herod the King was historically correct, and magnificent with \$30,000 worth of genuine jewels.

* * * * *

THE taste in church decorations for Easter this year, seems to incline toward the use of one kind of flower throughout. In the plan for the decoration of one church, the different varieties of the lily will be used. On the altar, lovely Easter lilies will be the sole decoration, with arums and palms massed in groups at both ends. Lilies of the valley, with their clear, pale-green leaves, will crown the altar rails, trailing down to the floor will be a fringe of long sprays of ivy, and a handsome tall palm will stand on each side of the gateway. The pulpit will be ornamented with a border of lilies round the top, edged with a fringe of ivy; on the panel a lamb will be wrought in moss studded with lilies; and the side-panels will bear designs in palm-leaves, also carried out in lilies. The lectern will be similarly decorated, and the window-sills will hold banks of lilies of the valley.

Household.

Unexpected Company.

A CANNED DINNER.

NOT a lunch-dinner, put up in a tin pail for the mid-day meal of the industrious workman, but a dinner served of canned goods exclusively, yet which reflected almost undeserved credit upon the cook. That such a dinner can be achieved, I know for a certainty, having once had my reputation as a good housekeeper at stake and dependent upon its success for safety.

In the pretty suburb with the romantic name of Melrose Park, we were spending the summer. It was a charming locality; but although nuisances were prohibited, some conveniences were lacking also: the nearest grocery-store was a mile away, and for meat we were dependent upon the itinerant butcher's-cart. It was not without something like dismay, therefore, that I saw my husband coming up the neat graveled walk with a telegram in his hand, and a comical look of perplexity on his face. I knew what it meant before he spoke. Unexpected company!—and only that very morning cook and housemaid had declared the place "too lonesome," and departed to seek some resort where their "evenings out" would be solaced by congenial society.

"Who is it?" I asked, trembling. Alas! we had so confidently invited so many of our city friends to "run down and spend a day and night" with us.

"Well, it's the Pelhams," returned Frank, with the calmness born of despair. "They will be here at half-past one to-day." It was then half-past eleven. "What *are* we to do?"

"Why!"—I sat down inconsequently upon the top step of the piazza—"I have some canned things." But the prospect daunted me.

"Can't I do something to help you?" asked the paragon of husbands.

"Oh, yes!" said I. "See that there is a good fire in the range, and then come help me open the cans."

But when we went to the store-room the domestic horizon began to lighten. Can after can was taken down and inspected, and we had more of our city grocer's supplies than we had thought. Frank hastily wrote out a menu, which I approved.

Stewed Salmon.	Chicken Soup.	Lobster Croquettes.
Green Peas.	Curried Beef.	Mashed Potatoes.
Vol-au-vent of Peaches.	Egg Salad.	Coffee.

The cans were opened, and then I gave Frank the garden scissors, twisted the morning paper into a huge cornucopia, and bade him go and fill it with fresh-cut roses, which were blooming luxuriantly in our pretty grounds. To him I also entrusted the filling of vases, etc., not forgetting the large silver bowl to be crowded full of roses for the center of the dinner-table.

It did not take me long to set the table prettily, and having made my mind easy on the subject of decoration, I went to my room and made a careful toilet, leaving the cooking till the last, lest the expected guests should find me unrepresentable. Then covering my coiffure with a fine silk handkerchief, and my toilet with a huge check apron, I set to work.

The canned chicken-soup needed only to be heated; the canned salmon likewise, but I made a dainty white sauce for that; the canned lobster made delicious croquettes; the peas had only to be heated; the curry of beef was simple.

The canned roast beef was put into a saucepan, and the following sauce poured over it: Three table-spoonfuls of

butter were simmered for five minutes in a frying-pan, then I added two table-spoonfuls of flour and one tea-spoonful of curry-powder, and stirred till smooth, adding a pint of water, and seasoning with salt and pepper. This was strained over the meat, and all steamed together for about twelve minutes. Having no boiled rice, I heated a can of mushrooms, chopping them up first, and added them to the sauce.

The egg-salad was made with cold boiled eggs, sliced, and covered with prepared salad-dressing. They were garnished with olives, for not even a head of lettuce was procurable in the vicinity. Roses and June-bugs comprised the chief products of Melrose Park.

A can of peaches made a delicious *vol-au-vent*. I rolled out a sheet of pie-paste, and pouring the peaches into a deep china dish, covered it with the pastry. Twenty minutes in a hot oven did the rest. When it was baked, I sprinkled it with powdered sugar and set it aside to cool.

The coffee was boiled, and the cream-jug filled with diluted condensed milk, and my dinner was ready to serve. I borrowed a neighbor's nurse to do duty as waitress, promising payment in care for the baby some other day, and the dinner went on without an accident.

Fortunately two of our guests were a newly married couple who wanted no better company than each other, and the third, the bride's shy little sister of fifteen, was easily entertained by Frank's chatter; so I felt no scruples at letting them go off to drive without me, while I cleared away and prepared for tea. This was easier. We had sardines, potted tongue, canned cherries, and a cake which I made in a hurry. I did not feel so very tired, and Frank said my voice never sounded better than it did that evening in "The Song that Reached my Heart."

For breakfast we still had recourse to the cans. Canned Boston baked-beans completed a breakfast of ham-and-eggs and Saratoga potatoes. Fortunately we had an acquisition of strawberries that morning.

It sounds inhospitable to say that I felt relieved when they finally drove away to the station, but it was so; yet I felt also securely confident that for once my forethought had proven itself profitable, and that when I had ordered "enough canned goods to fit out an Arctic expedition," as my school-girl sisters declared, I had not been any too liberal in my ideas.

The moral I would deduce from my unexpected experience is, that it is a wise plan to keep sardines, canned salmon and lobster, vegetables, and potted meats in some quantity always on hand, with preserved fruits, cheese, canned soups, and even plum-pudding, which also comes in tins, and is delicious enough for any gourmand.

In using canned vegetables and other articles of food, the cans should always be opened and the contents emptied at once into a bowl, some time before using—an hour, if possible. Sardines and tinned meats need not be removed. There is danger in allowing acid fruits and tomatoes to remain in the can after it is opened, because the introduction of oxygen with the compound acids and the tin forms oxide of tin, which, combining with the acid of the tomatoes, etc., forms an exceedingly poisonous salt, the effect of which is to inflame the stomach and intestines. The advantage of opening the can before it is needed is to allow the contents to become somewhat aerated, which will obviate the flat taste often noticed in vegetables used directly from the can.

With a sufficient supply of such goods in the house, the out-of-town housekeeper may defy Fate; for they will not spoil with keeping, and the Rubicon of unexpected company may be crossed with flying colors and infinite credit to the accomplished housekeeper.

MRS. F. VARIAN.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 473.

THE general tendency of the fashions is to give the effect of height: straight, undraped skirts, small tournures, trimmings arranged in perpendicular lines, Directoire redingotes and coats, scarf-like fichus, etc., the shortening of the waist and consequent lengthening of the skirt aiding to produce the desired effect. Yet with the apparent simplicity implied in the enumeration of such simple styles, there is still sufficient scope allowed for modifications in the interest of becomingness to individual types, and the too slender tall person may indulge in modestly bouffant drapery if she choose, or anyone can manipulate prevailing modes to suit her taste or convenience, provided she does not perpetrate anything too *outré* in effect. The fashions, therefore, may be called suggestive, rather than arbitrary.

Even the summer wraps are designed to produce the same tall effect. The "peasant" cloaks, of which there are various modifications (the "Connemara," illustrated in the April Magazine, being a favorite style), are liked for this reason, as well as for the practical one of the protection they afford. For summer wear these are made in Chantilly lace, either exactly after the design of the "Connemara," or shirred full around the neck in semblance of a yoke; and a similar style has "angel" sleeves reaching from the yoke to the bottom of the garment, and is belted. These Empire cloaks of lace are in a measure a substitute for the black lace costumes which have so long enjoyed popularity.

The designs in the Chantilly lace flouncings differ very little from those of last season, being principally floral with a decided pattern at the lower edge, while in some the pattern is quite close at the foot, and separates above in stripes. The simplest methods are preferred for making lace costumes, the flounce being gathered or shirred at the top, without drapery, and a broad sash of ribbon or soft silk encircling the waist if it is a round one, or placed under the basque at the back, with long loops, and ends reaching to the foot of the skirt. The waist is usually covered with lace, sometimes plainly, but often shirred back and front; the sleeves are full.

Flouncings of *crêpe de Chine* embroidered in floral designs

in the natural colors are especially lovely, and are made up in the same style as the Chantilly lace flouncings. Plain *crêpe de Chine* of the same color is often used for a long Directoire coat (like the "Hortense," illustrated in the April number) to wear with a skirt made of this flouncing, which is sometimes draped across the front. Faille, moiré, satin, and India silk are also liked for these coats, which are a favorite accompaniment to lace skirts.

Ribbons are used in the greatest profusion and in all widths for garniture on all kinds of dresses. The narrow "baby" ribbons are sometimes run through the openings in honey-comb and other coarse-meshed nets, one or several colors being used close together, thus forming parti-colored perpendicular stripes at regular intervals, or the same arrangement forms a deep border at the foot of the skirt, above a two-inch hem. This is very effective for black net mounted over black surah, the net hanging very full, without drapery, and either gathered or laid in deep side-plaits. The silk waist is covered with net striped to match.

Ribbons from half an inch to an inch in width are also employed to give these striped and bordered effects, but are sewed either outside or under the net. Usually two or three contrasting colors are used, sewed closely together in clusters of three; if two colors only are employed, pink and green, for example, one stripe will have pink in the middle with green on both sides of it, and the next stripe will have the green in the middle. If there are three colors, the rotation is changed for each stripe.

Rows of half-inch wide ribbon set closely together form a favorite trimming for the foot of an accordion-plaited skirt of cashmere, veiling, or other soft woolen goods. A charming graduating dress is of cream-white veiling made with a skirt in this style (the ribbon feather-edged moiré), an Empire waist with guimpe and full sleeves, and a sash of white moiré ribbon encircling the waist and tied in a long-looped bow at the left side of the front. Pale rose-color, buttercup yellow, apple green, or sky blue ribbon is very effective for this sort of garniture on fine white woolen goods, India silk, or surah.

FOR information regarding millinery, thanks are due to Aitken, Son & Co.; for woolen fabrics and parasols, to Stern Brothers; and for costumes and wraps, to B. Altman & Co.



Redingote Costume.

Redingote Costume.

THE "Lyndall" redingote with the addition of a plaited front breadth (the pattern for which is given with the redingote pattern) comprises a complete costume, and the model is adapted to all classes of dress materials, simple as well as expensive. By omitting the double-breasted vest with revers, retaining, of course, the plain underwaist, the design can be used for gingham and similar kinds of cotton goods, and a combination of plain and fancy styles of these materials will make a very pretty yet simple dress suitable for morning wear and practical uses.

For the various kinds of summer silks, mohair goods, cashmere, veiling, and even quite

heavy qualities of woolens, it is equally desirable. The illustration represents *damassé* brilliantine of a light leather color, with a vest and plaited belt of pale écreu surah, a chemisette of gold-embroidered surah, facings of brown velvet on the fronts, and cuffs of surah and velvet.

The design is a princess redingote with box-plaits let in at all the back and side seams, and it can be worn over a plain foundation skirt with the front breadth ornamented in any style, or have the breadth secured to the redingote, as told in the description of the pattern on page 454.

Amoret House-Dress.

FOR a house-dress to be worn at any time of day, or to be made in any material, from cotton to silk, this is a very desirable model. It consists of a skirt (for which we do not furnish a pattern) made of five straight breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide, or an equivalent width, and an almost tight-fitting jacket with two points in the back. It can be rendered more dressy by the addition of a sash-bow of surah or wide ribbon at the back, either under or outside the jacket, and by the substitution of a drooping Molière vest instead of the simple full waist; and a ribbon sash might replace the pointed belt.

A contrast in color or material is desirable, as cashmere with watered silk (as illustrated), plain silk, satin, or velvet; plain and checked or striped gingham; plain and figured surah; plain and fancy satine; or white embroidered lawn flouncing could be used for the skirt, plain white lawn for

the jacket and vest, embroidery for the revers, collars, and cuffs, and ribbon for the belt and sash-bow. Unless for a distinctive morning-dress, the lap and buttons can be omitted from the front of the skirt; and for some goods a cluster of tucks above a deep hem will be an effective trimming for the skirt. See page 454 for directions about the pattern.

Summer Woolens.

LIGHT qualities of woolens and mohairs, in all the seasonable shades of color and many variations in quality, are more than ever liked for summer costumes, either in combination with silk, or made up in some of the apparently simple styles now so much in vogue.

The finer qualities of cheviot, in bordered goods and Persian patterns, are selected for street wear in medium and light shades of gray and brown, and in all the dulled, dark shades of positive colors, which are enlivened by combinations of silk or surah in vivid colors or brilliant plaids.

Black woolens for summer wear are in attractive variety, with brocade and striped effects in silk and all-wool, in some thin goods, and in Henriettas with silk drawn-work stripes; and one very handsome piece has a broad band of faille Française woven directly in the fabric. Black brilliantines in light qualities are very much liked for the accordion-plaited skirts which are the rage, and keep their folds better, perhaps, than any other material.

Veilings, in white, cream, and black, retain their popularity, and in the colored goods are more subdued in tint than last season. The whites are either very coldly white, almost a blue-white, or else a golden creamy tinge which is almost invariably becoming, especially when relieved with the deep glowing cardinal which is one of the season's colors. The colder white is sometimes set off by combination with the porcelain colors which are so exquisite

in soft woolens, or is made up alone, with its pure snowiness unrelieved except by the shadings afforded by the draperies or the changing folds of the ubiquitous accordion plaits.

For evening wear, challies, veilings, and *crêpe de Venise*, a sheer, fine, gauzy wool, somewhat resembling nuns'-veiling, but lighter, come in all the delicate, half-faded-looking shades of color now so fashionable, —soft blues, dull greens, *rose de Chine*, etc.; and in the more brilliant, decided tints which still retain a measure of popularity and will probably survive the taste for the old-time colors which for the moment prevails. Figured challies and delaines, in colored designs copied from the brocaded Empire silks, are extremely pretty for afternoon dresses, and their variety, both in pattern and price, is apparently endless. The figured, brocaded, printed, and moiré brilliantines and Bengal-



Amoret House-Dress.

ines are also shown in great variety, and some of the latter are as beautiful in their designs and lustrous colorings as any silken fabric.

Embroidered woolens in bordered goods and pattern dresses are very elegant, either in light shades for evening wear, or in the usual street colors, with rich Oriental effects in the embroidery, which often has gold threads or silver tinsel introduced.

Corinna House-Jacket.

A DAINTY blouse or jacket—or several of them—for home wear with different skirts, is among the necessities; and these jaunty and becoming garments are made up for spring and summer in woolens and light quality silks, in light or bright colors and more or less elaborately trimmed. For those who prefer a partially fitted jacket to a more close-fitting garment or a belted waist, the "Corinna" is an especially desirable model, as it is susceptible of various modifications that make it suitable for all classes of goods, from the cheapest to the most expensive.

The front view shows it made of figured India silk, the pattern white on a blue ground, the full vest, collars, and cuffs of white surah, the two latter embroidered with blue; the back view shows it made of red cashmere in combination with white surah. By omitting the full vest, outer fronts, and broad collar, the design is simple enough for calico, gingham, and similar goods; or only the full vest may be dispensed with, and it will still be quite dressy enough for all ordinary purposes. Made in light-colored soft silk and trimmed with lace (for the vest, falling collar, and on the cuffs), it can appropriately serve for the same purposes as a tea-gown, if combined with a pretty skirt,—one made of lace or embroidered flouncing without drapery, for example. The pattern is fully described on page 454.



Corinna House-Jacket.—BACK.

THREE single pearl studs are now fashionable with gentlemen's evening dress.

BEEs, dragon-flies, butterflies, and spiders have again received the sanction of fashion to disport themselves amid summer millinery.

Fashionable Parasols.

THE airy, delicate structures of satin-covered ribs and lace that are dignified by this name are not quite so fragile as they appear. The lace covering is put on over bolting-cloth, which is secured lightly to the satin-covered or gilt ribs, and the newest lace parasols have fringes, so to speak, of lace, depending from the short ribs on the inside. These are gathered ruffles of lace, white or black as the case may be, hanging down straight from the short ribs in the middle, on which they are run, and making a regular criss-cross of lace to entangle and catch any stray sunbeam that may find its way through the lace openwork of the parasol cover.



Corinna House-Jacket.—FRONT.

The latter may be of black Chantilly insertion striped with gay ribbons or embroidered with gilt tinsel threads, and one of the most beautiful of lace "transparent" parasols is made in rows of black Chantilly insertion, and changeable gray-and-red ribbon painted in water-colors with dragon-flies. Bows of the same ribbon (not painted) ornament the top and the long handle of carved wood. This parasol has no inside garniture of lace.

Not many of the ribbon-striped parasols are edged with lace; the outlines are left untrimmed, and so are those of the pretty shirred *point d'esprit* and drapery-net parasols, gathered full over a bolting-cloth cover, on a canopy-top frame. These are seen in black, white, cream, and scarlet nets. One of the very newest is of almond-colored net put on the frame of gilt ribs in fine accordion plaits.

The handles are long, and the canopy top is a favorite style, both for coaching and promenade parasols, but by no means excludes the ordinary mushroom-like shapes, which are preferred by those of conservative tastes.

The Marquise and Chantilly lace covers over satin are as much liked as ever. With almost any costume a black lace parasol may be carried, so that although the quantity of fancy-colored silk and ribbon-striped lace parasols is endless, the elegant lace-covered parasol in all-black will lose none of its fashionable prestige.

Crêpe de Chine and white mull shirred very full on gilt frames are among the daintiest of watering-place parasols, but for city streets the handsome Empire brocades and striped silks on long-handled canopy frames are the first choice.

The handles are of all shapes and sizes, shepherds' crooks and rings in darkened silver and ebonized wood, which is very much used, natural woods incised or carved into grotesque shapes, and, for very expensive parasols, knobs and handles beautifully enameled.

GOLD band bracelets with overlapping ends are set with pearls, diamonds, and sapphires.

Oronska Jacket.

This model is equally desirable for an independent garment or for one to complete a costume made in the same goods. It is almost, but not quite, tight-fitting, the back plain and rounded up at the middle seam. A combination in goods is not obligatory, but is desirable even for an independent wrap, and velvet or heavy repped silk is the best for use with ordinary woolens; for a *costume en suite*, it should be of the same goods, and the fancy or contrasting material used for the revers and cuffs only, or for the vest only, or for all the accessories. See page 454 for particulars about the pattern.



Oronska Jacket.

Marthena Sleeve.

A SIMPLE and very pretty sleeve, that is especially desirable for summer dress-goods, lace or embroidery, although it could very appropriately be used for a house-dress at any season of the year. It is a very suitable style of sleeve for a blouse waist, a tea-gown, or house-jacket, and not inappropriate for a simple basque. The frill of lace at the top can be omitted, if preferred. Full particulars about the pattern are given on page 455.



Marthena Sleeve.

Inista Waist.

THE fancy for "one-sided" effects in the costume is exemplified in this design, which is a plain round waist with a broad revers on one side, and a surplice drapery on the other, the space between faced or trimmed to simulate a vest. This is supplemented by a very broad belt, and a sash coming from under the belt, at the sides, and loosely tied in front.

The model is desirable for all kinds of dress fabrics, and offers opportunity for combinations of goods or colors. The illustration represents cream-white cashmere with the surplice drapery of the same goods, the revers of white faille striped with old-gold, and the space between them embroidered with gilt soutache. Without the decorations, the model is a perfectly plain waist, suitable for the cheapest goods. The puffs on the sleeves

can be omitted, but at present they are very fashionable, and they are especially becoming for slender figures or sloping shoulders. Full directions about the pattern are given on page 454.

May Millinery.

ALL the extravagance of which the modiste in millinery is capable has taken a turn in the direction of repression. The modest little capotes and toques of tulle, which crowd the milliners' showcases, are almost as extravagant in their semblance of modesty as the flaring Directoire hats with their wide projecting brims, and flat crowns crushed down to nearly a level with the brims.

For general wear, pretty capotes of fine Milan straw or chip, in dark colors or black, are trimmed with strapped bows of ribbon held down with fancy pins. Charming little bonnets are of black or colored tulle, drapery net, or crape, shirred on open frames of satin-covered wire, and daintily adorned with half-garlands and clusters of roses, leaves of smilax, and rosebuds, marguerites, or scarlet poppies. Lace, net, or narrow velvet ribbon is used for the strings of bonnets of such sheer materials that the hair may be seen through. Black tulle embroidered with gold bullion, pale green *crép'* trimmed with rows of tiny white blossoms between the shirrings, and *coquelicot*-red *crépe-lisse* or net shirred on golden wires, are typical styles, but all sorts and colors of thin materials are used, honeycomb net being an especial favorite in millinery materials.



Inista Waist.

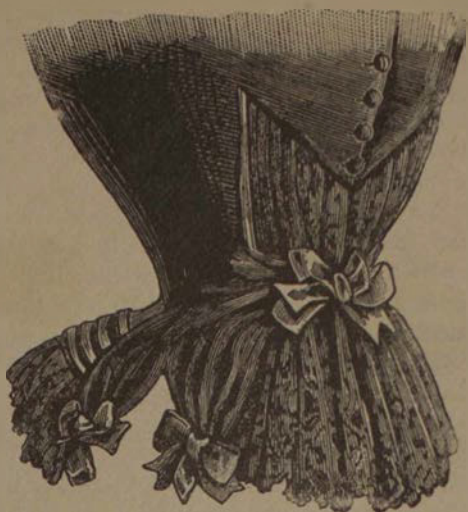
The "flowers of May" blossom out luxuriantly in the dressiest of head-gear, and fine flowers, such as forget-me-nots or violets, compose the whole bonnet in capote or toque shape, and sometimes only the crown, with a border of velvet or beading.

Not everyone can wear the wide-brimmed, low-crowned hats in Directoire style, although they are exceedingly piquant and becoming to some fair youthful faces, and support two or three nodding ostrich tips and a bow of ribbon with long streamers more coquettishly than any other shape does or can. The young ladies to whom they are not becoming, wear low-crowned English turbans or toques of fine straw or chip, black, or of a color to match the costume with which they are worn.

For morning wear at watering-places and for driving, are large Rubens hats of chip, Leghorn, russet, and fancy straws, trimmed with scarfs of net and garlands of flowers. One very elegant but quiet hat in this style, suitable even for

city wear, is of black Neapolitan braid, trimmed with a scarf of black lace net, and a trailing garland of violets tied in bunches in their own leaves.

Flaring Directoire bonnets and hats of tulle or *crêpe* shirred on wire are trimmed with trailing sprays and half-wreaths of roses or other flowers, and will be worn at watering-places and summer resorts. For dressy wear in the city, jet-embroidered toques trimmed with leaves and fine flowers are very popular, and colored beadings and metal embroideries are combined with flowers and ribbon in styles which,



front side-gore seams. It extends about two-thirds their length, and is about four inches wide in the middle of the front. Two loops of ribbon, velvet, or the material of the belt, are at each side, and there may be two others in the middle of the back.

For No. 2, both wide and narrow lace are used, and the wide lace (used only in the front) is left the same width top and bottom. It can be applied in the same way as described for No. 3; the sash-belt in the illustration is of surah silk tied with ribbon, but a ribbon or velvet belt could



2. Corsage Garniture.

though simple enough in individual cases, are bewilderingly various.

Corsage Garnitures of Lace.

WE do not furnish patterns for any of these models, but give them as suggestions for using lace as a garniture

be substituted. The narrow lace is used as a frill on the back, with a flat heading above it, which could very well be jet, on black materials.

For No. 3, lace from ten to twelve inches deep may be used (about a quarter of a yard for each side, narrowed to about three inches at the top), either placed on the outside and blind-stitched on the edges, or arranged on the waist-lining, and the outside material blind-stitched over it. In either case a narrow gimp or even a row of medium-sized beads can be used to cover the edges. A similar arrangement can be used in the middle of the back. The belt can be of a contrasting material, or of ribbon tied in a long-looped bow.



3. Corsage Garniture.

on the waist of a new costume, or to "freshen" a partly worn basque or waist. Black or cream-colored lace or embroidery could be used for the purpose, according to the material employed for the waist.

For No. 1, lace about four inches deep is used, either sewed to the bottom of a straight round basque that extends about an inch and a half below the waist, or set up on a deeper basque, with the scalloped edge about an inch below the edge of the basque. The lace should be sewed on in a reversed manner, and will then require no heading. The belt can be of any contrasting goods, and is sewed in the



1. Black Straw Hat.



2. Black Lace Toque.



3. Olive Straw Hat.

Summer Wraps.

THE same styles worn during the winter prevail also in spring wraps; in fact, some of the handsome fur-trimmed cloth wraps worn during the winter are transformed from winter to spring cloaks by the exceedingly simple process of removing the fur and using instead a handsome garniture of gilt cord passementerie and embroidery.

New cloaks are in the fine gray and tan color cloths that are light in weight but hang beautifully, and are made up in "Connemara" designs (as illustrated in the April number) and in similar shapes, some tucked in half-inch folds from the round yoke to the hem. The latter style is pretty in stripes, and obviates the chance of the wind getting under the flying folds of the cloak when it is worn as a steamer wrap. Brocaded cloths are gathered upon square or round yokes; and some are shirred directly around the neck.

Short jackets for young ladies are trimmed with brandebourgs and military-looking gilt braids, and are exceedingly stylish in green and Suède-colored cloths. Very few are made with vests except those of contrasting color and fabric, which have not precisely the appearance to which we give the name of vest, but look like a separate garment over which the jacket is worn.

Dust-cloaks of pongee and plaid surah are made up in the circular style or like the "Connemara," and sometimes a hood lined with bright-colored silk is added. For children under eight, charming little cloaks of scarlet cloth are made in the same styles.

ACCORDION plaits are the rage.

PALE gray and yellow is a color combination very popular with roseate blondes.

Fashionable Millinery.

No. 1.—Round hat of black Dunstable straw, with low, flat crown, and Directoire brim. The garniture consists of a full ruche of ends of black faille ribbon, cut out in fish-tail points and closely massed around the front of the crown, and of seven small, bright-colored birds set in a row on the front of the brim, which is faced with black faille silk.

No. 2.—Toque of black Chantilly lace arranged over a net frame. The lace in front is puffed up to furnish a support for loops of buttercup-yellow satin ribbon, which form the only garniture.

No. 3.—Wide-brimmed hat of olive-tinted straw, faced with dark green velvet, and trimmed with full loops of wide, armure ribbon striped in hair-lines with green and gold, and a full wreath of pale pink hedge-roses with scant foliage.

No. 4.—Directoire hat of black Neapolitan braid, having a wide projecting brim in front, and a low, flat crown, with a puffing of black, silver-embroidered gauze at the top edge of the crown. The garniture consists of irregularly disposed loops of wide, black faille ribbon with silver stripes.

Summer Bonnets and Dressy Lingerie.

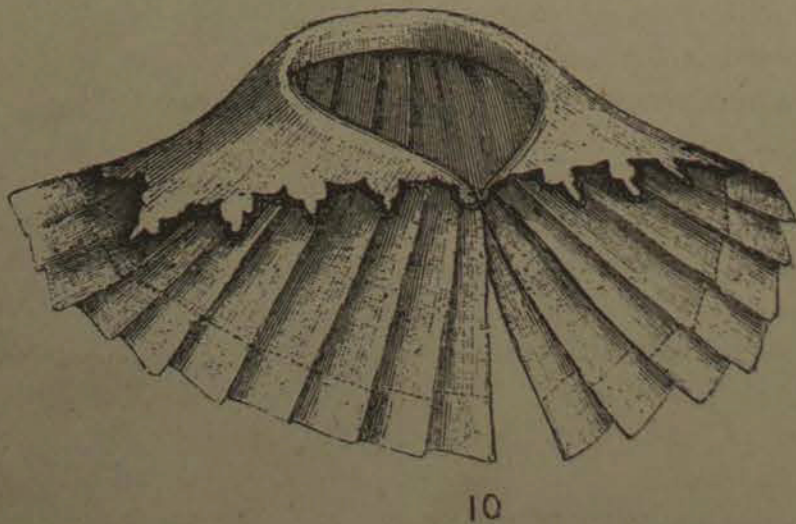
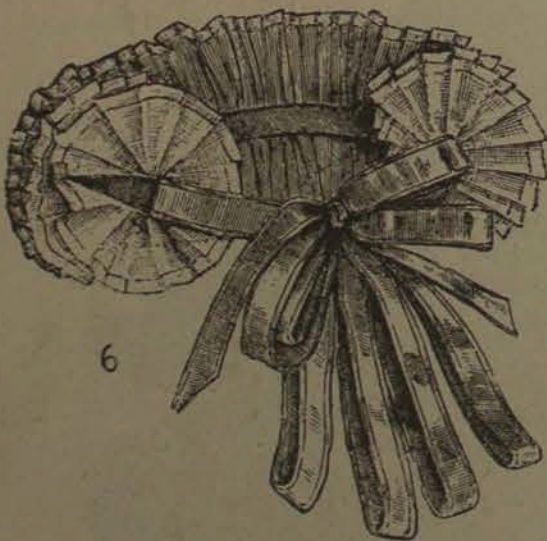
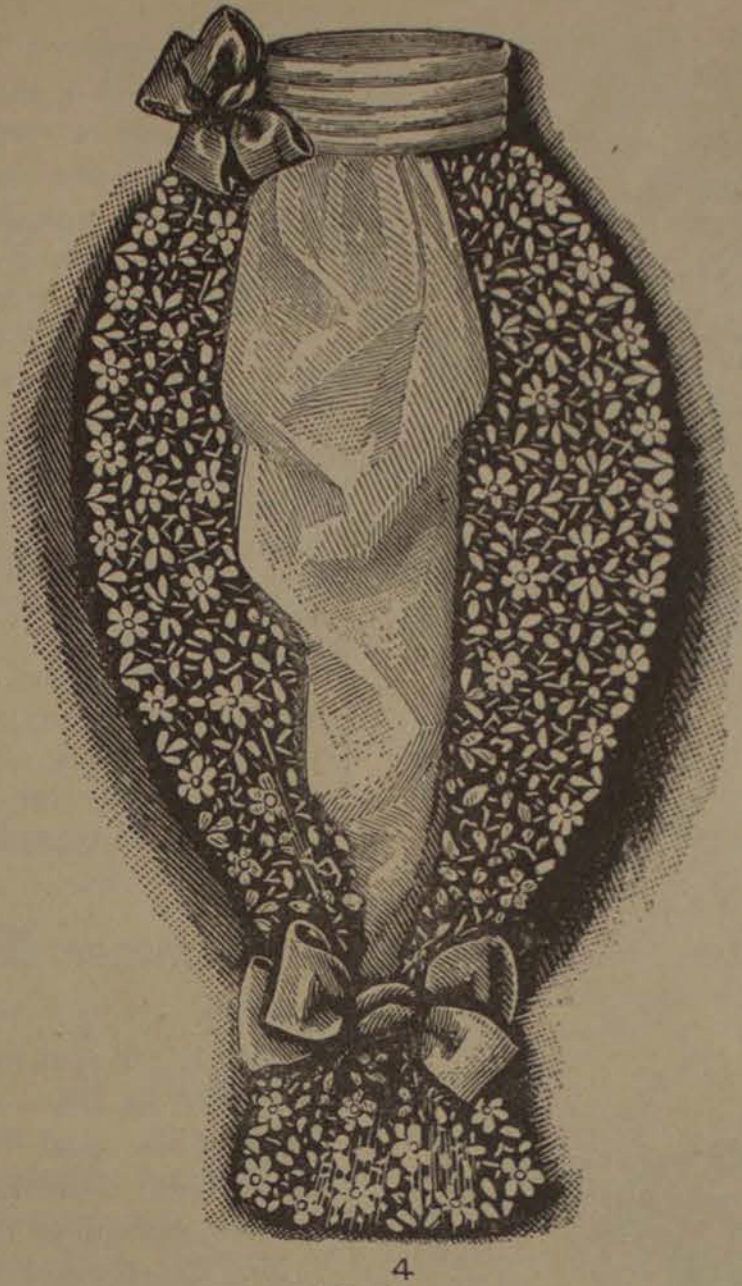
(See Page 452.)

No. 1.—Toque of dark terra-cotta crape, with turban band encircled by three rows of gold braid. A rosette of clustered loops of the same braid is set on the band in front, and a few nasturtium flowers, set upon the crown just back of the rosette, complete the garniture.

No. 2.—Round hat of black tulle shirred over a transparent frame and edged with a fringe-like border of grasses and tiny flowers. The trimming consists of long loops of grass-green satin ribbon placed in front of the low, flat crown and drawn toward the back.



4. Neapolitan Braid Hat.





Rosalba Jacket.

No. 3.—Collarette of white Maltese lace and plaited crape, suitable to be worn with a Directoire coat or costume. This pretty accessory is made by sewing rows of lace, edge to edge, on a high collar of plain, stiffened net, and adding a jabot of finely plaited crape and two plain rows of lace. The joining is concealed by an appliqué of embroidered pink roses in silk cut-out work.

No. 4.—Vest-plastron of hand-made Irish guipure lace and pale pink *crêpe de Chine*. The high standing collar of net is covered with folds of *crêpe de Chine*, and the plastron consists of a *pouf* of *crêpe*, edged with lace and tied with pale pink ribbon bows.

No. 5.—Chemisette of yellowish white silk crape arranged in fine, closely laid plaits around a strip of satin two inches wide and about five inches long, upon which a vine of flowers is painted in water-colors. The high collar is of white satin ribbon with folds of crape laid around it, and the cravat-bow and loop at the bottom are of the same white ribbon. This extends just below the bust, and can be worn outside of any plain waist.

No. 6.—A very becoming collarette of cream-white crape, arranged in a very full plaited ruche on a band of lilac faille ribbon, which is tied in front with a cluster of falling loops.

No. 7.—Collarette fichu of wide and medium-width Valenciennes lace gathered upon an Empire-pink satin ribbon. The same ribbon is used for a bow at the back (see small illustration), and is tied on the bust in front.

No. 8.—Necklace of cream-white satin ribbon with fancy edges. The illustration shows the arrangement of the bows,

Fig. 3); and Fig. 2 represents it made in summer cheviot striped in two shades of brown, without garniture excepting the polished horn buttons on the vest. The design is equally suitable for an independent garment, or to be used instead of a basque for a street costume. Materials and methods for combination will readily suggest themselves if a garment *en suite* is not desired.

The hat on Fig. 1 is made of black *point d'esprit* puffed lightly on a wire frame, and trimmed with apple-blossoms. That on Fig. 2 shows a toque of light leather-colored surah trimmed with a shaded brown breast and wings. See page 455 for directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

LEATHER shades in hosiery are very stylish.

and two field-poppies with red silk petals are fastened at the right.

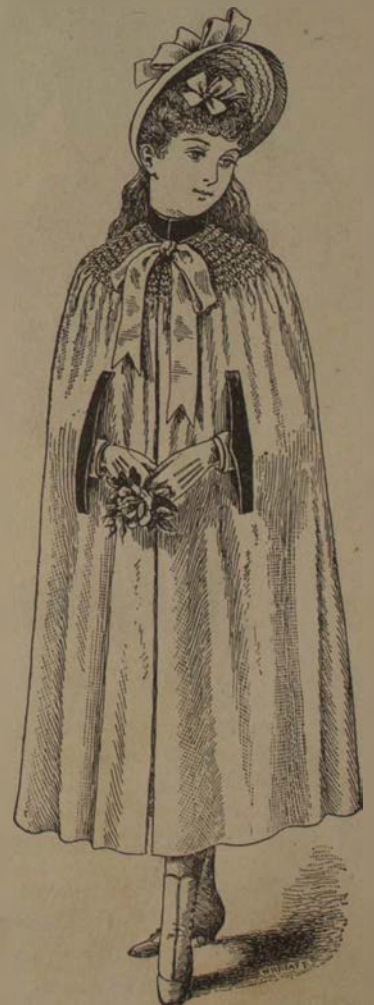
No. 9.—Capote of almond-colored tulle shirred like a child's cap, with "Tom Thumb" black velvet ribbon run through beading between the puffs. A rosette and strings of the same black velvet ribbon constitute the garniture.

No. 10.—Collar of embroidered white linen in sailor shape, which falls over a deep plaiting of hem-stitched white lawn. Suitable either for a lady or little girl.

No. 11.—Capote of black tulle arranged in lengthwise shirrings divided by bands of fine gold braid. The garniture consists of a cluster of variegated chrysanthemums.

Rosalba Jacket.

THE illustrations represent the back and front of a jaunty jacket, and show how the same pattern can be modified. Fig. 1 shows it made in dark blue cloth trimmed with black braid, in upright rows on the vest, and simulating a square collar (see



Peasant Cloak.

(See Page 454.)

Peasant Cloak.

(See Page 453.)

A VERY popular style of wrap, that is made up in all kinds of medium and light-weight goods usually chosen for such garments. The illustration represents pale écu "faced" cloth, with brown velvet collar and arm-shields. It is shirred all round the neck in the shape of a round yoke, and hangs the same in the back as in front.

For a spring wrap, the fine checked cheviots, the serges and cloths with stripes in two or three shades of the same color, and the solid-colored serges in blue, red, green, and brown, are very desirable. Cashmere, pongee, surah, and, for very dressy uses, cream or white lace or embroidered flouncing, will be made up in this style. For particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc., see page 455.

Winifred Dress.

THIS design makes up charmingly in Chambéry, gingham, satine, and other cotton goods, in soft woolens like cashmere and veiling, and in surah and other light qualities of silk, and is especially adapted to embroidered or bordered



Winifred Dress.

goods, although any other style of trimming could be used instead of that illustrated (braid or velvet, for example), or white or cream embroidery could be used on almost any goods. At the back, the full skirt is sewed to a full waist with a straight yoke, and a sash of medium-width ribbon is sewed in the side seams and tied in a long-looped bow, thus concealing the joining. The illustration represents dark blue Chambéry embroidered with white, the sash is of blue faille ribbon, and the hat is of English straw, with blue ribbon loops on the outside, and the brim faced with blue velvet. See page 455 for full particulars about the pattern.

Commencement Dresses.

NEVER since the "sweet girl graduates" have been obliged to consider the momentous question of suitable gowning for their valedictory exercises,—why do they call them "commencement" when they are the completion of school life?—have the caprices of Fashion accorded so admirably with the dictates of classic taste.

White is by no means arbitrary for a commencement

dress; creamy écu, porcelain blue, Empire pink, green, soft, faded-looking grays, and chocolate browns are selected in veilings, plain or bordered or velvet-striped cashmeres, all-wool and silk-warp Henrietta cloths, fine mohairs, brilliantines, challies, and the lovely *crêpe de Venise*, which is a fabric resembling veiling, yet much sheerer. Still dressier gowns are made of drapery nets over surah, surah alone or trimmed with lace, silk honey-comb net draped over surah, and all the infinite number of variously named Oriental silks, plain and printed.

One of the most distinctive styles of commencement dresses is given as a pattern this month, which is indeed only one of the modifications of which the Empire style is susceptible. More elaborate dresses are made with accordion-plaited skirts and full blouses in true academic fashion, with a yoke like that on the "Connemara" cloak, and worn unbelted. These are sometimes made with full sleeves gathered into a wide cuff or wristband, which, if the blouse be of light material, may be of velvet or heavy silk of a contrasting color. If the blouse is of surah or Oriental silk, the sleeves are sometimes simply straight, hemmed breadths falling from the arm-hole, but not joined in a seam on the inside of the arm, so that when the wearer raises her beautiful arm—it should be beautiful, for the blouse is practically short-sleeved—the sleeve falls away.

The usual accessories to a commencement or graduating costume comprise long, tan-colored, black, or pearl-gray Suède gloves,—tied up around the arms with narrow "baby" ribbon if the sleeves are short, wrinkling in Mousquetaire style around the wrist if the latter are demi-long,—or lace mitts in some delicate color; and low shoes of black or russet leather with square steel or silver buckles.

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.

LYNDALL REDINGOTE.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Lining for front, vest, revers, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and half of the front of the skirt. The notches in the front and bottom of the vest indicate the middle. The piece for the front of the skirt is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the front, and sewed to the underwaist; and the sides are to be tacked inside the redingote so that the clusters of holes near the bottom will match. The extensions at each seam are to be joined and then laid in a box-plait on the inside. The cuff is to be turned over on the outside in a line with the row of holes. The top of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes; the notch is to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require sixteen yards of goods twenty four inches wide, one yard of contrasting goods for the vest and revers, and four yards of velvet ribbon. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

AMORET HOUSE-DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Lining for front, full front, belt, outer front, side gore, side form, back, revers, two collars, sleeve, and cuff. We do not furnish a pattern for the skirt, which is made of five straight breadths of goods twenty four inches wide. The full front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. A medium size will require eleven yards of goods twenty four inches wide, and one yard of contrasting goods. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CORINNA HOUSE JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, full vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, plaiting for back, two collars, cuff, and sleeve. The full vest is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes; the bottom is to be sewed to the bottom of the inner front. The plaiting for the back is to be laid in box plaits as indicated. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty four inches wide, and one yard and three-quarters additional for the vest, collars, and cuffs. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

INISTA WAIST.—The pattern consists of 11 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, surplice drapery, revers, collar, cuff, puff, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where the front edges of the drapery and revers are to be placed. Each can be used on either side. The surplice drapery is to be gathered top and bottom and placed on the front so that the notches will match. The puff is to be plaited according to the holes, and the notches are to match with those in the top of the sleeve. The holes in the cuff show how far it is to be faced. A medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of goods twenty four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting goods. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ORONSKA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, revers, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The vest is to be lapped under the front so that the holes will match. A medium size will require three and one half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and an eighth of contrasting goods for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

MARTHENA SLEEVE.—The pattern is in 2 pieces: Sleeve and cuff. The top of the sleeve is to be laid in five plaits between the holes; the notch is to be placed to the shoulder seam. Three overlapping upturned plaits are to be laid at the inner seam, between the holes. A plait turned downward is to be laid in the cuff.

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.

MINETTE COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 14 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, full front, full back, collar, sleeve, cuff, and cap of the waist; half of the drapery; and front, side gore, and one-half of the back breadth of the foundation skirt. The full pieces for the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively, the gathering at the top to be about three-fourths of an inch from the edge. The bottom of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The row of holes near the front edge of the drapery indicates where the revers are to be turned back. The notch in the top indicates the middle of the front. The other half of the drapery is cut exactly the same, the top is to be laid in side plaits turned toward the middle of the back, or in box plaits, and an opening of about three inches is to be left at the right side, when sewing it to the waist. The gored foundation skirt is to be mounted to the belt in the same way as described for the "Gored Foundation Skirt." The size for fourteen years will require seven and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards of contrasting material, the foundation skirt to be faced only where necessary. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

JACQUELINE COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, front, side form, back, collar, puff, and two sides of the sleeve of the redingote; and front, side gore, and one-half of the back breadth of the underskirt. The rows of holes in the skirt of the redingote designate where the revers are to be turned back. The outer front is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the front. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes at the top, and two small plaits are to be turned upward on the outside between the two holes near the middle. The row of holes across the front of the skirt indicate where the upper edge of the flounce is to be placed. The skirt is to be mounted to a belt as described above for the "Gored Foundation Skirt." The size for ten years will require five and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, two yards of embroidery for the flounce, and nine yards of velvet ribbon. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

WINIFRED DRESS.—The pattern consists of 10 pieces: Back and two fronts for lining, full back piece, two full front pieces, collar, cuff, and sleeve of waist; and one-half of the skirt. The full outer part for the left front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes, and placed on the lining with the upper edge to the row of holes. The full outer piece for the right front is to be gathered at the shoulder, and at the bottom forward of the hole. The full piece for the back is to be arranged the same as the full part of the left front. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top, and the opening left to match with the edge of the right front. The size for six years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and four and three-quarter yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

EVEENA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Plain front, full front, side gore, side form, plain back, full back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Gather the full pieces top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively, and place on the lining with the upper edges at the rows of holes. The size for fourteen years will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five yards of ribbon. (The skirt will require about seven yards.) Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

ROSALBA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The size for fourteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

PEASANT CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Cloak, yoke, and arm-shield. The cloak is to be shirred at the top as far down as the row of holes, by rows of gathers about three-quarters of an inch apart, and drawn in to fit the yoke. The size for eight years will require two yards of goods forty-eight inches wide, or twice that quantity of narrow goods. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

ROSEBERRY BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, plait for back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The plait for the back is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside, and placed under the back piece so that the clusters of holes will match. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and four yards of trimming for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ALBINA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Inner front, surplice vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The surplice vest is to be placed on the inner front so that the holes will match. The outer front is to be turned back in a line with the row of holes, to form the revers. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the inside. The back and side form seams are to be closed only as far down as the extensions. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

MELANIE BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side gore, and back for the underwaist; and front, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve for the blouse. The blouse is to be laid in box plaits, according to the holes, then laid on the underwaist so that the notches will match, and the fullness between the plaits, and back of the plaits on the fronts, can be laid in fine side-plaits or gathered, as preferred. The plaits are to be secured to only about a couple of inches below the waist line, and pressed in below. The bottom of the blouse is to be gathered and sewed to the bottom of the underwaist. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VALENTIA DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half front, half of back, and two panels. The front drapery is to be laid, as indicated by the holes, so as to form a double box-plait on each side of the front. The front edge of the back drapery is to be turned over on the outside line with the holes, to form the revers. The clusters of holes at the top are to be matched to form a burnous plait that is to fall loosely on the outside, and the remainder is to be gathered and drawn in to the required panel for the left side is to be laid, as indicated by the holes. The side plaits turned backward, and a shallow plait must then be brought in to about two-thirds the width. The space between the side plait is to be lapped under the revers on the back drapery. The edge lapped about the same distance under the apron. The right side is to be shirred across between the two upper rows of holes, by gathers placed at wide or narrow intervals, and is to be drawn in to the same width as the plaited side, and lapped under the front and back draperies. It will require eleven and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, which includes sufficient to face the skirt. Pattern a medium size.

ROSEBERRY DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, full front, full back, collar, sleeve, cuff, and cap of the waist; half of the drapery; and front, side gore, and one-half of the back breadth of the foundation skirt. The full pieces for the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively, the gathering at the top to be about three-fourths of an inch from the edge. The bottom of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The row of holes near the front edge of the drapery indicates where the revers are to be turned back. The notch in the top indicates the middle of the front. The other half of the drapery is cut exactly the same, the top is to be laid in side plaits turned toward the middle of the back, or in box plaits, and an opening of about three inches is to be left at the right side, when sewing it to the waist. The gored foundation skirt is to be mounted to the belt in the same way as described for the "Gored Foundation Skirt." The size for fourteen years will require seven and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards of contrasting material, the foundation skirt to be faced only where necessary. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

back drapery are to be lapped about an inch over the front drapery, and tacked to it. The two holes near the middle of this piece denote a plait to be turned upward on the outside. Eight yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, and five yards of trimming for one plain row. Pattern a medium size.

BEATRICE DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Half of back drapery, and one side of front drapery. The upper edge of the front drapery is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front. The two upper holes near the back edge of this piece, denote a plait to be turned upward on the outside. This side of the drapery is then to be folded upward on the outside so that the notches will match, and the holes beyond the notches denote four plaits to be turned upward on the outside and secured to the back edge of the drapery. The clusters of holes at the top of the back drapery are to be matched to form a burnous plait that is to hang loosely on the outside. The two holes forward of the clusters, denote a plait to be turned toward the front on the outside. This edge is then to be lapped about an inch over the back edge of the front drapery, and tacked to it. The holes back of the clusters, denote a triple box-plait that is to be laid on the outside. The drapery is to be whole down the middle of the back. It will require six and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Pattern a medium size.

REINA SLEEVE.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Two sides of the sleeve, and two puffs. Gather the sides of the puffs, and place them on the sleeves so that they will fit between the respective rows of holes, and the notches at the top will match. Pattern a medium size.

ENGLISH ULSTER.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require four yards of goods forty-eight inches wide, or twice that quantity of twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes for ladies, medium and large.

DAPHNE MANTELET.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, shoulder-piece, and collar. The front and back are held in closely to the figure by a short belt on each side. A medium size will require one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide for the front and back pieces, and five-eighths of a yard additional for the shoulder-pieces. One yard of fringe, and three and a quarter yards of passementerie will be required to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

BELGRAVIA MANTELET.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, shoulder-piece and collar. The extensions on the back piece are to be laid so as to form a box-plait on the outside. The notch in the top of the shoulder piece is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The lower end of the front can be plaited or gathered and drawn into any desired width, or it can be left plain. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and four yards of trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

AVISA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The extension on the back piece of the basque is to be laid in a plait and a half on the inside, and is not to be closed down the middle. The size for sixteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

CHANDOS JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The size for sixteen years will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

MABELLE WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, full piece for front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The full piece for the front is to be gathered top and bottom, and sewed in the shoulder seam and over the cluster of holes in the front piece. The sleeve is to be gathered or plaited top and bottom between the holes, and the notch in the top is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The size for fourteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. (The skirt will require about eight yards.) Waist patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

MILICENT WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, full piece for front, side gore, side form, back, collar, sleeve, pointed piece for sleeve, two pieces for the belt, two pieces for the jacket, and pointed plastron. The full piece for the front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and the notch placed at the shoulder seam. The lower part is to be laid in plaits to bring it into the required size, and the pointed piece is to be placed as illustrated. The size for fourteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the waist, and three-quarters of a yard for the jacket and plastron. (The skirt will require about seven yards.) Waist patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

IDALIA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Two pieces for the front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve of the waist; and one-half of the skirt. The smaller piece for the front is to be lapped under the larger one so that the holes will match. This may either be left plain, or covered with a full or plaited piece. Gather the sleeve top and bottom between the holes, and place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. Gather the skirt and sew it to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for ten years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

ISLA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, full piece for vest, outer front, side form, back, full piece for back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve for the waist; and one-half of the skirt. The full piece for the back of the waist is to be shirred top and bottom, back of the holes, by five rows of gathers half an inch apart. The outer front may either be gathered or laid in fine plaits, top and bottom, between the holes. The full piece for the vest is to be gathered at the top, and drawn in to a line with the row of holes, and placed on the lining. The bottom of the vest is to be gathered and sewed to the bottom of the underwaist. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

Graduating Dress.

Crêpe de Venise of a yellowish cream tint, and taffetas silk and moiré ribbon of the same soft shade are the materials represented in the illustration of this graceful model, which, though appropriately made in any of the seasonable materials, and suitable for other purposes, is especially desirable for a graduating dress.

The pattern of the waist only—the “Eveena”—is given. The skirt is made of five straight breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide (or an equivalent width in wider or narrower material), gathered at the top, and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The ruching across the front is about five inches wide, the edges pinked out, and extends across the front breadth and about half the width of the breadth on each side of it. The remainder of the foot of the skirt is finished with a broad hem or facing. The ruching can be omitted, and in such case a deep hem surmounted by a cluster of tucks will form a pretty finish.

The waist is the same in design back and front, the pointed facing at the top made of the silk outlined by the ribbon, which is carried to the belt on one side only of the front. The belt is carried straight across the back, and is pinned in pointed shape in front, but it can be worn straight across, if preferred. The arrangement of the sash and other bows can easily be copied.

Cashmere, veiling, surah and India silks, mull and other white cotton goods will make up very prettily in this way for a graduating dress; and the model is equally suitable for gingham, satine, and other inexpensive cotton goods, for a practical dress. The article about “Commencement Dresses,” given elsewhere, furnishes general suggestions for such toilets. The waist pattern is fully described on 455.



Graduating Dress.



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Jacqueline Costume.

Jacqueline Costume.

This charming model is especially desirable for a costume intended for dressy uses, and is very effective made of surah, foulard, or any of the light-weight silks, in combination with lace or embroidery; for example, the redingote and skirt of fawn-colored Bengaline, with cream-tinted plat Val. lace for the vest, puffs on the sleeves, and the flounce on the skirt, with brown velvet ribbon heading the

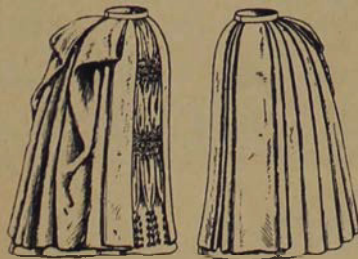
flounce, and ornamenting the vest and collar. The sash could be of brown faille, satin, or moiré ribbon. Other combinations of color will be equally effective, and combinations of plain and fancy goods will be very pretty made up after this design. The flounce is not essential, and an accordion plaited skirt, or one laid in kilt or box-plaits, could be used. This is also an excellent model for quite heavy goods; the redingote of velvet, plush, or velveteen, with a silk or wool skirt, or one of the same material.

To simplify the model, the puffs can be omitted from the sleeves, and the skirt of the redingote can be allowed to fall in plain tabs instead of having the revers turned back. For information regarding the pattern, sizes furnished, quantity of material required, etc., see page 455.

Standard Patterns.



Albina Basque.



Valentia Drapery.



English Ulster.



Melanie Blouse.



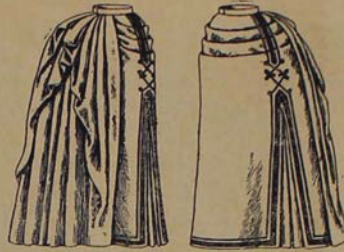
Daphne Mantelet.



Belgravia Mantelet.



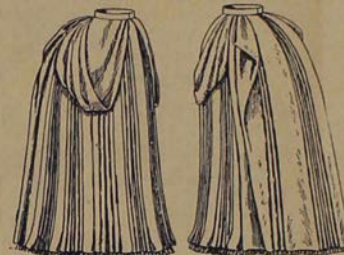
Reina Sleeve.



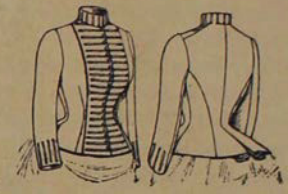
Roseberry Drapery.



Roseberry Basque.



Beatrice Drapery.



Avisa Basque.



Chandos Jacket.



Mabelle Waist.



Milicent Waist.



Gilberta Dress.



Norah Dress.



Idalia Dress.



Isla Dress.



Sefton Blouse.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 455.

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.

Mrs. Sarah Cooke Acheson,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

MRS. ACHESON'S ancestors came from Germany, Ireland, and England, to help lay the foundations of civil liberty in this new land; and her grandfather, Col. Morgan, helped notably in the Revolutionary war to secure our independence. At his house Aaron Burr unfolded his plot for the separation of the States, and the Morgans, ever faithful to the fortunes of the young republic, were the chief witnesses for the government against Burr. It was while attending court during this trial, that Mrs. Acheson's grandfather met Katherine Duane, the daughter of Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, whom he subsequently married.

Mrs. Acheson has in one sense inherited her temperance proclivities. She was born and she grew up in what was once the "whisky insurrection" district of western Pennsylvania. She had ample opportunity thus to see the benefits of curbing the liquor traffic, which followed in the wake of the early conflict. Scarcely any license has been issued in that section for nearly twenty years. The result is a great accumulation of wealth, unbounded prosperity, almost entire freedom from debt, gambling, and quarreling, and therefore a diminutive criminal court, and improvement in almost every desirable respect.

The young people had excellent opportunities for education, which the subject of our sketch improved most successfully, and added a specialty for music, for which a strong, sweet voice qualified her to an eminent degree.

In 1862 she was married to Alex. W. Acheson, a physician already noted in his profession. In 1872 they removed to Texas, which has subsequently been their residence. Five children have blessed this happy union, two of whom are still living.

Ever foremost in all philanthropic work, she has some-

times found herself taxed to the utmost. When the fearful cyclone burst upon Savoy, she was one of the faithful nurses that attended the wounded. Gifts were poured in from neighboring places, but this woman gave herself with such assiduity and self-abnegation that in the end she was prostrated with typhoid fever, which kept her a prisoner for six months. In all charitable movements she has ever been a willing and a spirited worker. It is not surprising, then, that when a Woman's Christian Temperance Union

was formed in Denison, where she resides, she joined and assisted in building up one of the strongest Unions in the State, though in the presence of one of the most powerful liquor dealers' associations.

She is zealous, fearless, and sincere in her temperance work, and she wins the esteem even of those who are opposed to her sentiments. She bravely goes to the polls on occasion, urging the voters to do their duty for "God and Home and Native Land," and she has met with notable success.

In 1886 she was elected President of the district embracing Grayson and Cooke counties, and she was successfully conducting the work there when, last summer, she was called to the Presidency of the State, most unexpectedly to herself. She was nominated by the retiring President, Mrs. Beauchamp, and elected almost unanimously. Floods of tears were her first relief. The delegates gathered around her assuring her of their sympathy

and hearty co-operation, and she was persuaded to accept the office and enter upon its duties. She entertained the executive officers in her beautiful home at "Shady Grove," where her husband took occasion to offer his cordial co-operation.

In July she attended the W. C. T. U. day at the San Marcos, Chattanooga Assembly, where she was met by a large delegation from the Unions in Southern Texas, with whom she held an executive council. She is planning to spend her first year in visiting Unions in all parts of the State, at her own expense, and in doing all in her power to build up the work.

JULIA COLMAN.



Sarah C. Acheson

The War of the Liquor Dealers on the People, and the Complicity of the Church.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

ONE of the formidable obstacles that the cause of Prohibition has to encounter, is the assumption that the compulsory process of Prohibitory Law applied to the liquor traffic is unnecessarily harsh and vindictive, and that the restraints and restrictions of law on this question are contrary to justice.

It is said that if our individual liberty to drink what we please, where we please, and when we please, is interfered with, the law becomes obnoxious and therefore oppressive; but a slight examination of this objection will prove that there can be no real liberty without the restraints of law on this or any other question, and that the best interest of the people is the basis of all just law.

That liberty and prohibition are so closely allied in their relations to our civilization that one cannot exist without the other, is a truth that ought to be self-evident; or, in other words, there can be no liberty without the restraints of prohibition.

"Liberty to secure Prohibition" and "Prohibition for the Protection of Liberty" are to be the watch-words of our new and brighter civilization.

No greater absurdity can be imagined than the attitude of the liquor dealers, who would have the people believe that their rights and liberties are paramount to all the other interests, and that these rights and privileges would be endangered by Prohibition, without any corresponding advantages to the people.

It is this kind of fallacious reasoning that is leading or rather misleading the minds of those people who attempt to justify the liquor traffic by a license for its restriction. This license as a selfish expedient has become a craze among a certain class, and this selfish expediency of a license is the mountain of difficulty that Prohibition has to encounter at the present time.

The terrible influences of selfish expediency on the community are more to be dreaded, because so insidious and therefore much more detrimental to the nation, than any other form of passion that dominates the human mind.

It was selfish expediency that brought on and protracted the war of the Rebellion, and it was selfish expediency that justified and fortified the wrongs, the oppression, and the prejudices which provoked the war. All through that terrible ordeal of human passion, selfish expediency played the most important part, and was wickedly indulged in by the people and tolerated by them for more than one hundred years of our nation's life, when God's vengeance called a halt.

The awful suffering that was then endured, although a terrible lesson, gave us a relief, cheaply purchased, from this despicable method of putting off our personal and national obligations to do right, and more especially our duty at the ballot-box.

The war of the Rebellion is long past, but it has left its fearful memories; and although the conflict cost the nation a million of lives and a billion of treasure, besides untold misery, its history affords one of the most fearful but truthful representations of the consequences that always follow in the wake of indulgence in selfish expediency.

Yet, notwithstanding such terrible experiences, and the fact that the people have had such awful lessons burned into their hearts and memories, we find ourselves again confronted with another and far more terrible rebellion, which is also caused by the same abject subserviency to selfish expedients. In this war of the liquor traffic, nearly all the people are more or less involved, either as princi-

pals or accessories, as active participants, or, as no less effective agents, by passive silence.

This war of the liquor dealers on the people is one that has a larger and much more serious significance, in its terrible assaults on the homes and best interests of society. The truth of this can be known by the suppressed groans and tears from a large proportion of the people, especially in the slums of our cities, which are better known to those who come in direct contact with the lowest elements of our population.

The horrors of this battle-field are more fully realized by those who visit our criminal and police courts and see the numerous victims as they are brought in day after day. These are living evidences of the ghastly horrors of this most desperate, cruel, and wicked war that is now going on. The agonized hearts and stifled sobs of wives, worse than widowed, and destitute children, all over the land, clearly prove the fearful desolation this war is producing among the homes of the people, and show how it is affecting the welfare of the whole nation; and to this is added the more awful fact that the horrors of this war are constantly increasing.

The terrible devastation of this war not only puts the lives, fortunes, and happiness of all the people in jeopardy, but thousands upon thousands of the best minds in the country are being destroyed, and this, together with the vast amount of property that is wasted every year, is equal to whole cities being swept away; while anarchy, crime, misery, and pauperism are rampant everywhere.

And this terrible work of crime, death, and destruction is not a hidden secret process known only to a few stragglers, or confined to isolated places in our country, but these numerous heartless assassins, the liquor dealers, are not only allowed, but encouraged, to flaunt their infamous business before the world and on our most frequented thoroughfares, claiming to be legalized, law-abiding citizens, while the direct results of their continuous war can be seen in the desolated homes, in the terrible amount of crime and poverty, and untold misery among women and children all over the land.

While this battle-field of the rum traffic is strewn all over with the mutilated bodies of its deluded victims, and the dead and dying are daily and hourly carried away to make room for those who are to follow, a dazed and stupefied throng, both in church and society, stand around, seemingly half-asleep and half-awake, scarcely able to see or know the terrible nature and horrible results of the war that is slaying the people by thousands.

What makes this war more despicable, desperate, and terrible, is the fact that the whole Government is in league and complicity with these human fiends, the liquor dealers, who, in a traitorous connivance with selfish, designing politicians, have been encouraged to fortify their positions with political power, to prolong and perpetuate this horrible warfare on the people.

No less responsible agents and abettors of this diabolical work are to be found in large numbers in our various churches, who, while appealing to the humane sentiments of the people, claiming to be serving God, talking about saving souls, and singing themselves away to everlasting bliss, are using their most potent influences to mislead the people with sophistical arguments about restriction by a license; and in this way they choke all virtuous aspirations and vitality out of religion by benumbing and demoralizing the conscience and insidiously leading the people to an utter insensibility to the woe and misery that the traffic produces.

Thus the most sacred obligations of Christianity are made subservient to these base and villainous pretences of restric-

tion, sympathy for the drunkard, under the garb of "Gospel Temperance," being often used as a screen for their wicked delinquency in not advocating the shutting up of the allurements of the saloons, the most effective and only way to overthrow these dens of perdition.

By wickedly covering up the diabolism of the traffic they cheat the people with their silence, and, like Judas, outrage justice by taking a bribe from the liquor dealers for the sanction of law for their protection.

In this way the saloon is most effectively assisted in carrying out its deadly destruction. Combined with the whole power of the Government, apathetic delinquent ministers and church members countenance and help the liquor dealers in their nefarious work of deluging the country with all the horrors of a cruel war and its accompanying evils.

The cries and tears from these desolated homes come in piteous appeals to their sympathies for relief, but, as is often the case, a careless or deaf ear is turned to their sufferings, and the victims of the traffic are taunted with vain and deceptive babble about the fallacious restrictions of a "high license" as a panacea for the liquor dealers' murderous warfare. And this, too, with no hope of redress other than to plead with God and lift up their bleeding hearts and show their ruined homes and starving children, asking again and again, begging and pleading with the church and people for the protection and relief that only Prohibition of the traffic can afford them.

The security that is most needed is the shutting up of the fascinating allurements of the gilded, legalized saloons: not to be taunted with fallacious argument about restriction, not to be offered a stone when they ask for bread, but entire Prohibition of the hideous liquor traffic is what the sufferers want.

This can only be done by the votes of the people; so that the sanctity of the vote and an enlightened conscience behind the vote become imperative for the destruction of this monster evil.

The heartless, treasonable, and despicable attitude of the better elements of society in helping on this war of the liquor dealers by withholding their just condemnation, is terrible beyond expression. To have a toleration and legal sanction of this awful curse of the liquor traffic developed through the connivance of teachers of Christian virtue in the Church, is among the most horrible perversions of a religious profession.

That this Juggernaut crushing its millions, this hideous monster of iniquity, should be indulged, pampered, and sanctioned by people bearing the name of Christians, is an outrageous crime and burning shame, and the cries of their victims must go up to God for vengeance. Certainly nothing is more absurd than to suppose that this perfidious, this wicked, deceptive outrage and injury can be perpetrated by those having thinking, intelligent minds, and they be excused from the penalties they so richly deserve.

But these whitened sepulchers and wolves in sheep's clothing in the church, who mislead the people by connivance and sophistical arguments, are the most responsible parties for this terrible devastation of homes, life, and property that follow these wicked delusions, because it is so clearly evident that a combination of the moral people and church members could annihilate this enemy of our country with one resolute, determined effort.

If we have one spark of intelligence, and do not exercise our rights of the ballot to blot out this heinous business, our hearts must be as hard and our consciences as blunt as the liquor dealers'.

This whole matter, therefore, rests with the voters; and every voter who so uses his vote that it sustains or justifies

a license of this traffic, ought to realize that his hands are stained with blood. Not to do our duty when the enemies of our homes and country are seeking its destruction, is to become an aider and abettor with them in their treasonable designs.

That the groans and tears of widows and worse than orphans fail to reach the ears of some of the members and ministers of the Christian church, and otherwise intelligent people, is the best evidence of a guilty connivance with these liquor dealers. As Hon. C. S. Wolf says: "Who doubts that there is a remedy for this state of things? It is not unknown. This evil is rampant, not of necessity, but we have not the courage or desire to apply the remedy. It is simply needed that right-minded people combine to do the work; and in this, as in every case of a crying evil, the Church must lead in the reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which she is the recognized guardian.

"The Church of Christ dare not shut its eyes to duty. It dare not refuse to carry the principle of its holy religion into the responsible duties of citizenship. It dare not tarry. No trivial excuses dare delay. The urgency is most pressing. God's warning is spread in immense letters of living light all the way across the broad front of the Republic. The harvest is white, but the laborers have been few. But, thank God! they are coming.—from the broad prairies of the West, from Iowa, from Kansas, and from far-off Oregon."

Yes, the church is coming, and the people are coming. The rapid strides that Prohibition is making is one of the marvels of our age. The moral effect of the church on this great question is to be the grand lever to arouse the people and stimulate them to an active and zealous effort to crush this hideous traffic out of existence. It is almost entirely within the province of the church to do this, as this whole question hinges on Christian sentiment that can be brought against it; and without the assistance of the church, all other means would be entirely futile.

But there are some people who require an earthquake to arouse them from their sleepy lethargy. This is true of a large number of ministers and church members, who want to see the movement a complete success before they are willing to cry "Hosanna!" What wonder that the terrible crimes engendered by this demon Alcohol are to them only so much sentimental nonsense, and provoke only a faint smile of complacency? Like self-deceived Judases, in their obedience to the demands of their selfish natures, they bow down to and even put their children through the fire of this Moloch of abomination.—the liquor traffic.

How long, O Lord! how long?

The above appeal to intelligent voters is intended to apply more particularly to those who will be called upon to exercise their rights at the ballot-box in reference to the pending amendments for constitutional Prohibition, and it is hoped that an enthusiastic effort will be made to bring the appeal before the whole people. For this purpose it will be published in tract form, and furnished, post-paid, at 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per 1,000, for distribution; or sent by mail, post-paid, to separate addresses, at 20 cents per 100, or \$2.00 per 1,000, when a list of names is furnished. Address,

NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 32 E. 14th Street, New York.

How Prohibition Prohibits in Kansas.

If all officials acted with the courage of their convictions and as promptly as the new County Prosecutor in the case of the Kansas City saloons, we should soon hear less of the senseless repetition of the phrase "Prohibition cannot prohibit." The laws alone certainly will not prohibit: they must be enforced.

Since Prohibition was first inaugurated in Kansas, every attempt to suppress the sale of intoxicants in Kansas City has been successfully defied, and the open violation of the law was so notorious that no attempt has been made for years to enforce it. Public indignation at last rose to such a pitch that at the

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.

last election Mr. Joseph Fife was chosen County Prosecutor on the narrow platform that he would enforce the laws and suppress the saloons and the attendant dens of vice. Even those who helped to elect him apparently had little faith in his ability to do so, but he had faith in himself, and the men who have been fined and imprisoned have come to a realizing sense of the truth that Prohibition can be made to prohibit.

At the first session of the Grand Jury after his election, fifty saloonkeepers out of one hundred who for years had openly and defiantly run their dens of vice, were indicted and lodged in jail, and the others have closed their doors. The law is very strict. The sale of a single glass of any intoxicant ranks as a single count in an indictment, and each conviction on a count carries with it a fine of from \$100 to \$500, and from thirty days to six months in jail. One liquor-dealer was tried on twenty-two counts, found guilty on all, fined \$2,200, and sentenced to imprisonment for 630 days in jail. He, at least, believes that Prohibition can prohibit.

What can be done in Kansas can be done elsewhere; and when voters say at the ballot-box that Prohibition must be a reality and not a sham, then Prohibition will prohibit, everywhere.

Why a Prohibition Party?

1st. *Because a new PEOPLE'S PARTY is needed.*

The issues dividing the old parties are fictitious and no ground for party divisions.

The old parties are sectional, not national; controlled by foreign elements, not American.

The old parties are corruptly managed; no longer parties of the people, by the people, and for the people, but of the people, by bosses, for bosses.

Old parties are viciously partisan and unpatriotic. They continually squander public time and public money to conserve partisan and personal interests, while the people are begging for righteous laws and for relief from iniquitous burdens.

We need a new division of political forces. American ideas vs. foreign ideas; intelligence vs. ignorance; purity vs. corruption; patriotism vs. partisanship; righteousness vs. viciousness; the People vs. politicians.

2d. *Because the Prohibition Party fills this need.*

The Prohibition issue is supremely paramount, morally and politically; touches all interests, all sections alike; dwarfs all others in the nature and extent of the benefits to be gained by it.

In its nature it is a *partisan* question. An American idea, naturally alien to foreign ideas; National idea breaking sectional lines; Moral idea repelling the vicious; Intellectual idea attracting the intelligent, obnoxious to the ignorant; Patriotic and Popular idea rallying the people against the demagogues.

Neither of the old parties is able, even if they were willing, to enact and enforce National Prohibition.

Because this principle of Prohibition rallies pure, intelligent patriots, and repels vicious, ignorant politicians, the Prohibition party will be so composed as to deal honestly, wisely, patriotically, with all other public questions.

J. LLOYD THOMAS.

FROM letters received at the "Demorest Medal Contest Bureau."

MRS. L. VAIL, Charlotte, N. C.: "The 'Demorest Medal Contest' took place at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and was by far the most successful one we have had yet. The judges were an Episcopal minister, the wife of our Mayor, and a great society belle. The gentleman who presented the medal is one of our most popular lawyers. The Contests grow more popular every time we hold one."

M. L. HOBBS, Ireland, Ind.: "We had a splendid Contest, a splendid audience, and are making lots of Prohibition sentiment."

JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE
WASHING COMPOUND
THE GREAT FOR SAVING WITHOUT IMPAIRING TEXTURE, COLOR
NEW YORK

Use Without Soap.

Tablespoonful of Pearline to Pail of Water.

It is better than any soap; handier, finer, more effective, more of it, more for the money, and in the form of a powder for your convenience. Takes, as it were, the fabric in one hand, the dirt in the other, and lays them apart—comparatively speaking, washing with little work. As it saves the worst of the work, so it saves the worst of the wear. It isn't the use of clothes that makes them old before their time; it is rubbing and straining, getting the dirt out by main strength. For scrubbing, house-cleaning, washing dishes, windows, and glassware, Pearline has no equal. Beware of imitations, prize packages, and peddlers. Pearline is sold by all grocers. 138 James Pyle, New York.

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

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.

"THIRTEEN YEARS' SUBSCRIBER."—Deep mourning for parents is worn about a year, and then lightened by using black silk trimmed with crape, and, a little later, with jet. In deep mourning, woolen stuffs and crape are alone admissible, except some very heavy grades of surah silk. The period of a mourner's retirement from the world of course includes the time of wearing mourning dress. A deep veil is worn at the back of the bonnet, in mourning for a father or mother, but not over the head or face like the widow's veil, which covers the entire person when down. Jet ornaments, only, should be worn for eighteen months, unless diamonds set in black enamel are worn. After the veil is left off, a bonnet of silk or chip trimmed with crape and ribbon is worn; white-and-black toilets succeed those of black trimmed with jet, and gray and mauve lead the way to dressing in ordinary colors again, at the end of the second year.

"MARIE A."—Dr. Pye Chavasse's book entitled "Advice to a Mother" is considered one of the best on the care and management of infants. Black silk is without doubt the most satisfactory material for the foundation to a black lace dress. Read

(Continued on page 462.)

F. W. DEVOE & Co.

Established 1852.
FULTON STREET,
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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.

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AMERICAN CYCLES
ALL STYLES & PRICES
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
LARGEST AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS

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PEERLESS DYES Are the Best. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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(Continued from page 461.)

"Taine's Criticisms" in order to improve yourself in the English branches of literature; this will give you ideas you can follow out of your own accord. The poem beginning, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," the first line of which is also the title, is set to music. It is an old English song, and the words are from the Greek of Philostratus, by Ben Jonson.

"Mrs. McM."—A size for drawing-paper or for photographs to be painted in colors is made as follows: Take a piece of white glue (parchment glue, if possible) about as large as a nut, and put it into a cup with three table-spoonfuls of warm water, and as much pulverized alum as will cover a quarter of a dollar; stir well till the size and alum are dissolved, and apply the mixture. Dip a flat camel's-hair brush into the preparation, and go gently over the whole surface of the paper or photograph, taking care not to make it too wet. It should be merely brushed over slightly; but every part must be covered, or the color will sink into the places you have missed. When it is dry, wash it with a sponge and cold water to remove any extraneous matter which may have lodged on it. Let it remain a short time if the paper is thick, so that it may become saturated; then place it in the frame of the drawing-board, confining it with cross-bars. If you have no drawing-board, after the paper is damped place it upon a plain, thin board, and fasten either with drawing-tacks (brass tacks with flat heads) or by gumming the edge of the paper and sticking it to the board. Wait until the paper is dry and it will be perfectly smooth. The water-color papers which may now be obtained need no sizing, only washing with water as described above; but photographs need to be sized and wet before they are mounted to paint. We positively cannot answer such questions by mail.

"Mrs. L. P."—Your own idea is good: to make the "Merlin" redingote and sash of black, and the skirt, vest, and ceinture of the almond-colored silk. Your green surah with white polka-dots would combine with plain green, with white, or with gray. Your letter arrived too late to be answered in the April Magazine.

"S. C. N."—White veiling or mull would make a pretty graduating-dress for a slender, blonde young lady. The Empire styles are most popular, and the costume (illustrated in the February number) with the "Empire" waist will be very suitable for your purpose. A dragon-green Henrietta cloth would be nice for a street and Sunday dress for summer. The "Fashion Department" furnishes many designs; it is easy to make a selection according to individual taste. The Directoire models are most in favor. Spring jackets for street wear are rather long in front. Dr. Warner's corsets are very comfortable, and may be worn with riding-habits.

"ISABEL."—When guests are present at table they should always be served first, and afterward the family in the order of precedence, the elderly parents before other members of the family, but not before guests. When a young lady is visiting friends, she should take with her all necessary toilet articles that she is accustomed to use in the way of brushes, combs, etc. She ought also to take some towels, but it is expected of course that her entertainers will supply a sufficient number of the latter. After having worn black for a brother for eighteen months, it could be lightened very suitably by wearing a gray dress like your sample, trimmed with black braid, and a gray hat and gloves. You can inclose your questions for the Correspondence Club with your pattern orders, of course, only be sure to address all communications to "Demorest's Monthly Magazine," 15 E. 14th St., New York City.

(Continued on page 463.)

THE CHEQUE BANK, Limited.

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON, 1873.

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Trustees: THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.
THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL BEAUCHAMP.
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The Capital of the Bank, in addition to its Guarantee Fund of 50 per cent., is invested in Government Securities. The Bank does not discount Notes or Bills, nor speculate; but loans its deposits against Government Securities, thus making the Cheque Bank Cheques **EQUAL TO CASH**—as Bank of England Notes are. The Bank issues Cheques in amounts from **ONE POUND** upward, either singly or put up in Books, as required, for the use of **LADIES TRAVELING** or for those REMITTING money to Europe or any part of the World.

LADIES VISITING THE PARIS EXHIBITION THIS SUMMER can get the Cheque Bank Cheques **CASHED** at seventy Banking Houses in all parts of Paris without charge.

LADIES holding Cheque Bank Cheques can have their mail-matter addressed to them, care of the Cheque Bank, London, who will take charge of the same, and forward to any address.

For Hand-Book containing List of upward of **2000** of the principal Banking Houses throughout the World who cash Cheque Bank Cheques on presentation, and for all information, apply to

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With our new 1889 STAMPING OUTFIT 1000 PATTERNS | FOR ONLY \$1.00

You can Stamp more than **1000 PATTERNS** | And we will send it complete **FOR ONLY \$1.00**
We guarantee this the largest and best Outfit ever offered. With it you can do all your own stamping.
By Stamping for others **YOU CAN** Make **MONEY.**
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BECAUSE You should buy this outfit and learn stamping. If you already have an outfit you will want this also. The PATTERNS are designed EXPRESSLY for this outfit. You can SELECT \$1.00 WORTH of patterns in addition. It teaches HOW TO STAMP without soiling your fingers. It contains A SET OF OUR NEWLY INVENTED **ART EMBROIDERY DESIGNING PATTERNS.**

THE NEW WAY to do stamping, as taught in this outfit, is just discovered and copyrighted. With it you can do stamping all day and not soil your hands, and the material is all prepared and is always ready. **EVERY ONE** who does Stamping should learn to do it in this way.

THE OUTFIT CONTAINS a book teaching every other method of stamping; a box of best powder and pad, price 15 cts.; a box of material for Stamping on **PLUSH, Felt, etc.,** 15 cts.; a box of material for the new way, 25 cts.; an **Illustrated Catalogue** of new choice Stamping Patterns, 10 cts. Also a book giving plain and concise directions for doing **Kensington** and other Embroideries, etc., etc.

With the aid of this **ART EMBROIDERY DESIGNING PATTERNS** you can stamp thousands of beautiful pieces for Embroidery or Painting. By this means a bouquet or other design to fill any required space can be arranged and stamped as easily as a lot of real flowers can be arranged into a real bouquet.

A BOOK gives full instructions how to use them, and illustrates a great many beautiful designs which were made by means of this new invention. It is very simple and needs no experience. Any one who can do stamping will find no trouble. **IT IS THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.**

EVERY ONE WHO DOES STAMPING MUST HAVE IT, SOONER OR LATER.

PARTIAL LIST OF A FEW CHOICE PATTERNS, TAKEN AT RANDOM.
1 set of Large Initials, 50c. 1 set Small Letters, 35c. 2 sets Numbers, large and small, 25c.
1 Bouquet of Daisies, for Scarf Ends, Ties, etc., 25c. 1 Branch of Roses for Scarf Ends, Ties, etc., 25c.
1 Beautiful Tinsel Design for Scarfs, Lambrequins, etc., 25c. 1 wide running Braiding Pattern, for Tinsel or Silk, 25c. 1 Vine, for Table Cover, Lambrequin, etc., 15c. 2 Flannel Skirt or Blanket Patterns, 25c. 1 Tray Cloth or Side Board Set, Cup and Saucer, Creamer, Sugar Bowl and Teapot, 50c. Good Night and Good Morning, for Pillow Shams, 50c. 1 Disk Pattern, for Scarfs, Ties, etc., 10c. 2 Beautiful Outline Designs, for Ties, 50c. 1 Star and 1 Anchor, for Sailor Collar, 10c. 1 Bunch of Sumac and Leaves, 25c. 1 large Spray of Golden Rod, 15c. 1 Bouquet of Pond Lilies, 25c. 1 Bunch of Wheat, 15c.

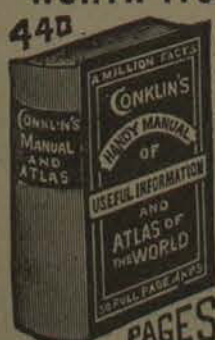
The above is a list of only a very few of the patterns, which are all perforated ready to use. The outfit contains many others equally as good, in all about **200 GOOD PATTERNS.**

BEAR IN MIND! All orders are filled promptly; there is no delay in our establishment, causing to hear of a dissatisfied customer. At the retail prices which many dealers place upon their goods, this outfit represents a value of over \$10.00. We guarantee to send **EVERYTHING** enumerated above, including the designing set, by mail, **ONE DOLLAR!** TWO outfits, \$1.75. FOUR outfits for postpaid, to any address, for **THREE DOLLARS.** Get three of your friends to send with you and get your own OUTFIT FREE! Send Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter. Postage stamps taken. Send all orders to

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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.



Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas contains the cream of a whole library. A marvel of completeness. Absolutely thorough and comprehensive. The volume has 50 full page colored maps, and a description of every country in the world. Compiled expressly for the edition of 1889. An accurate history of the civil war; date of each battle, number killed, wounded, taken prisoners in both armies. Full account of last presidential election, and electoral vote of each State and Territory. A reference encyclopedia absolutely teeming with facts on every conceivable subject, from the household to the manufactory. The work has no peer in the English language. One agent sold 17,000 copies.

AGENTS wanted everywhere. A capital of 75 cents will start you in business. Send 50 cts. for agents' terms, and a copy bound in silk cloth, library style; or 25 cts. for limp cloth edition. LAIRD & LEE, Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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"HUNTER'S INVISIBLE" Face Powder.

An exquisitely delicate preparation for beautifying the complexion. Delightfully Fragrant!

Guaranteed Harmless!
FLESH, PEARL, BLONDE AND BRUNETTE TINTS.
IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT ITS USE
25 cents Everywhere; or Mailed securely enclosed from observation, for 30 cents, in stamps, 2 boxes, 50 cents.
R. M. HUNTER, 150 N. Tenth St., Philada.

LADY AGENTS clear \$150 Monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment, for ladies only. Proof Free. Mrs. H. F. Little, Chicago, Ill.

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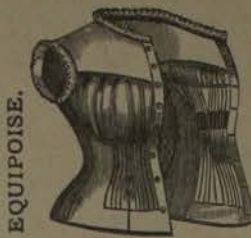
(Continued from page 462.)

"Mrs. S. D. T."—Read the back of your "Pattern Order." It distinctly states the date when it will become worthless. If the "Pattern Order" is sent to us before that date, the sender is entitled to make a selection of one pattern from any of the magazines published during the twelve previous months.

"OHIO GIRL."—The ground for a tennis-court should consist of a piece of turf as level as possible, or, if a hard substance has to be used, concrete or asphalt. The best dimensions are 78 feet in length and 30 feet wide, although it may be somewhat narrower where the net crosses. The court is divided into two equal parts by a net attached to two posts 7 feet in height and 24 feet apart. The net is attached to the posts at a height of 5 feet from the ground, and drops in the center to a height of only 4 feet. The implements for lawn-tennis consist of a racquet-bat and an india-rubber ball. The balls should be hollow, made of india-rubber, 2½ inches in diameter, and 1½ ounces in weight. The balls are covered with white cloth for fine weather. The set comprises 4 bats or racquets, 4 balls, 2 poles; 1 net, 26x5 feet; 2 guy-ropes and runners; and 4 pegs to fasten the net to the posts. The racquets cost about \$2 apiece. You could hardly make them at home, although you might provide a suitable net and poles, etc., but you would have to buy the balls. The players may be two or more persons. The best game is formed by two, four, or eight persons. When more than two join the game, sides are formed. The players occupy the courts on either side of the net, and the choice of courts is usually decided by tossing. The winner of the service is called the "server," and the player who receives the service, the "servee." The one who serves (i.e., delivers the first stroke) is said to be "hand-in;" if he loses a stroke he becomes "hand-out," and his adversary becomes "hand-in," and serves. A small book of rules for playing the game can be procured for twenty-five cents, which will give you full directions for arrangement of courts, and many suggestions which will be valuable, as well as the regular rules for players.

"MARY A."—The Queen Pomare, celebrated by Heinrich Heine in a poem, and mentioned by Eugene Sue in his "Wandering Jew," was a notorious woman living in Paris about the beginning of the reign of the real Queen Pomare, the sovereign of the Society Islands, then under the protection of the French Government. The Parisian adventuress called herself "La reine Pomare," by which name she was generally known. She lived in profligacy, like most of her class, but died in poverty and obscurity. She published a book of her memoirs about 1840. The real name of this woman was Eliscé Sargent, and her name of Queen Pomare, it is said, was suggested by her African type of beauty. She had a mock coronation by the French students, and on the day of her fête she invented the can-can. The superstition concerning peacock's feathers being unlucky may be derived from the Grecian mythology. Juno the celestial queen had an attendant Argus, who was all eyes, or, according to Ovid, hundred-eyed, and was very much feared in consequence, since he saw all that occurred, and reported to his mistress. Jealous of his inability to outwit Argus, Mercury killed him, and Juno transferred his eyes to the tail of her favorite bird, the peacock. The Mahometan legend of the peacock is that it was the vainest of all birds, and, readily overcome by Satan's flatteries, opened the gate of Paradise to admit the evil one. But the popular superstition, as found in the folk lore of different countries, probably is, that the eye of the peacock feather is the cause of its being considered unlucky. An eye can see, according to the natural process of reasoning, and an eye where it ought not to be, is likely to see too much, and therefore bring evil.

(Continued on page 464.)



EQUIPOISE.

DRESS REFORM

IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. A. FLETCHER, No. 6 East 14th St.
COMBINATION UNION SUIT, in Wool, Silk and Wool Mixture, and in all PURE SILK. All kinds of WAISTS, CORSETS & MUSLIN UNDERWEAR



Catalogue sent free.

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



CAUTION

If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

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ICE CREAM AT HOME!!

Made cheaply and quickly by using a Triple Motion

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER.



Covered Gearing; Waterproof Tubs; Durable Cans; Malleable Iron Beaters coated with Tin, and the Triple Motion, are only a few of the many desirable features of this famous Freezer.

Will freeze in one half the time of any other Freezer and produce cream of the finest quality.

For sale by wide awake, enterprising tradesmen the world over. Inquire for the "White Mountain" of your local dealer in house furnishing goods.

"FROZEN Dainties."

A book of choice receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, Water Ices, etc., packed with each Freezer this season, or will be mailed upon receipt of ten cents in stamps.

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40 Prize Medals.



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Pure, Nutritious, Economical.

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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.

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.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE



SHE—Now don't scold any more. It's all your own fault. You will have to stand until you provide me with *Hall's Bazar Form*.
HE—All right, I shan't go through this again; you can send for one at once.

HALL'S Bazar Forms

FOR DRAPING, TRIMMING, AND Re-arranging Dresses.

Indispensable in every household whether a Dressmaker is employed or not. Adjustable to any size and, when not in use, folds up like an umbrella.

The only Form recommended and endorsed by all Fashion Publishers.

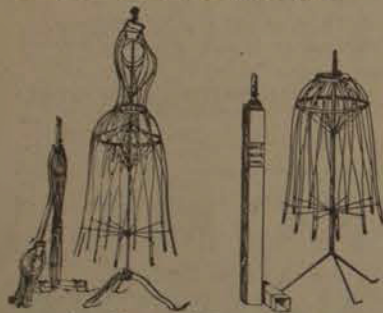
Sent to any address on receipt of Price.

Complete Form, \$6.50. Skirt Form, to which Bust can be added, \$3.50.

Bazar Skirt Form, in case, \$3.00.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS.

Hall's Bazar Form Company, 833 Broadway, New York.



Complete Form and Bazar Skirt, closed and opened.

AND THEN ON THIS.



SHE—I declare this Hall's Bazar Form is perfectly splendid. It saves my husband no end of annoyance standing for me to drape my dress over him, and then with him I could never get the right effect.



We cheerfully recommend these forms, and request our patrons and agents when ordering to mention Demorest's Magazine.

(Continued from page 463.)

"MAME."—The poem "Juanita," beginning:

Soft o'er the fountain
Lingering falls the Southern moon

is by the Hon. Mrs. Caroline E. Norton. You can obtain the publications you require, from Brentano's, Union Square, New York. Dried beef may be eaten from the fingers. Bananas may be divested of their skins and eaten with a silver knife and fork. It is not usual for a bride to deliver her wedding invitations in person, unless they are merely verbal invitations to a quiet wedding. Black lace dresses will be worn considerably this summer. Eight yards of Chantilly flouncing is the necessary quantity. \$2.25 is a price for one of the poorer qualities, and \$4.50 will buy a really good lace. We are pleased to know that the information you have previously received through the Correspondence Club has been so satisfactory.

"UNDECIDED."—Make up your black gros grain silk after the "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March number); these patterns will not cut up the material so the costume can not be altered over satisfactorily. Henrietta cloth or cashmere would make a pretty tea-gown if you do not like silk. With brown hair and medium complexion, a medium shade of grayish blue would be becoming, with white front, and ribbon to match the cashmere. Your letter arrived too late to be answered in the April number. We are pleased to know the Magazine is such an assistance to you.

"JESSICA MYRTLE."—When a lady wishes to accept a gentleman's invitation to take her to any place, she may say: "Thank you, I shall be pleased to go with you;" or she can say "I can not refuse such an invitation," if she wishes to be more friendly. It is not necessary for a young lady to make any special remark when a gentleman conducts her to her seat after a dance. The gentleman should thank her for the favor of the dance, and she may reply in an agreeable manner. A girl of fifteen with a rather low forehead could wear her hair brushed straight back and braided in one or two plaits at the back. Various shades of red, terra cotta, cream-white, gold-color, pink and black in combination, and some shades of gray are becoming colors for a lady with a dark complexion and black hair and eyes. Soda crackers are generally considered a wholesome article of food, if not indulged in to excess. The crochet pattern of spider-web lace in the last October number of the Magazine will be pretty to work your crocheted basque of white thread to wear over satine. You will have to follow a cut paper pattern to get the shape unless you crochet the basque in some close stitch, which would not look well in thread. Tight-lacing is the most usual cause of a red nose in ladies. Indeed, it is almost impossible for anyone who laces tightly to avoid having a red nose. You do not say for what purpose the dress is required. White is very appropriate for a young lady of fifteen. A cream-white veiling made in Empire style, with terra cotta ribbons, ought to be exceedingly becoming to you. It is hardly prudent for a girl of fifteen to go on a long journey by railroad alone, she would run a good deal of risk. Still, if it were an unavoidable necessity for her to take such a journey, a girl of sense and spirit ought to be able to accomplish it in safety. It altogether depends upon circumstances whether a young lady should wave her hand or handkerchief to a young man. It would be quite proper in some instances; wholly improper in others.

"VIRGINIA DARE."—Dress shields, or a crescent-shaped lining of oiled silk under the arms will prevent the perspiration from discoloring the dress.

"MRS. M. E. S."—Demorest is pronounced Dem-o-rest, slightly accenting the first syllable. It is a name of French origin.

(Continued on page 465.)

Prohibition Bombs for the Million.

If you want to serve your country in the most effectual way, do not fail to send for and distribute these Prohibition Bombs. When a list of names is furnished, these tracts are sent by mail, post-paid, to separate addresses, at the rate of 20 cents per 100, or \$2 per 1,000. When sent in quantities, for distribution, they will be sent at 10 cents per 100, or \$1 per 1,000, post-paid.

Each person can do something. Your religion, your homes, and your country call you to duty; and just now is the best time to reach the minds of the people, as everybody is anxious to know what is to be the outcome of this movement. In no way can you do so much for the cause of Prohibition and the annihilation of the liquor traffic, and for so little money, as you can by disseminating the truth by means of these printed pages.

Address, NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 83 E. 14th Street, New York.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Assorted Colors, 40 cents per oz. Waste Sewing Silk, black or assorted colors, 15 cents per oz. Illustrated Pamphlet with rules for knitting, embroidery, etc., 10 cts., mailed to any address by the manufacturers of the celebrated Eureka Spool Silks' Art Embroidery & Knitting Silks. Eureka Silk Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass.

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

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &

in rhyme couple, 100 slight of hand tricks, 110 experiments magic, and sample cards. All only 10 cents. Capital Card Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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

75 CARDS

25 May I O U Home Cards, 25 Escort Cards, 25 Station Cards, and 25 Best Family Book of Birth Name Visiting Cards ever sent out. All only 10 cents. Blossom Card Works, Station 15, Ohio.

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

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack

May I O U Home Cards, One Pack Hold to the Light Cards, One Pack Escort Cards, One Pack Visitation Cards, all free if you send 2 cents for Sample Book of Visiting Cards. Eureka Card Works, Cadis, O.

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



Without injury positively removes Freckles, Livermoles, Pimples and blemishes of the skin. Is not a wash or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. At druggists or securely mailed, for 50c. G. C. BITTSER & Co., Toledo, O.

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

A NEW GUIDE TO

OIL COLOR PAINTING,

By MARION KEMBLE.

(SELF-INSTRUCTIVE.)

Containing Six Studies with full directions for Painting. The instructions include what would require from twelve to eighteen lessons from a teacher.

Price, One Dollar. Sent by mail postpaid.

S. W. TILTON & CO., 29 Temple Place, Boston.

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

European Art School.—The easiest and latest improved method for learning to paint Pastel and Oil Portraits in Natural Colors. No previous knowledge of drawing or painting required. Instruction by mail. Send 10c for particulars. European Art School, 86 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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.
- Terrapin.
- Chicken.
- Mullagatawny.
- Printanier.
- Mutton Broth.
- *Vegetable.
- *Beef.
- Mock Turtle.
- Consommé.
- Oxtall.
- French Bouillon.
- Tomato.
- Julienne.
- Chicken Consommé.
- *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.

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 464.)

"MRS. GERTRUDE H."—We cannot furnish the goods you ask for, as we have no Purchasing Agency, and no connection with any. Velvet will be used to a considerable extent as a trimming for spring costumes of cashmere, etc. We cannot give the address of any firm purchasing hair combings, but all dealers in hair make up ladies' own combings into additional hair pieces.

"W. B. P."—You can obtain a book of instructions for card-playing, euchre, whist, and other games, from Brentano Bros., publishers, Union Square, New York.

"MRS. W. E. P."—Your boy of three years is just the age to wear kilt skirts. Make his dresses like the "Lilian" dress (illustrated in miniature in the March number). The "Dorothy" dress (illustrated in the same number) is a favorite style of making dresses for babies in short clothes, and young children. This style would be just what you want for your baby girl fifteen months old and just beginning to walk.

"IGNORANT."—Tan-color and terra cotta are rather trying colors for any one with brown hair, gray eyes, and a sallow complexion; still, with certain accessories, or other combinations of color, they might be worn. Pronounce bric-a-brac, brick-a-brack; and Chautauqua, Shat-aw-quaw.

"INQUIRER AND ADMIRER."—All the styles given now will continue to be popular throughout the summer. The "Helena" drapery and basque (illustrated in the March number) would make a stylish costume of Henrietta cloth. The Duvetoir poke bonnets will continue to be worn. Seal-skin or dyed fur is the best purchase for use a number of winters. Natural furs are much more liable to the ravages of the moth and Buffalo bug. The word boa is pronounced as if in two syllables, and not "bo." The final t is not sounded in pronouncing the word bouquet. The increase of child-labor during the ten years previous to the last United States census in 1880, was fifty-one per cent., from 739,164 in 1870, to 1,118,356 in 1880. Statistics for the last ten years are not yet attainable. The figures given above refer to the number of children under sixteen in productive employments in the United States, and these figures have, since the census of 1880, been proven much too low in many States, by the State Bureaus of Labor Statistics.

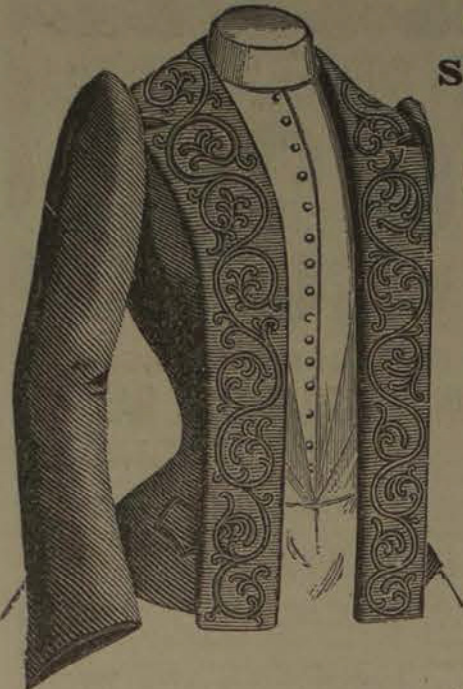
"ROSEMONT."—Gray mohair like your sample will be considerably worn this summer, especially for traveling dresses.

"VIVIAN."—With a dark complexion, a deep shade of terra cotta sash-ribbon, as wide as convenient, would be pretty to wear with a dress made of white embroidered flouncing. Björn-herne Björnson is pronounced nearly as follows: beornstyern beornson, pronouncing the "styern" in the first name with the same sort of twist Marylanders do girl—gyirl. Shot silk will be very fashionable this summer.

"MRS. H. D. W."—You will have to write to the office of the Commissioner of Charities and Correction of New York City for the information you desire.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—The duties of a bridesmaid are not onerous, either at "very grand affairs" or at quiet weddings. It is expected that the bridesmaid will precede the bride into the room, stand at her side during the ceremony, hold her glove,—if the bride removes it,—and sometimes her bouquet. The bridesmaids and groomsmen should wait until the immediate family have offered their congratulations, unless they themselves are sisters and brothers, then the ladies in attendance on the bride may offer theirs, and then the gentlemen. Afterwards the bridesmaids and groomsmen should resume their places and remain there until the bridal pair have received the congratulations of all their friends.

(Continued on page 466.)



GRAND SPECIAL SILK SALE.

STEVEN DRESS SILKS

Write for Samples at once.

12000 yds. Col'd Rhadames, worth \$1,25	} All at 75c Only.
9000 " " Gros Grains, " 1.00	
3000 " Black Gros Grains, " 1.00	
3500 " " Faille, " 1.10	
20000 yds. F'cy India Silks, " 75c; only 50c.	

The above are decidedly the greatest bargains ever offered in silks.

NEW SPRING CATALOGUE of Cloaks, Trimmings, Lace Flouncings, etc.—finest in the country—mailed free on postal card request.

Send 8c for samples of silks, stating whether you most desire Black or Colored, and we will send you an extensive variety of just the styles you wish, and return stamps with first order. Address

CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS.,

69 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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.

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 MUFFER.

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.

FREE A BLACK SILK DRESS OR A SUIT OF CLOTHES

We will send as a FREE GIFT, A FULL SUIT OF CLOTHES for a gentleman, or A DRESS PATTERN OF BLACK SILK for a lady (value \$30—take your choice), to every one who will send for one of our wonderful Automatic Family Washing Machines, (see description, &c., below), show it to their friends, and help us in future sales. We can afford to pay all such well, hence this offer of a SENSIBLE and PRACTICAL PRESENT. We believe we can effect sales and secure agents at a much less cost this way than by continued and expensive advertising; we will try it anyway. It is a GRAND CHANCE to secure a SILK DRESS, OR SUIT OF CLOTHES FREE. (chest, waist and leg measurements will do.) If you are interested you DON'T DELAY if you wish to secure one of these presents. Goods will be sent same day order is received. Our grand offer: We make the BEST \$2.00 SELF-OPERATING WASHING MACHINE in the world. It washes and thoroughly cleanses all kinds of clothes. NO USE FOR THE WASHBOARD, NO RUBBING OR BACK-ACHE OR HARD WORK ON WASH DAY. Last year we gave away a few hundred Washers to introduce them, and we sold over 100,000. There are three million families in this country that will want this machine when they know its merits. To make it known and secure agents we make above offer this year. One agent in Philadelphia sold 1100 in two months. A lady in a town of 2000 population cleared \$90 in five days. Agents are making \$50 a week; you can do the same. Our machine is the original and patented. Give your Express as well as Post Office address, AND ENCLOSE \$1.00 cash or postal note TO PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES, BOXING, &c., and we will deliver to you, securely packed, FREE OF ALL CHARGE WITHOUT DELAY. [Mention this paper.] Address NEW YORK LAUNDRY WORKS, 23 Dey Street, New York.

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

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FREE Sewing-Machine
 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.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS.
 BEST IN THE WORLD
 ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
 WORCESTER CORSET CO.
 WORCESTER, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
 124 Bellevue Avenue,
Newport, Rhode Island,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
 Notary Public, and Commissioner of Deeds for various States.

NEWPORT is not the expensive place in rents some people think it to be. It is cheaper than several other fashionable watering places, viz.: Can offer splendid villas, all furnished and equipped, \$3,500 to \$2,500; admirable, \$2,000 to \$1,000; excellent, \$900 to \$500 for Season, 15th May to 15th September. Mr. Taylor will have pleasure in writing particulars to ladies and gentlemen who desire for their families cool and salubrious climate, select social surroundings, and moderate expense for the summer season.
 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 invalid feet at Sight.
 F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Haggard's MAIWA'S REVENGE and our elegant Sp. Late Novel, illus. story paper 3 mos. on trial all for 10c. Address The Home Circle, St. Louis, Mo.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

AGENTS \$75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address **Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.**
 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 Bold Rolled Gold Finger Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Earrings 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. GUSTEN, Confectioner, Chicago.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 466.)
 "META."—Arcadia included the most picturesque and beautiful portion of ancient Greece. The country within its ancient boundaries is mountainous, with many forests, but it contains also rich meadow lands. It had lakes and streams, but no navigable rivers. It is said that its name was derived from Arcas, son of Callisto. In most ancient times the Arcadians were hunters and rough shepherds; but they gradually turned their attention to agriculture and to raising cattle. Their simple habits, the quiet and happiness of their life among the mountains, their fondness for music and dancing, their hospitality and pastoral customs, made the Arcadians pass for favorites of the gods among the ancients. Pan and Diana were their principal deities. Arcadia has been chosen by the poets for the scene of many idyls, until its name has become the synonym for a land of peace, simple pleasures, and untroubled quiet. In spite of this, the Arcadians were like nearly all mountain races, a brave and martial people, and were often engaged in war; and thousands of them were slain in the army of Darius, by Alexander, at the battle of Issus. At present Arcadia, comprising the larger part of the ancient division, with the addition of the ancient district of Cynuria and a part of Laconia, forms one of the monarchies of the kingdom of Greece, capital, Tripolitza. Sir Philip Sidney wrote a pastoral romance entitled "Arcadia," which is in prose, interspersed with short poems. It was left incomplete, but yet is one of the pearls of English romance.

"Mrs. F."—We will send you a copy of the Magazine for November, 1887, on receipt of twenty cents.

"A. D. M."—The address of the Woman's Exchange is 329 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All the directors of the Woman's Exchange are well-known ladies, and the Exchange is perfectly reliable.

"ENQUIRER."—The parishes of Louisiana, fifty-seven in number, correspond to the counties of other States, except that for senatorial purposes the State is divided into districts of nearly equal population, from each of which not more than two senators are chosen. The representatives are apportioned among the parishes and twelve representative districts of Orleans parish, according to population, each parish having at least one. South Carolina is divided into counties the same as other States, but these were called districts prior to 1868 and the Reconstruction.

"A READER."—We know nothing of the system of dress-cutting to which you refer. Upon being introduced to a gentleman a young lady need only bow, smile, and mention the name of the new acquaintance. The expressed gratification is all to be made by the gentleman, and he will not fail to say some complimentary thing in regard to the ceremony. A lady may say to another upon being introduced, "I am pleased to become acquainted with you," and the other may reply, "You are very kind to say so, I am sure. I am equally indebted to Mrs. —," whoever the introducing lady may be.

"J. M. S."—The "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the April number), and plain gored skirt pattern are what you need for a black faille silk made in Directoire style.

"CHARITY."—Your own suggestion of the frequently disregarded but excellent if simple advice, to let such subjects as you inquire about alone, prompts our reply. "'Tis folly to be wise" in such matters. We aim to exclude everything of a questionable nature from our columns, and trust our correspondents will agree with us in recognizing the inadvisability of publishing any information calculated to arouse the interest of the young in subjects the investigation of which would lead them into dangerous paths.

(Continued on page 468.)

A Cent a Stocking
 Is all it costs to change white cotton stockings to a fast black that will not fade or rub off. A ten cent package of **Fast Stocking Black DIAMOND DYE** colors five pairs of stockings a rich, full, fast black. Simple to use. Failure impossible.
 DIAMOND DYES, 37 colors, color anything any color. Warranted the strongest, fastest, handsomest, simplest, of all dyes. Beware of imitations. Ask for and take only Diamond Dyes, the old reliable. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of price, 10 cents. Sample card and direction paper free.
 WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE **DIAMOND PAINTS.**
 Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Graceful Form, HEALTH AND COMFORT

 Perfectly Combined in **MADAME FOY'S Skirt Supporting Corset**
 The most popular in the market. Sold by leading dealers. Price by mail \$1.40 for High or Low bust. **FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK, New Haven, Conn.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

UNIVERSAL BATH.
 Full, Six, to use. Vapor and Water-free, salt, Mineral
 Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma, against the world. Wholesale & Retail. Old Baths Renewed.
 Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"BRUCELINE."
 BRUCELINE is the name of a hair restorer discovered by Mr. M. Bruce, 294 Sixth Avenue, New York. It is attracting much attention from scientists and people who use restoratives for the hair. It is the only remedy on earth that restores gray hair to its original color. It is not a dye. Price, \$1. Bruce Hair Tonic strengthens the hair and prevents it from falling out, and is guaranteed to produce a new growth. Price, \$2. Hundreds of testimonials as to the truthfulness of these statements. Send for book of testimonials. Bruceline and Hair Tonic for sale, and the hair treated, by Mrs. L. J. VIALLE, 5 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.; also for sale by druggists.
 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.

FREE Sample Book of Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name Cards for 1889. Fine Cards, Low Prices and big outfit for a 2c stamp. **U. S. Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio**
 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.

HAVE YOU READ "TOKOLOGY?"

(SEE *Tocology* IN WEBSTER.)

DEAR EDITOR—Three years since I procured Tokology. As I read, I followed its teachings in two instances with the happiest results, and cannot say enough in its praise. I asked every young married woman, "Have you read Tokology? If not, then get it at once; its value cannot be estimated in money."

MRS. M. S. RAMSEY, Cedar Gap, Mo.

Mrs. K. writes: "Send me an outfit for Tokology. My aunt in Dakota says, 'If you must sell books, sell Tokology, as it is, next to the Bible, the best book I have ever read.'"

Price, cloth, \$2.00; morocco, \$2.75. For free sample pages, and "how to get a Tokology free," write to

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., Chicago.

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

(Continued from page 467.)

"MINNIE."—A gored foundation skirt and the "Violetta" basque (illustrated in miniature in the March number) would be suitable patterns to cut the foundation of your black silk by, to be draped with lace. Guipure or Chantilly lace would be the best to get. Gather the lace full on the skirt, without draping, and cover the basque with lace, either plain or in surplice style. A wide ribbon sash will add to the effect.

"A GRATEFUL FRIEND."—Write to the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago, Illinois, for book about the "origin, history, and progress of the World's W. C. T. U." Beaded grenadines will be used as they were last season in combination with silk for spring and summer wraps. The large cut-jet beads which were so fashionable as edging to draperies, a few seasons ago, may be used in making fringes with smaller beads, to be used on wraps. Jet passementerie is seen in both open and close designs; the cut-out work in jet is most stylish. Mat jet is the dull jet used in mourning garniture. Crushed plush, silk and tapestry damask, and brocatelle are used for upholstering furniture, and for draperies also. Tapestry furniture-coverings and cretonne are less expensive. White paint is exceedingly fashionable for interior wood-work, especially for parlors or drawing-rooms. If your parlor is painted in white enamel paint, have the panelings of the doors outlined with narrow gilt moldings, and tint the walls or paint them any color to harmonize with your furnishings, deep golden cream, terra cotta, or any delicate shade of color. You can still have your floor stained to imitate light, natural woods and nearly covered with a handsome rug.

"AN ODD FRIEND."—Combine your gray all-wool material with mahogany-red for your spring costume. The "Supplement" given with the April number will supply abundant suggestions for making up two such colors in combination. The Directoire styles are most popular at present, but if these are too pronounced for you, the "Helena" drapery and basque (illustrated in the March number) are excellent models for your purpose.

"MRS. S. C. H."—A "Tam O'Shanter" cap of lace is the prettiest for a six-months-old baby-boy. A circle of lace net or embroidered lawn is gathered on to a band of the requisite size, which is covered with a ruching of lace. Strings of white mull or lawn are fastened to the sides and tied under the chin. Soft kid shoes with soft soles are what he needs until he begins to walk.

"IDA."—Your silk is *satin merveilleux*, and would combine nicely with any silk or cashmere. If the satin side is very much worn and has become greasy, it could be made up the plain side out, as you suggest, in combination with white-and-black surah.

"MRS. E. H. J."—Advertise your curious old books for sale in the nearest local paper, and you will probably discover some means of disposing of them.

"SANTA BARBARA."—A pale shade of greenish gray would be the most pleasing combination with your green faille. The Directoire designs are the most popular. The "Hortense" coat of faille, with underskirt of gray Henrietta and faille, would be stylish. See Fashion Supplement in the April number for suggestions.

"ETHEL U. K."—It is not in good taste for a company of young ladies and gentlemen to go to a public building, such as a school-house, to have a dance without anyone to chaperon the party. A married couple should accompany the party. A single lady is not usually selected as a chaperon, although for a niece or young lady relative she may perform that office. A chaperon need be of no special age, but a single lady under thirty would still require the services of a chaperon herself.

(Continued on page 469.)

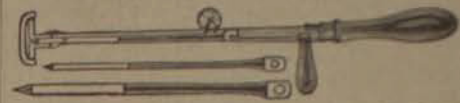
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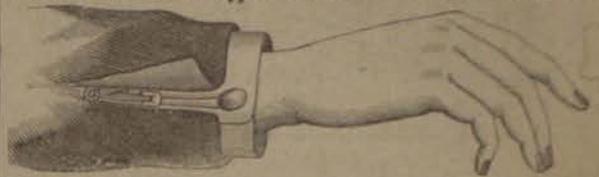
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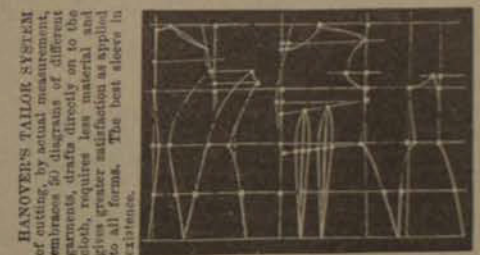
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10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. CAMPBELL, 120 Boyleston, Indiana.

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

(Continued from page 468.)

"Mrs. NELLIE F. M."—The "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March number) will be suitable for a tailor-made traveling-suit for a married lady twenty-five years of age. Black, gray, or any dark or medium colored "faced" cloth will be suitable. Cut the cloth fringe about the width of the spaces between the lines of fine ruled letter-paper, and from three to four inches deep. Black silk-warp Henrietta or faille Francaise silk, or the two in combination will be appropriate for a church dress for a lady of sixty. The "Helena" drapery and any plain basque will be suitable designs.

"I. M. T."—In Hawthorne's romance of the "Marble Faun" the character of Miriam is presumably modeled after traits and incidents in the life of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England and mother of the lamented Princess Charlotte. The "dreadful and mysterious" crime which attaches to the heroine of the romance, was the murder of her husband, of which Donatello was cognizant. A pretty arrangement for a bedroom is to have the walls papered with a light *chine* paper with conventionalized flowers of a darker shade; a body Brussels carpet with a very light ground having small sprays of pink rose-buds thickly strewn over it; the furniture in light wood or wicker with cushions of crushed strawberry or salmon-pink damask, and window curtains of the same with white sash-curtains; the bedstead of brass, with valance of the same damask, and lace spread lined with pink; a toilet-table covered and draped with white dotted mull over pink silesia. This will require very little expenditure, and yet it will be exquisitely pretty and cheerful. A few pictures from the Magazines, framed in white enameled moldings, will add to the effect.

"GREY."—A light wool with wrap to match would be a more distinctive traveling-dress than a dark green cloth. Dark gray or tan-colored Suede gloves are most suitable for traveling, and a straw hat trimmed with ribbon of a contrasting or harmonizing shade with the costume, or a black hat may be worn. The Directoire shapes are likely to be most popular this summer.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The "Connemara" cloak (illustrated in the April Magazine) is one variety of the "peasant" cloak. Three and three-quarter yards of goods fifty-four inches wide will be required for a medium size. Black cashmere will look the best with your half-worn silk to be made over. The "Madeline" polonaise (illustrated in miniature in the February number) is a suitable design, and the "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March Magazine) will be suitable for a black silk to be worn by a lady past fifty.

"Mrs. S. J. C."—A magazine could hardly publish a book of the miscellaneous character you describe, containing separate poems and essays. You had better submit your work to some friendly critic before sending it to any publisher. Your inexperience would be against you, and the only alternative in case of the publishers' rejecting your manuscript, would be to pay the expense of publication yourself. Your letter arrived too late to be answered in the April Magazine, and we cannot answer questions for the Correspondence Club by mail.

"Mrs. C."—You could combine an olive-drab cashmere with your plain bronze silk, and a dark bottle-green Henrietta with your old-gold and green brocade. With medium complexion, good color, and dark hair, these combinations ought to be becoming.

"Mrs. C. W. M."—The sash for a "Lord Fauntleroy" suit should be of fine silk stockinet or surah silk, to wear with a velvet or velveteen suit or one of very fine cloth, or of wool stockinet for use with a suit of ordinary cloth.

(Continued on page 470.)

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A perfectly flexible Wire Mat with flexible interwoven spiral border. Scraping ridges across the walk. A double Mat. Two Mats for one. Self-cleaning. Lasts for years. Away with all Mats that soak up filth and disease. Ask nearest dealer for circular and Price List, or send to **HARTMAN MFG. CO.** Factories, Beaver Falls, Pa. Counterfeits are afloat! See that brass plate in border bears our name. For handsome Picture Calendar for 1889, send 2c. stamp. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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(Continued from page 469.)

"MATTIE E."—Make your white lace-lawn dress up after the "Empire" waist and full skirt (illustrated in the February Magazine). See Fashion Supplement (in April number) for suggestions, etc.

"VELLA."—A suitable spring costume for a young lady twenty-three years old, with brown hair, gray eyes, and medium complexion, would be of bluish-gray camels'-hair serge with fancy border, made up in Directoire style. The hat could be a gray straw trimmed with ribbon to match and a cluster of roses. For designs see Fashion Department. Wear plaited *crêpe lisse* ruching or white lace in the neck and sleeves of your black silk. Marion Harland is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. M. Virginia Terhune, of Sunnybank, New Jersey; "Bill Nye" is Edgar W. Nye, a prominent newspaper writer; and Mark Twain, the author of "The Gilded Age" and "Roughing It," is known in private life as Samuel L. Clemens. It is correct to say "I knit tightly," not tight; and "I sleep soundly," not sound. Adverbs refer to manner, and adjectives to quality; therefore, if you were driving by a house and its appearance did not please you, you might say "The house looks bad," using the adjective to refer to the quality of the house's appearance; but you would say "The house was built badly," referring to the manner in which it was built. The adverb qualifies the verb, the adjective the noun; therefore an adjective should not be used when manner of action is to be expressed.

"ANNIE E. W."—It is not absolutely necessary to have engraved invitations for an informal home wedding to which only relatives are invited. The invitations may be written, if preferred. Guests invited to the house should always be served with refreshments in some form. Sandwiches, ice-cream, wedding-cake, coffee and lemonade are sufficient for a simple occasion. The proper form of announcement cards was given in Mrs. Florence Howe Hall's exhaustive article on "Weddings and Wedding Receptions," in the October Magazine for 1888, which will repay your careful reading as it contains all that is necessary to know concerning the etiquette of weddings. The bridegroom wears formal morning-dress, if the wedding takes place during the day-time; this is dark frock-coat, light trousers, with four-in-hand or other scarf. He may wear gloves or not, as he chooses. At an evening wedding the groom wears full evening-dress, no matter what the bride's costume. A Mr.-and-Mrs. card is used by some during the first year after marriage or when the gentleman occupies some official station. Most ladies, however, prefer to leave two cards, their own and their husband's, when calling.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Your tan-colored material is a fashionable shade. It would look best made up with plain brown silk, since it is slightly figured.

"Mrs. N. V. H."—Aitken, Son, and Company, Broadway, New York City, will be able to supply you with real white thread lace. Mrs. Florence Howe Hall's book on etiquette, entitled "Social Customs," has been received with favor and is authority on such matters.

(Continued on page 471.)

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Free, for 30 days, to test at your own home. All experts pronounce this the only improvement on the Tailor's Square ever invented. Easy to learn. Rapid to use. Fits every form. Follows every fashion. As useful an invention for drafting and fitting garments as the sewing machine is for putting them together.



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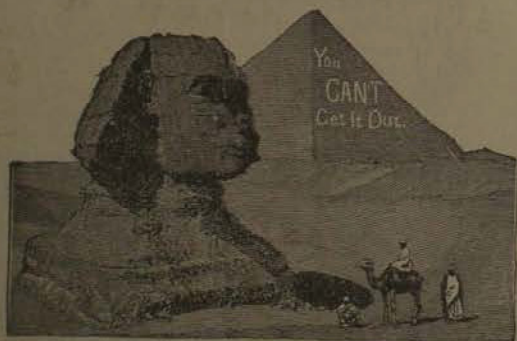
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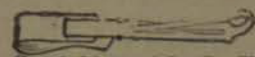
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Use Adjustable Cuff Holders; Fit any Style Cuffs. No pins, no buttoning, no sewing. Sample pair 15c., 2 pr. for 25c., dozen \$1, by mail; stamps taken. Agents wanted. **STAYNER & CO.,** Providence, R. I.

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987 Hidden Names and Mottos, Scenes, Pictures, Puzzles, Games, Tricks in Magic, etc. pack of 500; Cards, and large Sample Book of genuine Cards, (with pictures.) All for a 2-cent stamp. **Banner Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.**

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

(Continued from page 470.)

"Lucy C."—There is no special significance attached to the thirty-third anniversary of the wedding-day. See Mrs. Florence Howe Hall's article on "Wedding Anniversaries," in the March Magazine, for suggestions regarding a pretty and inexpensive manner of entertainment for such occasions. *Gouache* is pronounced gwash; and *cheveril*, as spelled, shev-er-il. The art school you name has changed hands several times; undoubtedly it is a good training-school for beginners in the study of industrial art. A young lady attending an art school in New York City during the winter would not need a different wardrobe than she would ordinarily provide. Three dresses, at least, she would need: a street dress of wool, a costume of silk or silk-and-wool, for evening wear, and an every-day dress of flannel for the class-room. A wrapper, jacket or other out-door wrap, two hats, and a suitable supply of shoes and gloves are also necessary, but these must be supplied according to the limits of one's purse. A pretty Empire dress of mull, veiling, or light-colored cashmere, may be needed if there is likelihood of the young lady going out much in the evening.

"Ines."—A tea-party may be a very dressy reception, a regular "high-tea," as the English say, or simply an informal reception or "five o'clock tea," which is a favorite form of entertainment. Guests may be invited from two or three days to a week before-hand, according to the formality of the occasion, and received by the hostess when they arrive, as at any other entertainment. From four to seven is the usual time. The parlors are lighted, the ladies leave their cloaks in the hall or dressing-room, retaining their bonnets or hats, and stay a short or longer time, as they please. *Hot bouillon* and tea should be served, and thin slices of bread-and-butter, and biscuits, or a more elaborate lunch if the hostess prefers. Tea-gowns are worn by ladies receiving on such occasions, but not exclusively. More dressy toilets or simple costumes may be worn, if preferred. Nor is the tea-gown worn exclusively for tea. It may be worn by a lady receiving callers in her own home at any time, except at a very formal evening-reception or full-dress dinner-party. Doylies are, properly, small napkins used when fruit is served. Small squares of very fine embroidered, etched, or hemstitched linen, silk, or bolting-cloth, used to lay on plates under finger-glasses, for ornament only, are also called doylies. They are made in various sizes, from five inches square to eight; the smaller sizes are most used. Lambrequins are used for mantels unless the latter are of very elaborately carved wood. A good deal of bric-a-brac is used on mantels and other available places, but it is certainly better taste to place effectively a few handsome ornaments, than to crowd quantities of worthless trifles together without any purpose in their arrangement. From one yard and a quarter to a yard and a half is a sufficient length for an infant's robe or dress.

(Continued on page 472.)

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.

DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

No Grit, no Acid, nor any thing injurious. Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

Put up and Guaranteed by **E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Insist upon having RUBIFOAM.

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

150,000 ROYAL PRESENTS.

The Publishers of the **ADVANCE COURIER AND HOME COMPANION**, desirous of having their already well known and popular Journal more widely circulated and introduced into new homes have determined to throw off all subscription profit this year, and if necessary, use in addition a portion of their advertising revenue for the sole purpose of increasing the circulation to 150,000 copies.

FOR SIXTY CENTS

We will enter your name and mail our large beautifully illustrated sixteen page paper regularly to you 6 months on trial, and immediately send a **numbered Receipt**, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. **SEND \$1.00**, paying for a year's subscription, and two receipts will be immediately sent to you **FREE**.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

10 U. S. Government Bonds of \$500	\$5,000	1 Pony Phaeton	\$ 100
7 U. S. Greenbacks of \$500	3,500	1,000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	1,000
5 U. S. Greenbacks of \$100	500	1,000 Gents' Pocket Knives	1,000
1 Nickel plated Columbia Bicycle	150	1,000 U. S. Greenbacks of \$1 each	1,000
1 Grand Square Piano	800	10 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement	800
1 Grand Cabinet Organ	200	10 Ladies' " "	600
1 Three seat Rockaway	200	20 Boys' Silver American	200
1 Silver Dinner Service	100	8 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	400
5 Top Buggies	1,000	3 Patent Harvesters	1,000
10 U. S. Greenbacks of \$50 each	500	2,000 Elegant Art Gems	1,000
100 Autograph Albums, \$2 each	200	5 Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furniture	1,000
2 Village Carts	200	1,460 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents'	

Scarf Pins, Locketts, Fans and Chains, and 143,339 other presents: a grand aggregation of 150,000 presents, guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 60 cents. All will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Sent to any part of the United States and Canada. **THE 60 CENTS** is the regular price for a trial subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the present. **OUR PROFIT** will be in your future patronage and the increased rate we will get for our advertising space.

60 DAYS ONLY. This offer holds good 60 days only as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 150,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions at an early date, as in no case will they be received after attaining the circulation upon basis of which the above offer is made.

300 GOLD WATCHES FREE.

In making up the above list of PRESENTS, we decided to reserve \$5,000 to be divided equally among the first 200 subscribers received. If you send 60 cents you will receive **ONE RECEIPT**, good for **ONE PRESENT**, and if among the first 300 received, you will be entitled to this beautiful watch. We will print in full the names of the winners of the 300 GOLD WATCHES. This offer is bona fide and will be carried out to a letter. Send now, don't wait. We are so well established, and backed by such ample capital, that every one of our subscribers is sure of getting all we promise. Indeed we could not afford otherwise with a paper that has already secured a national reputation on its merits. Possibly some who read this new departure may think an offer to give away thousands of dollars in presents most unreasonable and unprofitable; but let us say to all such that it invariably costs from \$25,000 to \$150,000 to secure a large circulation. We know of a publisher that spent \$50,000 in one week in giving away free copies and advertising his papers, but it was well spent, for it secured an established circulation that paid good interest on the investment. Publishing nowadays must either be done on an extensive scale or not at all. It costs just as much for editorial services, illustrations, electrotypes, rent and setting up the type for a paper of 100 circulation as for 300,000 circulation. On small editions, each one of the above items swells the cost of a single paper alarmingly, but on very large editions the expense is spread over so many papers, that it is almost lost; thus you can see that large profits can be made only by doing a large business. Practically, we are only returning to our subscribers a portion of the profits accruing from the use of their names before advertisers. **SEND MONEY** by Registered Letter, Postal Money Order, (costing only 5 cents for \$5.00 or less), Bank Draft or Express, at **Our Risk**; if otherwise, at **your own risk**. Above all, send no silver, by ordinary mail. It is usually lost by cutting through the envelope and tempts every official handling it. One and Two cent stamps (no others) taken, but cash preferred.

ONLY 60 CTS. Secures the paper 6 months on trial, and one receipt, good for one present. Any number of the paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability we refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency. These are Presents to our subscribers, absolutely free. This is the opportunity of a life time; the TRUE PATHWAY TO FUTURE FORTUNE. Every subscriber gets a prize. A FORTUNE MAY BE YOURS, IF YOU WILL BUT STRETCH FORTH YOUR HAND TO RECEIVE IT. Only 60 cents subscription. Is it possible you will let it pass? Name the paper in which you noticed this.

THE ADVANCE COURIER PUBLISHING CO.,
128 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

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



Read How You Can Get This Elegant GOLD WATCH

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.



"What! Corns and Bunions all gone?"
 "Yes, I am happy to say, through the merits of Hanson's Magic Corn Salve I can now walk with ease."

HANSON'S MAGIC CORN SALVE.

If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to **W. T. HANSON & Co., Schenectady, N. Y.** Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded.

Price 15 and 25 cents.

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

Dr. Hannah Longshore, Professor in the Woman's College of Philadelphia, says: "I consider the appliances of Braided Wire, made by the Weston & Walls Manufacturing Co., the only ones that will not injure the health, they being light, cleanly, and free from the objections that must be made to all heating 'improvers' filled with cotton, wool, or hair."



Pat. Aug. 25th, 1885; Mar. 1st, 1887.

The Elastic Braided Wire Dress Forms

Do not gather dampness from perspiration. They cannot produce irritation. Lace trimmed, light, cool, flexible, cleanly. Can be adjusted by the wearer to any size desired. Sold by milliners, dress-makers, and dealers generally. If you do not find them, send 50 cents to us and we will send, postpaid, in securely sealed packages. Price List of Braided Wire Bustles, Forms, etc., on application. **WESTON & WALLS MFG. CO.,** 1115 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

EMERSON FINEST TONE

EVERY PIANO BEST WORK AND MATERIALS

WARRANTED 45,000 MADE.

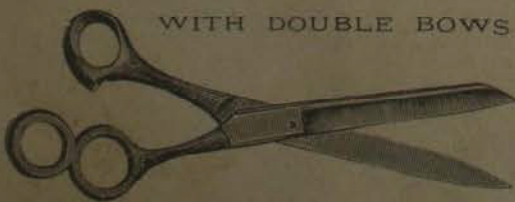
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. PIANOS

EMERSON PIANO CO. BOSTON MASS.

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

SUPERIOR PATENT SCISSORS

WITH DOUBLE BOWS.



6 inches, 40 cents. Post free.

W. Jennings Demorest,

15 East 14th St., N.Y.

LADIES Send for pamphlet "How to Dress," to **EUGENIA MAPIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 471.)

"S. C. N."—White is not as effective as a color for outlining on white, but white washing floss is used in outlining and embroidering handsome table-linens, and such decoration is considered more desirable at present. For tray-cloths, fish, egg, corn and carving cloths, heavy linen is used, almost invariably hem-stitched. Fringing is not nearly so popular, except for towels. A hem of any width is put in with drawn-work or the ordinary hem-stitching. Fagoting is merely a reversed hem-stitching of the same threads taken up by the hem-stitching. The selection of designs for plate and cake doilies is simply a matter of taste. In decorating a set, a certain uniformity would need to be preserved. Small, hemstitched, plate doilies are five inches square when finished, with a hem usually an inch and a half wide. A small design of a flower, a Japanese figure, a fruit cluster, or some arabesque may be outlined in cream-white floss. One dozen comprises the set. Charles E. Bentley, No. 12 West 14th Street, New York, furnishes materials for all classes of embroidery. The "wash" linen flosses and "wash" silks will bear washing well. All the art materials you inquire about can be had from the above-named firm. White cloths are preferred to unbleached. Bolton sheeting will wash, and is used for all kinds of table and pillow covers. Mottoes are used both alone and with other designs. For wash-cloths, suitable mottoes are these:

"You'll use me I hope
With a little soap."

"My presence is a warning
To wash every morning."

For an egg doily a motto not inappropriate is, "All's well that ends well." A corn napkin may have an ear of corn outlined in two shades of gold-colored silk, and the motto, "First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear." For outlining a fish, gold or terra cotta colored silk would be prettiest. We gave a handsome outline design for a yachting pillow, which would also be very suitable for a fish napkin, in the Magazine for August, 1887. In painting on silk, satin, linen, and other cloths, the colors must be used as dry as possible. Megilp is the drying medium for oil colors. Paris tinting is done with the same colors used in dye painting, and if the fabric is washable, it can be washed when decorated in Paris tinting. Sorrento embroidery is a combination of embroidery and tinting in the designs of cut-out work, to imitate the old Italian art-embroideries. Oil paints cannot be made indelible except by mixture with some chemical medium. It is better to use the tapestry dye paints for any work requiring to be washed. Illuminating paint may be obtained of F. W. Devoe and Co. See advertisement in the March number. To ebonize a panel, first paint it black, and then varnish with a smooth-flowing copal varnish. An oil painting of pink chrysanthemums with warm gray background could be framed in a wooden molding painted white and lined with gilt. A winter scene with gray sky and distance would look well framed in flat silvered boards. White linen would make a suitable church-dress for hot summer days for a boy four years old. Make it with a kilt skirt, and plaited waist if he does not look well in a blouse.

(Continued on page 473.)

The Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher may be an innovation, but the long continued use of bristles in tooth brushes is bound sooner or later to give way to a better method of reaching tartar and foreign substances about the teeth, and cleansing them perfectly. The Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher meets the requirement satisfactorily.

Much interest is being taken by the physicians of this city in a case of almost total deafness, which has been nearly if not entirely relieved by an inexpensive invention belonging to F. Hiscox, of New York City. As every known device, and the most skillful treatment, had failed to afford relief, the case was believed to be incurable, and the success of this invention, which is easily and comfortably adjusted, and practically invisible, is considered a remarkable triumph.

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 be? The Republican Party vs. Prohibition.
- No. 20. An Arrangement of the Rum Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.
- No. 21. The Great Political Issue. Dr. Pontecost'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 Rum-selling 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.

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.

KABO

NO MORE BONES TO BREAK AND HURT THE WEARER.



KABO is Warranted To Neither BREAK nor ROLL UP with 7 y'rs WEAR.

CORSET

BALL'S CORSETS are Boned With KABO

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
CHICAGO CORSET CO.,
CHICAGO and NEW YORK.

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

PRACTICAL POULTRY KEEPING.

Fifth Edition. An Illustrated Book on Poultry.



How to Breed and Manage Hens, Turkeys, Ducks, and Geese for Eggs, Market, and Exhibition.

Part I.—Poultry Houses—Ten styles with diagrams—How to Build and Manage—Movable Nests and Roosts.

Part II.—General care for Hens—Sitting Hens, Laying Hens—Young Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks, and Geese—Mating Fowls for Breeding—Mating Fowls for Eggs—Mating Fowls for Flesh.

Part III.—Diseases. This chapter is very full on Gapes, Roup, Cholera, and all Fowl ailments.

Part IV.—Different breeds. Ten full page illustrations—The Origin and History of all varieties.

Part V.—Poultry Enemies—How to Trap Them—The Skunk, Rat, Fox, Weasel, Hawk, and Owl.

Part VI.—Miscellaneous—Receipts for Medicines—How to fatten Poultry—How to kill, dress, and pack Poultry for market—How to fit Fowls for Exhibition—Caponing, and how to produce them—Incubators, how to make and manage them—etc., etc.

The book has many good testimonials of purchasers. The New York Weekly Tribune says of it, "It is just what every one needs who keeps a dozen fowls." The Poultry Messenger says: "It contains all that is valuable to the farmer or fancier for both pleasure and profit. One of its chapters, 'A Word to Beginners,' is worth to old and new the full price asked."

Sent by mail, paper cover, 50 cts. Nicely bound in cloth, 75 cts. Postal note preferred; stamps taken. Address

Box 55, G. M. T. JOHNSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

N. B.—With every copy I send my Poultry Annual for 1889, and prices of fowls and eggs of the most popular varieties. Also of Bone Meal, Crushed Oyster Shells, Caponing Instruments, and Poultry Supplies.

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



WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &c. BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE

SOUND DISC

which is the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes, and may be worn months without removal.

Sold only by H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

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

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland, 2 Cabinet Photos, 18c. McGUIR, 304 Henry Street, New York.

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

ATTENTION LADIES!

Mrs. JOSEPH WATZ, No. 9 Morton Street, New York, attends to shopping for ladies residing out of town. All kinds of Merchandise and enquiries attended to. Please write for circular. References exchanged.

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

(Continued from page 472.)

"Mrs. J. C. B."—The firms to which we refer as our sources of information concerning fashionable materials described in the Fashion Department, will furnish samples of dress goods on application by mail. The newest styles of gingham and other materials can be procured of them.

"Mrs. H. J. M."—Black faille Française will combine nicely with black silk-warp Henrietta, and will not soon go out of style. The "Madeline" polonaise (illustrated in miniature in the February number) is an appropriate style, and you can use the silk for facing the revers, and for the vest and the underskirt.

"Mrs. MIMENA A. B."—The edge of a burnous plait may be faced or hemmed, as convenient.

"NINA M."—The samples you inclose are embroidered and satin-figured gauze, and are only suitable for evening dresses, or for a vest or shirred drapery or dressy costumes, and as millinery garnitures. The "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March number) furnish a suitable design for making up an India silk dress for street wear.

"M. K. L."—Your plain white goods could be made up in Empire style (as illustrated in the February number), or in some of the styles illustrated this month in the Fashion Department. The figured muslin will make a pretty, full skirt to wear with any waist; a plain muslin waist with embroidered cuffs and collar would do, or a colored surah blouse. A pale blue, pink, or old-gold surah blouse, made after the "Hermione" (illustrated in miniature in the March number), would be very stylish with such a skirt, but of course for house wear only.

"MARIELLA."—Salted almonds may be placed on the table in fancy dishes, either covered or uncovered, and left during the entire dinner. They are passed immediately after the soup course. Any guest may help himself and pass them, and they may be handed around after almost every course till dessert is brought on, when they may be removed from the table. It is not necessary for the waiter or waitress to be asked to pass them.

"Mrs. C. W. H."—The latest idea in dinper-tables for entertaining, is the "triangular table." At regular intervals three long tables are placed in a triangle about a small round table upon which is placed a center-piece of flowers, and the spaces between the tables are filled in with palms and foliage plants. The host or hostess sits at the base of the triangle, which is a shorter table than the others. One advantage of this arrangement is that all the other seats face that of the entertainer.

"The Gladstone" LAMP



is the finest lamp in the world. It gives a pure, soft, brilliant, white light of 85 candle power—a marvelous light from ordinary kerosene oil!

Seeing is Believing.

A "wonderful lamp" it is indeed. Never needs trimming; never smokes nor breaks chimneys, never "smells of the oil", no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no annoyance of any kind, and cannot explode. Besides all, it gives a clear, white light, 10 to 20 times the size and brilliancy of any ordinary house lamp! Finished in either Brass, Nickel, Gold, or Antique Bronze.

Send for illustrated price list. Single lamps at wholesale price, carefully boxed and sent by express. Get our prices. "Seeing is believing." Address

GLADSTONE LAMP CO., 10 East 14th St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801



Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

Since the year 1801 this invaluable preparation has been before the public, and every year as its excellencies become more extensively known, its popularity has increased. For removing dandruff, cleansing and restoring the hair, and for all ailments of the head, it is a sovereign remedy. It will keep the hair moist, thick, and lustrous, and is warranted to prevent it from ever becoming gray, thin, harsh or scurvy.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



LADIES

Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

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.

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.



L. SHAW,

54 West 14th St.,
Near 6th Ave., NEW YORK.

Skeleton Waves and Bangs, IMMENSE SUCCESS. Patented November 15, 1887. Feather light, life-like, and beautiful. For sale at this establishment only. Infringers will be duly prosecuted.

My Gray Hair Depot is the largest, finest, and most reliable, and as to prices cannot be undersold. All hair warranted genuine or the money refunded.

Switches, all long hair, naturally wavy and fluffy, or straight, \$5.00 each and upward. Not our own make, from \$1.50 upward.

My Ladies' Hairdressing Apartments for convenience and comfort are not equaled in this city. Hair dyeing, cutting, dressing, and shampooing by the best French artists.

Eugenie's Secret of Beauty, or C. B. "Coconut Milk," for the complexion, is still increasing in demand. Ladies cannot do without it. It excels all others, and has stood the test of twenty-five years. Thousands of testimonials from ladies all over the world.

Extract of Turkish Rose Leaves, indelible tint for the lips and face, fine as the blush of the rose. \$1.00 and \$1.50 per bottle. The celebrated and unrivaled **Veloutine Face Powder**, in colors to suit all complexions, at 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Highest medals awarded.

The Genuine Auburnine, a wonderful preparation for coloring any shade of hair to that beautiful Titian red now so much admired, \$2.00 per bottle.

Largest assortment of beautifying Cosmetics by the **Parfumerie Monte Christo**. Send for catalogue.

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



ACADEMY OF Prof. SOMMER, LADIES' TAILOR.

HEADQUARTERS, 51 W. 24th ST., N. Y.
Branches: 200 W. 124th St., Harlem; 1102 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 2104 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia;
28 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.

Late of Regent St., London, Eng.
The entire art of Scientific Dress Cutting, by tailor-square rule, is taught at above places, also by "self-instructor," by a new method which beats all others. Satisfaction guaranteed, else money refunded.

Send Stamp for Circular. AGENTS WANTED.
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.

NEW CARDS Finest sample Cards ever sent out. 2c. Superior Card Co., Enfield, Ohio.

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

Spice Box.

Teacher: "Now, Lizzie, what is calumny?" Lizzie: "'Calumny' is—is—when nobody does nothing and somebody goes and tells on him."

Deaf Lady: "What's his name?" Young Lady: "Augustus Tyler." The Deaf Lady: Bless me, what a name! "Busthis Biler! Eliza, you must be making fun of me."

AT THE CONCERT.



INTRODUCTION.



DOLCE.

(Continued on page 475.)



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