

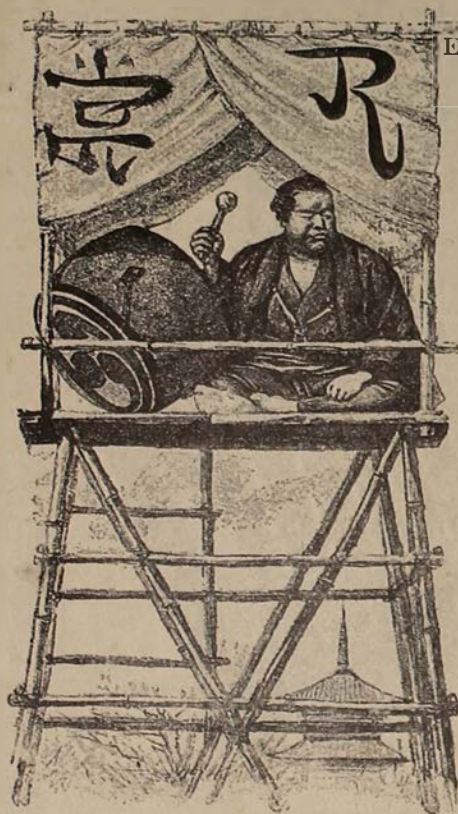
# DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXII.

JUNE, 1889.

Vol. XXV., No. 8.

## AMUSEMENTS IN JAPAN.



REAL courtesy and politeness, a joyous, light-hearted disposition, love of children, a child-like, affectionate nature, intelligence and a talent for imitation, an appreciation of the beauties of nature and of art, may all be counted among the admirable national characteristics of the Japanese.

In perseverance at work they are not remarkable; but no one can excel the Japanese in his pursuit of pleasure. It is not unusual for one of the more ardent devotees of pleasure "in a Japanese way," to spend day after day among

the tea-houses,—not always devoted to the sale of that non-intoxicating beverage alone,—dissipating his substance upon the attractions they afford of *saki*, *geishas* (dancing-girls), and music, and when his means are exhausted, pawning his various belongings, even to the silken robe upon his body, which also at last may become a living collateral security until some of his family—parents, wife, or children—look him up and bring him home.

With admirable patience he will remain at his post as a spectator in the theatre, from the first rising of the curtain until the conclusion of the last act; and that is something to do, for the performance usually begins at six or seven o'clock in the morning and lasts till evening.

But while the Japanese prefers to make his excursions to the tea-houses alone, a visit to the theatre is a holiday for

the whole family. The ladies arrange their coiffures the evening before, and arise in the dusk of the dawn to shave their faces and eyebrows, to rouge their cheeks and necks, to color their lips and teeth, and to dress the children, for even the babies are theatre-goers in Japan.

Those wishing to be "high-toned" engage a box beforehand, in one of the many tea-houses belonging to the theatre, and view the representation from there, refreshing themselves meanwhile with tea, cakes, and similar light refreshment, and if they desire something more substantial. at their regular meal-times, it is served to them "between two curtains," that is to say, between the acts, so as not to interfere with the enjoyment of the play. This sort of theatre party is pleasant, but somewhat expensive; and the father of a family can easily expend a sum of from five to ten dollars. The prudent man goes to work more economically; he treats the tea-house with affected contempt, buys his own ticket direct, brings his own provisions, neatly put up in a *bento*, a lacquered lunch-box, and enjoys the theatre as a sort of bivouac where everything is arranged as conveniently as possible.

The theatre building is not exactly in accordance with our ideas of a temple of dramatic art: it is invariably a shed-like, board building, with the stage at one end and the entrance at the other. Along both the side-walls there are usually two rows of boxes, one above the other, the general public occupying what corresponds to our parquet; opposite the stage are several rows of seats, rising one above the other, staircase fashion. When I speak of seats, it is merely a euphemistic expression, for there are no seats: they are simply numbered places covered with mats, on the floor. Every spectator sits on the floor, and considers it superfluous to fee the box-tender for providing a square, wadded cushion of imaginary utility.

The stage is concealed by a drop curtain, as with us, and a different curtain is lowered at the conclusion of an act. Near the stage, and usually a little above the floor, is a barred cage containing the orchestra, composed of only a few persons, men or women. It accompanies the words of the actors with short chords on the *samisen*, and also with song; at especially thrilling scenes a gong is beaten, and the racket which issues from the cage is almost infernal.



NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, AND 9,—JAPANESE ACTORS. NO. 6,—A PRIVATE BOX. NO. 8,—INTERIOR OF A THEATRE. NO. 10,—IN THE BALCONY.  
NO. 11,—THE MUSICIANS' CAGE.

From the right and left of the stage a board walk leads through the parquet. This so-called "flowery path" serves for the public as well as an *entrée* for the actors; and the spectators can observe all the festal processions, military parades, etc., that take place, and, what is more important still, have an opportunity to admire the costly apparel, the "make-up" of the actors, etc., near by. Pantomimic dances are sometimes performed on the "flowery path," an innovation which perhaps would not be displeasing to the admirers of the ballet in the West.

Near the theatre are a number of ornamental tea-houses,

that are decorated, even by day, with colored paper lanterns. The theatre itself may be known by a number of *jinrikishas* standing around, and by the colored bill-boards, which depict the thrilling scenes enacted, and bear the title of the piece in enormous Chinese letters.

We enter, and go first, perhaps, to the dressing-room, where hundreds of visitors are exchanging their wooden clogs for straw sandals, to lay aside our shoes. Then we go up a ladder-like staircase to the gallery, for the best view is to be obtained from the upper boxes. If we are not accustomed to the arrangement of Japanese houses, and do not go



play has proceeded, the "todori," or stage manager, at the beginning of each piece or act steps before the curtain, claps with two wooden clappers to command silence, and declaims in a plaintive voice the name of the piece, and the assignment of the rôles. Then another clapping of the



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

bent over, it is highly probable that we shall more than once hit our heads against the low ceiling of the corridor, before we reach our box and look down at the parquet below, which is like a gorgeous flower-bed. The flowers are the public,—although men are not usually compared to flowers, whatever may be said of the fair sex,—the colored silk dresses are what create the delusion, and hundreds of fans are fluttering like so many brilliant butterflies.

The plays are usually historic; and murders and assassinations, bloody battles, chopped-off heads, crucifixions, and mutilations are the order of the day, and are represented with harrowing accuracy. The renowned deeds of the "forty-seven ronins" are dramatized under the name "Chiu-shin-gura," and the play is presented thousands of times all over the country. We have sacrificed our morning nap to pay our tribute to the memory of the heroes, and consequently are somewhat astonished at seeing a burlesque pantomime instead of the real tragedy. It is the "Kiogen-maye," an opening piece that has nothing to do with the real play. Then we find, later on, that scenes from the real play are interspersed with shorter pieces, partly not to weary the public, who love change, partly to prolong interest in the principal performance, which often lasts for days together. In order that the public may know how far the

wooden "bones," and the curtain is drawn aside and the play proceeds.

The appearance of men and women on the stage together was formerly forbidden by the government; and if a few female troupes existed here and there, the public cared very little for the dramatic talent of the gentler sex, and gave the men the preference. There are special performers who undertake female rôles only, and costume themselves accordingly.



BULL-FIGHTS.

The scenes and properties are as realistic as possible; and if, in some cases, the imagination is not taxed to supply the necessary houses, boats, etc., yet in others it has ample room to expand. For instance, the moon, which is a crescent-shaped lantern, is seldom very secure in the stage-firmament, but sways here and there to the great danger of the curtain, yet this does not disturb the audience; and if the stranger should ask what the black man, who, perched on a small board just under the ceiling, scattered bits of torn paper and cotton-wool upon the stage, had to do with a moon landscape, he would be told that the scene represented the effect of a snow-covered moon-lit landscape.

At the conclusion of a visit to the theatre, a good meal at one of the neighboring tea-

houses is in order. Often the favorite actors are invited as guests; and if it is desirable to honor an actor especially, a *douceur* of ten dollars or more is frequently added. The condition of the actor is not looked down upon, quite the contrary; and the principal artists are treated with distinction, and count, especially among the fair sex, many attached and ardent admirers and friends.

Although the theatrical representations are open to both sexes, yet from the arena, or the ring, women are excluded as visitors, not for propriety's sake, but because they are not considered worthy to witness the noble art of wrestling.

While a good actor must possess a great development of muscle, the wrestler who would bear the palm must be fat; for muscular strength alone will not do: he must possess a solid weight of flesh to overcome his antagonist. The favorites of the public are the fattest.

The *sumo*, as the wrestlers are called, travel about the country in troupes of eighty or more members, and wherever they set up their light wooden stalls they can count upon a numerous audience. The audience sit around on straw mats on the ground, and so close to the wrestlers that those in the first row, although they have the best chance to see, run the risk of getting a blow intended for one or the other of the performers.

Before the contest begins, the wrestlers who are to take part in the fray parade in single file through the audience, assemble in a circle in the arena, and invoke the gods. The gala costume is composed of rich silk or gold-embroidered velvet aprons, for most of the body is unclad. The wrestlers are divided into two parties, and the wrestlers of most equal strength paired off together for the contest. Each couple wrestle three times with each other at intervals, and the one which comes off victor in two of the contests, wins. The party which counts the most victors is the winning party.

Very few strangers visiting Japan have an opportunity to witness a steer-fight, which does not occur very frequently,

and is less barbarous than a Spanish bull-fight. Bulls and oxen are used instead of pack-horses in some parts of the country, and as they go along ploddingly, in single file, they sometimes encounter a train of steers proceeding in an opposite direction; the leaders are apt to try to measure their strength, and if the drivers are not at hand, a wild fight ensues. To prevent the utter destruction of the droves, which a taste for witnessing such scenes seemed likely to result in, the cattle owners organize, from time to time, steer-fights, which afford all of such amusement that the drovers can desire; although to witness such a fight is not without danger, for the enraged bulls sometimes turn their wrath upon some of the spectators and toss them upon their horns.

Theatres, wrestling, and the tea-houses are the favorite amusements; yet the sedate father of a family may enjoy something still more to his taste. The love of nature, which is developed in all conditions of life in Japan, is a source of much innocent pleasure. In February and March the plum-blossoms (the snow-drops of Japan) flower as harbingers of spring, and lure thousands out of doors, from the Mikado to the coolie. In the temple gardens and other public places are thousands of trees covered with blossoms; and sitting on mat-covered benches, under the white flowery boughs, the visitors enjoy the sight.

Their material refreshment is of the simplest sort; for at this season of the year it is not safe to sit long outdoors. Instead of the usual tea, they drink an infusion of plum-blossoms, and enjoy the sight of the white-blossomed trees. Many of the latter display, besides their natural ornaments, others, which, if not so fragrant, are equally poetical. Anyone possessing imagination enough to improvise a short poem suitable to the season, writes it on a scrap of paper and affixes it to a twig. The editor's waste-basket has no



"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING."

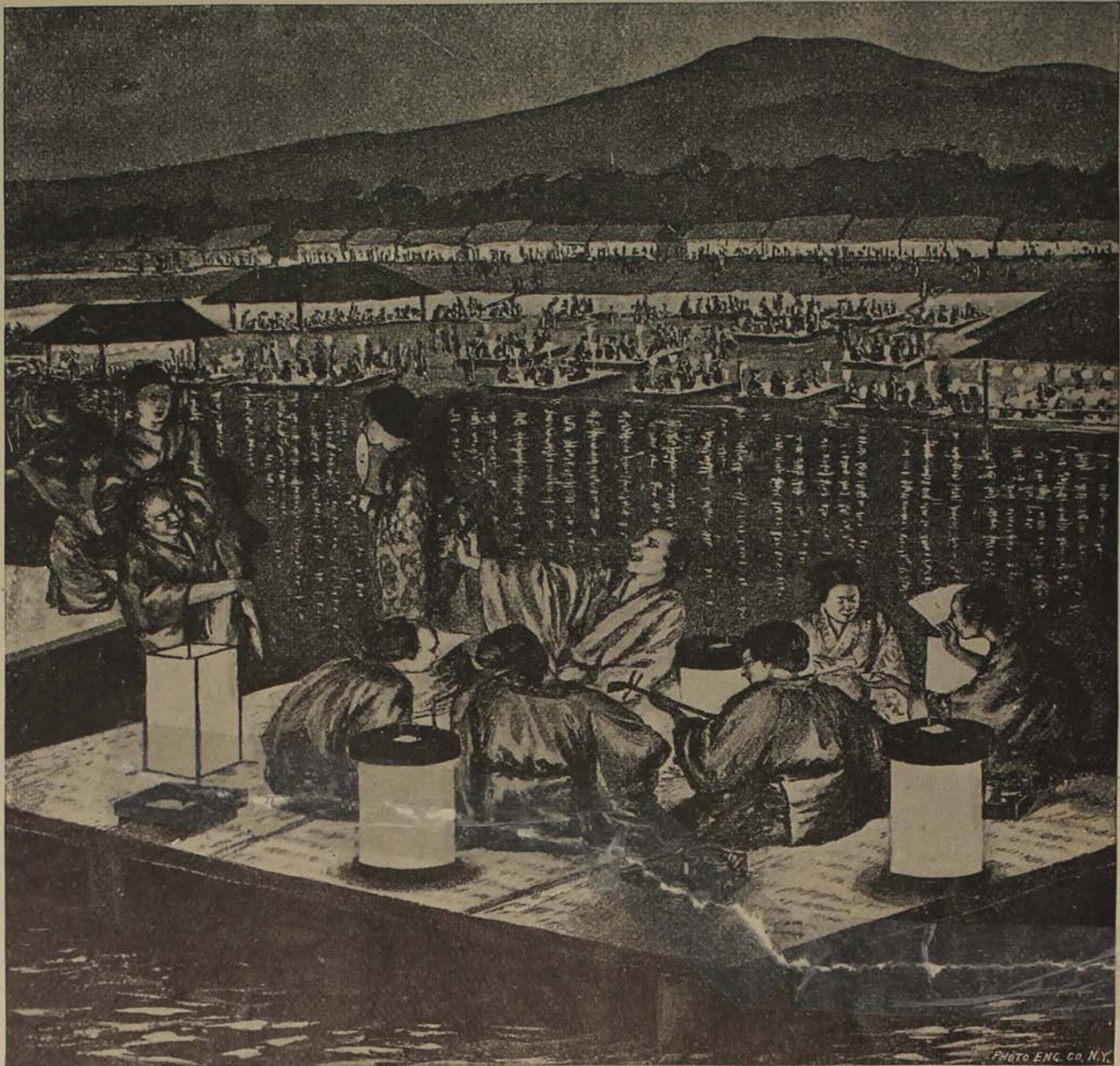
terrors for the poet of spring in Japan, although the art of poesy is still in its infancy. The form of the verse matters little if the idea is poetical; and neither the quantity of the syllables nor the number of the latter is considered, and rhymes are not liked.

One month after the plum-trees flower, the *sakura*, the cherry-tree, sheds its blossoms. While the plum-blossom has to struggle sometimes through the winter snows, the cherry-blossoms fall in the real spring season, and are the occasion of many popular festivities. One of the liveliest of these takes place in the public park of Uyeno, in Tokio, and whoever has witnessed the scene will never forget it. The old fir and cypress trees form a background for the rosy-white flower-wall which exhales from its mass of bloom a hyacinth-like fragrance. On the soft, green, shaven lawns under the

trees, are red covers and yellow straw mats laid down for the gay picnickers, who in the midst of their ideal pleasure do not forget the more substantial joys of life.

The smaller girls lay aside their silk overdresses and run around in their red petticoats, playing the Japanese equivalent for "Puss in the corner," from tree to tree. Here a group of singers and dancers, usually ambitious youngsters, have laid aside some of their garments and formed a ring. Children and adults, young and old, wear a fancy paper cap or a light paper mask in honor of the day. Among the motley crowd the officer parades slowly and solemnly, his wife or mother a few steps behind him, and at one side stands the servant with the youngest member of the family on her back. This position of the wife behind her husband indicates the order of rank in the household. The wife is not permitted at her husband's side: she is his upper servant only, the principal member of his family, but not his companion.

The public balls in Tokio are for the most part of an official character. They are usually given by the Japanese foreign minister in honor of distinguished foreign guests at court. What gives such an entertainment its peculiar charm is its international character: English, Americans, Germans, French, Italians, Russians, Greeks, Hollanders, and Japanese of both sexes are seen among the dancers. Some of the Japanese ladies appear in European costume, and some



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT WATER-FÊTE.

in their tasteful Japanese toilets. The admirer of picturesque costuming cannot but regret that the Japanese men should exchange their beautiful national gala-dress for the Occidental swallow-tail or the diplomatic costume covered with gold lace.

As a rule, the Japanese of highest standing, although by nature good dancers, are no friends of locomotion, and, like most Asiatics, like to see their dancing done for them, instead of engaging in this superfluous activity themselves.

The most sought-for dancers are girls not more than twelve to sixteen years old, and the dances are performed by one or more *maikos*, as they are called, and are little more than rhythmic motions to music. These dancers, like the *geishas*, who add the accomplishments of instrumental and vocal music to their attractions, and also entertain guests with their conversation, although they are hired like servants, dwell usually with their parents, and are engaged for a certain time each day at private residences or in the tea-houses, where dancing and music charm the visitor as he sips his tea and reclines at ease watching the butterfly-like *geishas* flitting around him with soft caressing motions, or chasing each other with all sorts of coquetries. The loose sleeves of the *geisha's* dress are the medium of a language which has its analogy in the code of signals we know as fan or handkerchief flirtation. A roguish *geisha* will wave her sleeve toward the object of her attention in



## THE ALPINE FAY.

A ROMANCE.

By E. WERNER.

*(Continued from Page 411.)*

## CHAPTER XXV.

## AN ACCIDENT.

**H**HE work on the railway was carried on with almost feverish rapidity. It was not, indeed, an easy task to keep faith and complete the work in the allotted time, but Nordheim was right when he declared that the chief-engineer would be as good as his word. The numerous buildings along the mountain road were for the most part ready, and the last work was being done on Wolkenstein Bridge.

Wolfgang stood on a cliff overhanging the Wolkenstein ravine and looked at the workmen, swarming like ants over the trestle-work of the bridge. He had evaded an interview with the president, but a final settlement must take place between them. That the breach was final they both knew. Nordheim was no longer inclined to take for a son-in-law a man who so openly and contemptuously defied him. It was only to be decided in what manner the separation should take place.

A clatter of hoofs behind him roused Elmhorst from his thoughts, and turning he recognized Erna von Thurgau riding upon a mountain pony. She drew up surprised as she beheld the chief-engineer.

"You have returned already, Herr Elmhorst? We did not expect you until evening."

"I accomplished my business earlier than I thought," explained Wolfgang. "But you cannot proceed on your way for the present, they are blasting below."

The young lady had already remarked the obstacle; the road under the cliff, which led to the one over the bridge, was obstructed with stones, and a number of workmen were busy on an enormous block of stone which was about to be blasted.

"I am in no hurry," replied she, indifferently. "I only wished to wait for Ernest, who asked me to ride on, for we met Herr Gronau quite unexpectedly. But I do not wish to get very far in advance of him." She loosened the curb and turned her attention to the workmen.

The night before had brought a complete change in the weather; a cold rain-storm had blotted out all the fragrant, sunny loveliness. Now the heavens hung gray and lowering over the earth, the mountains were veiled in clouds, the wind soughed through the forest; it had become autumn over-night.

"We shall see you this evening, Herr Elmhorst?" Erna finally broke the silence which had lasted some minutes.

"I very much regret that it will not be possible for me to come; I have some very urgent business to attend to this evening."

It was the old excuse that had so often served him, and was no longer believed; for Erna said with marked intonation, "You probably do not know that my uncle returned this forenoon."

"Yes, I know it, and I have already made my excuses to him. I shall see him in the morning."

"But Alice does not seem to be well. She does not deny it, but will not consent that Doctor Reinsfeld be sent for; and she looked so pale and exhausted as she came from her father's room, that I was alarmed."

She seemed to expect an answer; but Elmhorst was silent and looked at the bridge.

"You ought to get away to-day and look after your betrothed," said Erna in a reproachful tone.

"I have no longer the right to call Alice my betrothed," said Wolfgang coldly.

"Herr Elmhorst!" There was a terrified surprise in the exclamation.

"Yes, a difference of opinion has arisen between the president and myself. We have, consequently, mutually withdrawn from the proposed connection."

"And Alice?"

"She knows nothing of it—at least, not from me."

"So it has come!" said Erna.

"Yes, it has come! I found the price was too high for me; there was an alternative,—and I took it."

"I knew it!" cried the young girl excitedly. "I have never doubted it!"

"So you have believed in me, at least," said Wolfgang with unconcealed bitterness. "I can scarcely credit it."

She did not answer, but her glance met his reproachfully. Finally she said, "And—what now?"

"Now I stand again where I stood a year ago. The way that you so spiritedly recommended to me lies open before me, and I shall take it; but I must go alone—entirely alone."

Erna trembled a little at these last words; but she would not understand, and said quickly: "A man like you is not alone. He has his talent, his future; and this future extends so great and wide before you—"

"And as barren and desolate as the mountains yonder," said he, indicating the autumnal, cloud-veiled landscape.

"Yet I have no right to complain. It came to me once, this sunny, shining happiness, and I turned my back on it to seek another object. Then it spread its wings and flew away, far in the unattainable distance; and, although I would give my life for it, it will not come back to me. Who once slights it, it flees forever."

There was a torturing pain in this confession; but Erna had not a word in reply, and no glance for the eyes which sought hers. Pale and silent she gazed into the misty distance. Yes, now he knew where his happiness and his salvation lay—and now it was too late!

Wolfgang went up to the side of the horse and laid his hand on its neck.

"Erna, yet one question before we part forever. I shall never set foot in the house again after my interview with your uncle to-morrow morning, and you will go away with your husband.—Do you hope to be happy with him?"

"At least, I hope to make him happy."

"Him!—and you yourself?"

"Herr Elmhorst!"

"Oh! you need not turn away from the question so," interrupted he. "I accepted your judgment that moonlight night on Wolkenstein. You are lost to me in any case; but even if you were free you would never forgive me for having wooed another."

"No—never!"

"I know it, and yet I would warn you. Ernest Waltenberg is not the man to make a woman happy; his love is only rooted in the egotism which is the basis of his whole nature. He would never ask whether he tormented and tortured a beloved being with his passion; and how will you endure to live with a man to whom all the struggles

and endeavors, all the ideas which inspire you, are only rubbish? I have finally learned to see that there is something else, something better than this 'I,' which once was first in my eyes also. I had to pay dear for the lesson—but he will never learn it."

Erna's lip trembled. She had long known all this, and knew it better than anyone else; but what availed this knowledge? It was too late!

"You speak of my betrothed, Herr Elmhorst," said she with grave reproof, "and you speak to his intended wife.—Pray, no more of these words."

Wolfgang bowed and moved back. "You are right, Miss von Thurgau; but they were parting words, and I trust you will pardon them."

She silently bent her head, and turned away as Waltenberg appeared at the edge of the forest, also on horseback, and came up on a quick gallop. He and the chief-engineer greeted each other with that cold courtesy which was habitual between them. They exchanged a few words about the weather, the president's return, and then Ernest noticed that the way was blocked.

"The men are taking an unaccountably long time," said Wolfgang, who was glad to find an opportunity to break off the conversation. "I will see that they make a way for you. In a few minutes you will be able to pass." He went under the cliff to the place, but there was something not quite right about the blast, and the engineer who was in charge stepped up to state the case to the chief. The latter impatiently shrugged his shoulders, gave an order, and went among the workmen, apparently to see to the preparations.

Meanwhile Waltenberg remained on the cliff with Erna, who now asked: "Did you speak to Gronau?"

"Yes; and I did not conceal my astonishment at finding him here without having tried to see me in Heilborn or letting me know of his return. Instead of answering, he begged me to give him an interview this evening, for he had something important to communicate that in a certain sense concerned me also. I am quite curious to know what he has to tell me, for he does not usually deal in mysteries.—Only see, Erna, how dark and threatening it is over Wolkenstein! Perhaps there will be a storm before we can ride home."

"Hardly to-day," observed Erna, with a glance at the heavily clouded mountain,— "perhaps to-morrow or the day after. The storm period that our poor mountaineers so fear seems to have arrived earlier than usual, for we had a foretaste of it last night."

"It must be owing to the mystic power of your Alpine fay," said Ernest, half-jesting. "This Wolkenstein has really undone me. It beckons and allures me ever and again with a mysterious, irresistible charm, tempting me to lift the veil of this haughty ice-queen, and secure the embrace she hitherto has withheld from all. If one were to attempt the precipice from this side—"

"Ernest, you have promised me to give up this mad thought once and for all!" exclaimed Erna.

"Be at rest, I shall keep my word. I promised you that night at the sunset fire."

"At the sunset fire," repeated the young girl softly, as if lost in a reverie.

"Do you remember that evening, when I yielded to your command, your entreaty? The ascent of Wolkenstein was a settled thing with me then, and I did not think I would give it up upon any account; but at your pleading eyes, your 'it distresses me', all my resolution disappeared. Would you really have trembled if I had been disobedient at that time?"

"O Ernest! what a question!"

"Oh! of course, it was not your duty then. I was not

your intended husband." The old torturing distrust quivered in Waltenberg's voice. "You would have been distressed just the same about Sepp or Gronau if either of them had undertaken the venture. I mean that distress with which one trembles for the beloved, before which all other diminishes and disappears, that would drive me blind and senseless into danger if I knew you were there.—You certainly have never known this feeling."

"Why do you evoke such terrifying images?" said Erna. "I have your promise not to distress me, and to suggest such a dreadful 'if'—"

A loud, thundering crash interrupted her. Earth and stones flew up from below, and with a rending sound the huge rock, cleft in three, fell apart. At the same time there was a peculiar commotion among the workmen. They rushed from the bridge and from everywhere to the spot where the chief-engineer had been standing with his subordinates. It was impossible to determine what really had happened; there was to be seen only a crowd of men, uttering confused, distressed exclamations.

Above all came a shriek such as only agonized terror can give; and as Ernest turned, he saw his betrothed sitting upright in the saddle, but pale as death, with staring eyes fixed on the fateful spot.

"Erna!" cried he. She did not hear, but gave her horse rein. The beast, terrified by the noise, shied and refused to go forward; but a liberal application of the riding-whip compelled obedience, and the next minute horse and rider tore down the steep cliff, as if for life or death, directly toward the group of men.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A BETRAYAL.

THE workmen stood aside as Erna came up on a wild gallop. One of them, who believed that the horse was frightened and had tried to get away, caught him by the bridle. Erna scarcely noticed it; her gaze in terrified anguish sought only one—Wolfgang! And now she saw him, standing erect and unhurt in the middle of the circle.

But he, too, had seen how she broke through this circle; he saw the glance that sought him, the deep-drawn sigh of relief as she realized that he was living, and a radiance of passionate joy gleamed across his features. His danger had at last discovered the secret to him—he was beloved!

"Your concern was unnecessary, the chief-engineer is quite uninjured," said Ernest Waltenberg, who had followed his betrothed and now stood a few steps distant, without the circle. But his voice had a peculiar intonation, every vestige of color had left his face, and in his dark eyes, which were fixed on the two, gleamed an unholy fire. Erna shrank back, and Wolfgang turned away quickly; it needed but one glance to show him that from this hour he had a deadly enemy. However, it was not necessary to let it be known before all these strange witnesses.

"The affair might have been very much worse," said he with imperturbable calmness. "The charge was at first slow to ignite, and then it went off before we could get to a safe distance. We sprang aside, fortunately, at the last moment, but two of the men are injured, apparently but slightly. We others escaped the danger by a miracle."

"But you are hurt, Herr Elmhorst," cried one of the engineers, pointing to the forehead of his chief, down which trickled a tiny stream of blood. Wolfgang took his handkerchief and pressed it to the wound, which he now noticed for the first.

"It is not worth speaking of; one of the flying stones struck me. Look after the wounded; they must be cared for.—Miss von Thurgau, I regret that the accident should have frightened you."



"It frightened my horse, at least," said Erna, with quick presence of mind. "He shied and bolted so suddenly that I could not hold him."

This excuse was very plausible, and was believed by all the bystanders. It fully explained the excited appearance of the young lady, her evident distress and agitation. It was a fortunate thing that the frightened horse had been caught in time.

Only two were not deceived: Wolfgang, to whom that minute of agony had given an assurance which now indeed came too late, but which he would not have relinquished at any price; and Ernest, who still remained in the same place, without taking his eyes off them. There was a bitter irony in his voice as he answered:

"Then we would certainly have had a second accident.—Have you quite recovered, Erna?"

"Yes," responded she, mechanically.

"Then we will proceed on our way.—*Auf wiedersehen!* Herr Elmhorst."

Wolfgang bowed with cold politeness. He understood perfectly what this "*Auf wiedersehen!*" signified.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE CHALLENGE.

ON the evening of the day of the accident Elmhorst was in his office with Dr. Reinsfeld, who seemed to be very much excited.

"So the matter stands," he concluded, after a long explanation. "Gronau came to me immediately after his interview with the president, and I have tried in vain to deter him from his purpose. I suggested to him that it might cost him his position with Waltenberg, who would not suffer such an attack against the uncle and guardian of his betrothed; that he had no direct interest in the matter in hand; that Nordheim would stigmatize him everywhere as an impostor and calumniator. In vain. He accused me in the strongest terms of hard-heartedness and indifference to the memory of my father. God knows, he does me an injustice; but—I cannot enter a complaint!"

Wolfgang heard him silently, but an infinitely bitter and scornful smile played upon his lips. It was high time for him to sunder his connection with this man; he did not doubt for a moment that Gronau had spoken the truth.

"I thank you for your openness, Benno," said he. "It would have been very pardonable if you had paid no regard to me, but simply acted as the son of your father."

Benno cast down his eyes at these thanks, which he was conscious he did not deserve.

"I cannot take a step in the matter—that you comprehend," returned he. "I must leave it to you. You will speak to the president—"

"No!" Wolfgang interrupted him coldly.

Reinsfeld looked at him astonished. "You will not?"

"No, Benno. Gronau has openly declared war against him, as you say; he is therefore prepared. Besides, my relations with him are entirely altered. We have separated for all time."

"Separated? And your engagement to Alice?"

"Is broken off! Nordheim has shown me, also, that side of his character which you have been made acquainted with. He placed conditions before me which I could not fulfill compatibly with honor, and therefore I withdrew."

Reinsfeld stared at him perfectly bewildered. He could not comprehend how a man, who had once been so bent upon this union, could speak with such calmness of the overthrow of his plans.

"And Alice is free?" stammered he at last.

"Yes," said Wolfgang, surprised. "But what ails you? You are certainly beside yourself."

Benno sprang up in passionate eagerness. "Wolf, you have never loved your betrothed, I know, or you could not speak so calmly of your loss. I believe you do not feel what you have lost—you never knew what you possessed in her."

These words were so passionately reproachful that they betrayed all. Elmhorst started, casting a half-astonished, half-incredulous look at the doctor.

"What does this mean? Benno, is it possible—you love Alice?"

The young physician raised his honest blue eyes to his friend. "You need not reproach me, I never approached your betrothed with a word which you might not have heard; and, as I found it impossible to conceal my love, I decided to go away. Do you suppose I would have taken the place in Neuenfeld which the president offered me, if there had been any other way out of the difficulty?"

On Wolfgang's countenance was depicted the conflicting emotions which this discovery awoke in him. He had, indeed, never loved his betrothed; but Benno's confession disquieted him singularly, and there was an accent of bitterness in his voice, as he answered:

"Well, I no longer stand in the way, and if you hope to see your love returned—"

"It would still be impossible!" exclaimed Reinsfeld. "You know now, also, that what has passed between Alice's father and mine separates us forever."

"As you are disposed to look at it, perhaps. Another would make the circumstance of service in bringing Nordheim to consent, which he never would do voluntarily. But you will not do it."

"No, never!" said Benno, impressively. "I am going to Neuenfeld, and shall not see Alice again."

They were interrupted by the announcement that Herr Waltenberg was there and desired to speak to the chief-engineer. Elmhorst rose, and Reinsfeld made a move to depart.

"Good-night, Wolf," said he, pressing his hand warmly. "We shall still be as we have been to each other, in spite of all. Is it not so?"

Wolfgang returned the hand-clasp cordially. "I will see you to-morrow. Good-night, Benno."

He attended him to the door through which at the same moment Waltenberg entered. They exchanged a greeting and a few indifferent words, and then the young physician departed and the others were alone.

Ernest was apparently calm, but his eyes still shone with that unholy fire which boded no good.

"I trust I do not disturb you, Herr Elmhorst," said he.

"No, Herr Waltenberg, I expected you," was the quiet answer.

"So much the better, for I can spare myself preliminaries. Thanks!" as Elmhorst with a gesture invited him to be seated. "In our case these civilities are superfluous. I need not tell you why I am here. We both interpreted the occurrence of this afternoon very differently from the strangers who also witnessed it, and I have a word to say to you concerning the matter."

"I am quite at your service," declared Wolfgang with icy courtesy.

Ernest crossed his arms, and his voice gained an access of sarcasm as he continued: "I am betrothed to Baroness Thurgau, as you know, and was not elated to see her display such a passionate interest in the welfare of another—yet that is a matter which I have to settle with her. At present I only wish to know how it stands between you. Do you love Miss von Thurgau?"

The question was abrupt and threatening, but Wolfgang did not hesitate with his answer. "Yes!" said he simply.

A gleam of deadly hatred flashed from the eyes of Wal-

tenberg, and yet this confession told him nothing new. He knew it from Erna's own lips, that she had loved another; but he had thought this other in the grave, only to be found in a shadowy existence. Now he stood alive before him,—the man who had been unworthy of a pure and great love, who had sacrificed an Erna to miserable mammon, and yet stood as proudly erect, with as haughty a brow, as if he were accustomed to bow to no one in the world. This irritated Ernest still more.

"And this love does not date from to-day or yesterday?" asked he. "This much is known to me: you frequented the president's house for years before I returned from Europe and was engaged to Baroness Thurgau."

"I regret that I must decline such a discussion," declared Wolfgang in the same frigid tone as before. "I will reply to any question which you have a right to ask; I will not submit to an examination."

"I believe that," cried Waltenberg, with a scornful laugh. "You would stand this examination badly as the—intended husband of Alice Nordheim."

Elmhorst bit his lip.

"Try to speak in a little different tone, Herr Waltenberg, if you desire to continue the conversation. I will suffer no insults, least of all from you."

"It is not my fault if the truth insults you," returned Ernest. "Disprove my words, and I am ready to take them back. You must permit me to have my own opinion of a man who loves or makes love to a young lady while at the same time he is courting a rich heiress. Such a miserable adven—"

"Enough!" said Wolfgang in a commanding voice. "These insults are not necessary to attain your object. I comprehend perfectly what brings you here, and I will not thwart you. But I forbid you to use such language to me!—I am in my own house."

"You speak in a very haughty tone," said Ernest, mockingly. "It is a pity your betrothed is not a witness to this interview."

"I have no betrothed," declared Wolfgang coldly.

Waltenberg stood astonished. "What—what did you say?"

"I only stated a fact. I have withdrawn from the engagement."

"But when? For what reason?" The questions came in breathless haste.

"I am not obliged to give you my reasons."

"Possibly not. It seems to me you were counting on my magnanimity; but you deceive yourself. I will never give up Erna, and she will never ask me, that I know. She does not give her word to-day to break it to-morrow, and she is much too proud to throw herself away upon a man who prefers gold to her love."

"Will you still use that old weapon which has lost its point?" said Wolfgang gloomily. "Go and hold your betrothed to her plighted word; she will not break it, and she will never pardon me for the past: thus far you are right. I have had my punishment and my reward. You may possess yourself of Erna's hand—her love you will never possess.—It belongs to me—to me alone!"

"Ah, you dare?"—Waltenberg's voice was stifled with passion as he went on: "I will share the love of my bride with no one,—at least, with no one living!"

Elmhorst shrugged his shoulders at this threat. "Is that a challenge?"

"Yes; and I think we had better settle the matter as quickly as possible. I will send Gronau to you in the morning to make the necessary arrangements, and I hope that you will be ready the same day—"

"No, I shall not!" Wolfgang interrupted him. "I have no time to-morrow, nor the day after to-morrow."

"No time for an affair of honor," sneered Ernest.

"No, Herr Waltenberg, I have no great respect for these 'affairs of honor,' but there are cases when one must act against one's own convictions or become liable to the charge of cowardice. I am ready; but we men of business have another sort of 'honor,' and I cannot expose myself to the possibility of being shot until the contract I have undertaken is fulfilled. In eight or ten days the Wolkenstein bridge will be completed. Then I am at your service."

"And if I do not accept these conditions?" asked Ernest sharply.

"Then I will not accept your challenge.—You can take your choice."

Ernest clinched his hand, but he saw that he must submit, for his adversary had the right to appoint the time.

"So be it!" said he. "In eight or ten days then! I can rely on your word?"

"I hope so! You will find me ready."

A silent salute and they parted. Ernest left the room, and Wolfgang walked to the window. Without, the moon gleamed fitfully through her veil of clouds, and for a moment the bridge shone in its light,—that great, daring work which promised such a future for its creator. Wolfgang did not linger to look at it; he was now done forever with those dreams of the future, as he already was with happiness.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE STORM.

FOR three days a storm had raged in the Wolkenstein district, such as was unheard of even here in the mountains. The storms usually due in November had broken loose a week earlier, and raged with unexampled violence. The rain poured day and night; the streams and brooks had become perfect torrents, washing away their banks, overflowing the whole neighborhood; communication with Heilborn was cut off, and even with the little places nearer by was accomplished only with difficulty, and the danger increased hourly.

At the Nordheim villa the preparations which had already been begun for departure had to be given up, for traveling was not to be thought of in such weather, and a spell seemed to be on every one in the house.

Alice declared herself ill, and for several days had not left her room. It was an excuse to avoid being with her father, whom she feared and felt shy of since her disclosure; but the president now had other cares on his mind. He had perhaps not noticed the aversion of his child any more than he had the singularly constrained relations between Erna and Waltenberg.

His old luck, which had been true to him his life long, seemed now about to forsake him. All his clever, carefully calculated plans, which were to bring him a profit of millions, were overthrown, and the overthrow had come from a quarter from which he had least expected it. The man whom he had believed indissolubly bound to him and his interests had, in one decisive moment, cut loose from him and made further intercourse impossible.

There had been a short, stormy interview, which set the seal on the concluded separation. Then Wolfgang had gone to his betrothed and remained over an hour with her. What passed between them no one ever knew, not even her father; but it was evident that the separation was not an unfriendly one: for as Elmhorst left the house, never to return, Alice waved him a greeting from the window more warmly and cordially than she had done at any time before during their engagement, and he returned it in the same manner.

Nordheim began to regret that he had not been less

unconciliatory to his former friend Veit. It had been a mistake to let him go as an enemy—a mistake that might result in fatal consequences. For the moment, however, other anxieties put these considerations aside. The mountain road, that was so near completion, was threatened by the rising torrents. From all quarters came ominous reports, one piece of bad news after the other. The damage was as yet insignificant; but, if the storm increased and the water rose still higher, it might be incalculable, and Nordheim would be the loser by a sum whose loss, even to a man of his wealth, would be almost fatal.

In the parlor were Erna and Wally, whose departure was also delayed. The case which kept Gersdorf in Heilborn was nearly ended, but the closing formalities detained him a few days longer, much to the disgust of his wife, who found her occupation as a guardian angel in the Nordheim villa about gone, since there was nothing going on there to guard. The chief-engineer had gone away, and his engagement with Alice was broken off, which was no secret to the family, although Alice, with obstinate reserve, had withheld all confidence from her friends; Benno was equally uncommunicative, and seemed to hold to the heartless idea of a separation; and what was the worst, nobody needed her advice, and consequently Madame Gersdorf was intensely irritated over such ingratitude.

"That is my reward for my kindness of heart!" said she in the worst possible humor. "I am as isolated here as if I were on a desolate isle in the midst of the ocean, cut off from all the world, separated from my husband, every moment in danger of being overwhelmed. Albert will have to fish my corpse out of these raging waters and return to the city an inconsolable widower. Or perhaps he would marry again? It would be awful! I would never forgive him, even in my grave!—but men are all alike."

Erna, who stood at the window looking out into the storm and rain, scarcely heard this chatter; her thoughts were elsewhere.

"We are not in danger here, Wally," returned she. "The house is safe up here; but I fear for those in Oberstein—and on the railroad."

"Oh, the chief-engineer will be safe," declared the young woman, assuringly. "It is reported all over that he has acted like a hero and accomplished the impossible. We have done this Elmhorst an injustice. He has given Alice her freedom, although he loses millions by doing so; and now he is doing all in his power to save the road for your uncle, although they have parted enemies. Confess, Erna, you also had a prejudice against him."

"Yes—I had!" said Erna.

"There comes your beloved," cried Wally, who had come to her side. "But how he looks! The water is fairly pouring from his cloak; he has actually walked all the way from Oberstein in this storm. I believe he would go through fire and water to be one hour with you. But that will not last after you are married, my child; believe a woman of experience, who has been married four months. My lord and master sits quietly in Heilborn and waits for it to clear off. Your romantic Ernest really seems to be made of different stuff; but what ails him, anyway? The last three days he has been going about like an incarnated thunder-cloud, and does not let you a moment out of his sight when he is with you. It is really distressing to see you two; but you have never said to me that anything was the matter. Be open with me, Erna, unburden your heart. You can confide in me; I shall be as secret as the grave."

But Erna only returned the bow of her betrothed, and said: "You are mistaken, Wally, nothing has happened,—nothing at all."

Madame Albert Gersdorf turned away angrily. There was no guardian angel needed here; these people had a remarkable way of getting along by themselves. The little woman could not comprehend it; interference was a necessity of life to her, and, irritated by this lack of confidence, she flounced out of the room.

Scarcely had she gone when Waltenberg entered. He had laid aside his hat and mantle, but his dress still bore traces of the storm which no covering could withstand. He approached Erna and greeted her with his customary knightly courtesy, but there was something icy in this salutation and in his whole bearing, which the gleam of his dark eyes contradicted. Wally was not so much out of the way in her description of him: he indeed resembled a thunder-cloud which conceals a lurid danger in its bosom.

Erna went to meet him with visible uneasiness; she had learned to fear this cold composure.

"Well, how is it now?" inquired she, eagerly. "You come from Oberstein?"

"Yes, but I have had to make a *détour*, for the mountain road is already flooded. Oberstein itself seems to be safe; but the inhabitants have lost all presence of mind, and all is confusion. Doctor Reinsfeld is doing his best to bring them to reason, and Gronau assists him according to his ability; but the people act like maniacs because they fancy their bits of property and household goods threatened."

"But those 'bits of property and household goods' are all that they possess," said the young girl. "The existence of themselves and their families depends upon them."

Ernest shrugged his shoulders. "Well, but what is that to the enormous loss which the road will suffer? The chief-engineer battles with the elements as against a forlorn hope. He will defend his beloved work through life and death; but the water is rising frightfully, the dam cannot possibly hold out, and the bridges below are all gone. All nature is in an uproar," said Ernest, with a kind of wild satisfaction.

Erna was silent; she walked to the window and gazed out into shifting fog which obstructed the view. Even the stretch of road which ran below the villa was not visible; only the roar of the swollen river came up from below. There Wolfgang was, battling at the head of his people, and battling perhaps in vain.

"The Wolkenstein bridge will stand in any case," continued Waltenberg. "Herr Elmhorst might make himself easy on that score, and not do such senseless things as he does with every opportunity. He is not a coward, one must allow, for he is always in the midst of danger; but he is a fool to risk his life to save a threatened dam! He conducts most fool-hardy experiments, at the head of his engineers and workers, who follow him blindly. He will not escape every time in safety if he does not take care."

There was a cold, calculating grimness in the manner in which he reiterated to his betrothed the dangers which threatened the man she loved; she turned to him and gave him a sad, reproachful glance.

"Ernest!"

"What is it?" asked he without noticing the glance.

"Why do you refuse to allow me to speak out openly, as I have so often tried to do?—You will have no explanation."

"No, I will not—let us say nothing about it!"

"Because you know that your silence tortures me more than any reproach, and because it gives you pleasure to torture me." The girl's eyes flamed; but her passionate outburst was met with an icy calm.

"How well you know me! I would spare you a painful explanation."

"Why so? I do not feel that I am to blame; I will not conceal or deny anything—"

"Nor did you at our betrothal," interrupted Ernest.

"You were very candid at that time also—except as to the name. You led me intentionally into an error, for which I must blame myself."

"I feared—"

"For him—naturally. I comprehend that perfectly. But calm yourself; it is not time yet,—I can wait."

Erna quailed at these singular, significant words.

"Wait—for what? In Heaven's name, what do you mean?"

He smiled with the same cold grimness as before. "How that terrifies you! In other respects you can be very courageous; but there is one thing which can cause you senseless anguish, that I have seen."

"And this you make me daily and hourly atone for! It is a revenge unworthy of you, Ernest. I will deny you no answer, no knowledge, if you ask; but it falls to me to speak. You have spoken to Wolfgang Elmhorst since the accident?"

It was a full minute before Ernest answered; he appeared to be studying every feature in her countenance.

"Yes!" said he finally.

"And what passed between you?" Her voice shook with the suppressed anguish it gave her much pains to control.

"Pardon, that concerns only us two; but you need give yourself no uneasiness about it. I only found Elmhorst fully accorded with my views. We parted on the best of terms."

He emphasized his words sneeringly, and this made Erna almost beside herself. Hitherto she had borne all silently and without taking offense, lest she should irritate him still more against Wolfgang, for she knew that his revenge would be directed against the latter; but now she turned upon Ernest, thoroughly aroused.

"Ernest, do not go too far, you may regret it. I am not your wife yet, I can still free myself—"

She did not conclude, for Waltenberg's hand fell suddenly upon hers with a grasp of iron, as if he would crush it.

"Attempt it!" hissed he; "the day that you separate from me shall be the last of his life!"

Erna paled; the expression of his face terrified her still more than his threats. Now, when he cast aside the mask of coldness and scorn, there was something tiger-like in the expression of his face, and his eyes gleamed so wildly that she involuntarily shuddered. She felt that he would indeed keep his word.

"You are terrible!" said she. "I—will try!"

"I know that!" cried he with a rude laugh. "The argument is convincing to you."

He let her hand go, for just then Wally entered. She had had her sulk out, and wanted to know how it was in Oberstein, what her cousin Benno was doing, and how it looked on the road, and had, as usual, a thousand questions and comments.

Waltenberg answered her politely; he was again master of himself, and no one would ever suspect him of having betrayed the tiger nature.

"If it would give the ladies pleasure and they do not fear the rain, we can ride down," said he at the conclusion of his report.

"Pleasure!" cried Wally, who in spite of all her exaggerations had a warm sympathy for the misfortunes of others. "How can you speak so in view of such a misfortune?"

"Why, my dear lady, it cannot be helped," explained Ernest. "But I assure you the sight is highly interesting."

Erna uttered no word of reproach, but a shiver ran over her at this cold egoism. All the strength of hundreds of lives had been exerted for years to build the great work they were now endeavoring to save, enormous sums were at

stake, and the poor mountaineers were suffering from the loss of their possessions. Ernest had not a word of regret for all this; to him it was "highly interesting." The more so, perhaps, when to this interest might be added the satisfaction of seeing the creation of his enemy destroyed.

And this man would compel her to remain at his side for a whole long life, she would belong to him body and soul; and if she rebelled and attempted to break the bond which in a moment of surprise she had half-involuntarily taken upon herself, then he threatened her with the death of him whom she loved, and made her powerless to act! The means was well chosen; all her defiance, all her strength of will was swallowed up in agony.

The voice of the president was heard in the next room, giving a hurried order in a loud tone; and the next moment he entered, pale and agitated, preserving his composure only with an effort. The last news had led him to fear the worst, and he was going to see for himself how matters stood. Waltenberg declared that he would go also, and turned to his betrothed as quietly as though nothing had occurred between them.

"Will you not accompany us, Erna? We shall ride to the most threatened places, and you are certainly fearless enough."

Erna hesitated a second, then she agreed eagerly. She must see and know what went on below, even if it were the worst. Anything but staying up here, looking out into the shifting clouds which veiled everything, only hearing the messages which were sent up from time to time! They were going to the places which were most threatened; there Wolfgang was,—she would see him, at least!

Wally, who could not comprehend how any one could want to go out in such weather, looked after them, shaking her head as they rode off. The president also was on horseback, for the roads were too bad for any vehicle; even the beasts had to work their way cautiously through the deep mud. The little party rode on silently, only Waltenberg making now and then a short remark, which was hardly answered. They took their way first to the Wolkenstein bridge.

(To be continued.)

## Poetic Aphorisms.

### I.

#### LOVE OVERCOMING ENMITY.

(Prov. XXV., 21, 22.)

THE metal, fire beneath could never melt;

Soon yields when glowing coals upon it lie;

If love thou wouldst by hardened hearts have felt,

Thou in like manner must its power apply.

### II.

#### RICH AND POOR.

Who are the rich? Those who with even less

Would yet have more than what their needs require.

Who are the poor? Those who would still possess,

If more they had, less than their heart's desire.

### III.

#### AGE AND WISDOM.

(Wisdom is the gray hair unto men.—Hebrew proverb.)

Not those who naught but hoary hairs can show,

Should we consider to be truly gray;

But those, with raven locks or heads of snow,

Who wisdom fit for hoary hairs display.

REV. PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

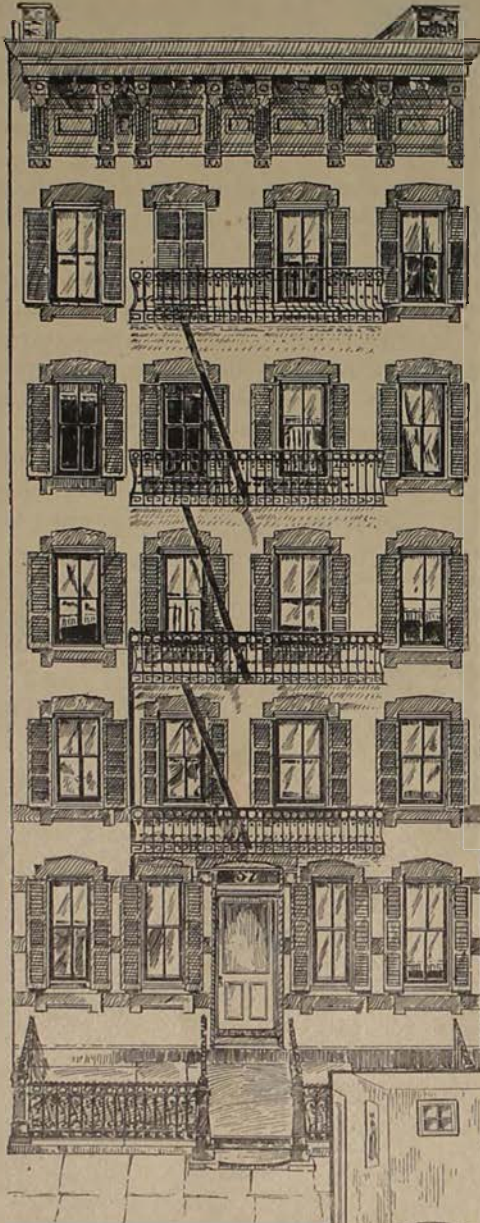
## How We Live In New York.

**H**OW people live in New York is a subject of perennial interest, not only to outsiders, but to the observing multitude of New Yorkers themselves. At least one and a half millions of persons live in the contracted space supplied by Manhattan Island. Of this number it is estimated that about two-thirds live in apartment and tenement houses of various grades.

The tenement system had its origin in the pressing need for cheap quarters, and those which were convenient to business. Just what is a tenement-house is a question that has so often been asked that it finally became advisable to have it defined by statute. Therefore a tenement-house, by law, is "the home or residence of three or more families living independently of each other and doing their cooking upon the premises, or of more than two families upon any floor, so living or cooking."

The terms "tenement," "apartment," and "flat," have, however, by courtesy, come to possess a still further meaning. The name "tenement" is applied indiscriminately to any cheap rooms in which a family may keep house, irrespective of accommodations or surroundings. There may be, and usually is, water in a sink in the kitchen, and sometimes there are stationary tubs; but bare walls constitute a tenement, and a sorry place it is likely to be.

Tenements proper have rarely more than three or four rooms, and these are necessarily rather small; but in the approved buildings they are well-arranged and admirably ventilated, every room having a window or windows opening to the outside air or into the air-shafts which extend from cellar to roof. The old-style tenement-houses are positively not fit for human beings to live in. Many of the rooms are absolutely without light or air, almost every inch of the lots is occupied by the buildings, or there may be a house on the front and rear of the lot, with perhaps a narrow court between. Pulley-lines are used for drying clothes when there is a yard; otherwise they are dried on the roof. A comparison of the two plans will show the infinite improvement. In the plan of the old-style tenement there are rooms for twelve families on one floor; and the rooms marked "D" have neither light nor air excepting that obtained by the door which opens into another room.

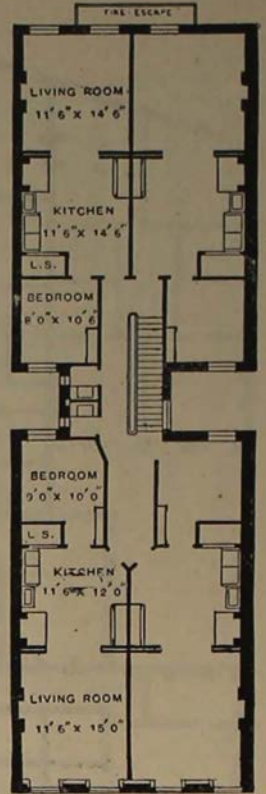


The improved tenement is built on what is known as the "dumb-bell" plan, with an open court at each side, and there are four light and airy tenements, or flats, on each floor, and fire-escapes either in front or at the rear.

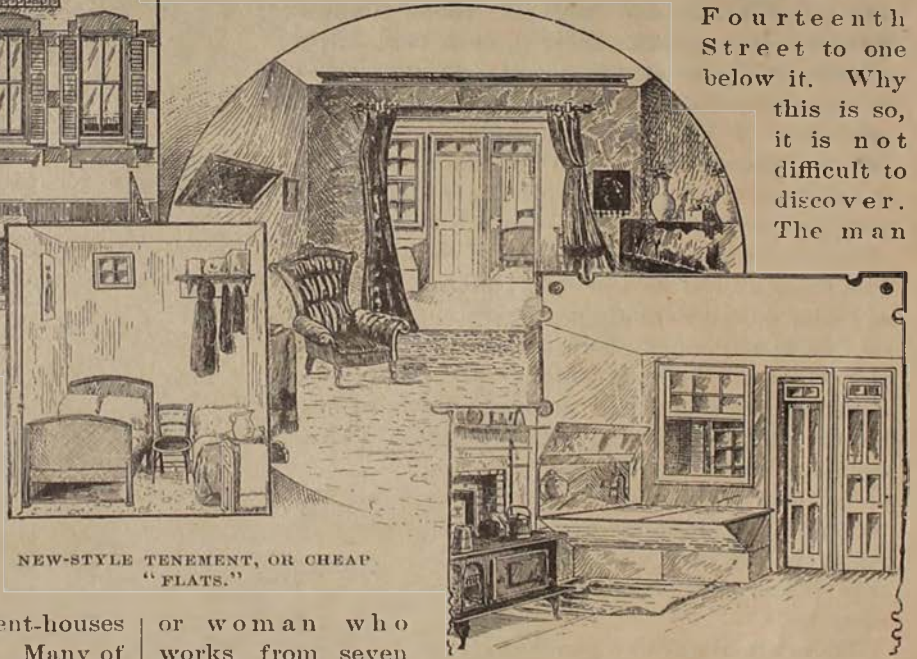
There were in 1864 about fifteen thousand tenement-houses in New York, occupied by almost five hundred thousand persons, averaging a trifle over seven persons to a family. At the close of last year there were nearly thirty-three thousand tenement-houses, with over one million tenants; nearly two hundred and forty thousand families, in which were more than one hundred and forty thousand children under five years of age! The improved tenement-houses are from four to eight stories high, and, all told, contain upwards of thirty-one thousand suites of rooms, averaging four rooms to a suite, with an average rental of six dollars per month.

Within the past six months nearly one thousand tenement-houses were built; and yet there is an urgent demand for more rooms, and also an ever-present necessity for eternal vigilance that these places are not crowded to a degree dangerous to the lives and health of the tenants and their neighbors.

There is a continual shifting of the population in the localities where they are built, and, as a matter of course, there are many vacancies; but there are nearly six vacant tenements above Fourteenth Street to one below it. Why this is so, it is not difficult to discover. The man



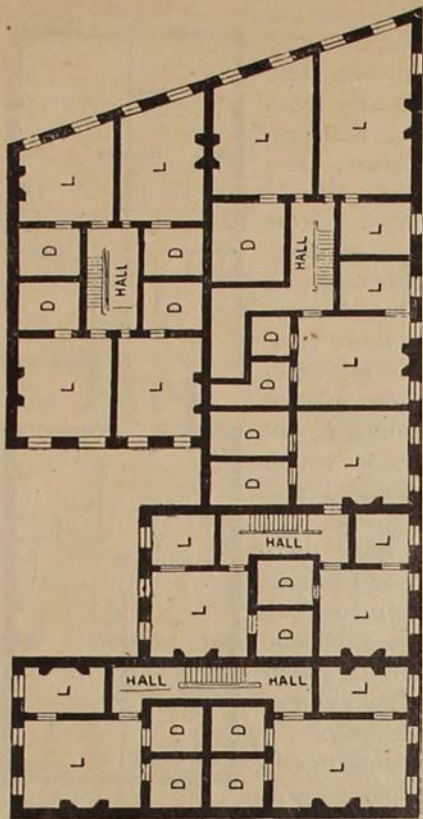
GROUND PLAN OF NEW-STYLE TENEMENT-HOUSE.



NEW-STYLE TENEMENT, OR CHEAP "FLATS."

or woman who works from seven o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, for from six to eight dollars per week, has little time for riding and less money to spend in paying car-fare to the suburbs of the city, and must therefore live in the vicinity of the field of labor. This is one reason why up-town cheap rents are of so little benefit to them.

One of the most remarkable phases of existence in New York, and, to the philanthropist or philosopher, one of the most interesting, is lodging-house life.



GROUND PLAN OF OLD-STYLE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

"Please, sir, will you give me five cents to get a night's lodging?" said a decently dressed young fellow to a well-known business man.

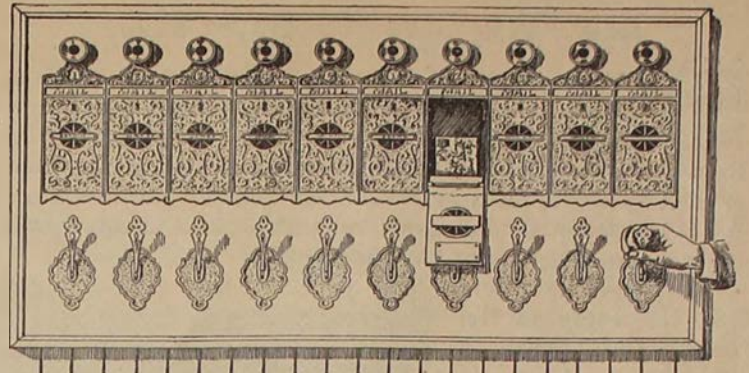
"Five cents!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you couldn't get a night's lodging for five cents, or ten cents, either."

"I can indeed, sir. I can get a single bed for seven cents, and I have two cents, as you see. Of course the room isn't like a first-class hotel, nor is the bed anything to speak of; but I assure you it is much better than an area-way, or a hall, or a bench in the park, on such a night as this;" and the man shivered and pulled his coat collar closer about his ears to keep out the beating rain.

The gentleman gave

the required five cents, took the name and number of the street where the man insisted that such cheap lodgings could be obtained, and passed on, looking back over his shoulder at the petitioner, who took "a bee line" for the locality he had indicated. And this is what he found: A very large room with posts set at intervals, and between them shallow troughs arranged like shelves, each containing a mattress of the cheapest sort, not over clean at its present stage, whatever it may have been originally; a blanket, comfortable, or quilt, of the commonest kind; and, in some of them, an apology for a pillow. Here the homeless wanderer or tramp may lie down all night and sleep, if he can, for the sum of seven cents. The place was close and stuffy in the extreme, and the odors were almost overpowering; but in this apartment a score or more of men and youths were lodged. Many of them were regular customers, and many had known no better refuge for so long that they would have been unable to remember "the feel of a clean bed," as one old fellow remarked to his companions; and yet there are rarely any vacancies in this place, and frequent calls for more beds.

There are about two hundred cheap lodging-houses of various grades in the city, the greater number of them being located in the vicinity of Chatham Square and along the Bowery. Baxter, Mulberry, Mott, and Pell Streets abound in lodging-places of cheaper grade. Prices range all the way from five cents to twenty-five cents per night. For the former price one may sprawl about on a



LETTER-BOXES, ETC., IN VESTIBULE OF CHEAP FLATS.

bare floor, or sleep on a bench, if by any possibility the equilibrium can be maintained, or on a narrow piece of plank. This is the last resort, save the police station, where beggars, tramps, or impecunious strangers may occupy such cells as chance to be vacant.

The keeper of a low saloon or eating-house will, for a few cents, permit a man who has purchased a meal at his place late in the evening to lie down on the floor, or on a bench, or across a few chairs, and spend the night there. If objection be made by the police, he gets off on the plea of being an employe, and often sets about clearing up the place.

There are fifteen-cent, twenty-five-cent, and, in some more



OLD-STYLE TENEMENT-HOUSES, COMMUNICATING WITH DRINKING SALOONS THROUGH SIDE DOORS.

respectable places, fifty-cent lodgings. They grow cleaner and better as the price advances, those at the higher figure being a single room, a bed, and, in some cases, a free hot or cold bath. The lodger has retirement and privacy, and the place is one that a decent person need not be ashamed to occupy.

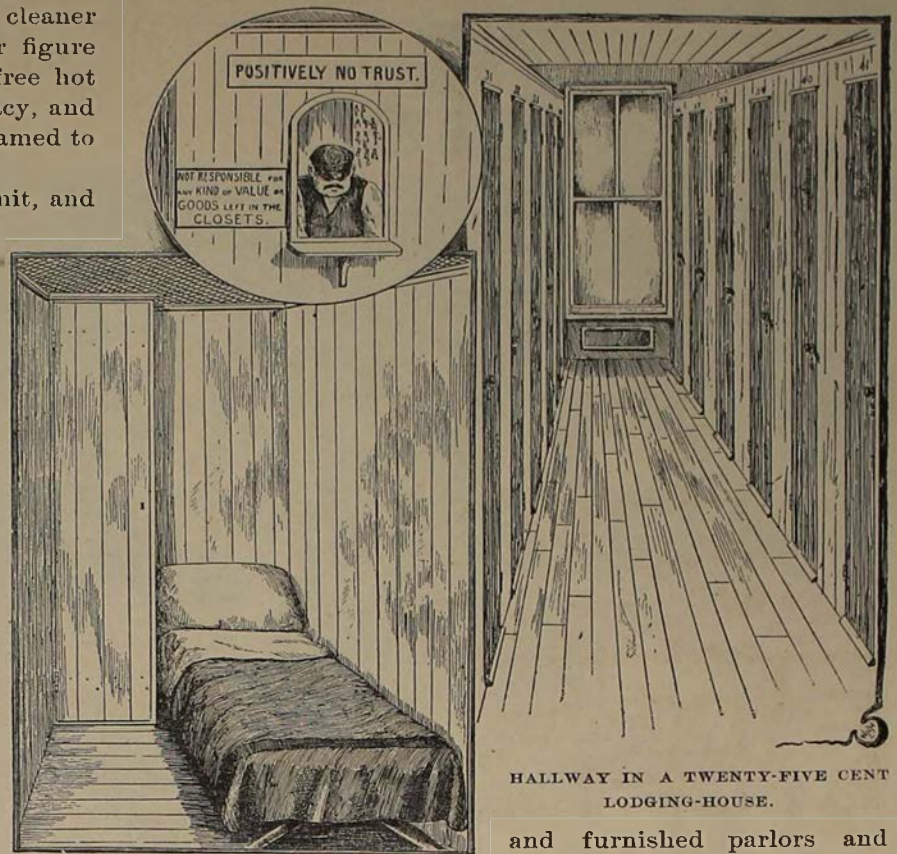
The keeper of a lodging-house must have a permit, and the premises are subject to the most rigid inspection. A full statement must be filed in the office of the Health Commissioner, setting forth the purpose of the place, how many lodgers it is proposed to accommodate, and in what manner it is to be fitted up. Sanitary inspectors visit the house at intervals to see that all of the provisions of the permit are complied with. So rigid is the supervision exercised, and so severe are the penalties for violating the law, that the keeper, as a rule, finds it more profitable to observe the conditions of the permit than to pay the fines imposed for their transgression.

Young men in New York have various and curious ways of living. A somewhat recent practice—recent at least in its general adoption—is to club together, hire a suite of rooms or a flat, not for lodging-rooms, but for a club restaurant or for social purposes only, keep a servant or janitor, and share the expenses among fifty or sixty associates who become members. This arrangement, under the restrictive rules that are usually enforced, affords, especially in winter, a pleasant and respectable resort for young men whose lodging-rooms are not comfortably heated and lighted,—and hall rooms and others at a low price are not likely to be,—who would otherwise seek other and less reputable places in which to spend their evenings. It is claimed that to be a member of a properly managed co-operative club for meals is less expensive than eating at restaurants, or even having “table” board at a regular boarding-house.

“Bachelor apartments” are every year becoming more and more popular with young men of means. Some of these suites of rooms in New York City are models of decorative art, and many of them are fitted up in the most elaborate and costly fashion. There are silken hangings, lace draperies, and the most exquisitely finished



A SEVEN-CENT LODGING-HOUSE.



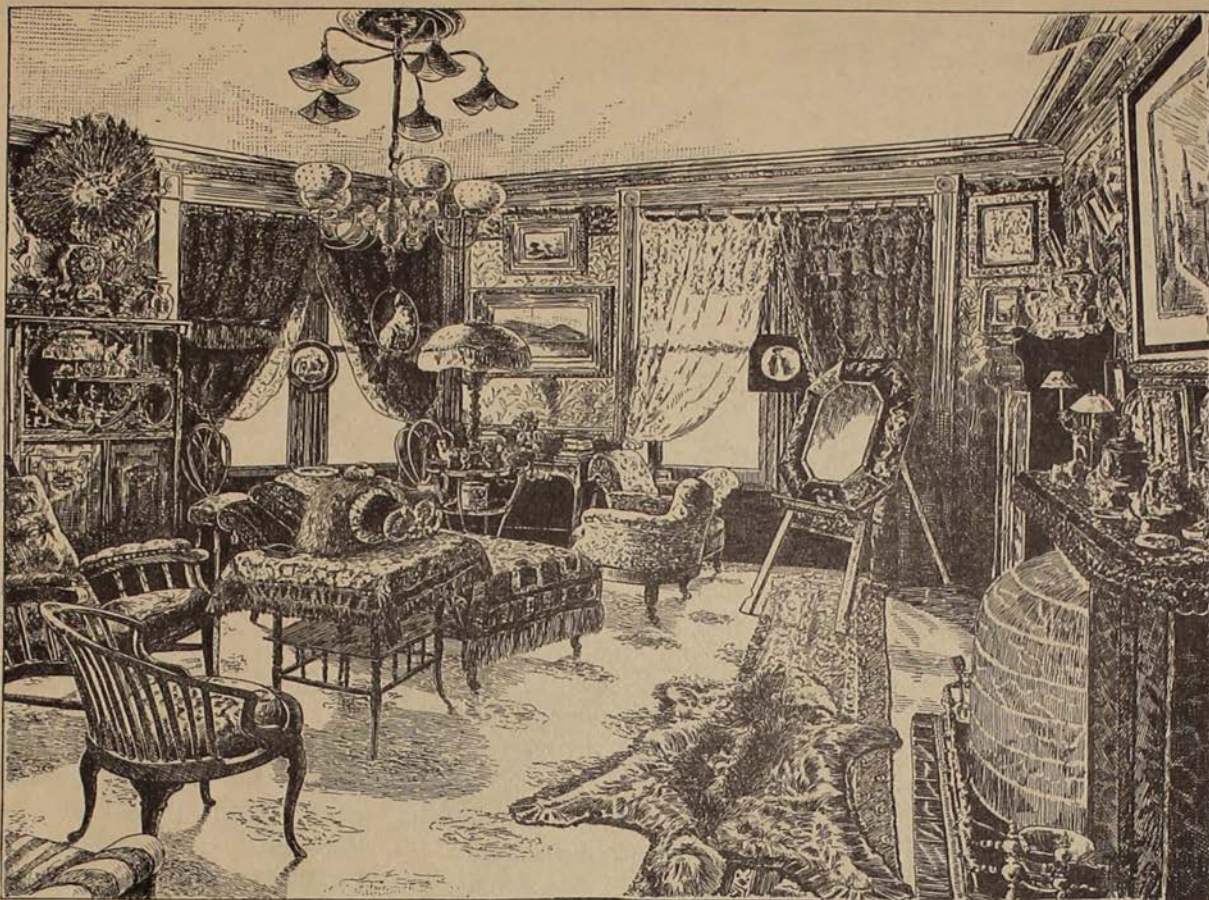
HALLWAY IN A TWENTY-FIVE CENT LODGING-HOUSE.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER NIGHT.

and furnished parlors and libraries, with cabinets of treasures untold.

The “club” proper is one of the best known of all resorts for men of all ages. New York has scores of them, of various grades and with various ostensible purposes, but all, in fact, of a social nature, furnishing a comfortable and convenient home for men who are either without homes, or who, having them, find other places more agreeable. They are, almost without exception, expensive, and draw heavily on the income of men of moderate means. Almost all of them have most elaborately conducted and perfectly served meals, usually to order. The prices are high, but everything is strictly first-class, and so, in the nature of things, is expensive. While club life has its comforts and compensations, it is, in the main, unnatural, and tends to destroy the taste for domestic life and the tolerance of family responsibilities; but it is an established institution, and is likely to increase rather than diminish.

The single woman who earns her own living is becoming one of the recognized elements of this great conglomerate, and is falling, as all such elements must, into her proper place. Twenty years ago a young single woman, unless she were exceedingly wealthy or eccentric, or had wealthy relatives, was looked upon somewhat askance if she attempted to keep up her own independent establishment and live her own individual life without “protection.” But the self-respecting, self-supporting woman has demanded consideration at the hands of landlords and landladies, and has gotten



PARLOR IN A BACHELOR'S APARTMENT.

arrangement for heating, also with hot and cold water. There are no meals served in such houses, and much of what is called "light housekeeping" is indulged in. This usually means that the tenant prepares her own breakfast, and, if her work is done at home, possibly her luncheon, and goes out to her dinner. There are boarding-houses and restaurants in every block, and no trouble is experienced in getting meals, such as they are.

In some houses the rental of the room includes the use of the kitchen range, and various dishes may be prepared there instead of in the rooms. Sometimes the landlady is ultra whimsical, and will not tolerate even the making of a

cup of coffee in her apartments. In such a case there is likely to be a vacancy at the earliest opportunity, for taking all of the meals out is not only expensive, but altogether inconvenient.

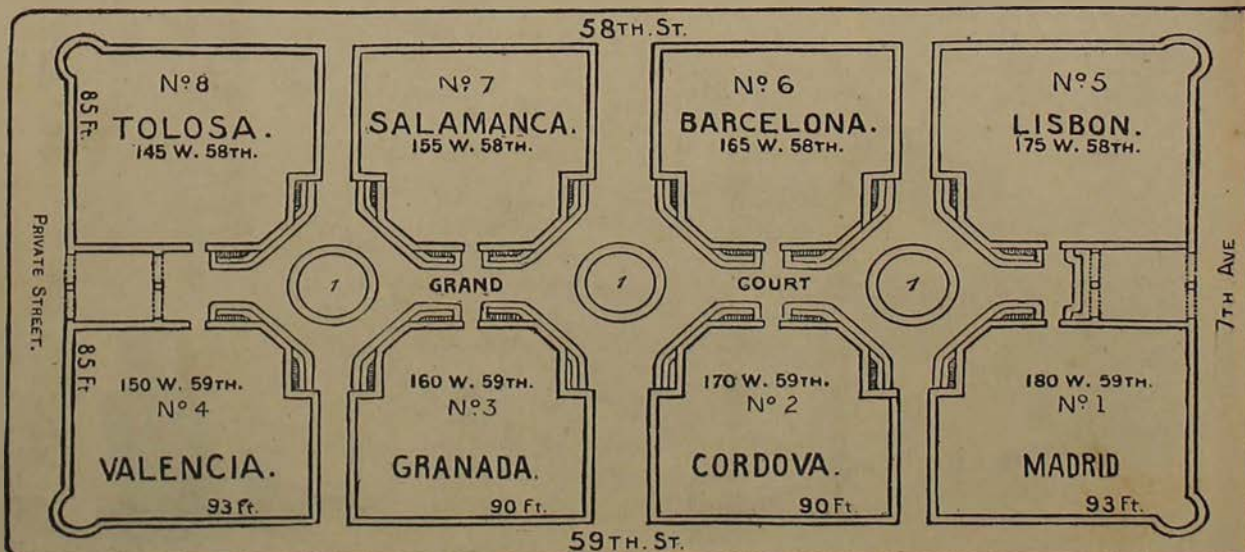
The boarding-house is one of the established institutions of New York. From the cheapest grade of mechanics' boarding-houses, where meals are three dollars and a half per week, and lodgings, which are merely cots or bunks, cost but little, to the high-priced ceremonious hotels and higher-priced exclusive dwellings, where it requires more red tape and references to get rooms and attention than are required to obtain a diplomatic position, there is every grade and price imaginable. There are none so poor that they may not find something suited to their condition, and none so rich that their income is not taxed in proportion to the owner's possessions.

As a degree more comfortable than the hotel, and, if

it. One young woman, at least (and probably there are many similar cases), an artist in decorative designing, who has a fairly independent income, rents a couple of unfurnished rooms and has fitted them up after her own ideas, and here she lives by herself, and a charming home she has.

Women who are occupied during the day sometimes form little co-operative societies of their own, several of them taking a flat and adjusting their belongings as best they may. The cost is less and the accommodations far better than could be found in any boarding-house. A char-woman and laundress for a couple of days in the week is all of the outside help required. Sometimes a member of the corporation has a mother, sister, or relative who works at home and takes charge of and performs the labor of the place and cooks the meals, for her board and room-rent. This makes a most convenient arrangement for all parties, and is safe, pleasant, and economical.

Many lady artists occupy their studios as living-rooms, and have special hours when they receive callers, being "at home" only at such times. Other single ladies have rooms in houses devoted to room-renting. Many ordinary dwelling-houses are fitted up specially with a view to letting rooms, and each one is provided with some ar-



PLAN OF "CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS."





"CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS."

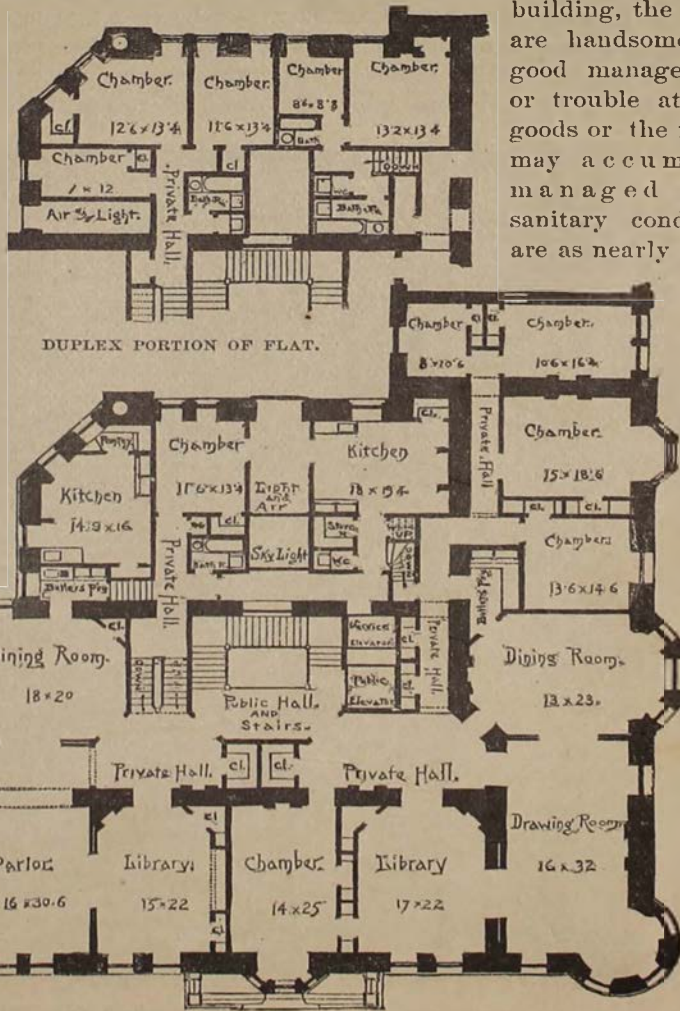
properly managed, somewhat less expensive, the apartment house has come into general favor. The name "apartment house" is generally understood to designate a building especially arranged for the purpose, where suites of rooms are rented, either furnished or unfurnished, but no cooking is allowed, the tenants taking their meals either in a restaurant belonging to the house, or going for them elsewhere. Of these houses there are many thousand. In some of the new and elegant apartment houses, suites of two or three rooms and bath rent for from six hundred to twelve hundred dollars per year. Meals may not be prepared in most of these houses, and any attempt at cooking renders the occupant liable to expulsion without notice. In some cases a contract or lease of the most iron-clad nature must be signed, and tenants are required to surrender almost every right except their personal liberty. The principal difference between an apartment house or a studio and a room-renting house is, that while in the latter the occupant may be only a temporary resident and leave when it pleases him, in the former, a lease, usually by the year, must be taken.

Experience has proved that a first-class apartment house furnishes

advantages and comforts not found in any other dwelling at a similar cost. There is steam heat throughout the building, the stairs, halls, and entrance are handsomely appointed, and, under good management, there is no vexation or trouble attending the receiving of goods or the removal of any refuse that may accumulate. Everything is managed like clock-work, and the sanitary conditions of some of them are as nearly perfect as it is possible to make them.

The dwelling known as the French flat differs from the apartment house only in furnishing facilities for doing the entire domestic work of the family, instead of only parlors and sleeping-rooms, as one finds in the apartment house proper. A flat-house should be, and many of the larger ones are, built upon a corner. There are wide pavements, and usually a handsome entrance.

Coming into the vestibule of a well-appointed flat-house, the visitor finds, on either side of the doorway, rows of boxes for letters, each bearing a number and a plate for the name, and above this is a speaking-tube. A



FLOOR PLANS OF DUPLEX FLATS, CORNER BUILDINGS "CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS."



INTERIOR COURT AND ARCADES, "CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS."

small button or bell-pull is connected by an electric wire with a bell in the flat occupied by the parties whose names appear on the plate in the letter-box. Pressing this button or pulling the bell-handle may produce one of two results: either the door opens as though by magic, or a distant voice comes down through the tube asking, "Who is it?" The visitor may answer and state his or her business, when the door opens, and the caller enters. Closing the door—a courtesy which no well-bred and well-informed person neglects—and ascending the stairs, it is usually the case that one finds the servant or other representative of the family awaiting the visitor. Lacking this, it is necessary to ring the bell or knock at the door of the flat which is numbered to correspond with the letter-box below.

The explanation of the opening of the door without visible means is that in each flat is a pull or handle to which is attached a wire leading to the latch of the inner door of the vestibule. This door is provided with a spring, and flies open when the latch is drawn back in answer to the ring at the bell.

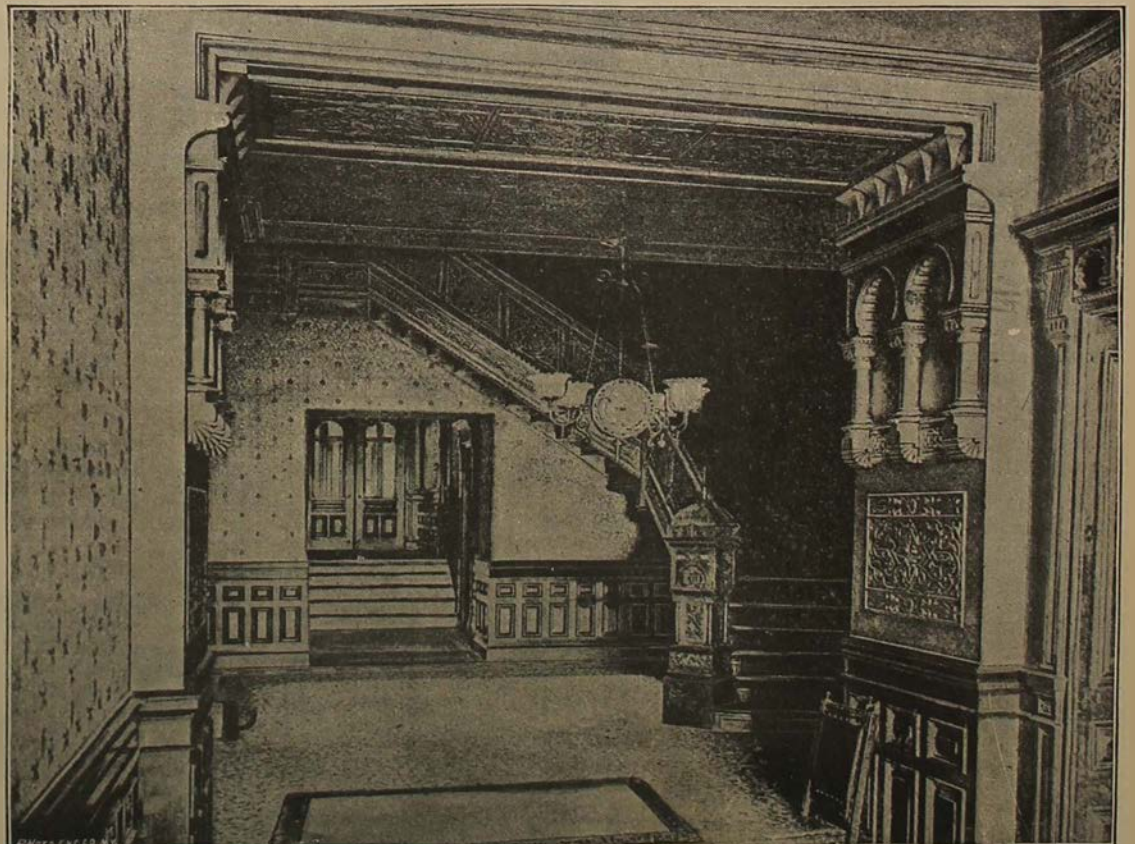
In the handsomer flat-houses there is usually an elevator which is situated

near the door. There are often from one to three hall-boys in attendance, two of whom take turns in running the elevator, and a "buttons" who runs on errands and takes up cards. The quality and extent of the service depends largely upon the intelligence and liberality of the owner or manager of the property.

Some of the moderate-priced flats are models of good management. One group of flats occupying an entire avenue block, and part of each side-street, may be cited as a notable example of what first-class low-priced flats may be. One of these corner buildings is four stories high, and has flats of five rooms, renting for about twenty-eight to thirty-three dollars per month. There is a kitchen, with excellent range, stationary tubs, and kitchen sink, abundant hot and cold water for all household and laundry purposes, a recess with drainage pipes, for an ice-box, and shelves, china-closet, and every imaginable convenience that experience can suggest. The dining-room and parlor have grates and handsome wood mantels, and the bedrooms have corner cupboards and presses with shelves and doors to keep out the dust.

All of these rooms open into a private hall, as does also a bath-room containing a stationary wash-stand, bath-tub and closet, all of the most approved description. All of the front windows are supplied with inside blinds and roller-shades, and the back windows have outside shutters. Each flat has its private hail, which is steam-heated, and the door of which is always kept closed. This is by custom, and sometimes by rule of the house. It insures privacy, and is altogether more agreeable all around. Once within one's own door, there need be no communication with the outside world, unless one chooses.

The service here is as perfect as it is possible to make it. Twice every day all ashes and garbage are removed, coal is sent up on the dumb-waiter from the tenant's own coal-bin in the cellar, also the marketing, and all other packages are brought to the door by the man in attendance. There is no passenger elevator in this house, as the building is not high enough to require it.



MAIN HALL IN THE "VALENCIA."

The entire property belongs to the same estate, and there are probably over one hundred flats in the group. All are supplied with hot water from the boiler in a well-appointed boiler-house in an open court in the rear. There is also an electric plant on the premises, and a small dynamo supplies the lights for all of the halls. This makes lighting easy, as it is only necessary to connect the circuit to light the halls of all of the buildings.

The other corner building has its halls, which are in the center of the building, and consequently somewhat dark, lighted all day, and so are the inner rooms of the first, second, and third flats opening

into the air shaft or court. There is a passenger and freight elevator in this building, in addition to a dumb-waiter for fuel and marketing, as the structure is six stories high.

The flats in this group, however, are much more desirable than the average of such dwellings. There are thousands of places the apparent object of which is to furnish the very least possible accommodation and get the very highest possible price for them. The general finish and repairs are just

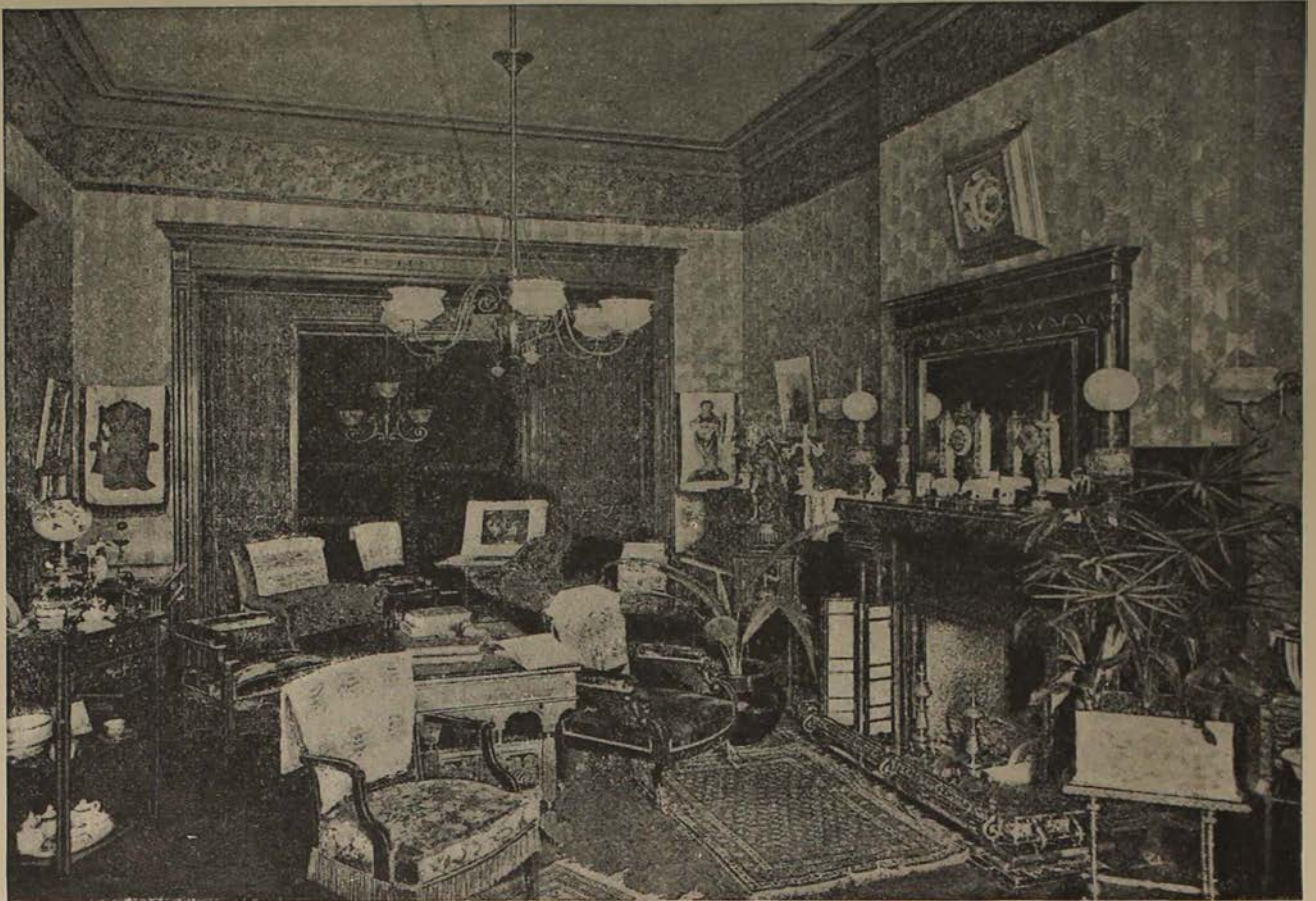
as meagre as may be and keep the premises occupied, and protests, however urgent, or complaints to the Board of Health, are met by stolid indifference, and the tenant, as a rule, "comes out second best."

High-class, high-priced flats abound. Just how well many of them merit some of the enthusiastic comments made on them is a point upon which there are diverse opinions. Some of them have every advantage, and others seem

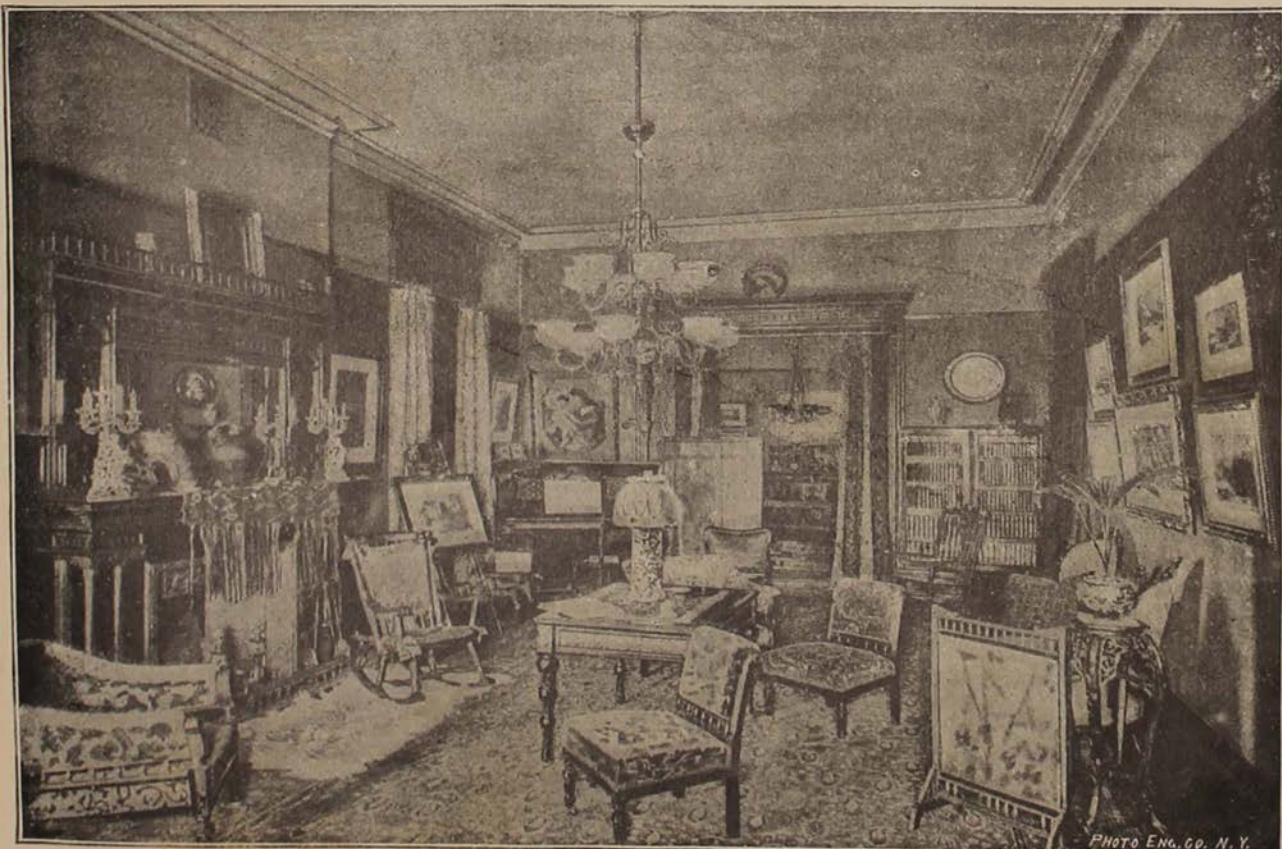
to be better adapted for show than for actual use. The subject of flats always suggests the rhyme about the little girl who was either "very, very good!" or "horrid!"

In very elegant flat and apartment houses on Madison, Lexington, and Fifth Avenues, and on Seventh Avenue and Broadway, the cost is from four to ten thousand dollars per year for suites of rooms.

The "Navarro Flats," or "Central Park Apartments" (as they are sometimes called, although they are technically flats), on Fifty-ninth Street opposite Central Park, are doubtless among the most interesting of all buildings of their class, from their



A RECEPTION-ROOM IN "CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS."



A LIBRARY IN "CENTRAL PARK APARTMENTS,"

PHOTO ENG. CO. N. Y.



A TYPICAL NEW YORK STREET. FOUR-STORY, HIGH-STOOP, BROWNSTONE FRONTS.

peculiar construction. They consist of a group of eight imposing buildings divided into flats for regular house-keeping, and are constructed around a very large court-yard. They are of brick with stone facings and are elaborately ornamented and fitted up, and each is known by the name of a city in Spain. All of the rooms are airy and well lighted, as all open either on the street or on the court-yard.

On each alternate floor (or story) of these buildings all the rooms of the flats are on the same story, the back rooms having lower ceilings than those in front. The intermediate stories are built on what is called the duplex, or patent-back, plan, with one story and a half in the rear to one story in front.

The floor plans (see page 481) show the arrangement of the duplex flats in the corner houses. The public hall and staircase are in the middle of the building, with a flat on each side; and anyone can easily comprehend the plan by tracing the private hall from where it opens from the public hall, through each flat. To reach the kitchen it is necessary to descend a short staircase; and a short staircase leads to the upper chambers, which are over the kitchen story. The detached portion shows the plan of this upper story. The floor surface, including the rooms on the single

and double stories, is about one hundred by eighty-five feet. Rents in these buildings range from three thousand to seven thousand dollars per annum.

Flats and apartments are crowding medium-priced houses out of New York. Property owners can realize much greater profits from seven or ten story flat-houses than from three or four story dwelling-houses. Of course the investment is greater, but the results are much greater in proportion. The new régime is also much more economical for the tenants. Men of moderate means cannot spare sufficient money from their business to buy houses, neither can they afford to keep them up.

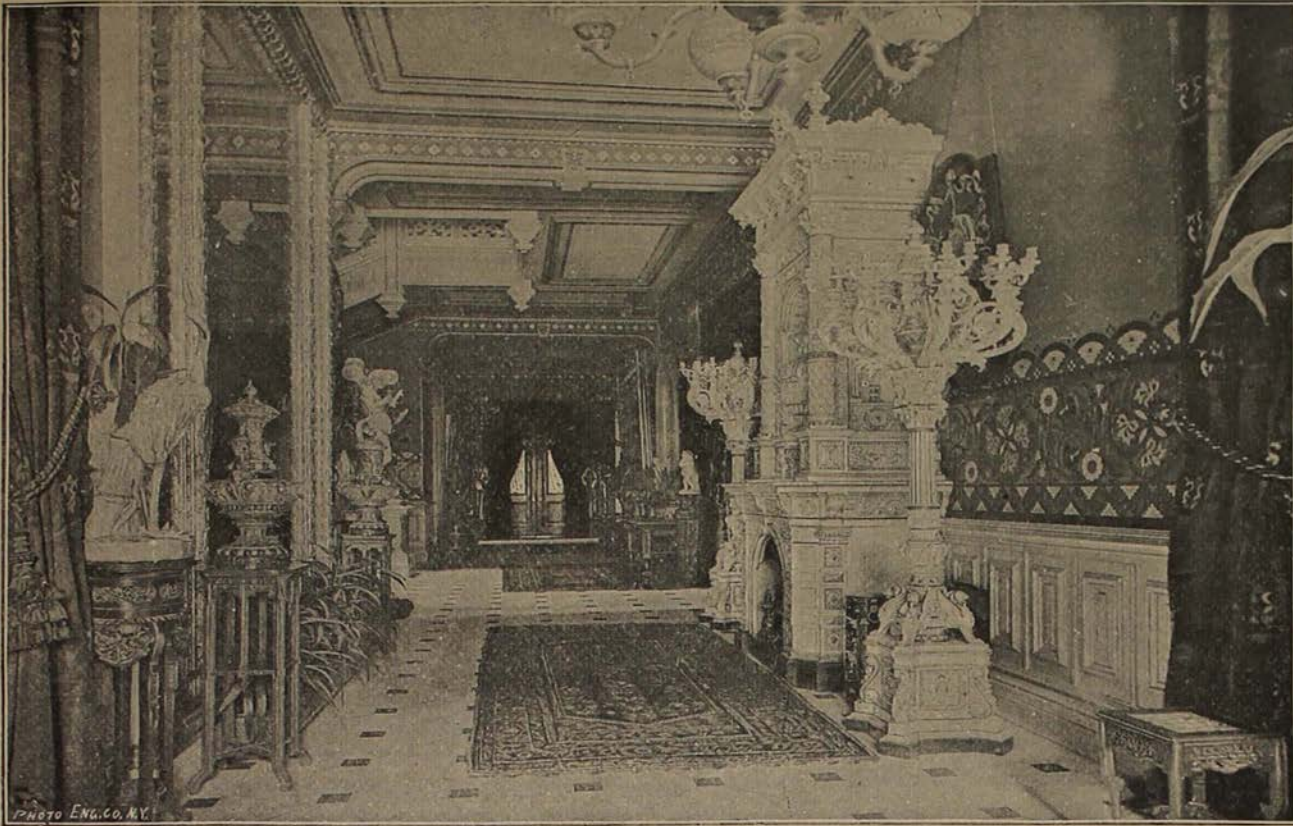
Therefore, the flat, even with all of its objections, and they are many, is more desirable, and, indeed, often the only alternative.

Yet elegant private residences are numerous in the upper part of the city. Lexington, Madison, and Fifth Avenues, and the up-town cross-streets are full of them. Upon Stuyvesant, Gramercy, and Washington Squares still stand the residences of many of the old families of New York. The Stewart mansion, a cold-looking white marble pile, stands on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. This building is to be turned into a club-house, as no private citizen seems inclined to invest in it for a home

On the same avenue are the handsome residences of the



THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCES.



ENTRANCE HALL IN THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

Astors, and, still farther up, the Vanderbilt residences, which are always special objects of attention. The home of Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, is doubtless the most elegant private dwelling in this country. The entrance is guarded by superb copies in bronze of Ghiberti's famous gates in Florence, made by Barbédienne at a cost of \$25,000. Art treasures of all kinds, of great beauty and immense value, have been gathered here from all parts of the world. The Vanderbilt picture-gallery is world-renowned. The name of almost every artist of note, ancient as well as modern, is included in the catalogue of the almost priceless works which adorn its walls. The private apartments are palatial. A noteworthy item in the furnishing of Mrs. Vanderbilt's own room is an exceedingly valuable piece of point-lace flouncing, once the property of Marie Antoinette. It forms part of a mirror drapery, and is doubtless the most costly bit of drapery in the world.

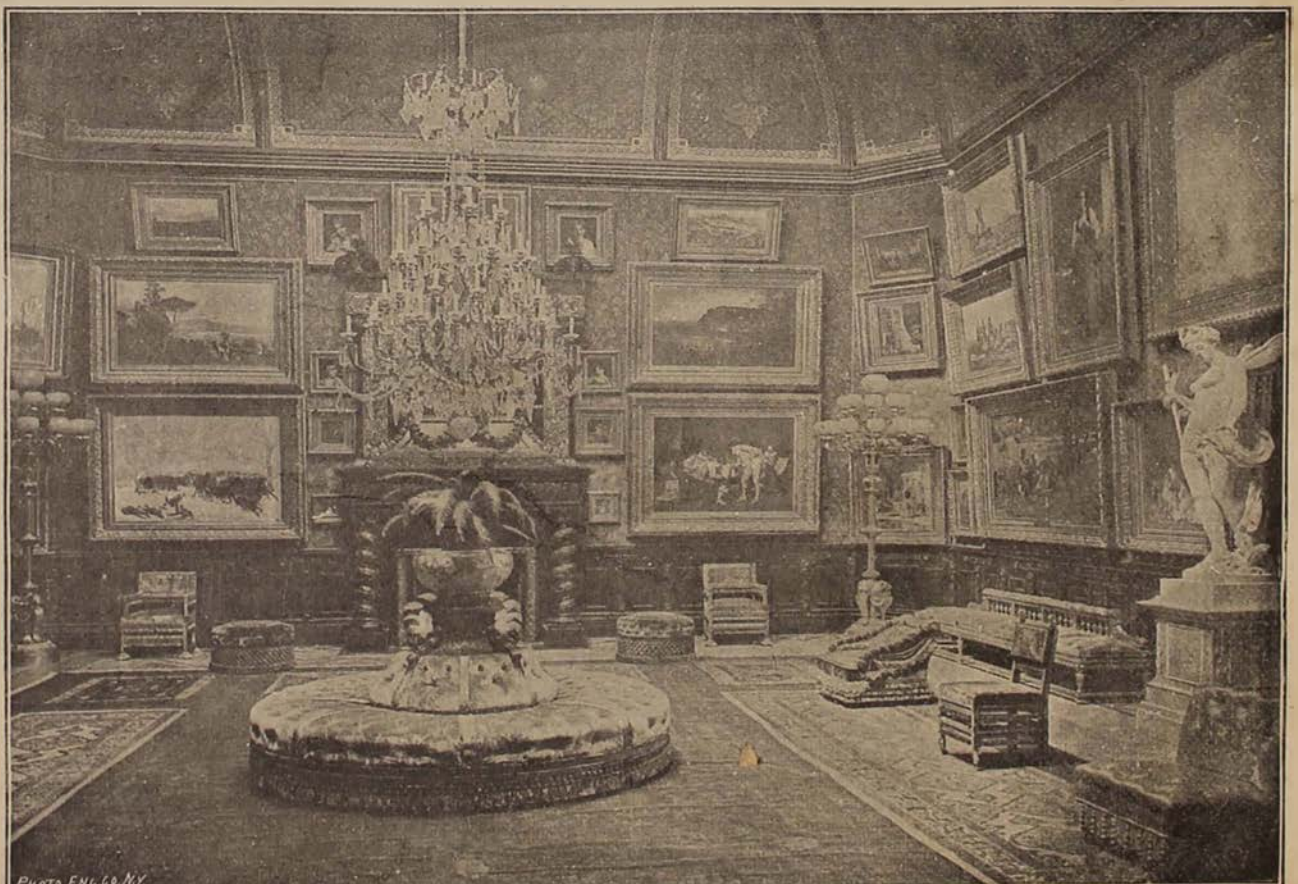
So we live in New York, crowding each other as closely as possible with our more or less pretentious dwellings and "flats," till the only place left to traverse the city

seems to be overhead. As one youthful visitor to Gotham remarked, she "liked New York very much, but could hardly see the city for the houses." Perhaps not many of us would care to see more than the outside of many of them. The homes of competence and comfort are pleasant to visit, but even the strong-hearted quail as they enter the abodes of squalor and misery, where to utter the word "home" seems like mockery.

Fortune is a capricious tyrant, smiling upon one and frowning upon another. Poverty and wealth jostle each other upon the city streets, and the carriage-wheels of

the millionaire spatter the mud of the streets upon the humble garb of the patient toiler in the world's busy ranks. Schools of philosophy, "isms," and theories come and go without in any way bridging the gulf between the two extreme classes. It is said that as a nation grows older the rich become richer and the poor become poorer. However this may be, we cannot forget the statement in Holy Writ,—"The poor always ye have with you."

N. S. STOWELL.



PICTURE GALLERY IN WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S HOUSE.

## How to Form a Club.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE IN CLOVERVILLE.

BY JENNY JUNE.

**W**HEN did you return from New York?" asked Mrs. Smith of Mrs. Robinson.

"Not till Saturday," returned Mrs. Robinson. "I enjoyed my visit so very much that I hated to leave, and did not until husband wrote that if I had concluded to stay in New York for good, he and the children would have to move there too."

"Dear me! What did you find that was so interesting? I have been to New York many a time, and was always glad to get home again. It is such a noisy, bustling sort of place, so big and so crowded. I never do anything but just 'shop,' and leave it as soon as possible."

"Well, you know I went to make my sister a visit this time; and she is very much interested in the new societies for women, that they call 'clubs' nowadays. She is a member of three and an officer in two, and I went with her to all the meetings, and had a splendid time!"

"Tell me all about it. What did they do?"

"Oh! that would be too long a story now; but shall you be at Mrs. Brown's tea on Thursday?"

"Yes, I guess so. I hear she has a lady visiting her from Chicago, a very bright woman who is president of something or other—maybe it is of a Woman's Club."

"I shouldn't be surprised. I heard a lady from Chicago make a speech in New York, and she told about the clubs there and how much they enjoy their 'studies.' She said they found this kind of work more valuable as an educational influence than any school, and more pleasurable than any form of entertainment."

"Well, I'm sure I think it would be nice to have something to talk about when we meet at our Sewing Society, besides old Miss Jones' rheumatism. But I must go now. Good-bye till Thursday."

"Good-bye."

The two ladies had met at the village store, which was also the post-office. I beg pardon for calling the thriving town of Cloverville a village; it had already graduated into the center of a flourishing township, although there was a store connected with the post-office, as in the old days when Cloverville was a village. Still there had grown up many stores and business centers quite unconnected with the reception and distribution of the mails, and the people had become very sensitive on the score of being "up with the times" and in possession of the latest thing, in coal, gas, or ideas.

When Thursday came, there was a large gathering at Mrs. Brown's; for the fact of the visitor from Chicago occupying an official position of importance in a society governed by parliamentary rules had become noised about, and invitations had included not only the principal members of the Sewing Society, but several ladies who rarely put in an appearance at these gatherings: Mrs. Strong, a lady who lived on her income, and of whom therefore not much could be said, but who "took" unevangelical publications and was suspected of heretical tendencies; Miss Janes, the "Lorgnette" of the "Cloverville Pioneer," who once had a story accepted by the weekly "Trojan," and was therefore a literary light; and the great lady of Cloverville, Mrs. Molloy, who seldom deigned to accept an invitation to a tea-drinking, but who once a year gave a "reception," invitations to which settled the status of every female inhabitant of the aspiring young town.

The visitor from Chicago, about whom so much had been said, proved to be a very quiet and gentle little lady, whom "you would not have supposed," whispered Mrs. Smith to

Mrs. Robinson, "knew anything more than anybody." She did not talk "club," and several of the ladies were sure there had been some mistake in supposing that she could preside at meetings, and know all about "keeping order," and be able to tell just when to speak, and who to ask, and all the rest of it.

But Mrs. Robinson was very much excited. "It is the same lady I heard in New York," she said to Mrs. Smith. "I did not catch her name, for we arrived late. She is smart, I tell you! Why could we not form a club while she is here? Let us get her to talk about it after tea, before the men come. You know they don't allow men at women's clubs. I think it would be real nice to have one thing we could have to ourselves,—they have twenty. I'm sure my husband is not home a single evening in a week; I had the greatest trouble to get him to call for me to-night."

There was a chorus of assent, and "you speak to her, you have heard her," came from a dozen mouths.

Mrs. Grey was not at all formidable, and Mrs. Robinson would have made two of her; but she felt her courage oozing out at her fingers' ends until the little lady turned recognizing eyes upon her and said, "Haven't I seen you before? Was it in New York lately?"

That broke the ice. Mrs. Robinson plunged into her subject, fearful lest time would not suffice. "O Mrs. Grey," she said, "we want to form a club. Are you the president of one? Will you help us? How do you do it? We should be so glad to have you tell us a little about it. I heard you speak in New York at a club anniversary; I was with my sister, Mrs. Hartwell, who is Recording Secretary of the 'Noonday Club.'"

"I remember her perfectly," said Mrs. Grey, "and I should be delighted to help you to form a club if you know what it means—don't be offended—and are sure you want one."

The ladies had now gathered about the speakers, and were listening with interest.

"We have a literary society," struck in Miss Janes, with dignity, "and I fancy that is neither more nor less than a club. It gives us evenings with music and recitations, and sometimes papers which are discussed."

"I don't think your standard is very high if you call the 'Bugle' a literary society, Miss Janes," interposed Mrs. Strong. "It has never had but one essay that I know of, and then it was upon 'Andrew Jackson,' and everybody went home before it came to discussion; nor would anybody have discussed it but old Judge Warner, who read it. As for the music and recitations, the less said of them—or the less heard of them—the better."

Miss Janes was silenced; but Mrs. Grey, evidently wishing to pour oil on the troubled waters, said: "Naturally, societies of many kinds have existed, but there is still an element for women in the modern club idea, which previously had not been utilized for their benefit, but which has been found, on trial, to add greatly to their happiness and usefulness; and it is this central idea which it is necessary to understand and work into a guiding principle."

"Well, in brief, it is the organization of women on the same basic ground as that occupied by men; that is, individual independence and unity in difference. Are you willing to meet, on terms of perfect good-fellowship, women of all classes, all shades of belief, or no belief at all? Are you willing to hear opinions discussed of which you do not approve or of which you are ignorant, and hear the reasons given for them, without prejudice? Are you willing to have others preferred to yourselves, to see others, whom perhaps you don't like, but of whom the majority approve, placed over you, and accept their leadership?"

"If it is the disagreeables alone that are certainties, I

don't see the use of forming a club," remarked Mrs. Molloy, in a joking manner, but with a secret feeling that a club of the democratic sort spoken of might remove the sceptre from her hand, which had hitherto enabled her to queen it over the "society" of Cloverville. The "mixed" idea gave all the ladies pause: it was not quite what they had anticipated.

Never was a more democratic place than Cloverville had been. It was within the memory of every woman present, when the "help" sat at the same table and formed part of the family circle; but the town had grown out of that state of things, and aimed at city airs and city distinctions, rather than a spirit of fraternity, which was "well enough to talk about," as Mrs. Molloy said, "but quite impracticable in real life."

"I cannot agree with that sentiment; I think it is practicable if we make it so." It was Mrs. Strong who spoke. Her face was all aglow, she had become so very much interested. "I am," she continued, "so glad to find that there are women who are stronger than prejudice,—who recognize that everyone has a right to his or her own thought, and is able to express it. I wish we could have a chance to learn how to talk and listen without passion or prejudice, and how to respect the feelings and opinions of others."

"That is good club doctrine," returned Mrs. Grey, laughing. "But I heard the voice of a man; and if you want a woman's club, you must not take a man into your councils until it is an accomplished fact and they cannot do or undo anything."

"Ladies," said Mrs. Strong, "will those of you who would like, on consideration with yourselves, to assist in forming such an organization as Mrs. Grey speaks of, meet at my house to-morrow at three in the afternoon? She does not remain here long, and what is done must be done quickly."

"In that case," said Mrs. Grey, "I will prepare a little set of rules for you to organize under, which you can alter or amplify at your leisure; but remember, I should advise you to have as little of a 'constitution' and as few 'by-laws' as possible. They are like the liver: ignored and never inquired after when the body is in a perfectly healthy condition, but capable of causing all sorts of troubles when disturbed, or tinkered by quacks."

About a dozen ladies assembled in Mrs. Strong's pleasant parlors the next day. The rooms were distinguished from all others of their kind in Cloverville, by an air of occupancy. A work-basket stood in a corner, books and magazines occupied all available spaces, plants filled the sunny bay-window, and a tall clock ticked away merrily in a corner. Among those present were Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Brown, also Miss Janes, who would not have allowed anything so important to transpire without her presence, and who felt it a duty, as she informed Mrs. Molloy, "to interpose a word, if necessary, against views that might be too heterodox and subversive."

Mrs. Molloy herself was very much perplexed. At first she decided it would be beneath her dignity to attend a conference in which she had not taken the initiative. Then it occurred to her that, being the acknowledged leader of society in Cloverville, the ladies would naturally choose her as president, an honor which she determined to decline in a very dignified manner if the proceedings did not suit her.

These considerations induced her to dress, and to order the carriage to be in readiness to take her to Mrs. Strong's; for she wished to make a proper impression, and there is a great, sustaining influence in being well-dressed and in possessing a carriage of one's own. She also made Miss Janes

happy and won a devoted adherent by calling for her, in all her grandeur, in the little back street where the literary aspirant made her modest home.

There were about a dozen ladies present in Mrs. Strong's parlors when these two entered, and their arrival made a little commotion. The half-circle surrounding Mrs. Grey broke up somewhat, but she arrested movement by going straight on with what she was saying, while Mrs. Strong politely motioned the two ladies to take seats.

"It will perhaps be better," continued Mrs. Grey, "to take up at first some line of reading or study, but alternate it with papers upon live, current topics, which may be read and discussed orally. Do not allow written discussion. Appoint the person to present the paper, and invite those who are present to speak their minds upon it, or express any idea it may have suggested to them. This encourages thought, and aids in developing and educating the ability to express thought.

"Encourage kind, discriminating criticism, but not fault-finding. The fault-finders are never helpful, but always a hindrance, and have no place in a true club. They place stumbling-blocks in the way of advancement, but never contribute anything that adds to progressive life or honorable reputation. On the other hand, remember that you are a club composed of diverse individualities, each one with its own rights in and to itself; that you are not united in the interests of any single hobby or pet idea; that each one has a right to her own opinions, convictions, and mode of carrying them out; and that her life, so long as it reflects no dishonor, is strictly her own.

"Crush at once the first evidence of gossip or tittle-tattle, tale-bearing or scandal. It is rank poison, and unworthy to occupy the time or thought of intelligent women. Leave it to men," added the speaker, with a comical glance, at which the ladies all laughed; for there was a bench under an old tree in front of Tuft's tavern, where men were wont to congregate in Cloverville, and which had acquired the name of the "gossips' seat."

"There are only two kinds of human beings in the world," continued Mrs. Grey earnestly, "men and women. We are all kin, some born under more advantageous circumstances than others. These favoring circumstances only make it our duty to help others; not traduce, malign, or even blame them. Ignorance and seclusion breed narrowness and prejudice, and these are the faults we have to guard against; and in getting rid of them we find an infinite joy in the knowledge, the appreciation, and good-fellowship that come in their place."

Mrs. Grey had stood up, leaning on the back of her chair while she was talking. She now sat down, and Mrs. Brown rose. She trembled, and there was a pink spot in either delicate cheek, but she bravely said: "Ladies, I move a vote of thanks to Mrs. Grey for her kindness in speaking to us, and I move also that we organize, here and now, the 'Woman's Wednesday Afternoon Club' of Cloverville."

"One motion at one time, please, Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Strong, who acted as chairman. Mrs. Brown repeated her first motion, which was of course responded to, and then proposed her second, to which twelve of the ladies present expressed unqualified assent. Mrs. Molloy thought she would like to know, before joining, what the "club" would be likely to "do;" and Miss Janes was divided between her desire to have a finger in the pie, and her fear of offending her patroness.

In the meantime Mrs. Strong was proceeding: "Nominations for President are in order."

"Mrs. Strong!" said one or two voices.

"No," replied Mrs. Strong, "I nominate Mrs. Brown. She is sympathetic and kindly, yet a woman of excellent

judgment, and will soon acquire the necessary knowledge of parliamentary order."

Mrs. Brown was a favorite and received the unanimous vote. Mrs. Strong was then suggested for First Vice-president, but she said: "No, ladies. If you will allow me, I will nominate Mrs. Molloy for that position, provided she decides to join us, and I will present myself as candidate for your suffrages for the office of Chairman of Executive Committee."

This business-like disposition of offices was unanimously agreed to; four other members of the Executive Committee were chosen, among them our friend Mrs. Robinson; and Mrs. Smith was invited to be Recording Secretary and also Treasurer, the two offices being easily filled, in this incipient stage, by the same person. There was still a Corresponding Secretary to be chosen, and all eyes turned to Miss Janes, who faltered her willingness provided Mrs. Molloy could be induced to accept the position of First Vice-president. Mrs. Molloy had considered, and concluded to accept. She thought it would sound well, and, after all, she was the only one who could give a really fine reception to any distinguished guest of the club who happened to come to Cloverville.

"What was your object in putting that woman into that place?" asked Mrs. Grey of Mrs. Strong.

"To get her out of the way and prevent her from doing mischief," replied Mrs. Strong.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Grey *sotto voce*. Aloud she said: "Ladies, I am delighted to leave behind me the nucleus of a thriving club in Cloverville. The little set of business rules I promised are not needed, for you have a business committee perfectly capable of framing their own. I shall leave them, however, in the hands of the chairman. They are derived mainly from the rules of other clubs, and she will modify or adapt them to your circumstances, and present them for your consideration and adoption at the first regular meeting. I wish you a long and happy club life."

The ladies crowded round Mrs. Grey to express their good wishes and obligations. Already they felt the glow of a union of interests. Mrs. Molloy said her carriage had seats for four, and asked Mrs. Brown if she could not "drop" her and Mrs. Grey at their door on her way home. As President, Mrs. Brown, the most unassuming of women, had acquired a new claim to interest and consideration.

"Mrs. Strong is a force," said Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Brown that evening.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "but she is as conscientious as she is vital. I am very glad she is Chairman of the Executive Committee. It is the place for her. She will give liberal yet wise intellectual direction to our first movements, while a feeble woman would paralyze us in the beginning."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Grey.

And this was the way a Woman's Club came to Cloverville.

## A Modern Scheherezade.

**G**OOD-BYE, Barbara."  
"Good-bye."

I turn desolately and go into the house.

My aunt and uncle, whom I am visiting, have gone to town to a wedding and will not be home until two or three in the morning, and I am alone with Mary, their maid. They have only left me after my repeated assurances that I am not the least bit afraid, and that if they did not go I

would never visit them again, for I would feel I was looked upon as company and was a restraint and a bother.

But at last they have gone, and I must confess the house seems very quiet and lonely without them. Pshaw! I will take a book and go out in the orchard and read: which I do until it is so dark I can no longer see the print. Then I go into the house and have supper, during the course of which meal I interview Mary as to the morals of the neighborhood. She assures me burglars are few and far between in that district, although of course now and then tramps have been heard of who broke into houses, murdered the occupants, if any resistance were offered, and then helped themselves. Then she proceeds to cite an instance. I want to tell her to stop, but I am fascinated and cannot, and so listen to it all, and then to another, and at last, by the time she is talked out, I feel decidedly uneasy.

"Mary," I say, taking up a candle, "we will go through the house and see that nobody is hidden in it." So the procession of two starts on its rounds. First into the parlor, where I peer under every piece of furniture, no matter how small, to the great amusement of Mary, who cannot understand how a man could get behind a rocking-chair or under a table.

"Shure where wud he be afther puttin' his fate, Miss Barbara?" she asks. But I explain to her that I have heard of cases where small children have been hidden in houses to open the door for the robbers outside when all was dark and quiet.

The search continues. "Mary," I say in a loud tone intended for the edification of any unlawful occupant of the house, "it's too bad that Uncle George is so fierce and blood-thirsty and has such awful looking guns and pistols and—" louder and louder I get—"knives and—and—things!" Mary looks at me in astonishment.

"Why, shure, miss—" she begins.

"Sh—s—s—sh," I say mysteriously. Then I go on, still in a highly elevated tone: "And then, Mary, I don't see why he always has the pistols loaded and ready for use. There is nothing here worth stealing—Uncle George is *so* poor, and the little money he has is in the bank. Why," here my voice is a positive yell, "there actually isn't five cents in this house, and no silver or anything."

Mary is standing with her mouth and eyes wide open; in one minute she will break forth. So I hastily approach her, and in a suppressed tone explain my motives, which meet with her entire approval, and all through our tour we descant upon the poverty of "poor dear Uncle George," and his craze for murderous weapons.

We find no one. We never for one moment expected we should, or I'm afraid the house would have been speedily left by two very badly scared individuals. It is nine o'clock, and Mary announces her intention of retiring. My heart sinks, but with a *nonchalance* truly commendable I yawn, glance at my watch, and say, "Yes, it is getting late."

So Mary goes and I am left alone. I shut the doors and provide myself with "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and although for a little while I glance over my shoulder every two minutes on an average, I soon become so interested in Scheherezade's tales that I forget all my fears and am entirely oblivious to my surroundings. For in spite of the fact that the book is an old friend of mine, it always has the same fascination for me.

I do not know how long I have read when a tap at the window brings me abruptly back to a sense of my loneliness. At first I literally cannot move; I am paralyzed with fear: but uncertainty is worse than anything. I slowly turn, and, standing at one of the windows which open upon the piazza, behold—a man! I gaze at him with terror. A cold, sickening feeling creeps over me. I am rooted to my



chair. If my life depended upon it I could not move. I hear the clock on the mantel ticking on and on, but still I am motionless. I see the figure on the piazza raise his hand and beckon to me. My book slips from my nerveless fingers and falls at my feet. My attention is thus attracted to it, and like a flash my mind is made up. An inspiration is struggling into birth; but I do not wait for my plan to mature: it is time for me to act.

I rise, and with as firm a tread and composed a face as possible walk to the window, throw it open, grasp the villain's hand, and, before he can say a word, exclaim:

"How do you do? I'm so very glad to see you! Come right in. My uncle has gone upstairs to read, but he told me you were coming to see me this evening. I will not call him down to introduce us, for although we have never met I have heard your praises sounded so often I feel quite as if I knew you." Here I pause. All my breath is gone as I am so frightened, and I did not have much to start with.

We are both standing. I am looking at him furtively to see if I can expect any pity at his hands. He is quite a young reprobate; not over twenty-five or six, I should imagine. He is dressed in a dark suit of clothes, a blue flannel shirt, and in his hand he holds a straw hat. He is good-looking, with large, handsome, dark eyes, but I can see a depth of wickedness in them.

"I beg your pardon!" he says, with astonishing politeness, "I think——"

"Oh, no apologies, I beg! You are very excusable for calling in hunting costume in the country. And really I am the one to make excuses for keeping you standing at the window so long; but, although I heard you knock, it was so dark outside I could not see you. We—won't you sit down?"

"But," he says, "you have mistak——"

"What did you say? Take your gun? Certainly; I should have thought of it before." Then, as he rather holds it back, I add: "Oh, do not hesitate to give it to me, —I am not at all afraid. I have handled guns and pistols from my infancy. My uncle has a room full of them upstairs, and he and I practice shooting at a target every day. We hardly ever get outside the bull's-eye—no matter what the distance."

Then I take the gun, which he surrenders reluctantly, and prove to him how I have been accustomed to fire-arms from infancy, by holding it as far away from me as possible, and with the most abject fear, I am sure, depicted on my countenance all the time. I put it in the furthest corner of the room and get away from it as speedily as possible.

My visitor is still standing. He looks rather dazed, and stares at me with such a peculiar expression that it makes me decidedly uncomfortable; but perhaps he is only thinking of my apropos remarks about shooting.

"I came to——" he begins.

I must stop him, so I interpose quickly and nervously: "My uncle has gone upstairs for a little while, but he will be down very soon and—and—he will surely come down in a few moments." (I am determined he shall realize there is a man in the house in case my first idea should fail.)

"But——"

"Er—he—er—yes—er—poor Uncle George!" I say, speaking very loud and very fast and with no idea under the sun of what I am driving at. "You have come to talk of him. (Good Heavens, inspire me!) I—er—you—er—that is—er—yes, it certainly is very sad."

Then I go on desperately, but fluently. Thank my lucky stars! I am an excellent actress, and always was good at inventing startling tales.

"No doubt you have heard something of the story. Let

me tell it all to you. Let me relieve my overcharged feelings to his friend. To whom else should I reveal the sickening, horrible details of that fearful night? And reveal them I must or I shall go mad. Mad? Sometimes I think I am mad! My brain is on fire. It throbs and aches."

I put my hands to my head and walk excitedly up and down the floor. I will make him think I am crazy, and treat him to some of the palpitations of heart I have been enjoying.

"Listen! One evening a while ago—I have lost the reckoning of time—I was seated alone in my uncle's parlor in his city house. The gas was lit, the curtains drawn, a big fire burned upon the hearth. The whole bright, cheerful scene is before me now as vividly as it was that night. Ah! how happy I was! I'm very young, but never more shall my heart be light and gay as it was that night, never more shall I sit with pleasant, bright thoughts for my companions. Never more shall I dream the blissful dreams of former years."

I shudder violently and glance at him. He seems spell-bound, and is gazing at me with deep interest and anxiety, seemingly intent on every word. That look has acted as a spur, and I continue:

"Suddenly I hear the bell ring, and the servant goes to the door. The color rushes to my cheeks—my heart throbs. He has come! Yes; I was engaged. My—Hugo—was the best, the handsomest, the noblest of men. Often I would look at him and think, 'Those whom the gods love die young.' But then I would laugh away my fears, and folded close to his heart think of nothing but my great happiness—the overwhelming bliss of being beloved by *him*."

"He enters! So manly, so stalwart. My darling! The hours fly, and, before we know it, it is time for him to go. How we linger, loath to have the happy evening over. One more kiss—he has gone! I go to bed to sleep the dreamless sleep of youth and innocence and health, or if to dream,—thrice happy!—my dreams are of him."

"Hark! a shot! another! I start up in bed. The gray dawn is struggling through the half-open shutters; a deep silence has fallen upon the house,—a silence all the more death-like in contrast to the noise which preceded. Can I have been dreaming? Impossible! No dream was ever so real."

"I hastily throw a wrapper around me, and, trembling in every limb, go out into the hall. Everybody is astir, the servants are coming from their rooms, all is confusion. I am almost afraid to move. Where is everyone going? Into the library. What can have happened? *He*, at least, is safe. I go downstairs. The first person I meet is Tomkyns the butler—(Heavens! he will think we're wealthy!) Mary, the maid-of-all-work. He—she is deathly pale, and starts violently upon seeing me."

"'What—what is it?' I inquire breathlessly. She does not answer, but looks at me as if I were a ghost. Stupid! I will find out for myself. I push myself past her, but with this she recovers and exclaims:

"'O miss, do not go in there! Come upstairs with me; do now, miss. That's no place for you.'

"'What has happened?' I demand imperatively. 'Answer me immediately, Mary, I am no child.'

"'O miss,' here she blubbers outright. Why do I parley with the fool? I break away from her detaining hand and rush into the library. There is a crowd of people—I see nothing distinctly—as I enter there is a murmur. My uncle is kneeling on the floor beside something. What is it? Somebody pulls me back with an exclamation. My uncle hears it and turns."

"My Heavens! Who is it I see lying there with the life-blood trickling from a gaping wound in his side? I break

from the kindly hands that hold me, and throw myself on that still warm body.

"Hugo! Hugo! speak to me! Open your eyes, darling, and tell me it is all a dream." I scream wildly, but he does not move—he does not move. Ah! "those whom the gods love die young." I press kiss after kiss on his lips—those lips, so unresponsive now, once so warm and passionate.

"Barbara—Barbara," implores my uncle, taking me in his arms and trying to raise me. "My darling girl, come away with me. Come and let me tell you how it all happened."

"I spring to my feet. 'How was it?' I cry. 'Show me his murderer! Where is he? Where is the fiend who has robbed me of my all?'"

"Barbara," groans my uncle, "here he is. I am the murderer of your lover!"

"I hear him as in a dream. Then he goes on and tells me all. Hugo had not walked more than a block or two toward home when it suddenly occurred to him he had forgotten to tell me he was obliged to spend the next day out of town, so he retraced his steps, and explained to Mary, who let him in, that he would go into the library and write me a few lines. He bade her good-night and settled himself at my uncle's desk. The note became a letter, and he must have sat there indulging in happy dreams,—as I, alas! had so often done,—and little thinking of how time was flying.

"Some time after midnight, Uncle George came downstairs to get something for my aunt, as she had an attack of faintness, and seeing Hugo sitting there, mistook him for a burglar and fired the fatal shot—that fatal shot which turned me from a gay, thoughtless girl, into a bitter, heart-broken woman!"

I pause, and ruthlessly muss my front hair after the most approved *tragedienne* fashion.

"My uncle's mind has never been the same since that night," I continue, bringing in another member of the family as a candidate for a lunatic asylum. "He is even dangerous, and the doctors say it is not safe for him to see any strange faces, particularly of men, as he is just as likely as not to imagine them burglars and sacrifice them to his insane fancy. Thus has his mind failed. But of course you are an old friend and are not afraid. Hark! is not that his footstep now?"

The villain starts violently, and then murmuring something, ingloriously flies, leaving his gun behind him; and I tear upstairs to Mary and cry to my heart's content until Uncle George and Aunt Mollie come. By that time I am somewhat calmed, and wonderfully proud of my self-possession and nerve. I tell them all with hardly concealed pride.

"You see," I explain, "my object was to keep him entertained, as Scheherezade did the Sultan in 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' until Mary heard us talking and came down to see whom I was with, when we would have been two against one, or even, if the worst came to the worst, until your return. I really think I would have succeeded in keeping him interested, but as I got into my story the idea came into my head that I might be able to frighten him off by making him think me crazy; and that, in combination with an insane uncle upstairs, naturally hastened his departure. I was so excited and so thoroughly identified with my heroine that I almost imagined it was all true, and that you were coming downstairs, and everything. I don't wonder he left without accomplishing his wicked work."

I have not impressed Uncle George and Aunt Mollie as I thought I should. They will insist "my robber" was either a bad dream, or else that he was some harmless young man out hunting, who came to the house to inquire the way or to get a drink or for something equally innocent. But I will

not listen to them. In vain do they represent to me the fact that a man contemplating a robbery would not be stopped by any story, however interesting. I beg them to remember Scheherezade's sultan, who spared her life from day to day through interest in her stories. They only laugh and continue to tease me. But they cannot convince me I have wasted my energies on a young man with no evil intentions. Was not that wicked gleam in his eye enough to convict him?

The next day, in spite of all ridicule, I am filled with a sense of superiority, and persist in looking upon myself in the light of a heroine, in which I am well seconded by Mary.

"Shure, Miss Barbara, I'll always be thinkin' you saved my life from the blood-thirsty villain," she said, regarding me with admiration slightly tinged with awe.

"Oh, no," I rejoin modestly, "I hardly think he would have resorted to murder."

"Faith, them men are that desperate you can't tell what they'll do," says Mary, nodding her head wisely. And I, nothing loath to be thought Mary's savior, argue no further, but taking up my shade-hat and the book in which I was interrupted so startlingly the evening before, I seek Aunt Mollie and announce to her my intention of spending a few hours in the woods by the creek. This is a frequent habit of mine, and meets with no opposition save a murmured wish that I would put on my shoes and not go across the meadow in my thin slippers. But my shoes are upstairs, and I am lazy; so with a kiss I silence her, and start forth.

I am soon at my destination. By the creek it is, as always, delightfully cool, and seeking my favorite large tree I recline under its shade and devote myself, for the minute, to fanning myself with my hat. Quiet and peace reign all around me, and the buzz of a bee a few yards off is the only sound that breaks upon the stillness. I am getting very drowsy, when suddenly I am roused by hearing voices, at first faint and evidently far off, but gradually growing more and more clear. I lie still, listening lazily, and vaguely wondering who is going to invade my solitude. Nearer and nearer draw the voices, and finally I hear a hearty laugh.

"And you ran away?" queries a distinctly amused masculine voice, which I recognize as Fred Ballard's, a distant neighbor of my uncle's, and a great friend and former play-fellow of mine.

"Well—er—no—that is—well, yes; I suppose it was about that. But, I tell you, Fred, it was a case of discretion being the better part of valor. No man would relish the company of an insane girl, no matter how pretty or charming she might be, or the prospective society of a crazy uncle. But what I cannot understand is that when I tried to attract her attention, so that I could inquire of her the shortest way back to your house, she was quietly reading and looked as sane as you or I. I suppose she only gets excited at times."

The "villain" of last night is Fred Ballard's friend who is visiting him! I start to my feet. My heart is beating rapidly, the perspiration is standing upon my brow. Without giving myself time to think, I hastily clutch a low-hanging limb of the big tree above me, and swing myself up into its friendly shelter. As I do so, oh horror! My left slipper departs from my foot and gently slides to the ground. I make a frantic clutch at it, which nearly upsets me, but to no purpose. It is gone! I wipe my heated brow and indulge in a suppressed, but heartfelt, groan. The speakers have evidently stopped just around the turn. If they only retrace their steps, I will be undiscovered; and the next day I shall leave for home. Country life is unsuited to me. But if they reach my tree? My mind refuses to grasp the situation.

"What I regret is my gun," goes on the alas! innocent young man, with his eyes, I suppose, looking as wicked as

ever. Or was it only my imagination that made them seem so? I wipe my brow again.

"I suppose I was an idiot to let her have it," he continues; "but she took it right out of my hand, and every time I attempted to say a word, on that subject or any other, she interrupted me. In fact, I never heard a girl talk so fast or so much. Finally I became very much interested, of course, and stayed until—well, until I left."

"Ha! ha! Until you heard of the uncle's *penchant* for shooting at strangers, would be more like it, Dick, my boy. But I'll wager that girl was only guying you. There are no maniacs in this county. I must get you to show me the house, and if I do not know who inhabits it I can find out easy enough."

At this point I am ready to weep.

"I must be off and make that call," continues Fred. "It isn't five minutes' walk from here, so I won't be long. Will you wait for me, if you don't care to come?"

I hold my breath.

"I'll wait for you a little further on where it's not so sunny," responds Dick carelessly, little dreaming of the anguish he is causing.

As in a dream I hear Fred go off, and then—leisurely, carelessly, calmly, quietly, my "burglar" appears at the turn, and following the little foot-path is soon in full and uninterrupted view of my wretched slipper, whose steel buckle flashes merrily in a little patch of sunlight which rests upon it. Of course he sees it—and—yes, he picks it up, with a muttered "By Jove!" He turns it over and over and looks at it from every point.

I think I'm growing hysterical. Grave as is the situation, I feel a wild desire to laugh, and I even regret that I wear threes instead of twos. Clearly I am frivolous. The seconds pass. Still "Dick" stands beneath me with his head bent over my slipper, and still I lean forward to where the branches part and give me a clear view of his very shapely head.

Suddenly,—is it my gaze that is weighted with a subtle magnetism, or is it at some inadvertent movement that reaches his ears?—without the slightest warning, he raises his head and looks up. Our eyes meet, and we stare at each other in silence. My feelings are mixed; but I thoroughly realize the difficulty of my position, and upon my bewildered brain is stamped the vague idea of having matters explained, and securing a promise of secrecy about my idiotic behavior of the previous night, before the return of Fred. He may be back in a few minutes, particularly if his friends are out.

"Er—" I begin desperately, with a gulp, "I'm Barbara Olmstead. I heard what you said, and—er—I'm not crazy, really I'm not, but I thought you were a burglar, and I didn't want you to rob the house or to kill me, so I tried to get you interested as Scheherezade did the Sultan, you know, and I was just reading 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments' again, and I thought it would be a good idea to keep you absorbed and make you forget what you had come for, and then I thought I would scare you off by pretending I was crazy; and I really thought you were a burglar, and I'm very sorry, and I will return your gun, and—and—*please* don't tell anyone I was so silly."

I pause, breathless, and gaze into his astonished face anxiously. Before he can answer we hear footsteps crushing the dry grass, and Fred's voice echoes jovially a cry of "Helloa, Dick."

"Come down, quick!" says Dick, recovering his senses, which have, no doubt, been paralyzed with surprise. "I'll never tell. Rely on me. He may stay here for hours and keep you up that tree," he adds hurriedly.

"My slipper, oh, my slipper!" I groan in an agonized under-tone, realizing I never can get down without it.

"Here, catch it!" he says.

I make a desperate clutch, but miss it; whereupon he rushes forward, catches it, and looks up ready to throw it again. But I am helpless with laughter. It is all so absurd, and yet so thrilling. My mirth is infectious, and he leans against the tree and simply shakes. Here we are, both in a convulsion of merriment, and Fred drawing nearer and nearer. I feel incapable of controlling myself, and in a moment I will be discovered.

"Dick, where are you?"

With a mighty effort I pull myself together, and, how I could never tell, reach the foot of the tree, breathless, dishevelled, crimson, but all there. I merely have time to adjust my slipper when Fred appears, and with an astonished "Helloa!" stands and stares at us.

"How d'ye do, Fred?" I say, as calmly as my shortness of breath will allow.

"Why, I didn't know you two were friends," he exclaims as he shakes my hand.

"Didn't you?" asks Dick with an air of polite inquiry. "Were your friends out?" he adds quickly.

"Yes. But it's funny I never heard either of you mention the other."

"Are you two coming my way?" I interpose hastily; "I must hurry home."

They walk along, one on either side of me, and Fred proceeds to give me a long and graphic account of Dick's adventures of the night before, to which I listen with absorbed and, I'm sure, flattering interest. And all the while I am revolving in my mind how I can prevent Fred from relating the affair to Uncle George and Aunt Mollie, and thereby humiliating me.

"You must promise me not to tell a word of this at home," I say gravely when he finishes. "Of course I am only here on a visit, and my uncle and aunt would not have anything happen to me for the world; and if they heard this story they would be afraid to let me stir out alone."

Fred, to my great relief, assures me that all knowledge of the neighboring maniacs shall be kept a profound secret.

"But it is all so absurd!" he adds; "I am positive that girl, for some reason or other, was just amusing herself at Dick's expense. I wish I had been there—catch me running away from a lovely girl! She was as pretty as a picture, Barbara, according to Dick's account, and I believe him, for he has been dreaming of her all day, and, I suppose, all night. She evidently made an impression on him."

I am a lively shade of scarlet, and hastily try to change the subject ere Fred enlarges upon it.

"You know I really think this is the warmest day we have had," I begin, with striking originality. "Don't you agree with me, Mr. —?" I add, turning to my unintroduced friend. There is a dead pause, while I become apoplectic in hue and mentally anathematize my stupidity. Fred is looking at me. What will he think? With a ghastly grin I go on: "And that reminds me—er—I pause because, well, that is—to tell you the truth I had a discussion the other day as to how you spelt your name, and this is a good chance to ask you."

"Double *l* of course," responds Fred briefly. I hope my countenance is calm, but my mind is assailed with doubt on the subject. "You can see when it is written that one *l* would not look right," says Dick, handing me his card, with a happy inspiration.

I can hardly repress an exclamation of surprise when I see the name *Richard T. Cantwell*, and realize that he is the brother Dick of whom I have so often heard from my old school-chum, Anita Cantwell.

How could I have ever mistaken him for a burglar! What can he think of me, and what shall I do if my absurd mistake is discovered? The rest of the walk home is all a

dream to me; but I remember wondering why I do not regret my meeting with Dick Cantwell, and my undisturbed conviction in my bravery and self-possession.

As the weeks pass, and we have talked over that never-to-be-forgotten evening until each knows every sensation of the other during every minute of our strange *tête-à-tête*, I find I regret the blow to my pride less and less. Perhaps Dick's very evident appreciation of my other virtues compensates for my unflattering enlightenment.

Dick says no one shall ever know of my mistake; but his first present to me is a large and handsome edition of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which bears on the title-page the inscription: "To my little Scheherezade, whose prototype never could have excelled her."

I don't think this boldness argues very well for the future of our secret; and, indeed, Dick thinks it is too good a joke to keep.

RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS.

## Practical Etiquette.

### XII.

#### SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS: GARDEN, TENNIS, COACHING, AND YACHTING PARTIES.

It is said that a naturalist can reconstruct the whole skeleton of an animal if he be given a single bone as a guide; and we may say that anyone who is familiar with entertaining company—who knows how to do it—will not find much difficulty in giving a party of any sort, even of a new and untried kind. Human nature is very much the same under all circumstances, and the woman who knows how to provide for the comfort and amusement of guests in winter, can easily divine or calculate what those guests will require in summer.

She will bear in mind certain rules: that people want to be amused, neither too little nor too much; that they want to have their meals at the accustomed hour, and of the sort to which they are accustomed; that they are wearied by very long entertainments; that they like novelty, provided it be agreeable novelty; that a small company needs to be much more carefully chosen than a large one; that a hostess must give her time and thought toward planning her entertainment and making it a success; that her sceptre must be an invisible one, and though she may rule she must not appear to do so. Besides all this, she will remember, also, the tastes of the persons with whom she has to deal; not wearying conventional, city-loving folks with too much nature, nor people of Bohemian tendencies with too much stiffness or formality. In short, like Agassiz, she will have to know a good deal about fish in general, before she can construct her skeleton by starting from a single bone.

Let us take, for instance, a garden party. For this it is undeniably necessary to have extensive grounds if you invite a large company or people who have large places of their own. But if you invite a dozen persons from the hot and dusty city, they will enjoy a modest tea on the lawn, even if your "estate" contains less than an acre of land, provided it does not lie too near a frequented road or lane.

A garden party may be given at any time during the summer, either before or after the fierce heats of midsummer—say in early June or September.

The invitations are usually sent out a fortnight before it is to take place, but a week or even less time may be allowed under certain circumstances. For a large and handsome affair, the invitations are engraved, and printed on note-paper, with the formula:

*Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Lawrence  
request the pleasure of  
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Vivian's  
company on Wednesday, July fifteenth,  
at four o'clock.*

*Garden Party. "The Maples," Tarrytown.*

If guests are likely to come by boat or rail, a small card is inclosed on which may be printed:

*Carriages will meet the 3:15 train from New York.*

Or more explicit directions should be given if the place is not easily accessible.

For less formal lawn-parties the "At Home" card is used for the invitations, the same as for a reception, the words "Garden Party" being printed in the lower left-hand corner. To the more formal invitation an acceptance or regret should be sent; to the other it is not necessary to send a reply, but a card should be sent on the day of the party if it is not possible to be present.

At a garden party the hostess may receive on a broad veranda at the entrance to the house, on the lawn near by, or in some favorite part of the grounds; in the latter case a servant should be in attendance to direct the guests to where the hostess is receiving. The guests have the freedom of the house, at least the lower floor and dressing-rooms upstairs, and frequently some part of the entertainment is provided in the parlors or on the veranda, while often all of the refreshments are served indoors.

At a garden party proper the hostess wears a bonnet or hat, and, of course, all the guests do likewise. Any pretty summer costume is appropriate for the occasion.

A band of music is a very pleasant accompaniment to these entertainments, and there may be dancing on the lawn; or, if the turf be not sufficiently dry, a platform may be erected for the purpose. Tennis, croquet, and archery are other popular forms of amusement when the grounds are of sufficient size. If the refreshments are to be served outdoors, small tents or marquees are sometimes provided for the accommodation of the guests, where they may sit at little tables and enjoy their dainties; or there are tables and camp-chairs without tents. Many hostesses, however, prefer to have the table laid in the dining-room, the same as at any reception, or on a broad piazza, and the guests may repair there or be served in the grounds, as they prefer.

Many hostesses use plated teaspoons and forks, and hire ordinary china-ware from a caterer for outdoor entertainments, on account of the danger of loss or damage. Some people put the whole affair into the hands of an experienced caterer, who provides the waiters as well as the refreshments. Others allow the guests to wait on themselves, thus making the entertainment seem more rural and informal.

The refreshments are like those provided for a reception: sandwiches, salads, and croquettes, fruits, ices, cake, and plenty of cool lemonade. The latter beverage is much improved by the addition of an orange to every eight lemons or so; while a little pineapple marmalade gives a certain body to this sometimes very insipid drink. Tea, coffee, and chocolate are sometimes given at garden parties, but are hardly suitable for really hot weather. Iced tea, *à la Russe* (without milk, and with a slice of lemon), and *café frappé*, or half-frozen coffee, served in cups and eaten with a spoon (not with a fork), are both refreshing on warm days. Napkins must be provided plentifully, and where there are no tables there must be nothing which requires cutting, because it is almost impossible to cut up food on one's lap.

Very simple refreshments are sometimes offered, but one should at least set before one's guests cake and lemonade, or cake and tea. I have known a young lady to invite quite a

company of people to witness lawn-tennis, and tell them candidly that she did not intend to give them anything to eat or drink! Now for the tennis players themselves this may do very well: people who meet constantly to play tennis on one another's lawns do not expect to be entertained except by the game; but where a number of spectators are invited they will expect to have some slight refreshment, if only for the value of sociability.

When lawn-tennis is to be the main feature of a garden party, "Lawn Tennis" may be substituted for "Garden Party" on the "At Home" cards which serve for the invitations. Only in the prominence given to the game does the mode of conducting a lawn-tennis party, where there are to be spectators, differ from the usual garden party. When the party is to be composed only of players, the ordinary visiting-card, with the date and "Lawn Tennis" written on, may serve for the invitation; or it may be still more informal.

To novices in this graceful game it may need to be suggested that they must provide themselves with proper tennis-shoes, despite the fact that the broad rubber soles are not becoming to the feet. A tennis player must never wear ordinary heeled shoes: first, because she will be more apt to slip and fall in them; second, because the heels cut up the soft turf, and so destroy the ground for all the players. The tennis ground is sometimes marked out with very narrow white strips or bands fastened to the sod. These have the advantage of being more permanent than the chalk marks commonly used; they also have the great disadvantage, unless they are very securely fastened, of tripping up the players. Each player usually brings his own racket.

Rustic seats and benches scattered about a lawn are certainly much prettier than the prosaic camp-chair. Nevertheless, it is usually necessary to provide some of the latter, especially where an outdoor collation is served to a large party of people.

With the increase of wealth among our population, yachting has grown rapidly in public favor, and it is certainly a very delightful as well as a very healthful pastime. Yachting parties are usually gotten up unceremoniously and at very short notice, since the pleasure of these expeditions must depend on the weather, and no one can calculate on that for any length of time beforehand. Often the gallant yachtsman will commission a fair friend on shore to get up a party for a sail on his dainty craft, and the lady invites the requisite number of her friends to assemble at the wharf on the day and at the hour named. As the passage to the yacht is usually made in a little open boat, and there is danger of spoiling one's dress with the salt water, simple costumes are worn, preferably those made of some material which will not be ruined by fog and salt water. Elderly ladies should for once abandon their bonnets and betake themselves to broad-brimmed hats, since the reflection of the sun from the water not only burns the complexion badly, but dazzles the eyes. A veil and a parasol are almost indispensable for one's comfort; also a warm wrap, since it is so often cool on the water.

As landsmen—and more particularly landswomen—are very liable to be seasick on one of these short excursions, the sailing-master should be instructed to keep within smooth water, and the collation should, if possible, be served when the yacht is at anchor. On the whole, it is more agreeable to eat when the vessel is on an even keel; otherwise the table tips, the plates go sliding about, and while there is some merriment, there is also some discomfort. Ladies who are very bad sailors should not join in yachting excursions, since it is impossible for them to enjoy themselves and they interfere with the enjoyment of others.

Lunch or dinner is always served "below" in the cabin,

though some fine yachts like the "Electra" boast of several cabins. In the smaller yachts the centerboard—that bone of international contention—rises at one end of the dinner-table, but its presence lends an air of novelty to the scene, that is rather agreeable than otherwise.

When a large party is present they sit around the sides of the cabin rather than at table, and the meal takes the form of a collation, with salads, *pâté de foie gras*, croquettes, cakes, fruits, ices, etc. Sometimes one sits down to a dinner in regular courses, or there may be a simple luncheon in which the nicer kinds of canned goods (*pâté de foie gras*, olives, anchovy paste, etc.) play a prominent part.

Songs and recitations are in order on board a yacht, and guests amuse themselves with admiring the neat and trim appointments above and below: the spotless sails and decks, the highly polished brasswork, the wonderfully capacious lockers, the state-rooms with their pretty furniture, the nicely kept galley, and the well-ordered refrigerator. The older ladies gather in groups on deck and occasionally talk gossip, and the younger ones sit about with their admirers or friends. All enjoy the delicious idleness, and there is usually no constraint and little ceremony. At the end of the trip the host usually goes with his guests to the shore and bids them adieu there, although it would not be necessary for him to do so when a large party necessitates several trips of the boat to carry them to *terra firma*. It is usual for a gentleman to precede a lady going up and down a gangway or companion way, in order to assist her to mount or descend.

Coaching parties are a very pleasant, but not always a very safe species of entertainment, and it is wise, before trusting one's self on the roof of one of these lofty vehicles, to find out something about the driving capacities of the coach-owner, who is almost always the driver. Some of these gentlemen go upon the theory that "the way to learn how to drive—is to drive." And so it is; but one would prefer not to be a party to the experiment until the amateur Jehu had learned how to guide and control his four prancing steeds. There have been a number of accidents owing to the rashness or ignorance of inexperienced drivers, and one gentleman has distinguished himself by upsetting his passengers at least twice.

Necessarily the number of guests is limited, and the party must be selected with the greatest care as to their congeniality. When young ladies are in the party a chaperon is indispensable: if the coach-owner be married, his wife acts in that capacity; otherwise he invites some married lady to assist him. The invitations are in no manner formal (they may be verbal or written), and are given jointly by husband and wife, or the invitation from an unmarried man is conveyed to the young ladies through the chaperon.


The place of honor is on the box-seat, beside the driver, and ladies who are quite advanced in middle age manage to mount and descend from the coach roof, assisted, of course, by one or more gentlemen. A lady descends the ladder which leads to the ground, by going down backwards, a gentleman preceding her by one or two steps, keeping her dress in place and guarding it from the wheel. When the drive is over, the ladies are set down at their respective places of abode.

The objective point of the excursion may be some hotel or inn where dinner is to be served, but usually the most enjoyable plan is to carry the refreshments and have them served informally in some pleasant spot. A moonlight coaching party with a supper or picnic is considered very delightful, and it is quite fashionable at Newport to take moonlight drives along the extensive Ocean Drive or out into the country.

Fashionable young men who go on long coaching-trips to small watering-places sometimes forget that a gentleman always takes his good manners with him, no matter what other luggage he is constrained to leave behind. Thus, one young man induced the hotel clerk to introduce him to a young lady whom he saw dancing in a ballroom. The chaperon was of course indignant and recalled her charge; and the young man was obliged to apologize to the elder lady for his want of courtesy. He was perfectly well aware that he ought to have been presented first to the chaperon, as he and the young lady had no mutual friends present; but he thought in a remote country place he could do as he pleased, and he deserved the snubbing he received.

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

## Two Lunatics.

 DINGY room in a lawyer's office: pigeon-holes, thick with dust, filled with blue papers tied with pink tape; a long desk with more papers, and some huge books of forbidding aspect; two straight-backed chairs, and one with a suggestion of greater ease.

The two occupants of the apartment were in direct contrast to their surroundings. William Thorn—known generally as "Will" or "Billy" among his associates—sat on one of the straight-backed chairs, with his feet on the other; and in that easy if not graceful attitude he was devouring diligently the contents of a novel. Dorchester boys knew his prowess with bat and oar, and Dorchester maidens could vouch for his proficiency in tripping the light fantastic toe. In fact, Will Thorn was a brave, merry young fellow, a prime favorite with his uncle, in whose office he was studying law, with a prospect of being taken into partnership.

Thorn's fellow-clerk, Roslyn Forde, differed from him in almost every particular. He was tall, with gray eyes, brown, wavy hair, a straight, aristocratic nose, and a sensitive mouth—altogether a remarkably good-looking young fellow; but his personal appearance was marred in the eyes of most people by a somewhat discontented expression. He was one of those of whom people said "he could do anything if he liked"; but hitherto he had apparently "not liked." All recognized the fact that there was something lacking; but what that something was no one could say. The young man undoubtedly possessed a latent power that instinctively won respect; still his talents had apparently been of little use to him, for now, at twenty-four years of age, Forde was, at his own request, reading law in the town of Dorchester. "It will be useful to me in the care of my property," he had remarked; and his father had acquiesced, as he always did in any of his son's ideas.

Gay-hearted Will Thorn and Roslyn Forde had, strangely enough, struck up a warm friendship. On Thorn's side there was a strong, fervid admiration for his friend, and an intense belief in his powers; and Forde had from their first meeting been almost unconsciously attracted by the sunny temperament of his fellow-clerk and his keen enjoyment of life. Thorn was the only person who really understood Forde; with his shrewd, clear brain he realized very soon that the weakness in his friend's character was due to the lack of some definite aim or ambition. If Forde had been born poor, he would have made a name for himself, Thorn decided; as matters were, the only thing likely to do him good would be to fall desperately in love with some nice girl. This seemed unfortunately out of the question, for Forde hated the society of all women except his mother.

"I don't fancy that girls nowadays are anything like as

nice as those of fifty years ago must have been," he remarked once to Thorn; "those we meet never talk any sense, so far as I can see."

"Well, you can't expect me to agree with you," answered his friend, who had long since confided to Forde his affection for a certain fair damsel; "and personally I am glad girls don't dive into deep subjects at the first go-off. You should go in for strong-minded women."

"Should I?" rejoined Forde, who was far too indifferent to explain his views on the subject.

On this day Forde was in possession of the easy-chair, and had tilted it back to such an angle that a visitor would have been exceedingly nervous and have anticipated a broken neck. For quite a quarter of an hour he sat motionless, with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing into the fire.

Thorn looked up once or twice, and an amused expression flitted across his face. Presently he exclaimed, "A penny!"

"Too low a bid," grunted Forde, without changing his position.

"Too poor to go higher," returned Will, laughing. "What do you say to a walk?"—rising and stretching himself.

"It's raining. Why can't you stay where you are? You have a wonderful amount of superfluous energy, my friend."

"Pity I can't hand a little over to you!" retorted Thorn. "By-the-bye, I want you to come with me to-morrow evening."

"Then consider the invitation refused," said Forde, with decision. "No more of your false representations for me! Have I forgotten last Tuesday fortnight? 'Only a little sociable dinner,' you declared, 'and such nice clever people!' Shall I ever forget the nice clever people, or the æsthetic young lady it was my luck to take down?"—and the young man shuddered so violently at the remembrance that he lost his balance, and the chair went down with a thud onto its front legs.

"'Pon my word, I was awfully sorry!" replied his friend, laughing. "Those strange girls were nieces, I believe. I had never set eyes on them before. When I saw you allotted to that limp piece of goods, I was quite cut up;" and Thorn laughed aloud at the recollection.

"Looks like it!" remarked Forde grimly.

"Appearances are often deceitful," said Thorn. "But you must own to the comic side of the proceeding. Imagine my feelings as I beheld you, with a long face expressive of misery untold, walking along sorrowfully with that pensive-looking maiden."

"It was no laughing matter to me!"

"Nor to me either, in reality; for you know I had your partner's sister to take down, and they were as like as two peas, and I didn't know what on earth to talk about. I was not even aware of her name, for unfortunately I failed to catch it. This affair to-morrow evening will be very different."

"No go! Spare yourself the trouble. I have given up frivolity, and will not be made a victim any more," declared Forde emphatically.

"It is not a dinner party or any ordinary frivolity. The fact is, Dick Spenser, an old friend of mine, has come to the lunatic asylum here as assistant physician. I met him this morning, and he told me there was to be a big dance there on Thursday evening, and pressed me to come and bring a friend."

"A dance at a lunatic asylum! What an exceedingly tempting invitation!"

"You may scoff as you will; but it is my belief you would

be interested. Some of the patients are most entertaining."

"I cannot imagine myself being in a state of mind to indulge in dancing at such a place—of all places in the world—or to find anything entertaining in the surroundings."

"Well, you can do as you like, of course. Personally, I think every new experience interesting."

"But surely an experience of that sort must be of rather a morbid character."

"Well, I have been to several asylum dances in my life," returned Thorn doggedly, "and I found them interesting."

"But didn't you feel rather upset by the painful surroundings?"

"Certainly not; and I think that is where your morbidity comes in. The patients are most light-hearted and happy as a rule, and dancing is very good for them. In fact, it is for their special entertainment and benefit that the dances are given; besides which, you have the comforting knowledge that everything possible is being done to make the lives of such unfortunate people happy. But come and see for yourself, man; one visit, at any rate, will not injure you beyond all hope of recovery. It is my belief that you will be far more interested than you would be at an ordinary dance."

"I fancy not," replied Forde, with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. "However, I am not obstinate, and am willing to be persuaded; so, as you think the lunatics will prove more congenial companions to me than persons possessed of the whole of their wits,—scarcely a compliment to me by-the-way,—I will take your word for it and will come."

At about half-past seven on Thursday evening the two friends arrived at the door of the asylum, a very imposing-looking building situated on a slight eminence about a mile from the town. Doctor Spenser was soon found. "I wish you had come a little earlier," he remarked, "because now the patients are all assembled. Generally our visitors like to be in the room first, so as to see them file in. Of course you can be introduced to any one you like; and I may tell you that you will find a great many good dancers here. Sometimes they are crotchety, and refuse to be introduced; but such cases are rare, for most of the patients are delighted to dance."

The doctor ushered the two visitors into a large, well-lighted hall, where the patients and visitors were assembled. He crossed to the farther end where a gentleman was talking to a group of ladies. This was Doctor Hext, the head of the establishment; and the two young men were introduced to him, he in his turn introducing them to his wife. These preliminaries over, Thorn, with Mrs. Hext for partner, took part in the next dance, which was the Lanciers; but Forde declined, preferring to watch the others, at any rate for the present, and Doctor Spenser stayed with him, good-naturedly giving him information concerning the patients as they passed.

It was indeed a strange sight, and Forde could not repress a feeling of repugnance as he looked at the two long lines of patients, the men on one side, the women on the other, with attendants scattered about here and there. The patients wore anything they chose. Some of the women were dressed very prettily, while among the men dress-clothes were general, and in several cases the garb of a clergyman was conspicuous. Most of the faces were worn and aged, and all had a look of sadness, as if the patients were fully conscious of the heavy burden that they had to bear. Some of course were repellent, but these were few.

Doctor Spenser chatted to Forde in the most amiable manner. "It is a very strange life here at first," he remarked, "but it is wonderful how soon one gets used to it.

Some people think we must get hardened at the sight of so much misery. I don't think that is so—you only understand it better. Others say that living among such people must give one a low idea of human nature; but I don't agree with them either. We look on all these men and women as diseased; and it is strange to find how erroneous is the general idea about lunatics. They are supposed to be always raving and on the look-out for means of doing mischief, whereas, as a rule—of course there are exceptions—they are only like children, and almost painfully simple. That is Doctor Hext's opinion, and the secret of his plan is to trust them."

As Doctor Spenser ceased speaking, another dance began, and he went off and joined the whirling throng. Forde looked on with interest; considering the character of those who formed the majority of the dancers, everything went on most quietly. The band, consisting entirely of patients, kept capital time. Occasionally indeed a player would suddenly stop, but his comrades did not heed him, and he soon chimed in again. One of the patients in the body of the hall insisted upon dancing alone the whole time. Sometimes he got entangled in a set of Lanciers, and was then pushed gently aside, but all the time he continued dancing.

"Strange, isn't it?" remarked a voice; and, turning round, Forde found Doctor Hext close to him. "He dances like that all the evening. Is this your first visit to such a gathering, Mr. Forde?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I can imagine how queer it must seem to you. I hope you will dance with some of the patients; they like to be asked, and I believe you will find them very intelligent, unless you happen to touch on their particular craze."

"In that case would it be likely to upset them?" inquired Forde.

"Oh, no! Their answers would assure you of their mania—that is all."

"Most curious!" ejaculated Forde. "Some of the faces here are very interesting."

The doctor followed the direction in which the young man was looking. "Yes, very. I see you have already picked out Miss Field. She is wonderfully pretty, and is generally called 'The Duchess' here, because so many have been impressed by her striking likeness to a well-known picture. But her good looks will soon vanish, for hers is a bad case. She is very quiet, and always willing to help; but nothing will induce her to speak. For two years she has not uttered a word. Appearances are very deceitful; for instance, look at that pretty little woman with whom your friend is dancing. Who could appear more gentle and harmless? Yet that is one of our worst cases. And now, Mr. Forde, shall I introduce you to my daughter?"

Ford was induced by Miss Hext to join the dancers, and soon afterward he began to select partners from among the patients, and found himself much interested in them. He asked Doctor Spenser for an introduction to a lady seated at the end of the front form. Early in the evening she had attracted his attention by her beauty, which was enhanced by the look of melancholy in her large, brown eyes; she was dressed very simply in black of some soft material, and looked quite young—not more than eighteen. Forde had noticed that she had scarcely danced at all; she had done so once with Doctor Spenser and once with another gentleman, but after that had evidently declined all invitations. She was clearly a patient, a lady, undoubtedly, and Forde felt a growing desire to make her acquaintance. So when Doctor Spenser came up to him and renewed his offer to introduce him to anyone whom he liked, he expressed his desire to know the lady in black.

"Oh, Miss Fergusson!" said Spenser. "Certainly; but I am afraid she can't be prevailed upon to dance again."

They walked across the hall, and, after a few words to the lady in question, the doctor introduced Forde; contrary to their expectation, the lady granted him a dance.

A polka was just beginning, and Forde found that he had secured an admirable dancer for his partner; but all the time he was wondering what tragedy had brought this sweet-looking girl to such a terrible condition. Was the malady inherited, or was it the result of some wretched love-affair? She was beautiful and graceful, and when she spoke her voice was low and sweet; and it seemed to her companion that these gifts were a horrible and wicked mockery, allied as they were with mental disease. Forde was very curious to discover the nature of her special mania, but he hoped sincerely that he might not allude to it, for he was anxious to preserve a pleasant recollection of her. She stopped after a few turns, and looked round as if for a chair. Forde brought her one and took another himself.

"You are fond of dancing?" he remarked. "At any rate you ought to be, if there is any truth in the saying that people always care for what they do well"; and, even as he spoke, the young man felt surprised at his own words. It was the first complimentary speech he had ever made to a woman, and, moreover, he had been in the habit of despising and condemning all such speeches. His companion however did not seem to notice the compliment.

"This hardly seems the place for dancing," she said softly, and turned her head away, but not before Forde had caught a glimpse of a suspicious glistening in her eyes.

At that moment Roslyn Forde was conscious of a strong feeling of rebellion in his heart, and he felt exceedingly wretched. Her case was evidently one beyond ordinary sympathy, and any attempt at comfort would be almost insulting, so he only answered gently, "I have been feeling like that too."

"Have you?" she questioned, glancing at him with earnest eyes. "I was afraid I was alone in the feeling, and that it was morbid."

"Morbid!" he returned quickly. "No—only natural!"

"At any rate, I can see only the sorrowful side," she remarked.

"Is there another side to the scene?" he asked, in a tone of—for him—unusual sadness.

"Oh, yes! There is the knowledge that everything is being done that is possible; and then there is hope—ah, surely there is hope while there is life!—of an ultimate cure."

A feeling of intense pity came over Forde at his companion's words; even if that hope came true, it could be only an awakening to a life scarcely less awful, being burdened with a terrible dread. He felt oppressed by this mysterious side of life, and rose quickly, saying: "Shall we go into the conservatory for a few minutes? It is very hot here."

He did not know if his suggestion was against the rules of the establishment, but, if it was, he would plead ignorance. His partner flushed slightly and seemed to hesitate, then rose gravely and placed her hand within his arm. Half an hour later, when Thorn was looking everywhere for his friend, and had just arrived at the conclusion that he had gone home without saying good-night, he came suddenly upon him in the conservatory sitting by the side of a very beautiful young lady, and the three returned to the large hall together.

Doctor Spenser insisted that the two young men should stay to supper, and carried them off to his sanctum, where another young doctor joined them. Three of the party were merry and noisy enough; but Forde was restless and absent-minded, and longed to be alone. Later on the conversation

drifted into "shop-talk," as Spenser termed it, and the two doctors related many interesting experiences.

"Do many of the patients get cured?" inquired Forde.

"Not many," answered Spenser; "the probabilities are against it."

"And, even if they do, their life must be permanently darkened by the awful dread of a return of the malady."

"Well, not always, for, fortunately for their happiness, they often regard their affection as the temporary result of some illness or misery, just as they would think of a fit of delirium in fever."

"Some of them have awful faces—so hopeless, too!" Thorn broke in. "Still there are some beautiful faces among the women."

"But their youthful looks soon pass away," chimed in the other doctor, "they age so quickly; at twenty-five they look fifty."

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"Well, Forde, how did you like it?" asked Thorn of his friend, as they trudged homeward.

"I think it was the saddest sight possible," replied Forde.

"But you were interested? Now confess—weren't you? By-the-bye, old man, you went dead against the rules by going into that conservatory with a patient. It was lucky for you, or at any rate for your companion, that no one saw you but me!"

"Well, I knew of no such rule."

"But your companion must have known. I haven't noticed her there before; I fancy she is a new-comer. What is her name?"

"Fergusson."

"Pretty name, and pretty woman, too! By Jove! it does seem precious hard to think of a young thing like that being a victim to such a terrible disease! Did you notice any signs of her particular mania?"

"No."

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A few days after the dance at the asylum, Miss Blanche Despard received the following letter from her old school-fellow and dear friend, Delphine Fergusson:

"OAKLAND, October 14th.

"MY DEAREST BLANCHE:—I arrived here safely on Monday. I found Uncle Will waiting for me at the station, and we drove to Oakland, which, as you know, is two miles from Dorchester. I am having a most busy time—plenty of riding, dancing, dinner-parties, and such frivolities, all of which, as you know, I enjoy thoroughly.

"On Wednesday evening I had a most strange experience. My cousins Flo and Jack had accepted an invitation to a big dance at the lunatic asylum. It seems that they have dances there every week, as it is considered good for the patients, and twice a year they have a special dance, and ask a great many guests. This was one of these half-yearly entertainments, and my cousins prevailed upon me to go, though I disliked the idea, and, in truth, was frightened. But Flo said she went there very often,—she is very friendly with the Misses Hext, the daughters of the head doctor there,—and I was ashamed to own to my fright, and went. Oh! Blanche dear, I shall never forget it!—the long rows of lunatics, some with such terrible faces, and others, almost more touching, with such pretty ones! Once quite a young girl began to laugh in a silly, hysterical way, and one of the attendants went and shook her—not unkindly—and stopped her. It was altogether a dreadful sight. I danced with Jack, a young doctor, and another stranger, but then refused to dance any more. I had such a choking sensation in my throat that I felt every minute as if I should burst out crying.

"As I sat watching them all I thought I should never be



light-hearted enough to dance again. Yet Flo danced all the evening, mostly with the patients. There was one, such a gentlemanly-looking young fellow, a clergyman, and dressed as one, who, it appears, always looks out eagerly for Flo, as she reminds him, he says, of a sister of his who died.

"Late in the evening a patient whom I had noticed before, because of his good looks and very sad expression, asked one of the doctors if he might be introduced to me. I own I was frightened; but he looked very gentle, and I was rather curious to hear how such people talked, so I agreed. We were introduced, and danced a little; but then I stopped. I could not dance in such company, and thoughtlessly, almost forgetting who my partner was, I gave expression to my feelings.

"He understood me at once, and spoke so hopelessly that it was as much as I could do to keep from crying; but I tried to speak to him of hope. He seemed a good deal affected, and suddenly asked me if I would go into the conservatory, as it was cooler there. I was rather frightened again, then, and felt the blood rushing into my face; but I resolved that nothing on earth should induce me to hurt his feelings, and, besides, he looked so gentle and sad that I was not really very much afraid; so I went.

"We walked into the conservatory, and were there for a long time, I found afterward, though then the time seemed quite short, for this Mr. Forde was most interesting and talked delightfully, so that I almost forgot his terrible affliction. We were in the midst of a most pleasant chat, when someone—I think it must have been a doctor, for he was evidently a gentleman, and not in the uniform of an attendant—came and told him the dancing was over. Flo has told me since that it is against the rules of the asylum to go into the conservatory with a patient; but of course I did not know that, and I dare say Mr. Forde had forgotten it. Anyway, I do hope he won't get into trouble!

"I have almost filled my letter with a description of the asylum dance; but you see it was such a strange and novel experience. What have you been doing with yourself? Do write me a long letter soon! This one of mine is very egotistical, I fear; but you told me that that is what you wished my letters to be, so on your head be the blame! As for other things, of course you are keeping firm. I do hope you will never be induced to marry anyone you don't love, especially as you do care for someone else. Things must come right at last, and, even if they do not, better a lonely life than the other alternative! At any rate, that is my strong conviction; and though, as you know, I have never had the slightest fancy for anyone, I resolutely refuse to marry Mr. Ward. I know the dear old mother is dreadfully disappointed—she is so fond of him; but I cannot help it. I will have all in all or none at all; and as I don't believe I shall ever fall in love, I am making up my mind to settle down into a dear old maid, and am bespeaking cats and parrots by the dozen!

"With best and dearest love from

"Your friend

"DEL."

Miss Despard made haste to answer her friend's letter, and in a few weeks' time she received the following reply:

"DEAREST BLANCHE:—Thanks for your nice long letter; I will answer it in a few days. Meantime I write a line to acknowledge with many thanks the pretty hood you sent me. I wore it last night going to a dinner-party, and it was so warm and comfortable! Jack declared I looked 'stunning'; and I am sure it was all the effect of your present. It was good of you to work it for me. I am so delighted to hear that you are going to your aunt's at Christmas! Of

course, as you say, 'he' may not be there; still 'he' was there once, and may be again. I hope with all my heart that you may meet him.

"Your loving friend,

"DELPHINE."

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to tell you of something most extraordinary that has happened. The dinner-party last night was given by some people called Wellesley, and it was quite a grand affair. Most of the people were strangers to me, and Mrs. Wellesley brought forward the gentleman appointed to take me down. 'Miss Fergusson, may I introduce Mr. Forde to you?' she said; and, looking up, I saw the very patient I had danced with three weeks ago at the asylum. I flushed, and so did he; and this filled me with regret that I had thus reminded him of his painful past.

"Mrs. Wellesley looked at us in astonishment, for our confusion was only too evident. You remember that when I do blush there is no mistaking it; and Mr. Forde equaled me! I never felt so distressed in my life; I could not explain that we had met before, for that might have led to questioning as to where we had met. I think our hostess meditated a change of partners, but I recovered myself sufficiently to begin talking to him at once, and soon we went down to dinner.

"Mr. Forde was very polite and nice, but at first he was rather absent-minded. On one occasion he quite started when I spoke to him. I wonder if I reminded him of his past misery? I do hope not! I tried to be as nice as ever I could, and chatted to him until gradually the barrier between us seemed to slip away. He joined me again in the drawing-room, and we looked over photographs together. He has traveled a great deal, and gave most interesting accounts of the places where he had been.

"Wasn't it strange to meet him again like that? I am so glad he has come out of the asylum! Of course I studiously avoided any allusion to our first meeting, and so did he.

"November 7th.—I did not send this off yesterday after all, for visitors came in and interrupted me. And now I have the most astounding piece of news to tell you. Mr. Forde has never been a patient at the asylum at all—he was there that night as a guest, just as we were! I can't imagine how I made such an idiotic mistake. When I asked Flo about him and let out what I thought, she laughed until I feared she would go into hysterics; but she has promised not to tell a soul of my ridiculous idea, and I know she will keep her word, though she is longing to speak of it, and even I can see that it would be a good joke. But I can't bear to think of it. He must have thought it strange that I did not allude to our former meeting—and yet he didn't mention it himself. Oh, how thankful I am that he can never know what a stupid girl I was! Flo says he is remarkably clever;—and I thought him a lunatic! I feel so humiliated! D. F."

A month later Miss Despard received another letter from Delphine Fergusson.

"TORQUAY, December 26th.

"MY DEAREST BLANCHE:—I have only time to write you a scrap to-day, but I must tell you the great news myself. I am engaged to marry Mr. Forde! And he knows I thought him a lunatic, and I don't mind that at all now, for he was quite as bad, and thought I was one! Wasn't it too ridiculous? We each thought the other mad, and expended no end of unnecessary sympathy upon each other! I am exceedingly happy,—indeed, happier than I ever thought it was possible to be,—and, as for him, he is the handsomest, dearest, cleverest man in all the world! I do wish you were here—I am longing to see you! I came home on Tuesday, and Roslyn—isn't it a pretty name?—followed two days later. Everything is settled, and we are to be married in

two months' time. It seems awfully soon, but he is so impatient! Of course you will be my chief bridesmaid? Do make haste home, if 'he' is not there! I want you to see my 'he'!

"Always your loving friend,  
"DELPHINE."

On the same day Will Thorn received a letter from his friend Forde. He tore open the envelope and read:

"December 26th.

"DEAR THORN:—Thanks for your letter. I am glad you have made up your mind to ask the young lady the important question. As your uncle is taking you into partnership in the spring, I think you are quite justified in doing so, and wish you good luck, old man, and success!

"But, by-the-bye, I can't be your 'best man,' for the simple reason that I shall need your services in that capacity in February. Congratulate me, my friend—I have won the best and loveliest girl in all the world! You will be surprised to hear that she is the Miss Fergusson whom I met first at that dance at the asylum and believed to be a patient! Of course she was a guest, like ourselves; but the absurd part is that she took me for a lunatic too! I feel that life has just begun for me, and I am looking forward with great happiness to seeing a sweet young mistress at the Cedars. We mean to do a great deal for the place, and have already made many wonderful plans. My people are delighted, and I am the happiest man alive!

"Yours,  
"R. FORDE."

When Will Thorn received this letter he was about to walk over to the Vicarage, where a happy little maiden was awaiting him. He had "been and done it," as he would have expressed it, on the previous day, and was now a proud affianced man. This news about Forde delighted him, and he hurried off to carry it to his beloved.

A charming little girl came running to the gate, and after a lover's orthodox greeting Thorn said, "I have such a piece of news for you, darling!"

"Have you?" she asked carelessly, without the slightest display of curiosity. "But I have most exciting news for you; and the rule of society is that ladies should be heard first, you know, so do listen. My dearest friend, Delphine Fergusson, has just become engaged to an awfully nice man, a Mr. Forde."

Blanche Despard was somewhat surprised at the way in which her lover received the news. He sank down upon a rustic bench close by, and at first his face assumed an expression of blank astonishment, which was swiftly succeeded by one of irrepressible mirth, and finally he burst into such a loud and prolonged peal of laughter that Mrs. Despard put her head out of the dining-room window to see what was the matter; whereupon the young man partially recovered, wiped his eyes, and explained:

"Now I'll tell you my news," he said to the astonished Blanche; "my great friend Roslyn Forde is going to marry a charming young lady, a Miss Fergusson!"

On receiving this information his auditor chimed in merrily with his infectious mirth.

"And just look at his letter!" Thorn went on. "Why, he is quite a different man already—he has some real interest in life at last—his soul has come to him, like that German woman's, you know, who got on without one for a time, but had to submit at last to the general fate! And to think of their beginning by taking each other for lunatics! Talk of the wonders to be found in a novel! Why, this beats them all to fits!"

F. E. H.

## Our Girls.

### How We Gordon Girls Went Visiting.

HERE were six of us. Only the father of such a family, or one of the six, can understand the height and depth of that statement.

Six of us to want gowns, ribbons, slippers, and flannels; to pine for journeys by land and sea; to want concert and opera tickets, and two pews in church. Six to study music, to attend cooking-school, to learn Kensington embroidery, to be taught plain sewing, how to make a bed, and how to entertain company.

When I think of the faithfulness of the father and mother of us, I am filled with wonder, amazement, and gratitude. But when father called us his "crown of jewels," and mother spoke of us as her "dear garden of girls," it made us feel that we were none too many. It compensated for the annoyance we felt when people would say in a tone in which surprise, sympathy, and disapprobation were judiciously mingled, "Six daughters, Mrs. Gordon?"

Besides, as we were none of us to blame for being there, and not responsible for being girls instead of boys, we did not feel called upon to mourn over or apologize for our existence. In truth, we very much enjoyed our feminine estate; and there wasn't a happier household in all Greenwood than ours. "Professor Gordon's great family of girls"—that is the way we were occasionally spoken of—had decidedly a good time, though it did happen now and then that there were not gloves enough to go around.

Belle was the oldest.—just twenty-four the summer of which I write,—and belonged to the order of girls called "capable." When she went to market the steak or roast that followed her home was tender and juicy; the fruit was ripe and the same size to the bottom of the box; the vegetables were fresh and sound to the core. She had a genius for turning and making over dresses; she could darn in a way that made one declare the stocking or gown improved by the process; she could detect the cotton in "all-wool" fabrics, and was not to be deceived in the matter of weights and measures.

It was she who had the local railway time-table at her finger's end. She could tell you the exact distance from Greenwood to anywhere, what the fare was, and how long it would take to get there. Her information was definite and positive. Naturally she was mother's very right hand.

Pretty? No, not just that; she was regular of feature and dignified of expression, with a certain forceful look about her that inspired confidence. We all laughed when one day Gertrude—one of the twins—said she somehow felt safer with Belle in the house; but that tells the story.

The only thing in which she was noticeably lacking was taste in dress; but that Gladys—dear, beautiful Gladys!—supplied. She (Gladys) was the artist and the beauty of the family. It was Belle who stitched up the seams of the dress, but it was Gladys who put on the finishing touches. Ribbon in her hands made itself into bows and knots that were the perfection of artistic grace; draperies hung for her just as they should; lace cascaded itself for her.

There was no question as to her beauty, any more than of the fairness of the lily or the fragrance of the rose. I had an unbounded respect and affection for all my sisters, but I was in love with Gladys. I knew every expression, every curve, every dimple, every tint of her hair in shade or sun. It was her beauty that made me captive, though she had as sweet a soul as was ever put into a fair human body.

Then came Jennette, who was a music-teacher, sang in

the choir, and had a leaning toward business. She was a rather imperious-looking young woman, with very black hair which scorned to curl. She always said that if she were a man she would be on Wall Street. It was an assertion that no one could dispute. If she had said she would be in a State prison none of us could have proven to the contrary. She earned more money than Gladys with her dainty plaque and china painting, more than I did with my stories and verse-making.

I was Marie; neither handsome nor homely enough to be noticeable, but with an uncommonly well-developed bump of self-esteem. Inclined to believe myself a genius, I had fixed my glittering eye on future laurels. With this belief I comforted myself when, more than usually unmindful of mundane affairs, I brought down upon my head the deserved censure of the capable Belle. I am free to confess that in the affairs of every-day life I had not, up to the period of which I write, attained a brilliant success, neither was there any great indication of success in the laurel-winning business.

Gertrude and Helen were the twins, two pretty, rosebud-y school-girls. Ready for ride, boating, or picnic, as girls healthy in mind and body should be, yet full of ambitions for a useful life, and of the dreams, the sweet imaginings, the unquestioning faith that only early girlhood knows.

I wonder if you who read can see us as we sat at the breakfast-table that June morning, with the dignified father and the gentle mother presiding. If you can, you'll say to yourself, as outspoken Doctor Thorne did once: "You've got a handsome lot of girls. Professor, a handsome lot of girls! And I don't see one of 'em that I could wish was a boy."

Mother was saying: "Here is a letter from Aunt Helen. She invites Gladys and Jennette to spend July with her at Lake Pleasant; she's going to have a houseful of young people,—riding, boating, tennis, everything. Would you like it, girls?"

"I cannot go," said Jennette emphatically. "I've engaged to teach the three backward Hale girls right through the summer. They imagine they can learn music, and perhaps they can if they take time enough. I want the money more than I want boating or tennis. Besides, it would take more than I can spare to put myself in order to meet Aunt Helen's fashionable guests. No; I can't go. Consider that settled. Gladys can go and take Marie with her."

Mother looked at Gladys inquiringly.

"I'd like it very well, but it is just as Jennette says: 'it requires boating costumes and tennis suits and riding dresses, and lawns and laces for evening, gloves, hats, and sunshades for every suit; and I haven't them, can't afford to have them, and don't like to go without.'"

"I suppose we could manage it," said mother thoughtfully, "and if Marie cares to go, I presume Aunt Helen would welcome her in Jennette's place."

"I do not even want to go," I said. "I'd rather go up in the pine woods,—out on a farm. Why! I'd even rather spend July up in the branches of the big apple-tree in the garden, than torture myself with wearing the various and many suits that Gladys says we would need, even if I had them to wear. I'm not heroic enough for fashionable summer-resorting. Count me out. Let Belle go."

"Aunt Helen doesn't want me," replied Belle; "she has never forgiven me for failing to improve my opportunities the summer I was with her. I wonder she dare ask any of my sisters; perhaps she thinks they will be more tractable."

"If she thinks any one of us would marry a man for his big house and bank account, she's mistaken," said Gladys, "and might as well let us alone."

"Money is a good thing," said Jennette oracularly.

"Money is a good thing, truly," said father, looking smilingly around upon us; "but daily bread and contentment are best of all. What were you talking about, my dears?" he continued.

"About summer visiting and summer holidays."

"And what is the conclusion of the whole matter?"

"The conclusion," said I, "is that it costs more than it comes to. It takes time and money to get ready to go. It takes time and strength and money to keep up with the procession when you've got there. It leaves part of us at home to do without things and to do more work, that one or two may have more gowns and less work. It sends us home tired when we should be rested. If one could go into the woods, as I said, or spend a couple of weeks in an apple-tree—"

"I'm not sure," said Belle, looking at me approvingly, "but you are growing in good sense."

"I don't see," said father, "anything to prevent your spending two weeks in an apple-tree if you think you would like it, provided you come in when the dew falls."

"But it seems," said mother, "that we ought to have some little change during the summer. We cannot afford anything very expensive, but there ought to be a little change and recreation for each one. It is not altogether the outlay in money, but it is the greater fact that we do not get the real rest and recreation that is needed. I must think out some plan that will be just the thing for us all. Will you all accept the plan I offer, without demur?"

A unanimous "aye" rose in response.

We kept only one servant; we had a large house, a large family, and much company: so it is easily seen that there was enough work to go round, and, as Gladys said, always some left over. The twins being in school, and Jennette engaged in teaching, they escaped the routine of the so-called light housework. It was Gladys and I who tidied up the parlors, kept the guest-rooms in order, picked over fruit, arranged bouquets, and did the thousand things that are outside of a single servant's province; and there was plenty for mother and Belle to do besides.

We each felt, now and then, that a "lodge in the wilderness," where there was no bric-a-brac to dust, no marketing to do, no desserts to prepare, would be an acceptable thing. "Besides," I would say when the spirit of revolt was strong within me, "Gladys and I have other work to do; we are capable of other things than preparing fruit for canning, or setting the table for company."

"Meaning, I suppose," Belle would say, "your plaque-painting and story-writing. Marie Gordon, do not make a mistake. If you are a genius you cannot afford to dispense with common sense; and bear in mind that the absence of common sense is no proof of the presence of genius. You have occasional spasms of what I call good, hard sense; but you don't have them often enough." Then she would soften; for she is the tenderest, kindest-hearted girl in the world, and would say: "My dear little sister, the duty nearest your hand is the one for you to do. The story-writing can wait, but the cherries must be pitted while the day lasts."

Nothing more was said on the subject of visiting for some time. We waited for mother's plan. She made a trip to the city, one day, and returned at evening with a tall, strong, English woman about thirty years of age. She was installed as cook and general manager of the kitchen in place of the present incumbent. That person was promoted to the position of dining and parlor maid, and general assistant.

"Only a necessary part of my plan," said mother in reply to our questions; "only a part of my plan."

A few days after, Gladys and I received a letter which ran thus:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES:—Can you not come and make me a visit? I would be greatly pleased to receive you, and while I can promise nothing unusual in the way of pleasures, I can give you the freedom of a wide veranda, the restful shadow of maple-trees, and the appreciative company of myself and daughters, who join me in hoping that you can come to us about June 22 and remain till July 10.

"Will you please respond as soon as convenient?"

"Yours cordially,

"ELINOR GORDON."

"Oh! Oh!" we cried, "that's mother's plan. We are going to be guests at home." So we gravely sat down and penned an acceptance.

This was June 15. We looked over our wardrobes and picked out such garments as would do for visiting. We had our white dresses done up by the willing general assistant, we re-trimmed our garden hats, and were careful to see that ribbons and laces were in good order. In fact, to fully convince ourselves that we were going visiting, we packed a trunk with our best. "The best we have is none too good for visiting one's own mother," said Gladys. "I'm going to wear my pink lawn every day, see if I don't!" she said. I resolved in my own mind that I'd wear white all the time. White dresses were my especial weakness.

When the morning came, having learned from something Belle said that the guests were expected to luncheon, we stepped out of the side door of the house, and in about twenty minutes a hansom "might have been seen" before Professor Gordon's door. Two young ladies, each carrying a small hand-bag, each dressed in a very simple gown of dark blue satine, with hats to match, all suspiciously free from dust, alighted and ran up the broad steps where "Mrs. Gordon" stood to meet them. Then her daughters Belle and Jennette very warmly added their welcome. The twins giggled unmistakably as they declared themselves delighted to see the visitors.

We were escorted upstairs to the guest chamber. If we had been the first ladies of the land no more pains could have been taken for our coming. Everything wore its most inviting aspect; there were flowers everywhere; in one corner stood the trunk we had packed. It had been brought from our own room.

What pleasant days followed! We observed all the rules of conduct that well-bred guests should observe anywhere; we received just the considerate attention that a well-bred hostess bestows. Jennette sang and played for us. Belle and mother took us out for long drives in the country. The twins played croquet with us. One or two of the girls of our set, who had learned of our "visit," made ceremonious calls. We sat on the broad veranda and read or talked; we swung in the hammock; I sat many a happy half-hour in my favorite apple-tree.

The extra help proved so efficient that mother was quite relieved from household care and worry, and such long, long talks as we all had together. Why, we really became acquainted with our own mother over again! Then, when the time came for our departure, we disappeared, and reappeared in our accustomed places, "just," as the twins said, "as though nothing had happened."

Then came Belle and Jennette, and we gave them royal entertainment. It was forbidden, under pain of banishment, to speak of music-teaching to Jennette, and no one ventured to ask Belle the price of sugar by the barrel. They literally rested from their labors, soul and body. In the two weeks they were guests, I learned how charming and lovely they were. I learned, too, how much we younger ones had leaned upon them.

It was while they were visiting us that we gave the lawn-party. Such a lovely party as it was! There was never a

fairer evening, there were never prettier girls or more of them than those that gathered on our beautiful lawn that July evening.

Susie Warner brought with her, by permission, a cousin who had run down for a few days in the country. When I learned that this cousin was none other than Mr. Gray, the editor of a magazine that had accepted a few of my poems, —and declined more,—what a thrill of anticipation possessed my being! The man who had read my verses, who once had praised a couplet! No doubt I should find, at last, a congenial soul. How delightful it would be to meet one who dwelt in the same world of dreams, hopes, and aspirations as I! So I talked to myself as I pinned the cluster of tiger-lilies against my white gown.

It shocked me a little, when, upon being introduced to me, he evinced no surprise, no perturbation of spirit, no look as though he had ever heard the name of "Marie Gordon," no slightest sign that he recognized a sister-soul. When by some means the fact did present itself to his consciousness, he smiled upon me in an indulgent fashion, saying: "Oh yes; I remember now. You have sent us some pretty verses. They have been copied somewhat, and have no doubt given pleasure. But, Miss Marie, if you could write prose articles upon good every-day topics, it does not matter what,—cooking, housekeeping, making beds or making gowns, the best way to do a washing or keep moths out of woollens,—it would pay you vastly better, and," seeing the look of disgust on my face, "you would be furnishing the people what they want: for, between ourselves, Miss Marie, the great public is not in perishing need of poetry such as is furnished them at the present time."

"Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" I said to myself. This was the man in whom I thought to find a companion-spirit—this creature who advised me to write articles for cooks and laundresses! But I said aloud: "I know very little about these things, but my sister Belle is authority upon all matters pertaining to the household."

A little later I saw him enjoying cake and cream made after Belle's receipts. I saw him also very contentedly talking with that young person; and I remember saying to myself what I considered a poetical thing: it was to the effect that if my dream had ended, perhaps hers had begun. I believe I sighed a little as I said it. I couldn't help noticing, at the same time, that Belle was looking uncommonly well, with a dignified, womanly beauty that made me see my own crudeness very plainly.

And Gladys in her pink gown, how more than ever I admired her!—and not I alone. Aunt Helen had invited a distinguished artist to her house with her other guests, but it so happened that her "lion" had chosen instead to roam in another way, at his own sweet will. This metaphor being unmanageable, I will say that Mr. Chester Manning had turned his back on fashionable summer merry-making, and had come to the quiet of Greenwood for a little sketching and for whatever of interest might come in his way. To be sure, I was always seeing what wasn't there, so Belle said; but I did see something in Mr. Chester Manning's eyes that night that convinced me that something of great interest had come his way.

After two weeks Belle and Jennette made graceful adieux and departed. Then, after a few days, came the twins. They took things by storm. There was more fluttering of bright ribbons, more singing, more swinging, more girlish laughter, more picnicking. Their pretty little visiting airs were pleasant to see, the ease and determination with which they wore their best garments were amusing, the observance of their duties as guests was gratifying. They did not leave their garden hats on the parlor tables, nor leave their rooms in disorder. Beyond saying that they were having a great

lark, there was a perceptible falling-off in the matter of slang, to which the school-girl is sometimes addicted. It was a frolic from the day they came till they departed. We all entered so entirely into the spirit of it that it was as truly a visit as though they had come from Boston.

Then after we girls were all at home again, there was a long consultation held in Belle's room one morning. The result of it was a week at Lake Geneva for father and mother, "railroad fare and hotel bills all paid by the undersigned," so read the note of invitation signed by "The Gordon Girls."

To be sure mother said she didn't need it, she had been so rested and happy all summer; but father said it would be "just the thing!" He quite approved of it. So they went, and when they came back—the week lengthened out to ten days—they were in such spirits, mental and physical, as delighted us to see. Such stories as they told us of fishing and rowing, made me satirically say to them that the gift of romancing was mine by inheritance.

It was then the last of September. We all sat on the broad veranda, one lovely afternoon, looking back over the summer. We decided that it had been as pleasant a one as we had ever spent.

"And," mother added, "it has been a less expensive one than any for many years past. We have each one of us had a little holiday; during each visit there has been some entertaining of other guests, teas, and parties indoors and out. We have had all summer this excellent and high-priced English cook and housekeeper, but with it there has not been any such amount of money paid out as would have been necessary for four of you girls with what you would have needed for a summer away from home."

"We have, besides," she continued, "owing to my release in such large measure from household cares, had more time for real social home-life than ever before. I have learned some very delightful things about my own daughters. I really think more of 'the Gordon girls' than I ever did; and"—here she looked upon us with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye—"we may never have another such a summer together, my dears."

We never did. At Christmas, Chester Manning came and took away my beautiful Gladys. Jennette went abroad to study her beloved music. Belle became the editor of a domestic magazine, and in the spring became the wife of Mr. Gray and the queen of a happy home.

Her mantle fell upon me. If Mr. Gray was a disappointment as a congenial spirit, he was a pronounced success as a brother-in-law; and though he never looked upon me as the genius of the family, by wise and judicious criticism he helped and stimulated me to a useful exercise of the talents that were mine. I did not reach the heights of fame, but I became the very right-hand of the dear house-mother, and a shining light in the pathway of the twins.

All this was many years ago. Summers full of pleasure have come and gone since then, but never one about which memories sweeter and more enduring linger, than this one dear summer when we Gordon girls were guests within our own gates.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

ALWAYS have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

RUSKIN.

## Sanitarian.

### Exercise as Pleasure.



GREAT deal has been said and written about the value of exercise. There is no need to insist upon it—everyone admits it. The mistake is in supposing that exercise undertaken merely for the sake of exercise, is a good thing; the fact of the matter being that it is, on the contrary, an absolutely bad and foolish thing. Compulsory exercise, whatever form it takes, always becomes monotonous and defeats its own end.

Well indeed do I remember how in my young days it was considered necessary for girls to go through a certain amount of walking, "taking constitutionals" it was called then, and how our daily dose of this folly consisted in walking up and down a long terrace, the sole diversion for our minds being that of counting the cracks in the paving stones! Well, too, do I recall the ingenuity with which, being young people with an inventive turn of mind, we strove to introduce some better element, or element of interest, into our daily exercise, by setting it up as a law, that whoever stepped upon these same cracks should pay a forfeit, or tell a story in the bedroom at night.

Walking for walking's sake is just as hateful as any other form of exercise; and this is so thoroughly recognized that all pedestrians, however enthusiastic, realize that their walks must have an aim and object independent of the mere act of walking, if they are to be of abiding interest. It would, it seems to me, be a step in the right direction if people would begin to realize this as a fact, and bring its application into every-day life.

Physical development is no longer neglected, it is much thought of; and in many educational establishments the gymnasium is a very prominent feature. Girls as well as boys, women equally with men, are beginning to realize that muscles are capable of doing good service, or of revenging neglect. The misfortune is that all these laudable efforts, unless they take the shape of sports, are liable to do more harm than good.

Exercise as exercise is a trite, monotonous, unsatisfactory sort of thing; whereas exercise as recreation and amusement, is a cordial and specific for many complaints. Without going into the subject of its physiological value, which has already been overdone, or appearing as its apologist, I should like to point out some few ways in which it may be made practically and judiciously valuable.

Several of my acquaintances possess the latest machines for the exercise of muscles; I have also had opportunities of watching their use by semi-invalids anxious to recover tone and muscle: but in each case I have been struck by their absolute failure as to satisfactory results. Those who are enthusiasts, begin by insisting that effects little short of the miraculous are attained; and one vigorous gentleman has discovered that a certain amount of weight-pulling and hauling of ropes is essential to his digestion: but even in his case (and his health-lift is as dear to him as an arm-chair) interest in the performance of the daily complement of lifting soon palls, and, having succeeded in proving his capacity as a muscular devotee, he loses interest and fervor. In the same way, a lady of my acquaintance, who is quite a successful swimmer, says that she cares very little about it now that she knows how, and rarely takes the trouble to swim, although, until she had accomplished it thoroughly, she was exceedingly eloquent upon the subject of its value for the development of muscle.

Many women exercise a great deal without being aware

of it, in the performance of household duties. Probably the idea that making beds is an eminently healthful occupation does not occur to them; but, nevertheless, it is true. General servants, as a rule, even when they have a good deal of drudgery, are well-developed, and can compare physically very satisfactorily with those who do only kitchen work, or are engaged only in the performance of the lighter details of housekeeping. Washing, too, offers a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the chest, and even the stomach muscles; and laundresses are apt to be stout, well-conditioned-looking people, in spite of the fact that ironing is a trying occupation.

In the old-fashioned days, girls, and boys too, were taught to do their share of housework. We, of the older generation, remember Harry and Lucy, whose daily duties commenced with stripping and making their own beds, and there is no doubt that they were the better for it. A great deal might be accomplished in the direction of healthful and satisfactory exercise, having some legitimate aim outside itself, if mothers would interest young people in such occupations, instead of tacitly teaching them that "only servants do housework."

The reply of the great English doctor to the inane lady of high rank who applied to him for a remedy for her nerveless condition, "Scrub the back stairs down twice a week," has often been repeated; and quite recently a leading actress here gave an account of her summer recreation, which consisted in doing the whole domestic work of a farm, herself. Now this was common sense guiding the choice of exercise; it was sensible, and deserved the result it had. In my own experience, I date the complete restoration of long-impaired health from the time when I began to combine active exercise with interests. I commenced farming, gardening, and walking, as each in itself interesting, apart from the fact that each was desirable for muscular development. The result was that my mind was full of pleasant reflections, the culture and history of flowers and fruits filled up my thoughts, and I rapidly regained strength and vigor.

The trouble with a great many sedentary people, persons employed in business all day, or ladies whose duties are mainly in the home, is that they look upon exercise as a thing to be gone through with—take, perhaps, an enforced walk, or, as we have suggested, recapitulate the exercises of a machine. How much better it would be to bring about a sort of co-operation in exercise, have, for instance, clubs for the purpose! Once, in a quiet country village, I suggested the organization of a Walking Club, the object being to induce women to walk a certain distance every evening regardless of weather, and to combine pleasant companionship with the exercise. We were to have a subject for debate, and discuss it during the walk; but when it came to the practical question of the limit of the walk, it was impossible to come to anything like definite settlement. A mile represented the average woman's idea of a good walk. However, I should not have despaired of carrying my point if I had remained there, for I had proposed that we should have a sort of graded club, beginning with the minimum of one mile, and striving for a maximum of four or five. Here, however, the value of the idea lay not so much in the exercise, as in making the exercise subordinate to another interest. This, I feel convinced, is the practical thing to do with regard to it.

In gymnasium exercise, much better results would be obtained if it were made social, amusing, and interesting. Prizes, for instance, might be given; competition (within safe limits) encouraged; and a gymnastic club, unlike any of which I have heard, occurs to me as a delightful possibility, in which physical exercise should occur as an interlude, and reading, music, and recitation each take their turn.

The very people who talk most about exercise, usually show the least sense about it. I know a doctor who advocates the use of pulleys and expanders as aids to digestion after a meal, and who thinks conversation during dinner a mistake, especially if it becomes earnest or tends to discussion; whereas, the best aid to digestion, in my opinion, is cheerful companionship, and bright, intellectual talk.

When such great difference exists as to the *modus operandi* of exercise, common sense will often do a great deal. Some forms of exercise readily commend themselves, but are not within every one's reach, horseback-riding, for instance, which brings all the muscles of the body into play; but there are many which are within reach of all. Dancing is one of them. I know of one school in which it very frequently takes the place of walking, and very sensibly, too, for the only opportunity for walking is through city streets, and instead of the formal, set promenade, the girls have a thoroughly jolly dance in a large hall which is excellently ventilated and communicates with the gymnasium.

Dancing might be much more frequently indulged in in home life than it is. Children should be encouraged to dance in their play hours. In one home which I recall, the dusky hour before the lights were brought in always found the mother at the piano and the little ones merrily dancing round the room. It was good exercise, but it was more; it was enjoyable, and that is just what enforced exercise rarely is. How all children, large as well as small, enjoy a good romp!—and what an admirable thing it is!

Alas, for proprieties and social decorum which shut it out as soon as childhood is passed! "Romping girls! how shocking!" Nevertheless, some of the nicest girls I have known have distinguished themselves as romps. One of the most thorough-going students I know, who has passed examination after examination with honors, was brought up like a boy, and was, to the great scandal of her aunts, a most capital cricketer and base-ball player long after she entered her teens. "You will never make a lady of her," her mother was told; but the prophecy was not verified. A lady she is, and, moreover, a valued friend and teacher of boys.

How valuable tennis has become, physicians can tell us; and one most notable proof of it is the fact that it has largely done away with the torture of the high French heel and brought about a revolution in the matter of sensible boots and shoes.

But my subject runs away with me. How much might be written upon the different kinds of exercise and their specific results! But that is not my object; it is, for the moment at least, to insist, as strongly as possible, upon the fact that all exercises—walking, riding, gymnastics, sports, dancing—valuable as exercise, are tenfold more so, are, indeed, only truly so, when they are combined with enjoyment, and have an aim and object outside their mere performance. Then they acquire a living interest; then they are healthful, stimulating, exhilarating; and then they are persevered in long after the novelty has worn off.

The subject is an important one to us all. It bears upon our health, our well-being, our longevity: let us each endeavor to encourage exercise as an enjoyment and pleasure, secure that in doing so we are enhancing its value tenfold.

JANET E. RUUTZ-REES.

MAN has his will,—but woman has her way!  
While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,  
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire,—  
The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves  
Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.

O. W. HOLMES.

# Our Portrait Gallery.



Mrs. James Brown Potter as "Cleopatra."

**A**MONG those who have attempted to give us a representation of how the Egyptian queen looked and acted when she was a living, loving woman and not a dusty mummy, is Mrs. James Brown Potter. It would seem no easy task to act or dress the part of that "rare Egyptian" whose queenly person "beggard all description" in "cloth-of-gold of tissue—o'erpowering that Venus where we see the fancy outwork nature," yet Mrs. Potter has revived the memory of Cleopatra and shown us a living image of that beauty and magnificence which was the wonder of Cæsar's time.

The dresses, or, rather, costumes for the play, were designed by Mr. Hamilton Bell of New York City, and made by the great Worth of Paris; and our illustration shows the beautiful actress in the festal robes of the famous Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, "that serpent of old Nile" whom Shakespeare has immortalized. This exquisite costume has served as a model for many elegant dresses worn at costume balls, and is historically accurate both in detail and effect, having been designed from drawings copied from old Egyptian art treasures.

Mrs. Potter's maiden name was Coralie Urquhart, and she is a native of Mobile, Alabama. Her husband, Mr. James Brown Potter, is a member of the well-known Potter family of New York City. Her early triumphs as an amateur actress and recitationist finally induced her to appear upon the public stage, where her success has decided her to remain.

# Home Art and Home Comfort.

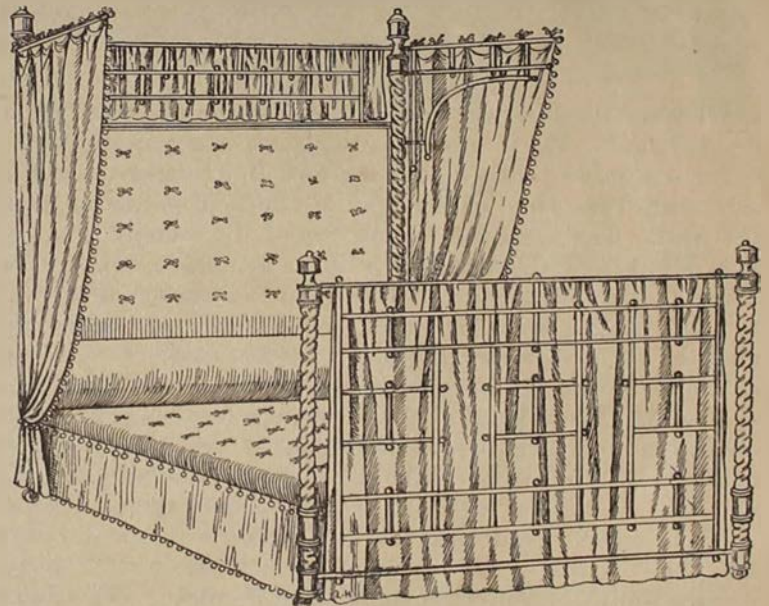
## Bed Draperies and Furnishings.

**N**O matter how handsome the appointments of the room, how soft and luxurious the carpet, or fragrantly fresh the cool matting, no amount of elegance can atone for neglect or carelessness in the matter of bed-furnishings. The modern folding-beds shut out of sight all the daintily trimmed linen which looks so temptingly cool on the well-made open bed, but only where they are positively necessary on account of economy in space or using one room for many purposes, can they supersede the more healthful stationary bedstead.

The manner in which a bedstead is draped or the bed made up, as well as the choice of a bedstead, depends partly upon the means and partly upon the taste of the house-keeper. Brass bedsteads and those of enameled iron are liked for their cleanliness and durability, and some of them are almost works of art with their mosaic and pearl inlayings. Canopies are used on many of them, and these often support heavy plush draperies lined with satin; but the light, delicate folds of India silk or some material such as scrim or cretonne are preferred.

One of the handsomest methods of draping a bed is by means of the French canopy top, or half-tester, which supports full drapery at each side, and over which mosquito netting may be draped to exclude those winged disturbers of sleep.

Our illustration shows a brass bedstead with canopy and upholstery of pale blue India silk. The upper rails of the



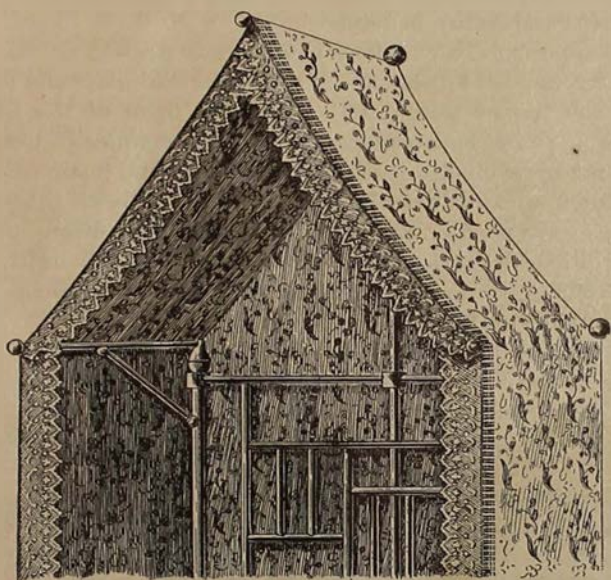
FRENCH CANOPY BRASS BEDSTEAD.

bedstead at the head and foot are hung with curtains of the pale blue silk, which is hemmed, and the bars, which are removable, run through the hem. The curtains of silk, edged with tiny, blue-silk ball-tassels, are draped upon the arms (which are hinged to the back so as to move back and forth) with very narrow ribbon tied in bows over the arms. The back of the bedstead has a square, upholstered piece of blue silk tufted on with the same narrow blue ribbons, and the tufted silk counterpane is of the same material, and, like the straight valance, edged with tiny silk balls. The valance is fastened to the edge of the mattress with safety-pins.

The bed-furnishing is completed with the round French bolster, which is very much used at present as a substitute for pillows. It is stuffed with hair to a perfectly round shape, and the ends of the cover are gathered together with a rosette or tassel. Pillows for real service are usually substituted when the bed is occupied. This arrangement of bolster, spread, etc., can be adapted to any bedstead with or without a canopy, and other colors or fabrics substituted for the silk draperies.

Blue and brown denims are often used now by fashionable people for draping canopies over the heads of beds, and counterpanes and bolster-covers are also made of denim, either plain, or elaborately ornamented with cross-stitch tapestry-embroidery in colors, or with conventional flower designs worked in Kensington stitch with white cotton.

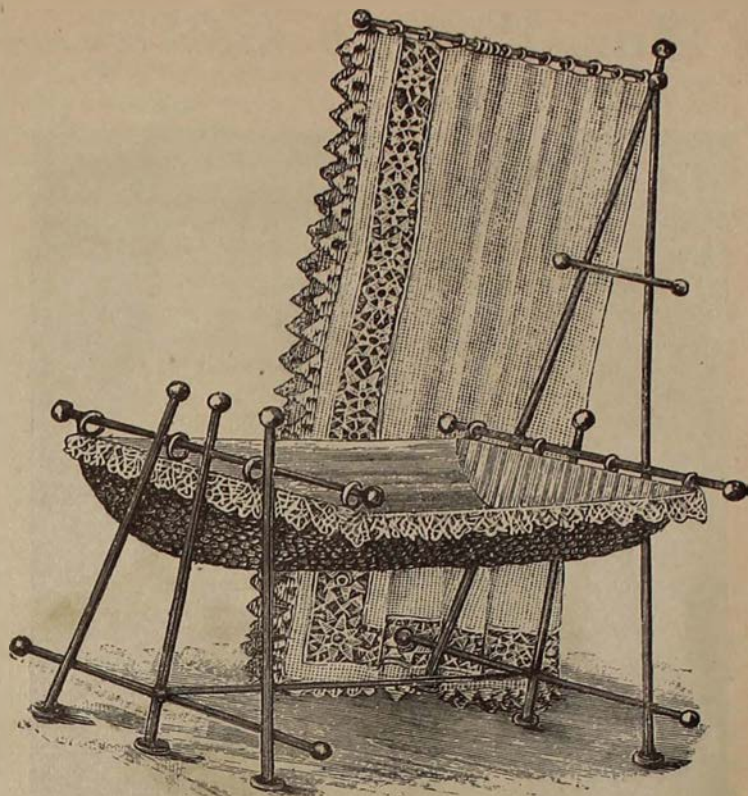
The canopy illustrated is draped with cretonne figured in



TENT CANOPY.

conventionalized flower design in dim purple tints on a gray ground. The cretonne is hung plain across the back, cut in a pointed tent-shape at the top, and turned the right side toward the front as the head of the bed stands against the wall. The cretonne for the top of the canopy is made in straight breadths, lined with the same, and trimmed with heavy Colbert edging-lace. The frame is a brass tent-canopy top to a single brass bedstead. Such a canopy is a pretty addition to any single bed, and may be made of wood by anyone who can use a hammer and nails. Four scantlings are needed, three inches wide,—one, six feet long, and two about four feet long, depending upon the height of the back of the bed. Nail these to the back of the head of the bed, and one—as long as the bed is wide—across them to hold them in place. Nail three lighter strips, a foot and a half long, to the ends of the uprights, as a frame-work. Long screws would be better to keep them in place. The inexpensive stained wooden curtain-poles with brass fittings could be sawed to the proper length for this purpose, and nailed on. The drapery, if of very light material, should be lined; yet for a summer cottage a single thickness of goods will answer.

The baby's bassinette is an iron frame gilded, upon which hangs the hammock of green woven wire lined with pale pink cashmere. The baby's pillows and coverings are not shown in the picture, which is designed to give an idea of how a standard for a baby's bed can be made. The frame can be made of wood as well as iron rods. Especially to be noticed is the practical arrangement of the hinged arm upon which a double curtain is hung with rings, so that it can be



BABY'S BASSINETTE.

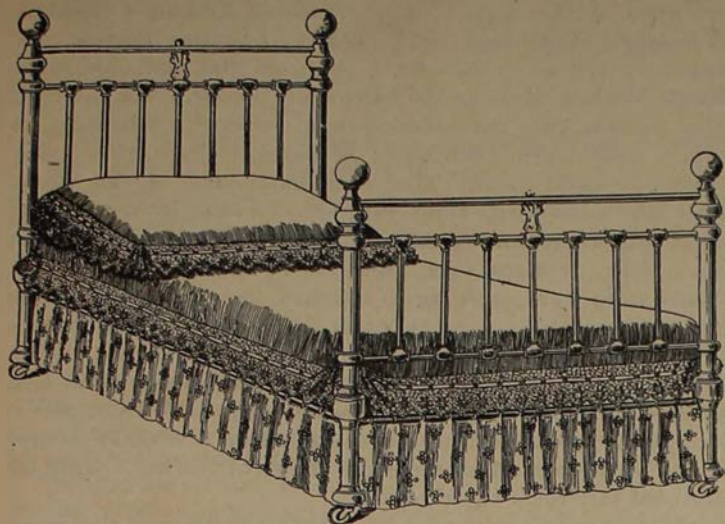
pushed back altogether, or, as illustrated, both thrown to one side, leaving one side of the bed open. When drawn on both sides the curtain forms a complete veil, falling around the bed. The rod used might be that which holds a parasol over a baby's carriage, and if there should happen to be such a one around the house, not in use, a canopy for the baby's bed or crib could be made of it. The curtains are of cream Congress canvas with insertions and edgings of antique lace, but any other drapery can be substituted—cretonne, chintz, colored cambric under mull or dotted Swiss, or embroidered denim or linen.

Draperies of silk of all qualities are used for bed curtains and valances, which are revived with other old-time ideas. Brocades and old-fashioned flowered silks are often most effective in brightening up a room, even if the furniture otherwise is quite simple. The valance, which is nothing more than a founce, if of silk, needs a lining of farmers' satin or silesia to prevent it from fraying too quickly. Small brass rings are sewed on at regular intervals along the upper edge, and these are run on a rod which rests in a socket at each corner of the bed-frame. The founce or valance will then hang full as if gathered, or it is laid in regular plaits secured where the rings are sewed on.

In the illustration of the enameled iron bedstead with valances, these are shown in this way; but if the sight of the rings on the brass rod is not liked, they are sewed on at the lower edge of the upper hem of the valance, or an inch and a half below the upper edge, and the fullness caught in a box-plait; or the valance may be gathered with a heading and the rings sewed on at the line of gathers so that the heading to the valance will conceal the rod upon which it is mounted. Still another way is to run the rod through the hemmed edge, which gives a very pretty fullness and has the advantage of completely concealing the rod, which may be of common gas-pipe tubing in this case and attached to any bed.

The valance illustrated is of heavy blue brocatelle silk, and sets off to perfection the pretty enameled iron bedstead with top rails of brass. The pillow-case and spread

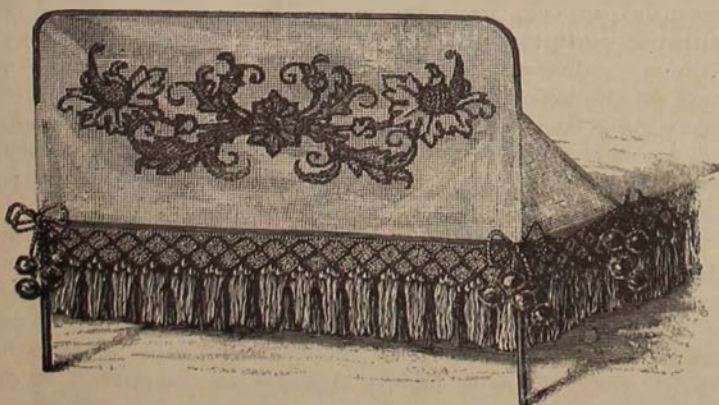




ENAMELED IRON BEDSTEAD.

are of heavy white linen trimmed with antique lace. The pillow thus covered is daintily enough dressed to dispense with any sham, and is laid flatly on the bed, a style which the pretty open brass and iron bedsteads have made very popular. This pillow measures about twenty-two by twenty-seven inches, and this with its lace-trimmed cover and the spread are laid aside for the night, and an ordinary pillow put on for actual service.

The most ordinary iron bedstead may be fitted up by the ambitious but not wealthy housewife to look very pretty with not much expenditure, taking this arrangement as a model. If there is an old brocade or *damassé* silk in the house which can be cut into breadths for the valance, it can be used; if soiled, dye it any desirable color. If there is no silk at hand, buy ten yards of figured cretonne or colored satine, and cut it into breadths long enough to reach from the side of the bedstead to the floor, allowing for hems top and bottom. Procure, if possible, some small gas-pipe tubing, cut to the proper lengths for the sides and ends of the bedstead. Get eight large brass screw-hooks, remove some of the screws in the bed-frame, substitute these, and support the tubing-rods upon the hooks. The screws of course will have to fit the nuts of the screws in the frame. It may not be possible to do this at the head and foot of the bed, but the rods can be arranged there to rest on some of the supports or the side-bars. Run the valances on the rods by putting the latter through the hems of the upper edges. The frame-work of the bedstead can be enameled white, pink, or pale blue, by first painting it all over carefully with the desired color, and when dry adding a coat of white varnish. With a prettily trimmed or embroidered white spread, and a pillow trimmed and laid flat, as illustrated, a very modern-looking bed is the result.

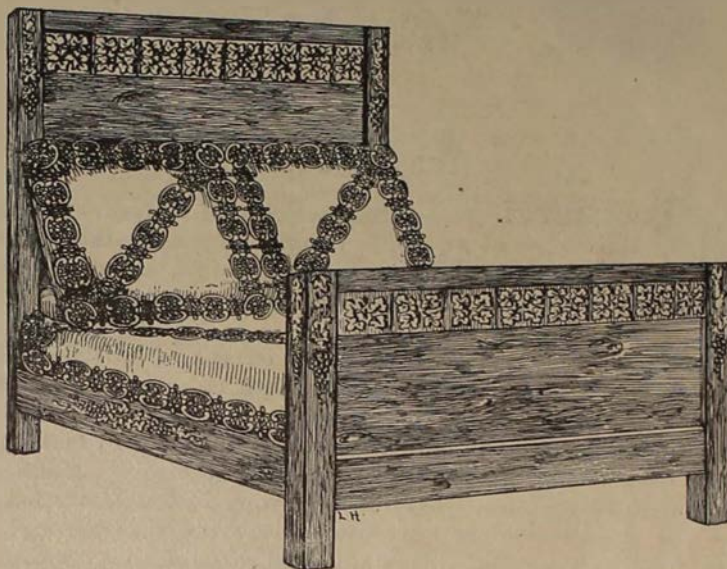


COVERING FOR IRON BED-FRAME.

To conceal the unattractive appearance of a defaced iron bed-frame, or to protect the mattresses and pillows from injury against sharp corners and edges, a cover of gray linen worked in colored cross-stitch embroidery is an excellent contrivance. Either or both the head and foot of the bedstead can be covered, as shown in the illustration, with a double cover to which a small square is added on each side so that it may be folded over the side-bar of the bed-frame to form a triangle, as illustrated. Designs suitable for the cross-stitch embroidery were given in the February Magazine, in this department.

Wooden bedsteads are not so elaborately ornate as those of some years back, but are often seen in massive styles with square head-boards finished with finely polished scroll slabs ornamented with simple carved ornaments. Antique oak and mahogany are preferred, especially the former, for country houses.

The furnishings for these bedsteads may be of silk or linen. For the summer, and for any time, indeed, the dainty white linen spreads embroidered in the beautiful open-work designs of Roman embroidery, with pillow-shams to match,



ANTIQUE OAK BEDSTEAD.

present the most cool and tempting appearance. Sets of these are very elegant, and expensive if purchased; but the embroidery is not difficult to execute, is very rapidly accomplished, and may be done at home, on white butchers' linen, which is not an expensive material. The bedstead with square pillow-shams and embroidered counterpane is of antique oak in the most modern style, and may be otherwise dressed, as with French bolster and tufted silk counterpane, as the brass bedstead is. The spread and shams illustrated are of heavy white linen embroidered in the orange-blossom design given last month in the article on "Roman Embroidery." The design was shown in actual size with full directions for working, and the present illustration shows how it will look applied to the shams and spread. The pattern is carried around the edges and diagonally across, which gives a very unique effect, and may be made still more showy by a lining of colored silk or silesia. Pumpkin-yellow or gold-color is very effective. The same design could also be worked in white on blue denim, with charming results. The pillow-shams are twenty-seven inches square, and the spread should be sufficiently large to cover the bed as illustrated. A set thus embroidered would be a valuable addition to a bride's household linen, and a handsome wedding-gift, as nothing more beautiful in the way of bed-covering than this style of embroidery on linen has yet been devised.



Tennis Cap.

**C**ROCHETED Tam O'Shanter caps of white or colored Saxony wool are more popular than any other style for the young ladies who play tennis, and are worn by many others also. They are almost invariably becoming, and are easy to make.

The materials required are three ounces of wool, a ball of two-fold "ice" silk to match, a mesh one inch wide, and a short crochet hook No. 6.

Commence with the border round the head, for by making this first, the stitch is accomplished more easily. Make a chain of 13 stitches, work back 1st row, 12 double crochet, or, the needle into the next stitch, draw the wool through, the wool on the needle, draw the wool through the two loops on the needle, repeat on each stitch; 1 chain at the end of the row, turn. 2d row: Hold the mesh just behind the row, with the left hand, \* the needle under both edges of the next DC. stitch, draw the wool through, the wool round the mesh, take the wool on the needle, and draw through the two loops on the needle, repeat from \* in each stitch. Take care you have the 12 loops over the mesh, 1 chain at the end of the row, turn. 3d row: The needle under the 2 edges of the chain at the top of the last row, draw the wool through and through the loop on the needle, so forming a single stitch; repeat, 1 chain at the end, turn. 4th row: 1 DC., taking up both edges of each of the chain stitches in the last row, 1 chain at the end, turn. 5th row: Put the needle in working each stitch between the two upright threads of the DC. row, and work a row of double crochet, 1 chain at the end; repeat from the 2d row. Continue to work until you have 32 rows of loops over the mesh, join to the first row with a row of single crochet and fasten off. You next join the silk to the 1st loop in the 1st row, 2 chain, 1 single over the center of the next loop, repeat this over the 12 loops; 1 chain, 1 single on the edge of the row just in a line with the bottom of the loop in the next row, then a single on each loop of the next mesh-row with 2 chain between. These chain-stitches are worked tightly, and when finished the rows of loops should lie regularly down one over the other.

The crown of the hat is worked in sections in the same

five rows as the border. Commence by making a chain of 27 stitches, work back on it 26 DC., 1 chain. 2d row: 25 loops worked as in 2d row, 1 chain at the end. 3d row: Single crochet, same as the 3d row of border. 4th row: 23 DC., 1 chain, turn (as the 4th row of border). 5th row: 23 DC., 1 chain, turn. 6th row: 21 loops, 1 chain, turn. 7th row: 21 single, turn. The right-hand side of the work, with the loops away from you, is to be kept even; the left hand will be graduated. 8th row: 19 DC., 1 chain, turn. 9th row: 19 DC., 1 chain, turn. 10th row: 17 loops, 1 chain, turn. Continue to work, making 2 stitches less each row on the left-hand side of the work until you have a row of 9 loops only, then a row of single. Work the 2 next rows of DC. on the last row, and on the edges of the rows on the left-hand side of the work, until you have again 26 DC.; repeat the crown rows, working 26 loops and a row of 26 single. Seven of these sections form the crown of the hat. Join the first and last rows together.

All the long rows should be joined together in the center of the crown. The 2d longest row of loops should have a sufficient number of chain-stitches worked after the last loop to draw them in the same direction, and then work a single in the center of the crown again; in this the worker must be guided by her taste. It is essential that the edge of the loop in one row lies just over the root of the next row of loops. When the crown is finished, work round the even edge a row of double crochet, making a DC. on each looped row, and 1 DC. only on the intermediate rows. On this row of DC. work 8 rows as a lining for the border. With a needful of wool sew the border lightly to the edge of the crown, then to the edge of the rows of DC. On this last row work a row of single crochet in silk. Two and a-half yards of satin ribbon to match the wool form strings.

### That Old Sofa.

**T**HE most ambitious housekeeper sometimes becomes discouraged in her efforts to make things look attractive as well as comfortable, by the tendency of much-used pieces of furniture to grow shabby. Often the most indispensable article in the room, which for economical reasons cannot be replaced with new, is the worst looking; the sofa or lounge by reason of much usage has become depressed and hideous looking, the money which is needed to re-upholster it is not forthcoming, and the home fairy's ambitious wings droop dejectedly as she gazes at its defects.

But a fairy's business is transformation, and that old sofa or lounge can be transformed without much expense. Buy some striped tennis suiting in crimson or blue and cream color, which can be had for about twelve cents a yard. For a Turkish lounge, twice the length will probably be sufficient, allowing enough to fall over each end. Divide one breadth and sew to each side of the other, hem the ends neatly, and you have a really pretty and fashionable lounge cover. If a sofa has a back, more goods will be required. Make the cover in plain straight breadths seamed together, and drape it over the back with a few plaits at each end near the top, and, if the sofa is long, one in the middle, then, without drawing it too tightly, fold it in a crease where the sofa-back meets the seat, and tuck a little of the folded part in, or if the back is in a wooden frame sew tapes to the cover on the wrong side and tie it on.

For a winter covering sew together breadths of gray, brown, or crimson woolen goods of ordinary quality, and work feather-stitching on all the seams with colored worsteds or crewels. The ends of the cover may be raveled out to form a fringe about two inches deep, and the arrangement will look as decidedly Oriental as the striped tennis suiting will look cool and fresh for a summer covering.

# 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.

## The Inauguration Centennial.

The three days' ceremonies of the celebration of the Centennial of Washington's Inauguration in the city of New York were far in excess of the original pageantries. When we reflect that in 1789 there were not more people in all the Union than there are now within a radius of twenty miles from New York City, we may have some little idea of the difference. It would have been almost as impossible for the celebrators to have exactly reproduced the various methods of reaching the city, etc., because of the curious crowds, as it would have been for the earnest few who put in operation the machinery of our Republic to have equaled our rapid movements in those days which ante-date the telegraph. The President arrived at Elizabethport, following the example of his illustrious predecessor, at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, April 29, and embarked on a steamer provided for his use by the Committee on Navy, and was escorted to the city by the Committee. On the arrival of the Presidential party in the East River opposite Wall Street, the President was rowed ashore on a barge manned by a crew of shipmasters of the Marine Society of the Port of New York. The crew of the barge that rowed President Washington from Elizabethport to the foot of Wall Street were members of the same society. The Governor of the State of New York, the Mayor of the City of New York, and the President and Chairman of the Committee received the President at the foot of Wall Street. He was then escorted with the other guests to the Equitable Building, where they were tendered a reception and collation by the Committee on States. A public reception at the City Hall was given to the President in the afternoon. In the evening the Centennial Ball was given in the Metropolitan Opera House. On Tuesday, April 30, services of thanksgiving, according to the proclamation of the President, were held in the churches of the city, at the same hour religious services were held in New York City on April 30, 1789. The services at St. Paul's Chapel were conducted by the Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, in 1789, and by his successor Bishop Potter, in 1889. The literary exercises were held on the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, the scene of the First Inauguration. The exercises began at 10 A. M., and consisted of an invocation by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D.; a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier; an oration by Chauncey Mitchell Depew, LL.D.; an address by the President of the United States, and the benediction by Archbishop Corrigan. The great military parade occupied the remainder of the day. The route of the procession as originally planned was to be up Broadway to Waverley Place, through Waverley Place to Fifth Avenue, and up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street. This was, however, slightly varied by the Army Committee at the suggestion of Mr. W. Jennings Demorest and others, and the procession passed up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to Union Square, around the Square, passing the statues of Lincoln, Lafayette, and George Washington, and back to Fifth Avenue through Fifteenth Street. The industrial parade took place on the following day. The city was crowded with visitors from everywhere, and the hospitality of the city, freely extended, was taxed to the utmost.

## John Bright.

One of the noblest of Englishmen, "the great Commoner," of whom it was said that "his triumphs are recorded in the advance of his country and of its people," has passed away. He was the advocate of the common people, and they are his mourners. For the last fifty years John Bright, the greatest orator of his generation, has occupied an extraordinary position in public life. A member of the Society of Friends, most of his life was spent in struggles of a political character, and his resolute and energetic nature was foremost in originating and promoting whatever was progressive in Liberal statesmanship. He was one of the chief representatives of the Anti-Corn Law League, and his eloquence mainly contributed to its success as a popular movement. His steadfast sympathy with the North in our civil war hazarded his popularity greatly; yet the cause of the common people and that of the despised slave was his own, and for conviction's sake he gave his powers to the service of men. Mr. Gladstone, his former friend, paid him an eloquent and just tribute, notwithstanding their disparity of feeling on the Irish question, which finally sundered their old friendship. John Bright was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, November 16, 1811. In 1839 he married a beautiful young Quakeress, Elizabeth Priestman, of Newcastle-

on-Tyne, but she died in 1841. His second wife was Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, of Wakefield, whom he married in 1847. He died at 8.30 on the morning of March 27, and was interred in the Friends' burying-ground at Rochdale. Mr. Bright was very fond of America, and especially loved the verses of our Quaker poet Whittier; yet his favorite sources of literary inspiration were the Bible and Milton. As an orator his elocution was as pure and unaffected as his thought. One of his eloquent utterances in a speech delivered at Birmingham in 1862, will interest American readers: "I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

## The Artesian Wells of Dakota.

The valley of the James River, Dakota, is the greatest artesian well district known. There are fine artesian wells in France, and some of them are of very large bore; but in none of them does the pressure equal any one of fifty wells in the James River valley. This valley extends a distance of three hundred miles, from Yankton in South Dakota to Jamestown in North Dakota, and greatly resembles the valley of the Nile; but, unlike it, it has its supply or surplus of water beneath instead of at the surface. The extensive fires which have ravaged Dakota, leaving much of its area bare, cause drought, that would be fatal to settlement were it not for these wonderful wells, which furnish water for drinking and bathing, protection against fire, and power for all mechanical purposes. The possibilities of these wells are beyond estimation. The Ellendale well, 1,087 feet deep, the Redfield well, 960 feet, and the Jamestown, 1,576 feet deep, supply systems of water-works for the cities named. These are only named out of a number of others of equal value. With millions of gallons of water flowing daily, there is no diminution of the supply. The question naturally arises, Whence the source of this water? It has been supposed to come from the Missouri River; but tests by boring in the neighborhood of the river without getting a flow, have proved that this idea will not "hold water." Accepting the fact that water finds its level and rises no higher but by applied external force, some place of corresponding elevation to the enormous height to which the water is thrown by natural pressure must be looked for. This undoubtedly is in the Rocky Mountains, whose sources must feed the subterranean flow.

## A New Cotton Fabric.

A new cotton fabric has been patented in England, that is intended as a substitute for chamois leather, which it closely resembles in appearance. In making the cloth, cotton yarns dyed a fast chrome-yellow tint form the warps. They are sized and dressed in the usual manner. The weft is not dyed and is spun soft. After the fabric is woven from these yarns, it is passed several times through cylinder "teasing" or raising machines, which break the surface and form a nap on either side of the cloth. It is then "soap" finished to impart to it the desired appearance and soft, cold feel of chamois leather. It may be used for all purposes the latter is: for either wet or dry cleaning purposes and also as a polishing cloth; for underclothing and for linings. As it is a woven texture and absorbent, it is more desirable from a sanitary point of view for use in garments than chamois leather, and does not require to be perforated. It is also capable of being washed repeatedly without hardening, and will always retain its softness.

## An Arctic Exploring Party.

A party from Winnipeg, Canada, consisting of five persons headed by A. W. Everest, the wealthy owner of a large stock-farm, have just started for the Arctic circle. They will go from Winnipeg to Calgary, across the country to Edmonton, and descend the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean. At the mouth of the Mackenzie they will build a vessel in which they hope to round Cape Barrow, a feat seldom accomplished. They then will attempt to return through Behring Strait and Sea, and reach Victoria by sailing around Alaska. The projected trip they hope to accomplish in about a year's time. The party are taking an elaborate stock of wares with them to placate the Esquimaux at Cape Barrow, who they fear will be hostile to them. Having deposited \$10,000 with the Hudson Bay Company, the resources of that company are at their disposal. What the object of the explorers is has not been fully stated, but their fate and the result of their investigations will be watched for with interest, as all exploration must lead to more or less valuable results, either in scientific research or extended commercial facilities. The only thing to be regretted is that so much time and money, to say nothing of the dangers to life involved, must be risked upon uncertainties.

## Irrigation in Idaho.

Lands that are irrigated always produce large crops, regardless of the seasons or of rains or drought; but it is not alone in regions devoid of rain that irrigation is profitable. It is an absolute necessity in some places, but also a great help to successful agriculture, everywhere. Thus what would seem a curse often turns out a blessing in disguise. Idaho, where irrigation is an

absolute necessity, now offers the farmer an absolute advantage over ordinary land with the average rain-fall of the East. There is no seed, labor, or crop lost by dry or wet seasons. The farmer in Idaho being obliged to resort to irrigation is quite independent of the weather; he can make his crop early or late at will, and can have his land wet or dry, as suits his convenience for plowing, cultivation, or harvesting. Under these circumstances crops are usually of superior quality, and therefore bring higher prices. The ditch companies are extending their operations in the vicinity of the Boise River with most gratifying results, so that now Idaho valleys cannot be excelled by any region east of California for the production of fruit. The sage-brush lands are soon turned into fruit farms, and the amount of fruit produced annually far exceeds that on unirrigated lands. Yet in future the most profitable use to which the irrigated lands will be put will be the growing of hay for winter feeding of stock, and the millions of acres of Southern Idaho now awaiting irrigation will bring great profit to their owners, as well as to the irrigating companies who propose to carry the water to fertilize the land, which is really of fine quality, and lacks only the water to make a successful and profitable field for stock-raising.

#### The Samoan Hurricane.

The terrible storm at Samoa, which destroyed the German war-ship Eber and the United States war-vessels Trenton and Vandalia, came upon the ships so suddenly that neither officers nor men were able to take any precautions for safety or escape. The account of the fruitless attempts of the war-ships to escape from the fury of the storm is thrilling, and the episode of the Trenton and Vandalia cheering each other, and the band of the Trenton striking up "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the ship swept to certain destruction, is without a parallel in recent years. The captain and all but one officer, and seventy-six men of the Eber, were lost; the captain, four officers, and forty men of the Vandalia; seven men of the Nipsic, and fifteen of the German ship Adler. Considering the disturbed condition of political affairs in Samoa, this frightful disaster seems still more tragic; yet perhaps the necessity for immediately replacing the lost vessels will serve a useful purpose in requiring the strengthening of our navy on a large scale. The result of the Samoan conference, which meets in Berlin the first week in May, is anxiously looked for. Owing to the good feeling existing between the powers, and the concessions which have been made since the disaster which necessitated them, the conference will probably end soon, and the American commissioners anticipate no trouble in any case.

#### Stanley's Last Journey.

In a letter dated August 28, 1888, from an island on the Aruwimi River, Stanley relates how he reached Emin Pasha after undergoing terrible hardships and sufferings of all kinds. The expedition suffered great loss of life, and reached Emin practically empty-handed. But although the relief expedition was not a success, the geographical discoveries of the great explorer were very noteworthy. He describes the extent and character of the enormous forest belt which extends northward from Tanganyika to the equatorial lakes, and the tributary of the Albert Nyanza Lake, the Laniliki, which undoubtedly connects the mysterious lake Mulu Nzige with the Nile lakes. He also discovered a snow-capped mountain which he thinks equals the Kihina-Njaro. He did not succeed in persuading Emin Pasha to leave his provinces, and left him, intending to go to the Nyanza Lake by an entirely new route. Mr. Stanley's letter, which was addressed to Mr. MacKinnon, the wealthy Scotch merchant who is the President of the Emin Pasha relief expedition, is most graphic and impressive, the more so because of the briefness and simplicity with which the most exciting events are set forth.

#### Crape-Weaving in Japan.

The process of crape-weaving in Japan can be seen by a visitor from the reeling of the silk to the finish, as the men and women employed work in long, open buildings. When the crape is on the loom it is only a thin silk tissue, a flimsy-looking sort of material, such as they use for painting panels for screens and kakemonos. It has a smooth, glossy surface, and the threads are drawn tight and even each way. After the crape comes from the loom, the lengths, usually about fifty or sixty feet long, are plunged into vats of boiling water and stirred about in the steam for a few minutes, and this process shrinks the threads and gives the crape its wrinkled, crinkly look. When the crape is taken out and dried, and each length of crumpled yellow stuff tied up in a skein, it looks like ragged and rumpled unbleached muslin. But after the crape is bleached or dyed and stretched on bamboo frames to dry, it becomes the smooth, soft crape "like wrinkled skins on scalded milk." Twenty-yard lengths of wide crape are sold at prices ranging from \$13 to \$25, according to quality, which is determined by the weight of the silk and fineness of weaving.

#### "Pigs in Clover."

It is not generally known that the remarkable and popular toy and puzzle called "Pigs in Clover" had a scientific origin. A student of physiological psychology, named Martenfeldt, in experimenting to determine certain degrees of sensitiveness of the tactile sense, or sense of touch, found that the ability to balance a marble on a perfectly smooth piece of glass depended upon the delicacy of what is known as the reaction-time,—that is, the

quickness of the nerve current in receiving the impression that the marble will roll, sending the impression to the controlling organs in the cerebellum or lesser brain, that contract or relax the muscles of the arm,—and the degree of responsiveness in the nervous end organs of the fingers which hold the piece of glass, determine the ability to balance the marble. The scientist found that when he placed the marble in the center of the plate so that the marble would run across a particular spot, some time would elapse before the subject could determine how to tip the plate to make the marble roll as required. When the apparatus was complicated by rings of pasteboard placed about the center of the plate, with holes for the marble to run through, the average result of the experiments determined a remarkable psychological law. This apparatus got on the market as a puzzle in a rather curious way. One of the plates was sent by the German scientist to an American friend in Philadelphia, and the American inventor of the puzzle, a quick-witted business man, saw it and recognized what a "taking" puzzle it would make, simplified it, took out a patent on it, and put it on the market immediately, with the most surprising success.

#### Oklahoma Inhabited.

No more picturesque and dramatic scene ever was beheld in the settlement of the Western continent than that which took place at noon on Monday, April 22, when the bugle was sounded and the mob poured into the new territory of Oklahoma from every side. The people crossed the boundary by thousands, and a wild race for land followed; hundreds of tents were pitched upon the site selected for the town of Guthrie, which will be on a gently sloping eminence, to the east of the track of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad. At noon of the day named, only one house was there,—the land office,—but by night at least 800 tents and portable houses, which had been brought from Kansas City in sections ready to be bolted together, were set up. For weeks the "boomers" and immigrants had been coming from all directions or waiting along the border until the promised land was opened. But close upon the news of the settlement came the accounts of the frantic retreat. The supposed earthly paradise lacked water, and the supply of food ran short; the forest fires threatened destruction, and the struggle for corner lots led to riot and bloodshed. Hunger, want, and despair drove the starving and penniless settlers away from the land of promise, and the future of Oklahoma is still impossible to predict. Oklahoma is probably the only region in the world that was settled in a day and still had a surplus population. The country opened to settlement is situated in the very heart of the Indian territory. The southern boundary of Oklahoma is the main stream of the Canadian River. A little north of latitude 36 degrees north it is bounded in a straight line for about eighty miles by the Cherokee Outlet lands. It is traversed from west to east by the Cimarron and the North Fork of the Canadian River, and from north to south by the Kansas Southern Railroad.

#### Changes at Niagara Falls.

There have been two heavy falls of rock at Niagara Falls lately: a mass of rock fell from the Horse-shoe Falls first, and the next day another greater mass was precipitated into the abyss with a noise so closely resembling that of an earthquake as to terrify all who heard it. This displacement of rock has resulted in a change in the shape of the fall, making it again horseshoe shape, whereas the breaking away of rocks a few years since had made it V-shape. The falls of Niagara are gradually moving to the south, digging away the shaly rocks as they move backward. It was formerly thought that the gradual wearing away would finally lower the falls into a series of rapids; but later theories, which appear reasonable, lead to the conclusion that the falls will recede about two miles and then remain stationary, and have a height of eighty feet, instead of one hundred and sixty-four, as at present.

#### Saturn Puzzling the Scientists.

A recent announcement concerning Saturn, sent from the observatory of Dr. Terby, at Louvain, to astronomers all over the world, has awakened curiosity. This is that the doctor has seen a white region on the rings against the shadow of the planet. The shadow of Saturn lying across the rings where they pass behind the planet can be plainly seen with telescopes, and it is in this region that the "white spot" which is puzzling the scientists is to be seen. This telescopically visible change is of great scientific interest, and Mr. Brooks, of Geneva, New York, says it exhibits pulsations of light "at irregular intervals, ranging from two to seven minutes." The persistence of the white light in a certain definite locality opposite the right side of the planet is a most puzzling fact. If it has its origin in the rings, then it ought to revolve with them instead of remaining in one place while they whirl under it. If it is a reflection from the planet, why does it not disappear and reappear as the globe rotates on its axis? Whatever it be, it cannot be ignored, although perhaps not to be explained. It is a proof of the tremendous scale on which changes are taking place on the larger planets of the solar system. Our little earth has nearly completed its geological development, and is now comparatively inert, without any of the blazing splendors which mark the stars. Perhaps these great planets of the system may not reach their life-bearing epoch till long after our teeming earth has become as bereft of life as its desolate satellite the moon.

## What Women are Doing.

**Mrs. H. C. Hague** is the proprietor and manager of large and excellently conducted storage warehouses in New York City.

**Miss de Broen**, the founder of the Belleville Mission in Paris, France, is the president of the Paris Section of the World's W. C. T. U.

**Miss F. L. Daly** has full charge of all of the New York City wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and of the girls in the City Department.

**Mrs. Ella F. Braman**, of New York city, has been appointed Commissioner of Deeds for Maryland. She now holds the office from thirty-six States and Territories.

**Shige Kusida**, a young Japanese woman who has been doing successful temperance work among her own people, is to be sent to the United States to study the methods here.

Seven young women are now pursuing their studies in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and there are more than twenty successful women pharmacists in that city. "Pharmasisters" are evidently becoming popular.

Two women have rented land in Bellevue, Florida, on which to try the experiment of preserving fruits and making jellies. If successful, a company will be formed of Northern women to carry on the work extensively.

**Mrs. Ellen M. Dodson**, her daughter, Mrs. Ella P. Moore, and her granddaughter, Mrs. Etta L. Minx, the last-named lady carrying in her arms her infant son only a few months old, made their appearance together at the polls at the last municipal election in Lincoln, Kansas.

**Miss Mary F. Seymour**, who has served two terms of two years each as Commissioner of the United States Court of Claims for the State of New York, has been appointed Commissioner of the Court of Claims throughout the United States for a term of five years.

**Mme. Le Grand**, who recently died in London, at the age of seventy-five, in a deplorable state of poverty, had been an active worker in the antislavery cause, her late husband being the secretary of the society in Paris. With him she suffered great hardship in endeavoring to suppress the slave-trade at Guadaloupe.

**Miss Nellie Gould**, daughter of the great financier, probably has more independent property than any other unmarried woman in America. Her wealth is estimated at \$6,000,000. She is but twenty years of age, but lives in the quietest way, and is interested in many charities, among them half a dozen summer homes for sick babies and poor women.

**Miss Laura White**, who graduated at Michigan University in architecture, and afterward studied the same subject in Paris, is now practicing her profession at Ashland, Kentucky. She is not only an architect but a skilled mathematician. She was the first student at Ann Arbor to solve a problem that had been sent over by one of the great English universities.

**Miss Jane Smith**, or "Captain Jane Smith," as her neighbors call her, has, with the aid of her sister, worked a hundred acre farm in Georgia since the war. The place was at first rented by her brother, but he was killed during the war, and "Captain Jane" has since bought and paid for the farm. The sisters raise everything they use excepting coffee. They even weave the cloth for their clothes.

Among the many good works of the Queen of Saxony is her education of women of all ranks to be nurses. In 1867 she summoned the women of Dresden to meet her in council, and at the end of a year there were 1,200 nurses ready for service. They were called "Albertinerinnen," from the name of the then crown prince. Any one ill in Dresden sends a request for a nurse to any hospital managed by Albertinerinnen.

**Mrs. John A. Logan** is busying herself, while traveling in Europe, in working up a scheme to establish a finishing school in the arts of housewifery when she returns home, either in New York or Chicago. This school will be a sort of a home where young ladies, after leaving school, may spend a year in learning all the branches of household work that a mistress ought to know. A part of the curriculum is to learn by practical experience how to entertain. She has already about twenty young women promised to begin with.

## Chat.

IN many respects the most interesting feature of our Washington Centennial Celebration was the loan exhibition comprising the rarest souvenirs of Revolutionary times—memorials of our heroic age when "character was valued more than money, and the love of country prevailed over self-aggrandizement," the sight of which could not fail to arouse feelings of the deepest gratitude to the men who founded our Republic and gave us the Constitution which secures to us our dearly prized liberties. Naturally the portraits were regarded with special interest; and of these (including originals, replicas, miniatures, and engravings) there were over forty of Washington and nine of Lady Washington, nine of Alexander Hamilton and four of Thomas Jefferson, besides nearly one hundred and fifty others of their noted contemporaries. In addition there were eight busts of the "Father of his Country," five of Alexander Hamilton, and three of Benjamin Franklin. Among the numerous personal relics of Washington were, notably, two locks of his hair; a suit of clothes worn on the day of his inauguration; parts of various other suits; several historic swords; a leather camp trunk, with an oval brass plate inscribed "Gen'l Washington, No. 4.;" numerous autograph letters; and a cup and saucer from a breakfast set used by Washington, now the property of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, which was exhibited in a box made from a white-oak tree under which the first settler of Cazenovia, New York, camped in May, 1793. The personal souvenirs of Lady Washington included a brown satin gown with train, parts of other dresses, her personal prayer-book, her family Bible when she was Mrs. Custis; and as evidence that she indulged in the fashionable fancy-work of her day, were an ivory tatting-shuttle, a piece of netting executed in red thread, and a child's long mitten of open thread-work, knitted by Mrs. Washington for her eldest great-granddaughter. The silverware, aside from its historic associations, was admirable in itself as affording illustrations of early American work and eighteenth century French and English designs; and included the superb old Chancellor Livingston silver which dates from about 1775, and the Boudinot silver service which was in use when General Washington visited Dr. Boudinot's house on his way to New York, and very appropriately ornamented the table of President Harrison at the grand banquet. The contribution of the Fellowcraft Club, consisting of over one hundred and fifty specimens of newspapers and journals of the period, constituted a most valuable and interesting exhibition in itself.

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AN interesting pen-picture of Washington's personal appearance is given in a letter written in 1811 by one who saw him three days before he crossed the Delaware. "Washington was not," he wrote, "what ladies would call a pretty man. He had a large thick nose, and it was apt to turn red in a cold wind. His eyes were so gray that they looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. His exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. His boots were enormous: they were No. 13. His ordinary walking-shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. At that time he weighed two hundred pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his body seemed large and bony at all points. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat if he had plenty of it. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray, and his form was slightly bent. He had false teeth which did not fit, and pushed his under lip outward."

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AT a recent dinner the table decoration was very unique but very simple. Lines of yellow ribbon radiated from the center of the table, where stood a huge blue bowl filled with yellow roses and oak-leaves, and terminated in each space between the places in a tiny bow holding a bunch of roses and oak-leaves. The flowers symbolized affection, and the leaves, welcome.

# Household.

## Paper-Hanging.

HEN the wall-paper begins to show signs of age, and there are spots and breaks and divers and sundry discolorations all about it, the soul of the prudent housewife is sorely disquieted.

It is *such* an expense to have a room papered, and makes so much trouble, to say nothing of having to wait days, perhaps weeks, for the paper-hanger, who may have a score of engagements ahead and gives the entire community to understand that they must await his pleasure.

If the energetic mistress of the house only knew that she could, by a little patience, practice, and ingenuity, paper her own walls at a minimum of the ordinary cost, and with really but little more hard work than she must go through on any house-cleaning day, there would be more bright, fresh walls, and fewer demands upon the family exchequer. For there are no secrets about paper-hanging, and no expensive or complicated process belonging to it. The requirements are simple and the implements few, and with an assistant or two, who may be the daughter or daughters of the house, the work can be done—as the phrase goes—“with neatness and dispatch.”

First of all, select the paper to suit the room. A small apartment will require a delicate color and rather small figure. Never put a brilliant color or a large or pronounced pattern upon a small room or a sleeping-apartment. A ground of pale gray, cream-color, or dull blue, with tiny figures or a vine, is desirable for chambers.

It is well to begin in some unimportant room, and develop ability by experimenting and careful handling. The first part of the work is trimming the paper. Place the roll upon a table, and open it a little way to see if there is an “up-and-down” pattern. If so, place the paper so that the *bottom* of the figure is toward you, then trim off the blank edge on the right-hand side. If the paper has the *top* of the pattern toward the first end opened, it saves trouble to re-roll it so as to bring it as before mentioned. Trim all of the paper in this way, and roll it up again snugly. The other edge may be taken off instead, but this brings all of the hanging to the right instead of the left, and is considered much less convenient. It is best to lay the paper, with the pattern side uppermost, over a table, with the roll in a chair on the opposite side of the table, and the edge of the paper just slightly projecting over the edge of the table on the right-hand side. Then with long-bladed, sharp shears cut the blank portion from the edge, drawing the paper forward, and allowing it to roll up in the left hand as the cutting proceeds.

Make a paste by stirring a suitable quantity of flour in just enough water to form a very stiff batter. Beat this until perfectly smooth, then add warm water a little at a time, until the batter is about the consistency of thick cream. Add boiling water very slowly, stirring the paste rapidly and continuously until the mass turns from opaque white to a semi-transparent yellowish color, and becomes thick and adhesive. It should be made in a large open vessel, and allowed to boil for one or two minutes. When cool it is ready for use. If properly managed, it will be free from lumps; but if any are found in it, much delay and trouble will be avoided by straining it through a coarse cloth. Lumps dry slowly and discolor the paper, besides making it uneven, and should never be left in paste.

Provide some clean cotton cloths for wiping off any spots upon the paper, and for cleaning the boards; and a medium-

sized, perfectly clean whitewash-brush with short bristles. Arrange a very wide board or two on a table or other support, making, if possible, a place long enough to support a strip of paper of the entire length required for the wall. Note the figure in the paper, and cut through exactly midway of one pattern. Measure from the baseboard or wainscoting the distance required to the ceiling. If the pattern runs a little short it may answer by allowing a space to be covered by the border. If it runs over, it may be cut off, or run over upon the ceiling, if the ceiling is to be papered. If the house is old or the ceiling plaster is imperfect, it will be advantageous to paper the ceiling; in which case the extra length at the top will only add to the warmth of the room and the strength of the finish.

After making sure of the measure, cut as many lengths as are necessary for one side of the room, taking care that all of them match exactly at the end which is to be placed at the bottom. Place all the cut lengths on the board, face downward, one above the other, and with the edges perfectly even. With a flat paste-brush go over the back of the upper length of paper, spreading the paste evenly, and taking care that it is neither too thin, nor thick enough to make ridges under the paper. If the wall is high and the strips long, the bottom of the paper may be folded over upon itself, the pasted surfaces coming in contact. In this way it may be carried without trouble to the wall, where one person must be so placed as to be able to reach the ceiling.

Begin at the left-hand side of a door or long window. This will bring the trimmed edge against the casing, upon the edge of which it should lap one-quarter or one-half inch. See that the paper is perfectly straight with the casing, let the assistant unfold the end which was doubled under, and place it so as to just overlap the top of the baseboard, and exactly even along the casing. Now draw the paper up until it is perfectly smooth, press the upper corners against the wall, and pass the dry brush lightly up and down the edge of the casing from the top as far down as it is convenient to reach, being careful that the paper fits closely into the angle formed by the casing and the plastered wall. Let the assistant see that the lower portion is perfectly adjusted, then draw the brush across the paper from the casing toward the left hand. Brush the surface from top to bottom until the paper is firmly pressed against the wall. If the door or window does not extend to the ceiling, there will be a very narrow edge above the casing which must be cut to allow the paper above to be pressed down flat.

Paste the next piece, and put it on so as to lap the cut edge over the plain or blank edge of the length already on the wall, and match the figures exactly. When the piece is perfectly straight and the edges are true, press the top of the paper to the wall and brush it two or three times to make it adhere. Then let the assistant draw the entire length out from the wall, and let it fall naturally toward the floor. Draw the brush straight down through the middle of the strip, and then brush from the middle both ways until it is all attached. If the first strip was properly put on, the edge of the second strip will fall exactly over that of the first. Continue in this way until the entire side is done.

The corners require care that the paper be closely pressed into the angle of the wall. If the building is plumb there will be very little trouble in fitting the corners; but if not, it is well to cut the width of the paper just where the angle comes, and lap it as it is inclined to fall. The paper must be fitted around the window casings, and this is best done by putting on a length, and, after matching it, allowing it to fall straight down, and then cutting away the portion occupied by the window casing.

If there is a door or window that extends the full length of the wall, it is better to begin there, as there will be nothing to match when the last length is put on. Do not work in patches, but continue around the room in regular course, matching as you go.

If the ceiling is to be papered, there is a much more difficult task on hand; but even a novice may get through it with credit if a few simple directions are observed and there is a fair amount of assistance at hand.

Measure the paper and cut several lengths, taking care that they match exactly and that the ends are all cut at the middle of a figure in the pattern. Now coat the back of one length quite thickly with paste, fold the ends over back to back, raise it from the board with round sticks placed across under it, and carry it to the part of the room where it is required.

Standing upon some proper support so as to reach the ceiling without effort, the operator now raises one end of the paper, and, placing the corner of it exactly in the corner of the room, presses it to the ceiling and brushes it either way to attach it to the ceiling. At this stage of affairs great care must be taken lest the weight of the paper drag it entirely out of the hands and tear it apart. It must be securely held after being first attached, and the best way to do this is to wrap a large, soft cloth around a broom, and have an assistant press it gently against the paper, being careful not to let it slip or slide.

Follow the wall line if the wall is straight, otherwise make the first length of paper straight, or the entire job will be a succession of annoyances, as it will be out of the question to match it and get out the wrinkles. It is well to attach the ends firmly first, the middle meantime being supported so that the weight of the paper will not drag or break away from the part already finished. The next width is to be lapped over the edge of the first; and so on, precisely as the side strips are put on. When once it is matched, a few strokes of the brush will fix it firmly. To be sure, it is not an easy task; but it is by no means the impossible one that many persons imagine it to be.

An expert paper-hanger puts up an entire ceiling without assistance, folding the paper back and forth and carrying it on a stick to the place required. To do this successfully requires a great deal of practice and a correct eye, and the average housekeeper is seldom favored with either of these.


After the ceiling is done, the border may be put on. Paste the back of the border thoroughly, then begin next to a casing, or in a corner, and press the end closely and squarely in place. Now follow the ceiling, being careful to leave no wrinkles. The brush will take out all air-bubbles if carefully used. It is quite as well to put the border on in short sections, as it can be continued from the same piece and will match exactly. If a corner must be joined at the finish, it is often impossible to match the pattern. In this case it is well to cut out a piece and fit it into the corner, letting the ends extend each way, and if possible finish where there is no pronounced figure.

If the wall has been whitewashed it is necessary to brush it thoroughly, and, if the coating is thick, to go over it with a brush wet in vinegar and water in the proportion of one quart of vinegar to three quarts of water. This will kill the lime, and allow the paste to adhere.

Much is said of the way in which paste should be made, and many are the compounds prescribed for making it adhesive and strong. While there is no objection to most of them, they are not at all necessary, as a simple flour paste made as described will answer the purpose, and will hold the paper firmly as long as the plaster stands.

EDWARD WILLIS BLAKELEY.

## Strawberries for the Table.

 F strawberries from the market always come to our hands as free from dust and grit as the hot-house specimens forced during the winter months, or as the carefully protected fruit of English conservatories, which are usually served with the stems on and without washing, it would only be necessary to arrange the beautiful scarlet cones on a pretty dish and serve them *au naturel*, to be dipped in sugar and eaten with the fingers, as they usually are served on English tables.


But most of our strawberries need washing; and we want to eat them covered with cream and sugar, and with a spoon, or a fork, as some extremists in table manners would have us do.

Yet in washing and hulling them much of the piquant flavor which distinguishes the strawberries may be lost, if they are not carefully handled. Usually as soon as they are hulled they begin to "bleed," and if then they are put into water much of their delicious juice is lost. The way to avoid this is to wash them before removing the hulls. Do not pour the water on and off them as careless servants will sometimes do, leaving sand and berries in the bottom of the dish together, but drop them gently into a pan of water, stir them around a little to dislodge all particles of grit, etc., then lift them out a few at a time and lay them in a colander to drain. It is an excellent idea to use a square of new cheese-cloth, kept for the sole purpose, to dry the strawberries. This absorbs the moisture much more rapidly and thoroughly than it will drain off. Take the berries from the colander, a few at a time, and let them lie on the cloth as you hull them one by one. The cloth must be scalded each time it is used, and dried, but not washed with soap and ironed; of course it will show stains, but will be clean.

When the strawberries are washed, remove the hulls carefully with a silver knife,—pinching them off may be as well, but it is difficult to avoid bruising ripe berries in doing so. Arrange the strawberries in a pretty glass dish, the finest on the top.—following the example of the market men,—and if strawberry leaves, which are the prettiest, are not to be had, a few young, crisp leaves of lettuce, as a garnish, make an effective contrast. The leaves may be laid around inside the dish before putting in the strawberries.

Some persons like strawberries sugared and set away on ice a little while before serving, and when they are not very ripe or a little tart, it is a good way; but they do not look so pretty, and unless all the family like them so, it is better to let each one add cream and sugar according to individual taste.

## Omelets.

 REALLY nervous person perhaps will succeed in cooking this simple dish to perfection, when others would fail; for deliberation is fatal to its successful preparation. One mistake is often made in beating the eggs too light; another, in having a pan too heavy to shake easily; and another, in not having a sufficiently hot fire. Many failures result from having too much egg in the pan: the egg mixture should not be more than half an inch deep in the pan, and it is better to have it even less.

It ought not to take more than two minutes for a perfect omelet to be cooked. In the first place, a smooth, light pan with a long handle is required. It must be scoured till perfectly smooth, and dried carefully. Put a small piece of butter in the pan and set it on the fire where it will heat gradually. When it is quite warm, place it on the hottest

part of the stove. Pour the omelet mixture into the pan, and shake until the whole mass is about as thick as soft custard. The motion of shaking the pan is that one uses in popping corn. It must be quick and nervous, and the egg mixture thrown from the bottom of the pan with every shake. When the omelet is of the consistency described, transfer the handle of the pan from the right hand to the left, and then tip the pan forward, and with a knife fold the omelet in the same direction. Let it remain for about fifteen seconds, then serve immediately.

A plain omelet is made with four eggs, beaten together, but not to a froth. Add half a tea-spoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of milk or water. Cook as described above.

The most economical of omelets are those which gain bulk from other materials added. Half a cupful of cold boiled rice, mixed with three slightly beaten eggs, two table-spoonfuls of hot water, and salt to taste, will make a very palatable omelet. Half a cupful of chopped boiled ham, a few cold stewed tomatoes, or the same quantity of bread-crumbs or cold boiled potatoes chopped fine, added to three beaten eggs, make delicate omelets.

In making omelet for a number, it is better to prepare several small ones rather than one large, unless it is a baked omelet, which is very good if served and eaten immediately after cooking.

For a baked omelet for six persons, use six eggs, half a cupful of milk, one table-spoonful of flour, one tea-spoonful of baking-powder, one large tea-spoonful of salt, and a table-spoonful of butter. Mix the flour and milk, beat the whites and yolks separately, and then stir all the ingredients together. Put the omelet into a hot, buttered frying-pan, and set in a rather hot oven for ten minutes. Fold the omelet and serve. The flour, baking-powder, and half the quantity of milk may be omitted, in which case the omelet will not need to be baked quite so long.


A variation of this omelet may be made by spreading over it, just before folding, a pint of chopped chicken warmed in cream sauce, or a pint of oysters heated in their own liquor. Jelly or fruit may be spread on the omelet before folding, in which case the dish may appear on the menu as an *omelette aux confitures*.

A green-pea omelet can be made with four eggs and half a pint of boiled green peas or canned peas, poured inside the omelet before it is folded. Asparagus may be used in the same way. Only the green ends should be used after they are boiled, drained, and seasoned.

An *omelette aux fines herbes* is a regular French dish, requiring only a handful of finely chopped parsley beaten in with the eggs, as for a plain omelet.

## Water-Lilies.

(See *Water-color*.)

HE golden-hearted purity of the water-lilies of our native lakes and their exquisite fragrance give these familiar flowers an ever-recurring charm. They never can become fashionable like flowers which will submit to hot-house forcing, or unfashionable, because their fresh sweetness is as welcome as the summer itself.

Our water-color is a beautiful study of our "queen of the lakes," the magnificent white *nymphaea*, and is an excellent model for the amateur artist to copy, either for color or grouping. The arrangement is much liked, and it is now a favorite custom to mass flowers of one kind in a bowl of tinted glass. The picture is strikingly effective for framing, and the art-worker in any line will find it valuable in the composition of designs for painting, embroidery, or pastel drawing.

## Face to Face.

O SOUL of mine, if thou couldst come and stand  
Beside me here, an entity apart.  
What greeting wouldst thou give me, heart to heart?  
Wouldst—reaching forth a reassuring hand—  
Say? "Body, through the strange and checkered land  
Of our long past thou faithful wert, and art.  
To my development: I grieve to part,  
Friend, as we must beside Death's shining strand."

Or wouldst thou, with accusing, pain-dulled eyes  
And pointing finger, rack and torture me?  
Saying, "Thou, *thou* it was who didst devise  
My ruin; from a white soul, fair to see,  
Hast made a shamed, polluted mask of lies,  
Blinded—misled—forgotten—lost, by thee!"

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

## Sovereigns of Kitchendom.

FIRST Bidly the blunderer,  
Then Bidly the scold,  
And Ellen who never  
Did what she was told.  
Next Bridget the third,  
Marys, one, two, and three,  
And again, after Delia,  
More Bridgets we see.  
Mary, Susan, and Mary,  
No sooner are gone,  
Than Katharine and Betsy  
Together come on.  
Then Maria and Jane,  
Who, we thought, would not do.  
Yet received, after Hannah,  
Another Jane, too.  
Next Charlotte, three Marys,  
Six Bridgets all passed,  
And Elizabeth came,—  
May she long be the last!

LUCY C. BULL.

## "Mme. Demorest" a "Trade Name."

PLEASE remember that neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any connection whatever with any other publication than DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Madame Demorest and W. Jennings Demorest retired from the pattern business several years ago, and sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to a stock company. They therefore have no interest whatever in any Fashion sheet or publication bearing the name "Mme. Demorest," that name being used as a "trade name" only, by the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co., in which neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any interest.

We make this announcement, as we are aware, from letters that we are constantly receiving, that our friends imagine that we are connected with other publications bearing the name "Mme. Demorest."

We do not sell patterns. The patterns given with DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE are new designs, gotten up expressly and only for this Magazine, each month, and are therefore newer than any stock patterns can possibly be.



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

## PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 539.

If a lady possesses an atom of individuality in the matter of dress, it will make itself manifest in her toilet this season. There are no restrictions laid upon personal taste—in colors, materials, garnitures, styles; the fashions are an amalgamation of ideas, more or less artistic, from various periods, and the happy adaptation of desirable features from diverse sources, often results in a design far more attractive than the originals. The styles of the Directory and the Empire still furnish most frequently the leading ideas, but the features of these have now become so hopelessly confounded, that a toilet distinctively in the fashion of either period might almost rank as a “high novelty.”

A notable feature at present is the peculiar combinations of materials. Goods of the most opposite character, hitherto considered irreconcilable, are used in the same dress, and the effect is so unique and voted so lovely, that it is wondered why the idea was not adopted before. India silk, both plain and figured, is combined with ladies' cloth, the latter fabric being employed, contrary to all previously existing rules, for the accessories,—the front or a panel for the skirt, a vest, a shoulder cape, or a “Figaro” jacket, perhaps. An illustration of this fancy is a costume made of India silk with dark blue ground well covered with a pattern of large yellow chrysanthemums, and blue “faced” cloth. The silk forms the simple drapery on the skirt, which separates on the right side, disclosing an inverted V-shaped panel of the cloth embroidered with gold cord; a “Figaro” jacket of the cloth, with gold embroidery near the edges, shows a silk waist with full shirt-front and full sleeves, the sleeves of the jacket and waist being exactly like those in the “Zingara” waist illustrated on page 523. A broad sash of black moire ribbon is tied at the back.

India or surah silk is also combined with gingham, satine, and other fine cottons, the silk generally employed for a full front to the skirt, and some sort of a full garniture on the waist; figured India silks are used for the accessories of faille and other heavy silk dresses, the colors in the two fabrics being selected to harmonize, rather than match, and these figured soft silks are especially favored for use with

black; and insertions of black Chantilly lace, sometimes two or three rows, are used for trimming draperies of fine woollens in delicate and bright colors.

The use of black in various novel ways with colored costumes is also a current fancy. For example, a black moiré ribbon sash can be worn with a dress of any color, even though black may not appear anywhere else in the costume; but not unfrequently bindings of narrow moire ribbon are used on some of the edges,—the cuffs or revers or drapery,—or wide moire ribbon may form the usual accessories. Light-colored India silks with floral designs in black, and black grounds with the pattern in light or bright colors, furnish other examples of this caprice; with these, black moiré silk or ribbon is used for trimming, and the combination of black with rose-color or bright yellow is especially favored. Many of these black ground and black figured India silks are made up with black honeycomb drapery-net or the coarse-meshed Brussels net known as Hercules net, with “baby” ribbon, either matching or harmonizing with the color in the silk, used in numerous rows on the lace, or run through the meshes if they are large enough to admit it. Black velvet ribbon, in all widths, is much used for trimming colors.

Black remains the first choice for hosiery for general wear, and is not unfashionable for dressy uses; but hosiery to match the dress is again in vogue, while gray and tan-color are worn with dresses of any color. Gray and tan-color are also leading colors in gloves for use with different dresses, although some ladies still adhere to the fashion of having gloves to match each costume, which has resulted in a line of green shades for gloves, that, with the exception of the olive tints, are anything but artistic. Undressed kid remains the first choice for dressy uses, but dressed kid is preferred for general wear. The backs of dressed kid gloves are corded, but full-dress gloves are plain. Lengths remain the same as last season. Loose-wristed gloves, without buttons, are much liked for traveling, shopping, and general wear, and come in *glacé* and undressed kid, as well as the heavier dog-skin.

FOR information concerning fans, thanks are due to Stern Brothers; for costumes and toilets, to B. Altman & Co.; and for linens, to James McCutcheon & Co.



Summer Walking Costumes.

ISMENA BASQUE. ISMENA SKIRT.

ESTELLA JACKET.

Summer Walking Costumes.

FIG. 1.—A graceful and simple costume made of fawn-colored louisiane with hair-stripes of gold and blue, trimmed with crocheted "ring" passementerie of blue silk, and a sash, collar, and cuffs of blue moire ribbon. The low-crowned hat with narrow turned-up brim at the back, is of Tuscan braid trimmed with old-gold moire ribbon and blue ostrich plumes. Fawn-colored gloves, and a folding parasol of blue moire silk complete the costume.

The patterns used are the "Ismena" basque and the "Ismena" skirt. The basque is slightly pointed back and front, and the trimming, including the bretelles and shoulder-capes, is the same in the back as in front. The sash is tied in a long-looped bow at the back, similar to No. 2 illustrated on page 520. The front of the skirt is arranged in two puffs, with two full, pinked ruchings of the silk. At each side is a box-plaited panel, edged with the passementerie, and at the back the drapery is gathered full and falls without looping, entirely concealing the foundation skirt. Full descriptions of the patterns are given on page 524.

FIG. 2.—A stylish costume, arranged with a dress of dark green brilliantine, a jacket—the "Estella"—of gray

cloth with the inside of the fronts embroidered with gilt cord, a hat of gray chip trimmed with gold cord and shaded gray ostrich tips, gray gloves stitched with green, and a walking-cane with a silver head ornamented with a bow of changeable gray and gold ribbon.

We do not furnish patterns for the dress. A plain foundation skirt is entirely concealed by an accordion-plaited skirt of brilliantine with a band of broad moire ribbon of the same color plaited in with it. (Directions about making a skirt of this style will be found in the description of Fig. 1 on the illustration of "Summer Toilets," on page 515.) The waist is made of accordion plaiting, with broad moire ribbon, like that on the skirt, folded in pointed shape to simulate a short yoke back and front. For the lining, the pattern of the "Ismena" basque can be used, or the pattern of any plain round waist; the ribbon sash is carried round the waist and tied in full, long-looped bows back and front.

The jacket is slightly shorter in the back, and open at the middle seam with a lap. It is lined throughout with changeable gray and gold silk, and can either be worn open as illustrated, to display the gold cord embroidery, or closed when desirable; it is slightly double-breasted. Outside it is finished with a single row of machine-stitching near the edges. See page 524 for full directions about the pattern.

Genevra Mantelet.

AN excellent model for a garment to complete a costume made in the same goods, or for an independent wrap. When made to match a costume, the trimming should correspond with that used on the dress. For use with various costumes, it can be made in simple or rich fabrics, according to the purposes for which it is to be used. Plain cashmere lined with silk and trimmed with jet or cord passementerie will be excellent for general wear. Brocaded and



Genevra Mantelet.

beaded fabrics, black or in colors, are more dressy ; and for summer wear, black lace over black or colored surah, with edging lace to match and solid jet trimming, will be very stylish. For autumn, this will be an excellent model to make up in heavy black silk with rich jet, or in velvet trimmed with jet, lace, or feather garniture. The illustration represents black cashmere trimmed with silk cord passementerie and fringe. Particulars about the pattern are given on page 524.

### Summer Toilets.

FIG. 1.—A charming toilet, made of blue-gray surah in combination with blue velvet. The skirt is made of surah laid in accordion plaits and mounted over a plain gored foundation skirt. We do not furnish a pattern for the outer plaited skirt, as it is made of perfectly straight breadths and will need to be six yards in width (before plaiting) for a person of medium size. Very short steels are inserted in the foundation skirt, and to keep the plaits in position at the back they are tacked at intervals to the steels, but not so that the points of attachment are noticeable. There is a trifle more fullness in the back than at the sides and in front, and the plaits may be sewed flatly to the belt, or like gauging.

The "Lilloise" basque is especially pretty, and very becoming. At the back it describes two short points ; the arrangement of the front is very clearly shown. The back, the corselet effect on the front, and the collar are of velvet ; surah is used for the remainder, the collar, under-sleeves, and inner front above the corselet being embroidered with fine gold soutache. The toque is of surah with gold embroidery around the brim, and the trimming is a cluster of gray and blue ostrich tips.

The basque is susceptible of various modifications in the interest of simplicity ; it can be rendered very plain and suitable for the most practical uses by omitting the full jacket fronts, the falling collar, and the outer sleeves, and making the remainder entirely of the same goods. With these changes it will be very desirable for alpaca and similar fabrics. The addition of narrow rows of moire, satin or faille ribbon near the foot of the skirt will be very effective, and this is now a very fashionable garniture.

See page 524 for further particulars about the basque pattern.

FIG. 2.—Empire toilet made of plain and figured Burmese silk, trimmed with Oriental lace of a very fine pattern, and a half-belt of velvet. The plain silk is of a delicate rose-tint ; the figured has a pale-green ground with a design of lilies of the valley and pink rose-buds ; the lace is cream-tinted ; and the velvet is emerald green. The Empire bonnet is of Tuscan braid, the brim faced with pale-green crape and ornamented with a cluster of pink roses, and the outside trimming consisting of a large bow of pale-green faille ribbon and a large cluster of pink roses.

For this toilet we furnish *only* the patterns for the gored foundation skirt, the revers, and the cape, the pattern for the revers being included with the cape. The front of the foundation skirt and the revers at both sides of it are made of the plain silk, the former trimmed with a Spanish flounce of lace, and the latter edged with narrower lace put on quite plainly. The flounce extends only to the side-seams of the front piece, and the revers are set on over the side-seams. The sides and back of the foundation skirt are covered by five breadths of the figured silk ; the front edges sewed to the skirt with the front edges of the revers, the top shirred by three rows of gathers, and mounted, with the foundation skirt, to the bottom of the waist, which extends below the waist.



Summer Toilets.

LILLOISE BASQUE.

MAUVETTE CAPE. GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.



**Jasinth House-Dress.**

line like the "Irene" in the April Magazine. For the waist, the pattern of the "Irene" is used without the outer fronts, and the sleeves are cut shorter and finished with a frill of lace. The half-belt proceeds from the front seams of the side-gores, reaching to within three inches of the armhole and cut to a point in the middle of the front. The cape—the "Mauvette"—has a collar with a revers lapping in the front.

The model is especially stylish and yet easy to arrange, and can be suitably made in light qualities of silk and woolen goods, and in the better varieties of cotton fabrics. For particulars about the cape pattern see page 524.

### Jasinth House-Dress.

FOR summer use a dress that is especially reserved for house wear is always a necessity, and this model is simple enough in design for a morning dress, and yet capable of being rendered sufficiently dressy to wear at any hour of the day. It consists of a skirt (for which we do not furnish a pattern) composed of five straight breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide, or an equivalent width, which is gathered

at the top and sewed to a very becoming waist that has plaits in the back to match those in front, but is plain down the middle. The opening in the front of the skirt is a matter of fancy: for dressy morning wear, or for use as a tea-gown it can be left open to show a skirt of a different material, which may be plaited, gathered, or trimmed in any desired style, or for very dressy wear it might be made of lace; for ordinary purposes it will be better closed in front.

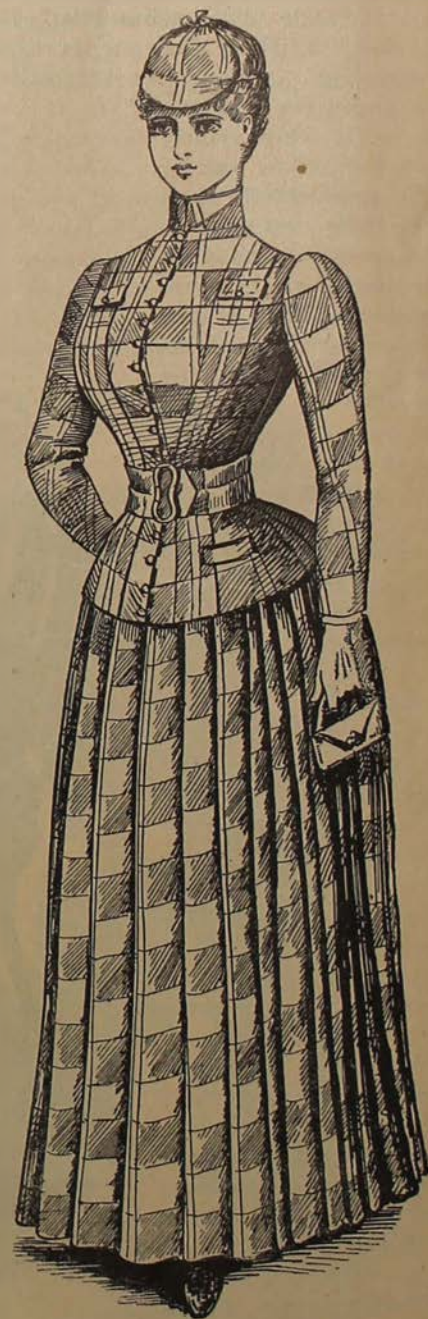
The illustration shows an effective method of combining materials. A plain vest can be substituted for the full one, or the waist can be made perfectly plain by omitting the plaitings back and front and the full vest. Plain and figured percale or satine, plain and striped or plaided gingham, veilings and other soft woolens, light-colored alpacas, India, foulard and other summer silks, can be very prettily made up after this design. The waist can be worn with any style of skirt, either of the same or a different material. See page 524 for full particulars about the pattern.

### Lady's Traveling or Yachting Dress.

THIS simple model recommends itself for a comfortable and practical dress for traveling, yachting, boating, fishing, and for mountain wear. The patterns used are the "Violetta" basque (given with the Magazine for March), and the "Kilt-plaited" skirt (given with the Magazine for July, 1888). The addition to the basque of broad bands simulating box-plaits (one on each front and three in the back) gives the effect of a "Norfolk" jacket. The belt is of the dress material, fastened with a leather buckle; but a leather belt may be worn instead. Small pockets are added to the plaits on the front.

The dress is made of Scotch tweed plaided in two shades of brown with a slight intermixture of red, and has rows of machine-stitching near the edges for a finish. The "fore-and-aft" jockey cap is made of the same goods. The design is quite as suitable for other woolen fabrics, and could be appropriately used for many washable goods.

SOME of the toques are little more than huge Alsatian bows of velvet ribbon filled in with roses.



**Lady's Traveling or Yachting Dress.**

### Fashionable Parasols.

No. 1.—Transparent parasol of white silk blonde over a gilt frame with cover of bolting-cloth, upon which the lace is arranged as shown in the illustration. Ivory handle.

No. 2.—Parasol of accordion-plaited black tulle, arranged over black bolting-cloth. Handle of black varnished wood, with chased silver tip.

Nos. 3 and 5.—Parasol of currant-colored silk with black silk lining. No. 3 shows the arrangement of the lining. The full ruching is of crimped, currant-colored silk.

No. 4—This pretty parasol is of black silk with cover of tulle embroidered with violets, and trimmed with a border of long-stemmed violets. The handle is of ebonized wood incised with silver, and is tied with a black ribbon.

No. 6.—Parasol of dark, argent-gray silk, trimmed with a full ruching of ostrich feathers to match. The lining is white marcelline silk, and the handle is of light-colored natural wood.

### Fans.

THE very light framework of the dainty fans for summer service necessitates equally light mountings. Gauze, *crêpe*, and *crêpe lisse* are mounted on delicate carved wooden sticks ebonized and incised with silver or gold, or painted in enameled colors, the gauze or other transparent mount beautifully decorated with painted Watteau figures, flowers, and landscapes. These fans are not very large, and fold in wider leaves than the ordinary satin fan.

Some very pretty down-edged fans are in graduated folds, which makes them look almost round when they are opened. These are in pale evening colors and white or black, sewn with countless glittering spangles of silver or gilt.

Feather fans of curled ostrich tips or long feathers, mounted on ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, or gilded wooden sticks, are still considered the most elegant for full-dress occasions, and the folding fan divides honors prettily equally with the long-handled *châtelaine* fan which the stately matron often prefers to the more coquettish, wide-spreading fan which, when manipulated by a deft-handed maiden, recalls the graceful flutterings supposed

to be only achieved in their perfection by the Spanish *señoritas*.

Blue, pink, and cream feathers are mounted in both styles, as well as black and white, and many of the season's colors, such as green, terra-cotta, and gray, are also seen in feather fans.

Painted satin fans are in the usual styles, and some are finished with ostrich-feather ruchings across the top of the mount, or with a ruching or edge of white or colored lace, and sometimes with a full ruching of closely set loops of "baby" or "daisy" ribbon, as the very narrow ribbons are called.

Japanese paper fans are exceedingly popular, and some of them are quite elaborate with wide folding leaves of gilt or silver paper handsomely decorated, and the outer panel laced with colored silk cord. Some of the larger fans, although they have paper "mounts," have beautifully carved ivory sticks inlaid with gold, and some are of the fine Chinese crape-silk, without wrinkles.

Fan *châtelaines* are as popular as ever. One in the new darkened silver is a charming addition to the summer costume, and the fan is sometimes mounted in handsome natural woods with silver fittings.

THE newest coiffure is a chignon of braids with a curled bang in front.

DIRECTOIRE ruchings of silk mull in white, cream, blue, pink, and red, are very much worn.

TOQUES of black, white, or colored nets, trimmed with Chantilly lace edging and flowers, are worn with lace costumes.

SILVER jewelry is the rage.

PARASOLS still have very long handles, although the bonnets are not quite so high.

GREEN continues to lead as a favorite color.

A BLACK lace or grenadine mantle covering the entire dress is an elegant addition to the summer costume.

TAN-COLORED gloves in all shades are worn with all kinds of costumes.

SLIPPER-TIES of patent leather with large polished steel buckles have reappeared.

LEGHORN flats with garlands of flowers are worn by little girls of all ages.

A PROFUSION of lace is worn both as lingerie and dress garniture.



Fashionable Parasols.

## Summer Bonnets, etc.

No. 1.—This charming accessory to the summer toilet is arranged to fill in a slightly open neck, and is made of plaited rose-colored *crêpe* and satin ribbon. The plaits are sewed upon a foundation of white net, and edged with a band of figured rose-colored satin ribbon folded to a point in front and tied in a bow at the back.

No. 2.—Bonnet of fancy black straw with buttercup-colored "daisy" ribbon run through the openings, and trimmed with fans of black Chantilly lace, and rosettes of the ribbon. The parasol is of cream silk covered with a full drapery of cream silk net, which is shirred around inside the parasol also. Gold-colored faille ribbon is draped inside the parasol as a decoration, and the edge is finished with a frill of lace.

No. 3.—Collar-chemisette of white plaited silk *crêpe* arranged to form folds crossing in front, where a bow of white moire ribbon adds to the effect.

No. 4.—Directoire bonnet of straw, untrimmed. The same shape as shown on No. 6.

No. 5.—Back view and frame of No. 8.

No. 6.—Directoire bonnet of fancy straw. The brim is lined with rose-colored repped silk, shirred to form a little frilled edge around the edge of the brim. The trimming consists of clustered loops of rose-colored ribbon, intermingled with a spray of wild roses laid around the brim, while a cream-white satin ribbon crosses the back and is tied under the chin.

No. 7.—Bonnet of black tulle. The transparent wire frame is draped with plain black tulle, and the spray of roses under the brim is covered with plain black tulle also. A scarf of Chantilly net is plaited up at one end and caught

to the top of the bonnet, and the other is drawn around in front gracefully, and caught upon the shoulder with a bow.

No. 8.—Capote of lace and ribbon. The shape of the frame and the back view are shown in No. 5. Chantilly lace net is cut on the bias, doubled, and shirred around the center of the crown, which is finished with a small circle of gold braid. Another bias piece of the lace is gathered, forming a puff around the capote, and the front is covered with loops of very narrow gold-colored ribbon. A large cluster of yellow roses is fastened on top of the hat, and a black lace Empire veil is gathered at top and bottom.



Commencement Dresses.

## Commencement Dresses.

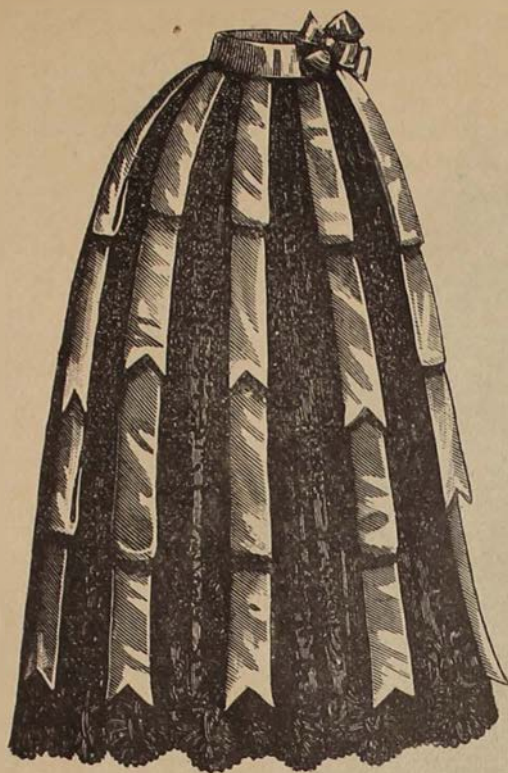
WE do not furnish special patterns this month for these dresses, and they are so simple that any amateur dress-maker can make them. Either design can be made in any of the materials usually chosen for such costumes—the various kinds of laces and drapery nets, surah, Burmese and other light qualities of silk, cashmere, Henrietta cloth, veilings, and other summer woolsens.

FIG. 1 shows a toilet made of cream-colored drapery net, surah, and satin ribbon, with tea-roses for a corsage bouquet and in the hair. The plain foundation skirt is of surah finished with a narrow foot-plaiting; over this is a skirt of drapery net, about four yards in width and cut about half a yard longer than the underskirt. This

is gathered at the top, and has sashes placed at regular intervals and finished at the bottom with bows which sustain the extra length in shallow festoons, disclosing the plaiting on the bottom of the foundation skirt. The back is arranged in the same manner. The waist is made of surah, after the pattern of the "Lydie" basque (given in the



SUMMER BONNETS, ETC.



1.—Ribbon Sashes.

made of surah in alternate stripes of pale pink and blue, trimmed with flounces of fine Oriental lace. The gored foundation skirt is of surah trimmed across the front and sides with lace flounces, and at the back three breadths of surah are shirred at the top and fall straight and full to the bottom of the skirt, the sides being tacked over the flounces. For the waist the pattern of the "Inista" (given in the May number) is used, omitting the trimming on the front, the neck cut out in pointed shape, and the sleeves made shorter. This is made entirely of surah, the left side of the front trimmed with lace with a band of pink satin ribbon back of it, and the right side trimmed with a surplice drapery of surah attached at the right shoulder seam, carried across the front, and fastened at the left side. A sash of doubled surah is gathered and fastened over the front side-gore seam on the right side, and then secured at the left side over the lower part of the surplice piece, a long loop and end falling over the skirt. The back of the waist is plain, and the bottom of it is finished with a heavy cording. The hair is crossed with gilt *bandeaux*, and is tied at the back with a bow of pink satin ribbon.

### Ribbon Sashes.

No. 1.—Skirt of black Chantilly lace mounted over a foundation skirt of lemon-colored surah. The lace flounce is gathered at the top, is a little fuller in the back than in front, and is undraped. The sashes are of lemon-colored satin ribbon, arranged at regular intervals and attached to a belt of the same ribbon, which is ornamented with a rosette bow in front. This is a favorite method of using ribbon for trimming full, undraped skirts, and all kinds—faille, satin, moire, and brocaded—are used, from three to five inches in width, on silk, lace, or soft woolen goods. Black moire ribbon is very effective with black lace, veiling, Henrietta cloth, or cashmere. Dull black faille ribbon can be used with mourning fabrics. Pale green ribbon with pale pink goods is a very popular combination in colors.

No. 2.—This illustrates a very fashionable way of arranging a sash of broad ribbon or of soft silk doubled. The sash is tied loosely around the waist and pinned to a pointed

February number), without the outer fronts, and the inner plaiting and the sleeves are of the drapery net, the latter completed by bows and bands of ribbon. The back of the waist is plain; if preferred, the surplice effect on the front can be omitted, and the neck can be made high. The ceinture is of surah laid in plaits, and extends only to the front seams of the side-gores. The gloves are of cream-white undressed kid.

FIG. 2 illustrates a toilet

shape in front; it can be arranged to hook at one side under the bow. The ends are quite as frequently without fringe, one being cut in fish-tail shape, and the other cut diagonally. The illustration shows an accordion-plaited skirt of cream-white *crêpe de Venise*, with a sash of rose-colored faille ribbon.

### Graduating Dresses.

WHITE lends itself with peculiar grace to the elegantly simple styles used for commencement dresses, and the softly draping woolen fabrics in pure snowy white, or the golden creamy whites which are now so popular, are exquisite in the Empire models so becoming to youthful figures.

Minerva, or even Hebe, in a Worth toilet, seemed always, although ever charming, a trifle inconsistent; but with the severely classic simplicity of the Directoire gowns, and the gracefully falling folds of the Empire draperies, the most scholarly æsthetic taste must be gratified.

The Directoire models, especially, are very much favored for graduating dresses, and most desirable if the toilet is needed for future dressy wear. In the delicate fabrics suitable for summer wear, with lace skirt and vest in place of the heavy brocades and velvets of winter, and light striped surah or Empire brocaded cashmere or brilliantine, the Directoire coat or polonaise is much more girlish than the severity of the model would suggest.

For an all-white dress, nothing is simpler for the home dressmaker to make than the typical Empire dress (as illustrated and described in the February number); the "baby" waist and straight full skirt require only the most rudimentary knowledge of dressmaking, and the style is invariably becoming.

White and black laces and nets are draped over satin or surah and lavishly trimmed with ribbon—in loops and sashes if wide is used, and in countless variations of rosettes and rows in the narrow widths. Colored nets, as well as black and white, are employed, and the combination of colors is liked in thin materials or delicate fabrics as well as in heavier goods. Yokes of one material, corselets of another, bodices with wide pointed belts matching the cuffs on the full sleeves, are some of the complications which



2.—Ribbon Sash.



make the more elaborate dresses almost impossible to describe except by generalities.

All shades of green are liked, and a combination of white and green is charming indeed. Green combines so well with any color, that it is sure to be used for some time yet, and will be a satisfactory choice either to be made up alone or with other colors.

The usual accessories to a graduating costume comprise, in addition to the tan-colored *Suède* gloves or long lace mitts, dainty shoes of black or russet leather decorated with bows of ribbon or with buckles or left plain, as desired, a pretty fan, and often a handsome silver *châtelaine* and tablets, although the latter is by no means important.

### Linen Dress Goods.

THE popularity of zephyr ginghams and all kindred fabrics has been almost phenomenal, and the increasing fancy for washable fabrics, even for street dresses, has included the beautiful and durable linen goods which are such cool and delightful summer wear. White linen lawns are liked for all-white dresses, and are made in simplest styles; but the colored and figured lawns are made up in the *Watteau* styles, and the combination of plain or striped goods with figured is made in linen lawns and cambrics, as in other materials.

*Damassé* linens are especially adapted for this use, and are made in regular costumes trimmed with velvet collar and cuffs of the color. These *damassé* linens are figured in quaint, old-time geometrical designs in white on all shades of blue, gray, and brown, and a dress of one made up in the modified *Watteau* style makes a very suitable home dress.

*Percales* have white grounds with geometrical designs in color, or flowered with conventional set blossoms. They are liked for morning wear. The linen ginghams are charming, and reproduce in all dainty colorings the small plaided and checked designs of old-fashioned lute-string and taffetas silk. They are often made up in quite elaborate styles, with yokes and puffed sleeves, and corselet of silk or velvet. One young lady is said to have added over twenty gingham dresses made in various styles to her summer outfit, so there is no danger in recommending their selection as a desirable one.

### Summer Costumes.

ALMOST the only costume which is remarkably conspicuous is the all-black dress, which is rarely seen unless the wearer is in mourning.

The combination of colors and various shades is almost universal, and the *mélange* of styles is most bewildering.—*Empire* fronts and *Directoire* backs, garments, that defy the observer to classify, either as robe, redingote or coat; but there is one idea that is prevalent in all, and that is uniqueness. This seems rather a paradox, but it is difficult to note, as in former seasons it was common to do, two costumes that could by any chance be precisely similar.

One of the nattiest of traveling-dresses has an accordion-plaited skirt of fine gray mohair, and a coat, resembling the "*Hortense*" (in the April number), of brocade-edge camels'-hair, also in gray, the silvery-white silk figures of the pattern stripe coming on the edge of the coat-tails and on the front of the vest. A counterfoil to it is a moss-green *surah* with full skirt shirred across below the belt in front, for about a quarter of a yard, with a *Directoire* redingote of dark bronze cloth with lapels and pockets of bronze *moire* silk, and large, incised silver buttons. An *Empire* sash of bronze *surah*, deeply fringed, proceeds from under the sides of the redingote, and is fastened together low on the skirt in front.

Costumes of honeycomb and *trou-trou* nets draped over silk have to some extent taken the place of the figured black lace costumes, which, however, are not discarded, but have a certain favor *par excellence*. White *Chantilly* nets are draped over white or a color, and are really very desirable for summer wear. What are known as "theatre waists," pretty blouses or jackets of colored silk or *surah*, with smocked or tucked yokes, or trimmed with velvet revers of a dark, contrasting color, in *Directoire* style, are worn with lace and net-draped skirts, or skirts of black veiling trimmed with ribbons. The accordion-plaited skirts, if plaited all around, are usually worn with round waists and *Empire* sashes, or with *Directoire* coats; but those having only the fronts plaited, and the back draped, are suitable with any style of coat or waist.

Embroideries on all sorts of goods are lavishly employed in bands as a garniture for the plain falling breadths of the *Directoire* redingotes, and it is often the embroidery and style of work in it that characterize the costume. It seems a little strange to see rich Oriental gold and silver embroideries applied to the severely classic draperies of the modernized *Directoire* gown, yet there they are, and looking quite in keeping. Even the light veilings and crapes have panels or insertings of embroidered silk, and often a handsome silk coat with embroidered vest is worn with a skirt of plain veiling of the same or a contrasting color, plaited or with the fullness shirred to some little distance below the waist.

It is emphatically a silk season, and silk may be used in all combinations and with any material; and, in fact, scarcely any costume, even the simple ginghams for ordinary wear, is considered quite finished without silk collar and cuffs or a sash, or some device in which the season's favorite material may be employed.

Oriental silks have lost none of their popularity, and for a rather dressy yet not showy or "dressed up" costume, one of the softly draping silks or *Bengalines* is most useful. It may be worn almost anywhere, at almost any time, and is so distinctively a summer costume that it is more charming in its freshness than many dresses which, if slightly crushed, either in wear or packing, create a vague impression that they might be left-over fineries from the winter festivities.

*Watteau* draperies as well as the straight styles are employed for India and Burmese silks, and they are trimmed, according to the use for which they are indicated, with velvet revers, etc., or with quantities, more or less, of creamy lace. Very few of the imported costumes have plaiting to show around the bottom; the skirt or drapery is hemmed up about two inches, and falls over a plain facing or a very full flounce of pinked-out silk. Many of the costumes for house and piazza wear are very slightly trained, and in these a *balayouse* of cream or straw-colored lace is usually inserted.

### About Skirts.

THE decadence of the bustle does not necessarily imply its entire abandonment, and it is the exception, rather than the rule, for a lady to reject all appearance of a tournure, excepting with the distinctive *Empire* dresses; and even with these, the sash with the long-looped bow at the back furnishes a substitute, and when the sash is worn tied at the side, it is not unusual to have a gored foundation skirt with short steels at the back, under the full outer skirt. As a rule, however, the gathered skirts are worn without the usual foundation skirt; but care must be taken, especially with loosely woven materials, to have the underskirt that is worn next the dress, only about an inch or two shorter than the dress skirt.

Foundation skirts are still made with a plain, slightly



Dresses for Small Children.

ANITA DRESS.

CLARE DRESS.

gored apron, a plain gore at each side, and a full, straight back breadth. If the foundation skirt be made of silesia or a similar material, it should be faced on the outside with the dress material, to the depth of a quarter of a yard, or sufficiently high to prevent its exposure should the drapery or outer skirt become disarranged. When made of silk this outside facing is unnecessary. The inner facing, which is necessary in every foundation skirt, is generally of cross-barred crinoline, covered partially or entirely with alpaca, though some prefer tailors' canvas covered in the same way, and wiggan is sometimes used; but unless the outer skirt be of quite heavy material that requires support at the bottom, either of the first-mentioned goods is preferable for the facing, as wiggan is too stiff to be graceful, and very difficult to fit evenly.

The bottom can either be bound with braid, or the outer material and stiff facing turned up about three-eighths of an inch on the inside, and the inner facing hemmed to it, when the braid may then be run smoothly on the inside, projecting a trifle below the skirt. Both methods of finishing have their adherents; but personal experience proves that the latter way is preferable, as the braid wears longer and is more easily renewed when it does wear off.

The use of a narrow foot-plaiting is altogether a matter of fancy, but a side-plaiting from two to three inches deep is an improvement to any foundation skirt that is used under drapery; under a full or plaited outer skirt it is not so essential. An excellent plan when the foot-plaiting is omitted, is to cut the lower edge of the foundation skirt into battlements about four inches wide and the same depth, finish the edges neatly, and then place inside a plaited *balayouse* a little deeper than the battlements, which may either be of the dress goods, or any kind that can be purchased. This permits of more freedom in walking or in mounting steps, and is especially desirable to wear under a full skirt with out drapery. Another method, equally suitable to wear under a drapery or full skirt, is to leave the seams of the foundation skirt open at the bottom for about six inches, and put a full fan-plaiting of the material in each opening. This serves the same purpose of comfort and convenience.

## Dresses for Small Children.

FIG. 1.—The extreme simplicity of this model—a plain round waist with revers on the front, and a side-plaited skirt—makes it desirable for practical uses and simple materials, while it could also be used for soft silks and woolens with garnitures of ribbon, or for a combination of silk and wool. It is very pretty made in gingham with embroidery for the revers, collar, and cuffs, and a sash of gingham with the ends finished with embroidery; or embroidered flouncing could be used for the skirt, the waist made of plain white lawn with revers of embroidery, and a sash of ribbon tied in a large bow at the back. For the sizes furnished, and directions about the pattern, see page 524.

FIG. 2.—This design—the “Clare”—is suitable for either a little girl's or boy's dress, and consists of a blouse waist and a full skirt. The illustration shows the blouse made of blue surah with collar, chemisette, and plaits on the front of white surah, and the skirt of white jaconet, tucked, and edged with embroidery. The sash is of blue ribbon. The same model can be used for all kinds of washable goods and woolens. For directions about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc., see page 524.

## Ilda Dress.

ANY summer material,—silk, woolen, or cotton,—in fact any dress material excepting the heaviest winter goods can be made up after this design. It consists of a plain foundation waist with full fronts opening over a vest shirred with tucks, and a skirt made of full breadths. The back of the waist is plain; the sleeves are shirred at the top with tucks, to match the full vest. If it is desirable to simplify the design, the full vest may be omitted; and if the full outer fronts and seams be dispensed with, a plain waist will be the result. Coat-shaped sleeves might also be substituted for the full style. The design affords opportunity for a combination of goods or colors, and solid-colored goods feather-stitched with another color will be found very effective made up in this way. It is also suitable for a combination of plain and figured, striped or plaided goods, and is especially desirable for washable fabrics. Particulars about the patterns, sizes furnished, etc., will be found on page 524.



Ilda Dress.

CAPOTES are smaller than ever.

SILVER and gilt hair-pins are worn more than shell.

A LEADING color-combination is green, shrimp-pink, and olive.

FADED colors are rapidly replacing the brilliant tints so long liked.

THE Empire sashes in all colors with deep silk fringes are very popular.

ENAMELED flower-pins are worn as brooches, and as lace and bonnet pins.

BONBON boxes of engraved silver are worn attached to the *châtelaine*.

SUMMER challies are made up in Watteau polonaises trimmed with velvet ribbon.



Zingara Waist.

**Zingara Waist.**

FOR a miss, especially one of slender figure, this model is particularly becoming. It consists of a full blouse mounted on a plain foundation waist, the front tucked to simulate a pointed yoke, over which is a Zouave or "gypsy" jacket. The illustration represents cream-white nuns'-veiling for the blouse and accordion-plaited skirt, blue satin ribbon for the collar and sash, and blue ottoman silk embroidered with silver braid, for the jacket. The costume would be complete without the jacket, but it is a dressy addition, and a very fashionable accessory with simple costumes this season, being made in velvet, satin, silk, or lace to use with silk or fine woolen fabrics. This waist, either with or without the jacket, can be worn with almost any style of skirt, and it is not essential that the skirt should match the blouse. See page 524 for particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

lar and sash, and blue ottoman silk embroidered with silver braid, for the jacket. The costume would be complete without the jacket, but it is a dressy addition, and a very fashionable accessory with simple costumes this season, being made in velvet, satin, silk, or lace to use with silk or fine woolen fabrics. This waist, either with or without the jacket, can be worn with almost any style of skirt, and it is not essential that the skirt should match the blouse. See page 524 for particulars about the pattern, sizes furnished, etc.

**Rosalinda Waist.**

WASHABLE materials, especially plain and fancy combined, are particularly adapted for this design, and the method of combination is plainly indicated in the illustration; the middle of the back is also made of the figured material, which extends plainly from the collar to the belt, with the plain goods full on each side of it, the same as in front. For woolens also it is an excellent design, especially if velvet or silk be used for the parts that are figured in the illustration, and for the middle of the back. Plain goods can be used throughout, and flat trimming—braid, ribbon, or velvet—used to produce a contrasting effect. Veiling and other



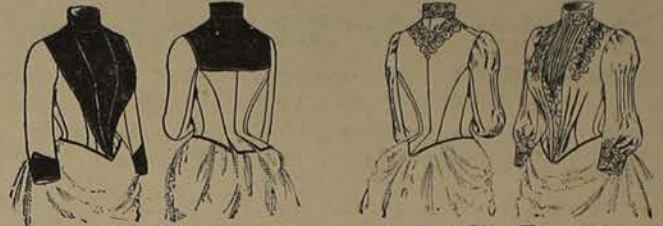
Rosalinda Waist.

light woolens of any color are very effectively trimmed with rows of narrow moire ribbon. The plain belt can be replaced by a sash-ribbon of any width, tied either in the back, at one side, or in front, but preferably tied in the back if it is wide. The waist is appropriately combined with any style of skirt, and may be of the same or a different material. The pattern is fully described on page 524.



Loretta Drapery.

Yachting or Tennis Shirt.



Loretta Basque.

Almedia Basque.



Paula Jacket.

Lois Visite.



Stephanie Mantelet.

Ashton Visite.



Sailor Cap.



Essie Apron.



Nina Cloak.

"Man o' War" Suit.

Inez Basque.

Ernest Suit.

**Standard Patterns.**

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 524. 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.*

## 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.

**LILLOISE BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, outer front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and three pieces of the sleeve. The front edge of the outer front is to be gathered. The row of holes in the inner front shows where it is to be faced to form the corselet. The pointed outer piece of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes at the top. A medium size will require one yard and three-quarters of velvet, and two yards and a quarter of contrasting goods twenty-four inches wide, for the sleeves, jacket fronts, and facing upper part of inner fronts. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**ISMENA BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, bretelle for front, side gore, side form, back, bretelle for back, shoulder cape, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The bretelles are to be gathered at the lower ends, and the fullness secured over the clusters of holes in the front and back, respectively. The shoulder cape is to be gathered and placed to the row of holes in the waist. A medium size will require three yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**ESTELLA JACKET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The outer seam of the sleeve is to be left open below the notch. A medium size will require one yard and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

**JASINTHA HOUSE-DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Lining for front, full outer front, vest, side gore, side form, lining for back, full outer back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. (We do not furnish a pattern for the skirt, which is to be made of five straight breadths of goods twenty-four inches wide and gathered at the top.) The vest is to be shirred from the top as far down as the row of holes, and gathered at the bottom, and then placed on the front so that the notches will match. The outer front is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The outer back is to be laid in three plaits turned toward the middle of the back. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. A medium size will require twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

**MAUVETTE CAPE.**—In this pattern is included the revers for the skirt shown on the same figure. The front edge of the revers is to be placed over the seam which joins the front and side gore. For the back drapery, five straight breadths of goods are required. The cape pattern consists of 3 pieces: Front, back, and revers. A medium size of the cape will require one yard of material and four yards of lace. The revers and front breadth of the skirt will require two yards and five-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide; four yards of lace will be required for the revers, and one yard and a half for the front breadth. Cape patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

**GENEVRA MANTELET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, back, and collar. A medium size will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard and a half of fringe, and four and one-quarter yards of passementerie. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

**ISMENA SKIRT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side gore, and one-half of back breadth of the underskirt; full front, plaited panel, and one-half the back drapery. The full front is to be gathered at the top, at the bottom, and across in a line with the row of holes, and the two lower rows of gathers placed to the rows of holes across the front of the foundation skirt. The panel is to be laid in a broad box-plait, and the front edge lapped about an inch and a half over the side of the full front. After the plait is laid it is to be gathered a little at the top. The back drapery is to be gathered or plaited at the top, and joined in a seam to the back edge of the panel. Thirteen yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the skirt. Patterns in a medium size.

**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: 28 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

**ROSALINDA WAIST.**—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, and back, for the lining; two full pieces for front, full piece for back, collar, cuff, cap, and sleeve. The full piece for the back and the larger full piece for the front are to be gathered top and bottom, forward of the holes, and placed on the lining so that the notches will match. The smaller full piece for the front is to be gathered top and bottom and placed on the lining forward of the dart. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes. The size for fourteen years will require two and one-half yards of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and three and one-quarter of figured goods, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

**ZINGARA WAIST.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back for lining; front, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve for the blouse; and front, back, and sleeve for the jacket. The blouse can be gathered at the neck, back and front, or run in fine tucks to give a yoke effect of any desired shape. The lower edge is to be gathered and sewed to the lower edge of the lining. The sleeve for the blouse is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The jacket can be arranged as an entirely separate garment, or made in with the blouse and lining, as preferred. The size for fourteen years will require two and one-half yards of goods for the blouse, and one yard and one-quarter for the jacket. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

**ILDA DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Plain front, full vest, full front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, and two pieces of the sleeve of the waist; and one-half of the skirt. The vest is to have two quarter-inch tucks run across it above the upper row of holes, and three of the same width between the two lower rows of holes, and is to be gathered at the bottom; it is to be drawn in and placed on the plain lining so that the notches will match. The outer front is to be gathered at the bottom forward of the hole. The separated portion of the upper part of the sleeve is to have six quarter-inch tucks run across it to bring it in to the proper length, and then drawn in to the proper width; the lower part is to be gathered between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for six years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**ANITA DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, back, revers, collar, cuff, and sleeve of the waist; and one-quarter of the skirt. The revers is to be placed on the front in a line with the row of holes. Between the revers the front can be faced with plain, plaited, or gathered material. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in kilt-plaits, according to the holes. The size for four years will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard of contrasting goods for the accessories. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

**CLARE DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of waist lining, front and back of blouse, revers, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. A band two inches wide, either plain or laid in a box-plait, is to be placed on each front back of the row of holes. The lower edge of the blouse is to be gathered and sewed to the bottom of the waist lining. The upper part of the front of the waist lining is to be faced to simulate the chemisette. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for four years will require one yard and a half of goods, twenty-four inches wide, for the blouse; one-half yard for collar, cuffs, and bands; and one yard and three-quarters for the skirt (if made of dress material), or two yards of deep embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

**LORETTA BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, vest, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The fronts are to be buttoned up the middle in the usual manner. On one side the revers and vest are to be joined and sewed to the front, and on the other side secured with hooks and eyes. The lower part of the sleeve is to be turned up in a line with the row of holes. 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 twenty-four inches wide to make of one material, or three yards for the basque and one yard for the vest, collars, and revers. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**ALMEDIAS BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Inner front, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The outer front is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The inner front can be closed down the middle in the usual manner, and covered with plain or plaited material fastened at one side. The sleeve is to be laid in the tucks between the rows of holes and as far forward as they extend, so as to bring it in to fit the arm. It is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The notch at the top is to be placed at the shoulder seam. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two yards of passementerie to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**PAULA JACKET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar and two sides of the sleeve. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**ASHTON VISITE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, two side gores, back, shoulder piece, and collar. The back piece is to be turned upward in a line with the holes, to form a loop. The middle seam in the back is to be joined only as far down as the notch. The notch in the top of the shoulder piece is to be placed to the shoulder seam. The shoulder piece is to be joined to the front only as far down as the lower notch. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard and a quarter of fringe, and four and one-half yards of passementerie. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

**LOIS VISITE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and shoulder piece. The shoulder piece is to be placed on the basque in a line with the row of holes, the notch in the top to be placed to the shoulder seam. A medium size will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard and a half of fringe, two yards of passementerie for front and collar, three-quarters of a yard of lace net for the scarf, and three-quarters of a yard of trimming lace for the back. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

**STEPHANIE MANTELET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, back, and collar. The outer edge of the trimming on the back and front is to be placed to the row of holes. A medium size will require one yard and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five and one-half yards of trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

**LORETTA DRAPERY.**—The pattern consists of 2 pieces: Half of the back and the entire front. The two holes near the front edge of the back drapery denote a plait to be turned downward on the outside, but allowed to hang loosely. The upper edge of this piece is to be gathered or plaited to bring it in to the required size. The holes at the sides of the front drapery denote three plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The holes just above the opening denote three plaits to be turned upward. The extensions at the sides of the front drapery are to be lapped their entire width over the back drapery. Seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Pattern a medium size.

**INEZ BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, plaited vest, belt, outer front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The inner front is to be fastened down the middle in the usual manner, and the plaited vest buttoned on one side. The seam down the middle of the back is to be joined only as far down as the notch. The size for sixteen years will require two and one-half yards for the basque, three-quarters of a yard for the collar, cuffs, and belt, and one-half yard for the plaited vest. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

**NINA CLOAK.**—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of skirt, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The size for four years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

**ESSIE APRON.**—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Front and back. A narrow casing is to be sewed at the upper edge, back and front, to accommodate draw-strings. The front is to have a casing for draw-strings in a line with the row of holes. The size for six years will require two and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two and one-half yards of lace. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**"MAN O' WAR" SUIT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, back, collar, chemisette, and sleeve of the blouse; and band, fly, and back and front of one leg of the trousers. Place the chemisette under the front of the blouse so that the holes will match. The size for 10 years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

**ERNEST SUIT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Back and front of one leg of the trousers, and front, back, chemisette, collar, and two sides of the sleeve for the blouse. The chemisette is to be lapped under the front so that the holes will match. The bottom of the blouse can either be gathered and sewed to a narrow belt that can be buttoned to the trousers, or finished with a hem through which an elastic ribbon can be run to bring it in to the required size. The size for eight years will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**SAILOR CAP.**—The pattern is given in 3 pieces: Two pieces of the cap, and band. The size for six years will require one-half yard of goods. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

**YACHTING OR TENNIS SHIRT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, back, collar, pocket, and sleeve. The medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14, 15, and 16 inches neck measure.

Mrs. Cornelia Beardsley Forbes,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

**N**EW ENGLAND is notable for furnishing ideas and leadership, directly or indirectly, to other States. This results partly from its priority of settlement, and partly from the strength of the religious principles that brought its early settlers to its shores. But with all its prodigality to other States it has not exhausted its resources nor given up the leadership of its own States.

Among the hills and factories of Winsted, in Litchfield County, Connecticut, was raised its present W. C. T. U. President, besides many other notable men and women. Health and happiness were her portion in her childhood home, with all the educational advantages that competence could command. The notable seminaries of Hartford and New Haven then lent their aid, and Miss Beardsley returned home to find her work in a large family circle, and in the church and in society. Here she became the wife of the Rev. Samuel B. Forbes, and here they resided until about eight years since, when he accepted the pastorate of a church in Rockville, their present home.

Mr. Forbes has long been an active and ardent temperance worker. While prosecuting illegal sellers, the confiscated property was for years stored in his cellar, and was the cause of some very exciting scenes. In 1886 he was candidate of the Prohibition party for State Governor, and shared the usual obloquy that falls to the lot of the party candidate for any high office, as well as of the leader in any great reform, though the utmost malice could find no stain upon his character.

All these things have had their influence upon Mrs. Forbes, in wedding her more closely to the beloved principles of temperance, and in giving her the requisite courage

for leadership. "I feel impelled and pressed into temperance work," she remarked to a friend with whom she was walking during the intervals of a State convention some six years ago. "It is not always as smooth and easy as other lines of Christian labor, but God calls me in this direction and I cannot refuse. I must do what I can in this great fight with the liquor traffic." Utterances worthy of one who was the next day elected State President of the courageous band of women in this country who are helping

to turn the prospects of the liquor interests upside down. And yet the position was entirely unsought. When her name was proposed she utterly refused to accept the nomination. It was only when she found that the convention was of one mind in the matter that she accepted the office at their hands and entered upon its duties with determination and enthusiasm.

Mrs. C. B. Buell, the Corresponding Secretary of the National Union, who for years had nursed the work of the Connecticut Union, pays a glowing tribute to the executive ability of Mrs. Forbes, to her tact in enlisting others, and to her efficiency as a presiding officer; stating that in no six years of its history has the State Union had a steadier growth.

Mrs. Forbes is not a tall person, but she has a dignified presence. Her voice is one of rare distinctness and power, and it commands instant and constant attention. It seems admirably adapted to her work, as if nature had fitted her for this very position. She will not allow herself to be called a speaker, nevertheless when

she does speak everyone finds what she says well worth hearing, in the councils of the National Executive Committee as well as in her own State. The impression everywhere made is that she is a level-headed, practical woman, well suited to be a leader; and the women in her own State trust her implicitly.

The same efficiency, tact, and loveliness, she carries into her home, social, and church life. Her home circle is



*Cordill -  
Cornelia B. Forbes.*

rounded out by the presence of a son of eighteen and a daughter of sixteen, both well-established in temperance principles and Christian character. As pastor's wife her counsel is continually sought in all the varied departments of church work, and her labors and endurance are marvelous. She is also President of the flourishing local Temperance Union in Rockville, and foster-mother of the Young Women's Union, which has attained the notable figure of one hundred members.

Her husband's health failing, and his church burning down last year, they decided on a trip to Europe. They spent three months profitably in visiting many places of interest, noting the advances of the temperance work, and being specially interested in settling the oft-mooted question whether "an American must drink wine when abroad," in Europe. They drank water freely, and found it good everywhere, but especially in Switzerland, where it was simply delicious. There they found some of the wine-glasses turned upside down, but almost everywhere else they were nearly alone in their water-drinking. In Paris, catching the gleam of a white ribbon at a hotel table, they made the acquaintance of Mrs. Rose Patten, of Philadelphia, who united her testimony with theirs as to the invariable excellence of the water. She had made a point of testing it in every country in Europe.

Mrs. Forbes sententiously sums up the case in her annual address at the last State Convention, by saying: "The prevalent idea among tourists that the water of foreign countries is impure and unsafe to drink, is to my mind absolutely without foundation." All this will doubtless be corroborated by the numerous white-ribboners who are visiting England and the Continent this season, attending the great Sunday-school Convention in London, and the World's Exposition in Paris.

JULIA COLMAN.

## The Impending Logic of the Times.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

THERE seems to be a determined disposition on the part of Republican politicians to ignore their obligation to the temperance element in that party by constantly resisting the necessity for immediate destruction of the liquor traffic. The whole attention and efforts of the party have been given to compromising methods that serve to delude and mislead those who are in sympathy with curtailing the power and influence of the saloon. This attempt to so play upon the feelings and secure the approbation of these sympathizers, is the worst form of treachery, and furnishes the most adroit and effective delusion to cheat the voters with a promise of favorable temperance legislation, and then defraud them with either the sham of high license or perhaps a guarded and ill-defined promise of local option.

It must be borne in mind that the liquor dealers in the Republican party are almost entirely dependent on their success in satisfying both the temperance element in the party and the liquor interest, at the same time. The temperance element must be led to believe that the party is sincerely interested in the curtailing of the liquor traffic, and the liquor dealers must also be satisfied that the party is only pretending to do this so as to cheat the temperance people; for both must be placated to keep the party alive, as any open, positive action against the saloon or definitely in favor of Prohibition would lead to the inevitable disintegration and annihilation of the Republican party. It is

these delusions, therefore, that so thoroughly permeate the minds and the moral sense of the people that they are almost invulnerable to the logic of Prohibition.

Whether the horrors that the liquor traffic is producing in the community by the increased consumption of alcoholic liquors will be sufficient to awaken the zeal and determination of the people to combine with their votes to destroy this monster evil, remains to be seen. It would seem that enough had been said and done to show the enormity of the evil and its hideous results on the community; but when we remember how long and seemingly indifferent the whole people were to the injustice practiced on the black race for over one hundred years of the nation's life, and what an amount of life and treasure were expended before the people were willing to give up their prejudices, we do not much wonder that such mountains of difficulty will be in the way of Prohibition: for this monster evil, the liquor traffic, is a much more determined and formidable enemy to encounter.

But the worst phase of this terrible conflict, and the greatest difficulty in securing Prohibition, is found in the apathy of the people in reference to their personal responsibility for the terrible results of the liquor traffic on the homes and the best interest of the community, together with their unwillingness to acknowledge that nearly all the crime, misery, and pauperism in the community come from the use of the fiery poison as a beverage. These are at the present time the greatest barriers to the success of Prohibition.

The moral sense of the people has been so completely demoralized with fallacious arguments, and their appetites so thoroughly vitiated by indulgence, that to accomplish such a radical change in their minds and habits as entire Prohibition would bring about, would be a modern marvel amounting to a revolution; yet to this it must come at last, or our homes will be demoralized and our civilization jeopardized beyond the hope of recovery. But the people are fast realizing that the alternative of slaying the monster or being themselves slain, must be met, and this question of the Prohibition of the liquor traffic must be decided very soon, or riot, anarchy, and general debauchery of the nation will inevitably follow any further indulgence of this hideous curse of our country.

At the present time the blighting curse and the scourge of the liquor traffic has its fiendish grip on the throat of our civilization, threatening the people with an avalanche of crime and desolated homes. Our Christian church and all the best interests of our country are being choked by this monster evil. The piteous appeals of childhood are also demanding relief. Our best manhood, and every department of industry, including our politics, are so thoroughly demoralized by it, that we are called upon by all the sentiments of loyalty to our country, and an intelligent and righteous indignation, to crush this hydra-headed monster, the liquor traffic, with all the energy we can command.

While Prohibition is resounding around and above the line of political combinations, we rejoice to know that some of the people, with patriotic zeal and growing enthusiasm, are making the air vocal with their demands for the entire destruction of this murderous enemy of our country. And when the thunder tones of the people's voice demanding relief shall be heard through their votes, and the saloon power, having lost its grip, can no longer coquette with them, this moral heroism, born of strong convictions, will make itself heard over the hills and through the valleys, echoing and reverberating along the lines of telegraphs, through the press and on the rostrum, in our homes and in our churches, until the very air will resound with enthusiastic echoes for Prohibition, and the inspiring words of cheer will put courage in the hearts of the brave and noble heroes who

are now in this war for the destruction of this monster enemy of the land.

Loyalty to the flag of our country, to our homes, and to our religion, is loudly demanding the votes of the people as the best and only means to accomplish the entire prohibition of this horrible evil. The patriotic zeal and combined voice of the people which are now being awakened, and thrill with patriotic emotions, will soon be united in one grand and triumphant shout, to be reverberated everywhere: "Prohibition has come, and through the ballot-box has proclaimed, 'The Saloon must go!'"

"Truth is mighty, wrong's expiring.  
Onward! there is no retreat.  
Millions are the right desiring,  
Millions to the right aspiring;  
God and angels, all admiring,  
See the victory complete.  
Bugle, blast! and drum, beat long!  
Prohibition hosts increasing,  
Hundreds, thousands, MILLIONS strong!"

## The Horrors of Alcoholism.

DOCTOR MONIN, a distinguished French physician, and Secretary of the French Society for Hygiene, has recently completed a report on the scourge of alcoholism, that has just been published, and in which, without useless digression, simply but implacably, he has traced a cruel but truthful picture of the progress of the evil.

Frightful, in truth, are the effects and maladies which result from the alteration caused in the human organism by the use of alcohol. But it is, above all, the degradation or the perversity of the brain and intelligence which offers the most horrible spectacle.

The drinker does not at once become subject to these persistent hallucinations. Although drunkenness may be considered as a passing insanity, it is not until after a general disordering of the whole nervous system that the drunkard succumbs to delirium. He begins by feeling pains in his head, loses his memory, forgets words, hesitates in his actions, weeps for trifles, and laughs unconsciously. Irascible, uneasy, jealous, he presents, at first, profound troubles of moral sensibility. Then he becomes taciturn, soured, and subject to childish peevishness. At the same time the will becomes less and less active, and ends in utter hopelessness. While in this condition some cannot write, others cannot take hold of any object, however much they may desire, from lack of sufficient volition.

The victim of alcoholism who has reached this period of his decay has an agitated expression, suffers from considerable congestion, is covered with a profuse perspiration on the least occasion, and his eyes are brilliant and injected with blood. At other times, on the contrary, the expression of the face is sad, and the physiognomy of the man thus attacked, with his hanging lips, dull eyes, and thin hair, clammy and moist, shows exactly the state of the intelligence of the unhappy victim.

Soon, now, the drunkard, fatally drawn toward intellectual and physical decrepitude, is constantly being deceived by his senses in the appreciation of surrounding things. It is thus that he feels tremblings and creeping sensations, cramps, and a quivering of the nostrils and the upper lip. He has visual hallucinations, confounds colors, particularly violet and yellow with red, and cannot distinguish silver from gold. He is a prey to continual insomnia and endless imaginations. Sometimes he imagines himself surrounded by flames and feels the painful burns, or he sees armed men

springing upon him; and it is a lamentable spectacle to see the unhappy man struggling against his imaginary enemies.

Among the most frequent forms of alcoholic delirium are jealousy, and, above all, belief in imaginary persecution. There are numerous cases where the wretched victims imagine that they have large sums of money hidden away, and the precautions which they take to conceal the imaginary fortune from the pursuit of others are incredible. Every visitor is suspected. The parents, wives, and children of the miserable creatures are suspected as so many ravishers, and their words and gestures are interpreted in a manner that would be grotesque if it were not so pitiful.

Others believe themselves destined for the highest positions, and enjoy to the full these imaginary honors. Others, again, have an abnormal development of physical sensation, and their imagination makes them feel actual shocks, and they complain that some unseen person is beating them with clubs. A case in point is cited, where one man in delirium constantly imagined that someone was dealing him violent blows with a clinched hand. To avoid this he walked along by walls, sidewise, so as to protect his back, but even this did not prevent his tormentor from still striking him in the same place.

At last, worn out with suffering, exhausted by terrors, the sufferer dies in the midst of the most frightful horrors; often, even, he does not await the end, for he destroys himself to escape from the fantastic visions by which he is possessed, and the nervous pains which give him no respite.

Ah! those who by patient research, painful experience, and ungrateful studies, shall have found a practical means of checking the progress of alcoholism, will merit the heartfelt gratitude of humanity. Doctor Monin has presented a scientific picture of some of the terrible details, and a perusal of his book would open the eyes of every drinker whose intelligence and moral sense were not already destroyed.

*Translated by OLIVE HARPER.*

## A Parallel Case.

FORTY years ago the odious system of Slavery was the one jealous and active force in American politics. It picked out the men for the caucus, watched its servants at every convention, promoted its champions, and punished everyone who lagged or faltered in its support. The politicians, on bended knee, took its collar. The editors hearkened, attent to the dicta of this autocratic dictator. All gave him audience, and it was a brave, heroic minority that dared question his imperious sway.

In the midst of that shameful, eventful epoch, when from 1820 to 1856 the slaveholder swept his savage lash over all the leaders of society—when the right of free speech and honest expression was on trial, how few refused his yoke, and dared to speak their own convictions! Alas! that it must be said: ministers of Christ, who were in central and popular positions, prudently bated their speech, ignored the rights of God's children in bonds, and bowed in abject and servile submission to the arrogant masters of American politics. Moreover, they joined in sharp and acrid censure of those who withstood the tyranny of their bosses. Who can read of the disgusting servility and plastic sycophancy of the men who represented a free gospel of that time, without such pangs of regret and shame as to burn his face and burden his soul?

Woe betide us! That astounding flunkyism is duplicated to-day in the conspiracy of silence into which many

ministers have entered concerning the drunkard factories of our country. How can it be, that they should ignore this awful issue, should refuse to attend all temperance gatherings, draw out of all alliances and organizations, shun all the advocates and champions of right, and give support to this giant wrong by silence and by vote? The drunkards by millions stagger on to their doom, their wives and children suffer, shrink, and perish, and the land is impoverished to produce this hideous wreckage; but the popular ministry have no eyes to see, ears to hear, or voice to rebuke a crime which pales and dwarfs the most atrocious of heathen abominations!

## Home Versus Saloon.

BY GEO. H. BAIN AND MISS F. E. WILLARD.

THE question of the desolation of the American home and its protection lifts itself above every other question relative to American politics. I wish I could put on the canvas an imaginary home. I would not make a fine mansion on the avenue, nor an old log-cabin, but I would make a comfortable house with its gardens and line of shade-trees, with birds singing the song of joy in the morning. Then I would put in this ideal home a husband, wife, and children, the eldest boy driving the team to the barn, the second one the cows, and the third whistling a familiar household tune.

Then I would have Congress appoint a commission of inquiry upon political economy and inquire: "Madam, we have called to know what this home will do for this American Republic?" She would reply: "Gentlemen, we are trying to keep our home pure; are trying to make our boys patriotic citizens; we are trying to make our daughter a true woman; we are trying to love God and keep His commandments, and to cultivate the grace of hospitality. Walk in, gentlemen, and take tea with us." The chairman says: "Madam, we have called to know what sacrifice this home will make for this Republic. This country is in danger, and we want an answer just now!" "We will talk it over," is the reply. "Take our eldest boy; take him away to the battlefield, and if he falls in defence of his country's flag, we will kiss the second one, and say, 'Go fill your brother's place.'" Any government that will not protect that home by all the power of its police and the majesty of its law from the cursed liquor traffic, is not the republic it ought to be.

It is told of Ben Wade that he once rode upon his horse to find the Government. He went to the President, who said, "I am not the Government." He went to the Senate and Congress, and they said, "We are not the Government." He then called his neighbors into the old school-house, and said, "I want to talk to the Government." I ask you, gentlemen, if you love this American Republic? Then silence the rum-power that is destroying our homes.

Ours is the great and sacred cause of the home *versus* the saloon. Our people are bound to discover that this country cannot support both institutions. One must go up into safety, the other down into outlawry. I would like to summon here into the witness-box a saloon-keeper, in an honest hour, to testify to us what it is that he does for this great, kindly compact that we call society. We want to find out what he proposes to add to the firm's capital stock—the great firm of We, Us, and Company. The individual comes in as a junior partner, and he must render a reason why he should be admitted.

The saloon-keeper, not accustomed to look at the subject from this angle of vision, finds it a conundrum not easy to be solved. Perhaps he will say: "I am a middle-man, between the brewer and distiller and the people. They take the golden grains and luscious fruits of the earth, and by their processes change them into alcoholic drinks, which leap up to the brain as a panther leaps upon a deer. I do not deliberately desire to do harm, but I must keep my patronage recruited, because if I do this I am sure

to become a rich man after awhile. That is the reason why I am in the business. I must put my tax on somebody's fireside, on somebody's cradle, on somebody's dearest and best.

"In order to succeed I must take away the little fellow from his mother's side, bait for him with cigarettes and cider, music, cards, and young company, drawing him away gradually, until after awhile I will change that boy's ideas so greatly that he who loved the songs of home and sanctuary shall far better love the bacchanalian ditty of the saloon,—he who used to breathe God's name in prayer shall hiss out that name in curses; and I will so change his face that his mother would not know him, and his soul, that God would not recognize it." I want to say to you, strong, sturdy men, do not forget your duty when you drop your ballots in the sacred urn where a republic manufactures destiny.

Do you remember the splendid conduct of Conductor Bradley, whose heroic story Whittier has made immortal?

Rounding a curve not a great many miles from here, Conductor Bradley saw another train bearing down upon his own at lightning speed. Bending to the brakes with might and main, "he did his duty as a brave man should;" but in the terrific collision he was crushed and mangled with those whom he had tried to save. Taken from the wreck a short time after, the hero spoke no word about himself or friends, but murmured in dying anguish, "Put out the signals for the other train!"

Dear friends, there is another century speeding toward us along the track of time. Don't you almost hear the rumble of the train? Can't you catch the distant whistle of that Twentieth Century Express coming along behind us at more than lightning speed? We of the nineteenth century have suffered pain and loss and almost ruin by the collision of our best beloved with the grinding engine of the liquor traffic. Our cycle is almost at an end. God grant that with devoted loyalty we may "put out the signals for the other train," that for the twentieth century, so full of light and life, whizzing toward us so rapidly, we may wave aloft in friendly warning the electric torch of scientific temperance instruction, and turn on the glowing head-light of Prohibitory Law!

THE best way to promote the Prohibition of the liquor traffic is to combine the people in a common crusade and a common determination to meet this question at the ballot-box; and there is no way that you can make Prohibition sentiment and Prohibition votes so rapidly and at less cost, than to distribute Prohibition literature.

LET St. John, Finch, Dickie, Fisk, Talmage, Demorest, Johnson, Cheves, Phelps, Bain, Hopkins, Miss Willard, Mrs. Lathrap, and other leaders speak to voters in the quiet of their homes, and they can be won over. This can be easily and cheaply done.

PROHIBITION BOMBS (4-page tracts) can be mailed from 32 E. 14th St., N. Y., directly to the voter, weekly, for 25 weeks for 5 cents.

SEND the names and addresses of ten friends, and 20 cents, and each will receive by mail, postpaid, a different BOMB weekly, for ten weeks.

SEND the names of 50 members of your church and \$1, or 100 names and \$2, and we will BOMBARD them through the mail weekly for ten weeks.

SELECT a list of 500 hopeful voters in your county, send their names with \$10, and we will mail each a different BOMB 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. *Start now.*

ADDRESS, NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 32 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

FOLLOW these suggestions, and you certainly will find your friends are coming into the Prohibition party ranks, by the multiplying power of organization.



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

## Correspondence Club.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them.

**First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"Mrs. J. A. McL."—To make a rose-jar, have on hand, before the first June rose blossoms, an ounce or two each of cloves, allspice, stick cinnamon, cassia buds, orange peel, orris root, and other fragrant spices or barks obtainable, all unground. The jar must have a close cover, and very pretty Japanese jars in various sizes are to be purchased for the purpose. Gather the roses just as they are beginning to droop, for then they are at their fullest fragrance, and put them in the jar, sprinkling salt over each layer, and a few spices; in the same manner add rose-leaves and spices each day throughout the rose season. The jar should be covered, to keep in the fragrance, but may be kept in a sunny spot to let the contents dry quickly. In the winter, after the rooms are dusted, leave the cover off the jar a few moments and allow the fragrance to escape into the room.

"SUBSCRIBER."—The publication called "Zion's Watch-Tower" is an Adventist paper, but is not classed among religious periodicals. The editor is probably an Adventist. An ingrain carpet is the easiest to clean, and would probably be of most service in a general sitting-room.

"N. I. L."—The "Almedia" basque and drapey (illustrated in the Magazine for June, 1888,) are excellent designs for a black cashmere costume for a lady of forty-five, as slender as you describe. There is no danger of the dress looking too youthful if made in black.

"D. N."—The collar and cuffs on the "Viva House-Jacket" (illustrated in the March number) are of cream-white guipure lace. Patterns for them are not given as they are merely accessories and are not part of the jacket.

"Mrs. C. F. S."—Mahogany red is a good color for a person who has a sallow complexion. You might get mahogany-red all-wool Henrietta cloth, which is a very light weight of woolen goods and will make up prettily in any style with garniture of black faille or moiré ribbon.

"M. C."—Gray mohair would be a suitable traveling-dress. Take as few dresses on your excursion to Europe as possible. Transportation of baggage on the other side is very expensive and annoying to manage. A neat black silk, black lace, or cashmere for best, a serge or cheviot dress for the steamer, a wrapper, a somewhat dressy traveling-costume for short railway journeys, and the usual supply of necessaries will be a sufficient outfit. You will have opportunities to supply deficiencies in London and Paris.

"Mrs. McL."—Combine gray or dark red cashmere with your red silk. It will not be possible to take out the creases made by fine plaiting in the silk. A lady of thirty can wear a dark worsted dress with a full skirt and waist, very suitably.

(Continued on page 530.)



Will buy sufficient

# Pearline

to do a large wash—  
Clean a house,

or enough of both to prove to any woman its wonderful dirt-removing and labor-saving qualities. Costs almost nothing, but makes the dirt jump. Does it hurt the hands or clothing?—NO, it is harmless. Many millions of packages used every year—no complaints, but many women write: cannot get along without PEARLINE.

## Caution

Peddlers and unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE. PEARLINE is never peddled. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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, &c. in one. Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral.

Artificial Sea Bath. Agents wanted everywhere.

Centennial Award, Medal and Diplomas, 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.

No. 2 Wall St New York.....188

**The Cheque Bank**

Pay to \_\_\_\_\_ or bearer

Sells Cheques from £1 upwards, payable on presentation, absolutely safe. Cheaper than postal orders. Reference, John W. Mackey, London Bankers, Bank of £s 500, England.

SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## F. W. DEVOE & Co.

(Established 1852).  
FULTON STREET,  
Cor. William Street, NEW YORK,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

### Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent," or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

**COFFIN, DEVOE & Co.,**  
176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

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

**BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR**

OUR WRINGER SAVES half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more. Does not GREASE THE CLOTHES. Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted Agents wanted everywhere. **Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.**

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

**PEERLESS DYES** Are the BEST, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

AND THEN ON THIS.



(COPYRIGHT.)

# 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.

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.

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, 333 Broadway, New York.

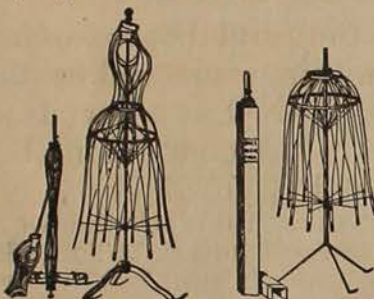


(COPYRIGHT.)

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.



Complete Form and Bazar Skirt, closed and opened.

## The Illustrated Tourist Guide of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad,

Embracing routes and rates to all principal resorts of New York State, New England and Canada, and also containing an extensive list of Summer hotels and boarding-houses located along the line, is now ready for distribution, and a copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of application, with inclosure of seven cents in stamps, to M. C. ROACH, 413 Broadway, New York City. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 529.)

"KIT LORRAINE."—A pair of silk mitts may be crocheted in plain open stitch as follows: Use number 500 knitting silk or purse twist. Crochet a chain long enough to go around the wrist and join; then crochet alternately two chain and two double-crochet stitches until the row is complete, join, and make three chain, one double-crochet and proceed as before. When the mitt is as long as you wish it to be on the wrist, begin to crochet a pattern of shells for the back of the hand by working twelve double-crochet in one part of the work and then returning to the original pattern. In the next round when you come to the shell part miss two double-crochet and work four double-crochet between the stitches, and four double-crochet in between the next four, twice; then two double-crochet, and two chain, as before. After three rows of shells are worked, take a pair of your gloves and lay the mitt over them so that the shells will come on the back of the hand, and measure to where the thumb comes. Stop working here and turn the work, crocheting back and forth instead of around, to leave a space for the thumb. This is crocheted in afterward in the same stitch. When a sufficient number of back and forth rows have been worked, close, and crochet three or four rounds, finishing with a row of shells at the top. Ribbon may be run in around the wrist to tie the mitt on. A young lady of sixteen can wear her hair braided and knotted at the back of her head. A Pompadour coiffure is almost always becoming to a full face. A young lady slightly lame might go to balls. She could hardly disguise her lameness except by sitting still. Crimson, old-gold, and kindred colors are remarkably becoming to brunettes.

"MRS. G. W. D."—Combine your gray-and-black damask with black surah silk, or with serge, which will be less expensive and almost as handsome. Black lace garniture would look well on it if it is combined with silk. You might make a "Hortense" coat of it (as illustrated in the April Magazine), and wear it with a black silk skirt or a skirt draped with black Chantilly lace or honeycomb net. The "Georgette" costume is a suitable pattern for a dress for a girl of ten who is as large as one of fourteen. Get the size for fourteen years. One of the double-visored jockey-caps in colored cloth may be worn in the spring by a boy in kilts, after he takes off his winter cap and before he wears a straw hat.

"M. W."—Seams are not allowed on any of the patterns given with the Magazine. Directions for cutting are on the pattern envelopes. Seams must be allowed on all patterns excepting skirts. Three skirt-steels, in the foundation skirt, are used with Directoire costumes. For a medium size figure, eight, twelve and fifteen inches are the proper lengths, and eighteen inches for the fourth steel if one be used, which is seldom.

"MRS. I. C. G."—See article entitled "Ten Woman-Poets of America," on page 411 of the May number of the Magazine, for sketch of the life of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the gifted poet and author.

"J. E. F."—Serpent green is a grayish green shade somewhat resembling sage-green, but slightly greener and with a metallic tinge. It would be becoming to a lady of dark complexion with brown hair and eyes.

(Continued on page 531.)

## SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

Reader, if you love flowers, here is a treat for you. Send ten cents for PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, a handsome annual, abounding with floral hints and engravings, and we will send in addition all of the following: 1 p'kg Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds—all sorts and colors, 10 cts. 1 p'kg New Shirley Poppy, charming, all the rage in England 25 cts. 1 Certificate for ten cents worth of seeds, your choice, 10 cts. 1 sample copy Park's Floral Magazine, an elegant monthly 5 cts. All the above, worth 50 cents, mailed with Park's Floral Guide, for only ten cents. Can you afford to let this rare opportunity pass? Send 10 cents at once, and tell your friends to send. You will all be delighted. This notice will not appear again. Address GEO. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Penna.

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



## 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. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

**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.

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

## 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.

**THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,** 126 Hollis Street, Nashua, N. H.

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 530.)

"EOTHEN."—Your white embroidered cashmere scarf with hemstitched ends could be finished with a spaced fringe of tiny white-silk balls, or with a very close fringe of them set on in two rows to look soft and fluffy. This would be the softest and lightest finish; but you could also use a spaced fringe of dove-tailed ends of moire or satin ribbon, or a fringe composed of the smallest size of curtain rings crocheted over closely with white embroidery silk and a tassel of silk ends tied in every third or fourth ring. The crescent-shaped brass rings which are used for fancy-work could be covered with crocheted silk and used in the same way. Your postal did not reach us in time to be answered in a previous number.

"HENRIETTA."—Nainsook, plain or plaided, is the most satisfactory muslin for an infant's slips and dresses. Cambric wears better but yellows very soon with repeated washings, and the nainsook is prettier. Four dozen napkins, three fine nainsook slips for first wear, two pinning-blankets, three night-gowns of fine domestic muslin, three or four flannel bands, three flannel petticoats, one or two or three flannel shawls, three white petticoats, a colored flannel wrapper, two pretty flannel sacques, a long cloak, a small, warm cap, and a good supply of white dresses, not too elaborately made, is a good list of articles required for an infant's outfit. It is better to have a number of simply made white slips, so that the baby may be always clean, rather than a few very elaborate dresses, although one or two may be added to the outfit for use on state occasions. A monogram of the husband's and wife's initials is often used for marking family silver, and often the initial of the family name alone; and for very expensive pieces or unique designs, intended to be preserved as heirlooms, the full family name is sometimes used. In order to keep silver from tarnishing when put away, see that it is perfectly clean and polished, and then make a thin paste of electro-silicon and water, and coat every part of each piece; let the paste dry, and then wrap each piece of silver carefully in white tissue-paper, and put it in boxes lined with white Canton flannel. When it is wanted for use again, one wiping off with a piece of chamois-skin, to remove the dried silicon, will make it brilliant for immediate use, without the laborious polishing necessary if it has been put away as usual. Silver in constant use may be kept bright for some time without polishing, if it is washed in strong, hot soap-suds and carefully dried every time it is used.

"Mrs. W. Rose B."—Ecrú drapery-net would be the only light material you could probably get to match your light brown silk. It would combine prettily with a deeper shade of brown or with dark olive-green for a summer dress, and this combination would be exceedingly becoming to you with your auburn hair and hazel eyes. A green and white net hat trimmed with white flowers would be becoming to you; and so would black and green, or shades of brown or olive, in millinery. White or lilac flowers, but not pink roses. Blue Chambéry would make a cheap and simple dressing-sacque for the same lady. A suitable and serviceable summer suit would be a dark green or gray mohair, made up with plaited skirt and Directoire redingote. We are pleased to know the Magazine is so useful to you.

"ALICE."—If your black armure and gray-and-black striped summer silks have fully draped skirts, remodel them after the present Directoire or Empire styles, which have been illustrated and described in the Fashion Department. The basques may be renovated with vests, new sleeve trimmings, and broad sash-belts. Cashmere or Henrietta cloth might be combined with the armure silk, and gray cashmere or surah with the black-and-white striped silk.

(Continued on page 532.)



NEW SPRING CATALOGUE of Cloaks, Trimmings, Lace Flouncings, etc.—finest in the country—mailed free on postal card request.

GRAND SPECIAL SILK SALE. **STEVEN DRESS SILKS**

Write for Samples at once.

- |  |              |        |
|--|--------------|--------|
| 12000 yds. Col'd Rhadames, worth \$1,25              | } <b>75c</b> | All at |
| 9000 " " Gros Grains, " 1.00                         |              |        |
| 3000 " Black Gros Grains, " 1.00                     |              |        |
| 3500 " " Faille, " 1.10                              |              |        |
| 20000 yds. F'cy India Silks, " 75c; only <b>50c.</b> |              | Only.  |

The above are decidedly the greatest bargains ever offered in silks.

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.

**The Washington Life Insurance Co.**

OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., PRESIDENT.

**ASSETS, \$9,000,000.**

The Combination Policy of the Washington combines Protection for a Term of Years, the Savings of an Endowment, and Permanent Insurance for Life.

Say the amount of the policy is \$30,000. During 20 years the holder is insured for \$30,000. At close of period he receives \$30,000, cash, together with all accumulated and unused dividends, also a paid up life policy for \$15,000.

The policies of The Washington are incontestable, with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted. Address

**E. S. FRENCH, Supt. Agencies, 21 Courtlandt St.**

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

**BEHR BROS. & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.**



Our new Grand Piano is the most wonderful achievement of the piano makers' art.

Our Uprights are noted for their Artistic Cases, Tone, Finish, and Durability, and contain the

**PATENT CYLINDER TOP AND PIANO MUFFLER.**

The latter patent saves the wear of the Piano, and reduces the tone to a mere pianissimo.

Factory, 11th Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

Warerooms, 15 East 14th St., N. Y.; 1229 Chestnut St., Phila.

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

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**

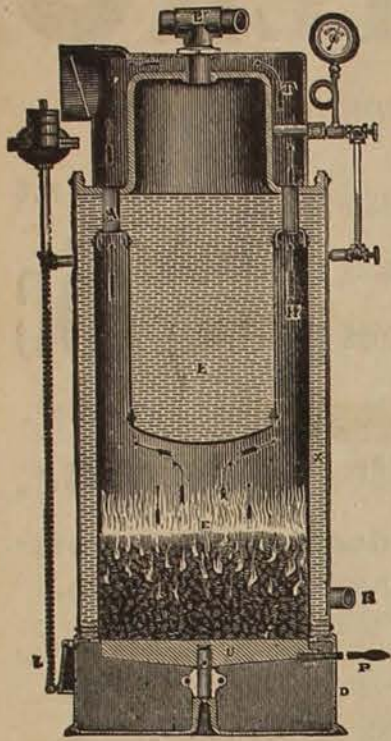
**Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.**  
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles,  
**Sold throughout the World.**

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

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# Simplest and Best.

Automatic, Economical and Durable.



No Engineer  
OR  
Skilled Labor  
is required.

Burns either  
Hard or Soft  
Coal.

Agents in the  
trade wanted  
everywhere.

Manufactured  
under  
Fiske's Patents.

Illustrated  
Catalogue,  
References  
and Estimates  
furnished  
free.

Duplex Steam Heater Co.,

23 BETHUNE ST. NEW YORK.

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



This Label is on the Best  
Ribbon Made.

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



### The Fairy Tricycle.

Easy, Cheap, Healthful, Graceful.  
Best for girls, adults, and invalids. We  
also make the only practical machine  
for cripples to run by hand power.

For circulars, address  
**FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.**

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

# WILBUR'S BREAKFAST COCOA

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



### We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES

By avoiding Agents you save their  
enormous expenses and profits  
which double the costs on every  
first class Piano they sell.

**PIANOS ORGANS**

\$150 to \$1500 \$85 to \$500.

Sent for trial in your own

home before you buy. **GUAR-**

**ANTEED SIX YEARS.** Catalogues free.

Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 235 E. 21st St., N. Y.

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

**SHORTHAND.**—Private instruction by  
practical verbatim re-  
porter. 16 years' experience. No failures. Situations  
guaranteed. Book and Circulars Free. **Frank Har-**  
**rison,** Stenographer, 721 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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

(Continued from page 531.)

"LADY GWENDOLINE."—The meaning of the phrase "put a nickel in the slot" is very obvious to anyone who has seen the operation of the automatic weighing-machines, which are provided with a platform for the weigher to stand on, and an indicator which gives the correct weight when a nickel, i.e., a five-cent piece, is dropped in the slot provided, which is an aperture just large enough to slide a five-cent piece in. Pennies, buttons, and even peppermint drops have been substituted for the necessary nickel, but to no avail. Only for a nickel will the indicator designate with its pointer the exact weight of the person standing on the platform. The application of the phrase you quote, therefore, is made when a suggestion is humorously offered, as "put a nickel in the slot and see how much time it takes to construct a Cabinet:" in other words, pay your money and don't interfere with the working of the political machinery. Francois Rabelais was a French author born in Chinon, Touraine, about 1490, who died about 1553. He was educated in a convent and ordained as a priest, but finally abandoned monastic life and became a physician. His fame rests upon a strange work, the title of which, translated, is "The deeds and sayings of the giant Gargantua and of his son Pantagruel." This is a ruthless attack upon earthly principalities and powers, monks, princes, kings, and all ecclesiastics and civil authorities. Its grossness of expression in many places has caused the work to be considered unfit for feminine perusal, although it has been published in over 60 editions, and was the greatest success achieved in French literature of its time. Rabelais has been called the "comic Homer," and the "great jester of France." Some portions of the elevated railroads in New York City are constructed over the street and others along, although not actually over, the sidewalks. The illustrations of the elevated road in connection with the article on New York City, in the January number, will give you a very good idea of how the roads are situated over the streets.

"MAUDE V. P. W."—You do not need to trim a plain black woolen dress for a girl of fourteen or fifteen. Make it up with finely plaited plain skirt, and tucked waist with puffed sleeves. Or, if you prefer a more dressy style, the "Georgette" costume (illustrated in the April Magazine) will be pretty. The bands illustrated as garniture can be of colored or black moiré ribbon. Make up the cheap white muslin very simply,—just a full skirt and plain full waist to wear with a sash or belt-ribbon. Skirts for misses under sixteen should reach to the tops of their boots. Feathers are worn as millinery garniture by ladies and children of all ages, yet flowers are more fashionable at present and certainly prettier for summer wear. With very long thick hair the prettiest way for girls to wear it is in one or two braids hanging down the back or pinned up in a loop. A lady of thirty-four whose hair is thin, can avail herself of a switch or braid of additional hair wound in with her own and arranged in a braid at the back or in coils at the top of the head, which ever is most becoming. Black is the most appropriate church wear, but gray or other quiet colors may be worn.

"JENNIE A. B."—For twenty or twenty-five dollars you could buy a very pretty white or cream surah for a graduating dress, that is, if accessories and making were not to be included in that sum; if they were, a veiling dress would be the most suitable, or, if the dress is to be worn in June, a white embroidered lawn with ribbon sash would be appropriate. See articles on "Graduating Dresses" in May number and in the present number.

"MRS. H. P. P."—The carbon paper you inquire for can be obtained at any place where type-writers' supplies are kept.

(Continued on page 533.)



THE DRY-AIR EXCELSIOR REFRIGERATOR leads the world. Any size, shape, style, or price. Guaranteed best, cheapest, and free from sweat. Buy none without guarantee—no sweat. Have your sweat boxes altered. Factory, 1603 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

**F. ROLOSON,**  
Patentee and Manager.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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

## WHAT WOMEN SAY OF TOKOLOGY.

Miss Clara Barton, well-known president of the Association of the Red Cross, writes to a Tokology agent as follows: "Not the least pleasing feature of Tokology is the true moral courage of the author—brave but delicate, handling unpleasant subjects in a pleasant manner, and fearlessly mingling conflicting schools of medicine with offense to none. With this volume in every home what a world of suffering would flee! It is a boon to humanity, and you have chosen well your part in bringing the knowledge of it to other women."

Mary J. Safford, M.D., an eminent Boston physician, says: "Dear Dr. Stockham; I can fully concur in the opinion of so many others, that Tokology is decidedly the most complete, rational and helpful book for women (or for men) that I have ever seen. I feel grateful to you for the good work that you have done for women."

Mrs. K. writes: "Send me an outfit for Tokology; my aunt in Dakota, says: 'If you must sell books, get Tokology, as it is, next to the Bible, the best book I ever read.'"

Cloth, \$2.00; morocco, \$2.75; sample pages and agents' terms, free.

Address, Alice B. Stockham & Co., 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

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

## TRY IT FOR ONE YEAR.

**12 Times FOR 50 C.** Strawbridge & Clothier's **MONTHLY.**  
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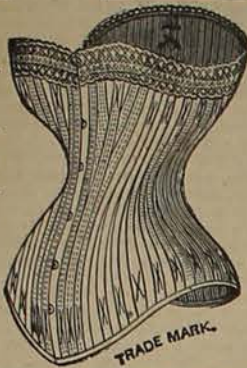


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Large Quarto. Lithographed Cover. Over 100,000 Parloa Cook Books have been sold. Mailed on receipt of 30 cts. by any bookseller, or **ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, Mass.**  
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# KABO

NO MORE BONES TO BREAK AND HURT THE WEARER.



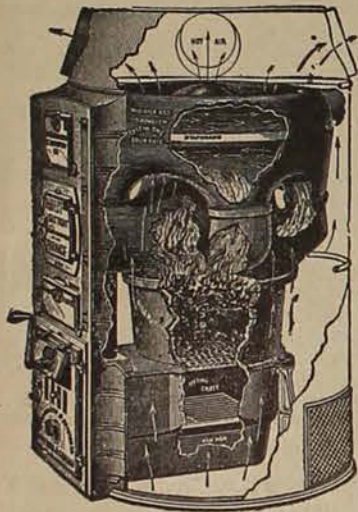
KABO is Warranted To Neither BREAK nor ROLL UP with 1 y's WEAR.

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BALL'S CORSETS are Boned With KABO

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.  
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CHICAGO and NEW YORK.

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GIVE UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

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PRICES LOW.

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**New work.** By author of Cottage Portfolio. Size 8 x 11 inches. Contains 33 designs of Dwellings. All new. Seven costing from \$300 to \$1000. Ten between \$1000 and \$2000, and up to \$15,000. With full descriptions. Price of material, etc., given, that estimates are made upon. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Parties not having Portfolio can have the two works for \$1.25.

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## CURE for the DEAF

by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book and proofs FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

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

(Continued from page 532.)

"Mrs. H. S. C."—You can use black honey-comb net to very good advantage in renovating your black brocaded satin. Take out the front of the skirt and replace it with a breadth of net draped over plain black silk, make a vest front of the same, use the front breadth for new outside pieces to the worn sleeves, and cut the under parts of the sleeves from the old outsides. Use your green and mahogany brocade as a front for a chocolate or terra cotta silk or cashmere made in Directoire style. The embroidered black Canton crape would make a lovely front for a handsome black silk or surah made after the "Merlin" redingote (illustrated in the February number). Your striped Japanese silk could be made into doubled sashes to wear with white or black dresses, or used as millinery garniture for coarse straw hats. A bow of green ribbon could be worn in your gray capote. A lady of forty with considerable color and blue eyes, short but not stout, can wear almost any color except pink or the more youthful-looking combinations of color.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Demorest is pronounced Dem-o-rest, not ra, with a slight accent on the first syllable. It is very neighborly and kind of you to loan the Magazine, but do you not think if your friends were subscribers they would derive more real benefit from the Magazine than from hurriedly reading a borrowed copy? It must also be an annoyance to you to be deprived of your book when you need it. Besides, people who habitually borrow books are not as likely to be as careful of them as they would be if they owned them.

"KNOW NOTHING."—Your figured cotton-goods could be made up in combination with plain red satine, for a house dress. Scratches or marks on furniture may be removed by using what furniture dealers call "filling,"—a mixture which softens the wood a little and fills up the indentings. Summer silks are more fashionable than ever. It is difficult to say what style of window draperies are most used. India silks are very popular and not expensive, yet many prefer white draperies, usually scrim; or lace-trimmed Bolton cloth for heavy draperies.

"Mrs. L. G. B."—Your mahogany-red brocade may very suitably be combined with very dark mahogany silk. It is not old-fashioned, as fashions are at present a revival of all the odd and quaint styles of the past, remodeled and adapted to modern usage.

(Continued on page 534.)

A corset may be an instrument of torture and disease or it may be a means of comfort and health. The ideal corset is one which allows freedom and ease in the movements of the body, while possessing sufficient firmness to prevent the wrinkling of the dress. Corsets stiffened with whalebone and steel are rigid and uncomfortable and very liable to break; on the other hand, those stiffened with cord or twine are too soft to retain their shape.

To meet these difficulties, the enterprising firm of Warner Bros., nine years ago, introduced a new material called Coraline, which is intermediate in stiffness between whalebone and cord. It preserves the shape of the corset perfectly, is very flexible and absolutely unbreakable.

Coraline is made only by them, and is used in twelve different styles of corsets, at prices ranging from \$1 to \$3 each. The merits of these goods are attested by their immense sales, which are now over two millions annually.

The Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present Concert tour in the United States by my Impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

Dr. HANS VON BÜLOW.

New York, April 6, 1889.  
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

There is nothing so depressing as a troublesome corn, it makes us petulant and cross and unfits us for business or pleasure; but there is no longer any reason to suffer such tortures, as Messrs. W. T. Hanson & Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., have placed upon the market one of the best cures ever prepared; it causes no pain and completely removes the painful excrescence.



## Healthy, Happy Triplets.

"My triplet babies born January 29th, 1888, are now as healthy and happy as any three babies you can find, thanks to Lactated Food. Everyone says our babies are the finest set of triplets in the country, and we say that Lactated Food has made them so." Mrs. PERRY COPELIN, Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. Jan. 3, 1889.

## Lactated Food

is a perfect food for infants and invalids. Sold by druggists. 25c., 50c., \$1.00. Prevents and cures cholera infantum.

**Mothers, Save your Babies' Lives by using Lactated Food.**

Beautiful portfolio of baby portraits free to mother of any babe less than a year old.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

**DIAMOND DYES** Original and only reliable. Beware of poor imitations.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six. Misses' bust measure, 28-33, \$ .80 Ladies' " " 34-39, 1.00

M. DEWEY, Mfr., 229 Marshfield Ave., Chicago. AGENTS. Send money by P.O. order. Catalogue free. } WANTED. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**READ** what one of the leading firms in New York City says of the

## AMBERC

## Peerless Cabinet Letter File!

and this testimonial is only one of many thousands from every part of the civilized world.

"We have used the Amberg Cabinet Letter File for years, and consider it the simplest and most serviceable method yet devised for the preservation of letters, papers, etc., for ready reference. The chief merits of the system in our opinion are: (1) That each letter or document filed can be at the same time classified under some letter or descriptive heading, obviating the need for any endorsement or description on the paper itself. (2) That each paper is preserved intact and separate, and can be referred to, taken out of the file, and reinserted without in any way being mutilated, torn, or disfigured."

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## THE ST. LOUIS

## Hygienic College

Of Physicians and Surgeons

will begin its Third Annual Course of Instruction, October 8, 1889. It educates men and women for practice in Hygeio-Therapy, or curing the sick by strictly hygienic agents. This school is legally chartered and officered. It has annually a full course of lectures of six months each, there being three courses in all. Thorough instruction is given in Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, Physiology, Pathology, Hygeio-Therapy, Sanitary Engineering, Physical Culture, and all other branches pertaining to a good medical education.

For further information address, for Announcement,

S. W. DODDS, M.D.,

2826 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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TRADE MARK

**O. & O. TEA**

The Choicest Tea Ever Offered.

**PERFECTLY PURE.**

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE. TRY IT.

You will never use any other. Quality never varies.

It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter. The cans bear the trade mark of the Co. and are hermetically sealed and warranted full weight. It is more economical in use than the lower grades.

Oriental & Occidental Tea Co., L't'd.,  
Head Office, 31, 33 and 35 Burling Slip,  
New York.

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



Only when the Lips display Pretty Teeth.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentrifice, Fragrant

**SOZODONT.**

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

100 SONGS, words and music, and 200-page Catalogue of cheap music, 10c; 4 Violin E Steel Strings, 10c. Catalogue of musical instruments free.

F. BREHM, Erie, Pa.

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



**LOOK AT THIS!**

Do you use aqueduct water? If so, you should have it filtered. Germs of Disease are more readily transmitted through water than any other medium. We have tested the waters of 500 Cities and Towns in the U. S. and Canada, and have not found one Pure Water System. Our Improved Gem will remove sediment from your faucet water, before unknown to you. Samples, postpaid \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. Agents look! \$50.00 to \$150.00 per month. Territory free and reserved. JONES MFG. CO., 248 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

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

(Continued from page 533.)

"ARLINE VAN R."—The familiar proverb "One swallow does not make a summer" is from the ancient Greek. Aristotle says, "One swallow maketh not a spring, nor a woodcock a winter." Italian and Spanish proverbs still run "One swallow does not make a spring." But in more northern latitudes, where the swallows appear later, proverbial literature declares that a single swallow will not make a summer. Shakespeare says, in "Timon of Athens," Act III, Scene 6, "The swallow follows not the summer more willing than we your lordship."

"S. M."—In England when a marriage occurs while a family are in mourning, it is usual for the bride's mother, even if a widow, to lay aside black and wear crimson or dark red for the wedding, so that red is in that sense used as mourning. Other ladies in mourning may wear red at a wedding and resume their mourning dress afterwards.

"S. C."—A cream-white Jersey or cashmere waist could be worn with a mahogany-red plush skirt; otherwise match the color as nearly as possible in cashmere for a basque to wear with it. Make your pink mull in Empire style with a ruche of pinked-out silk around the bottom of the skirt, or with a garniture of white ribbons.

"J. B. N."—You will have to send your eider-down cloth afghan to a professional cleaner's to be renovated; or it may be washed in naphtha and dried in the open air, but do not rub it while washing, or it will be spoiled. You could use your embroidery silks for cross-stitch embroidery on gray linen for shoe-bags or buffet covers, with excellent effect. A square of éru linen could be decorated in like manner for a table-cover; any of our tapestry or cross-stitch patterns you prefer could be used, not necessarily adhering to the scale of colors given. Cloth of any color can be embroidered in like manner by basting on coarse canvas, and when the work is done pulling out the canvas threads. Cloth for a foot-stool is very prettily embroidered in this way. The edge of the square or round foot-stool cover can be pinked out all around, if it is to be laid on, and not upholstered. Thanks for your appreciation.

"S. E."—Your satin Rhadames trimmed with jet is still in style, yet a little black net drapery might improve it by adding to its dressy appearance.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."—The lines, "Alas, how easily things go wrong! A sigh too much or a look too long," are from a poem by George MacDonald. The name of the author of the poem beginning, "In the years that have passed forever Since you and I last met, The long years of hopeless longing, The long years of vain regret,"

does not occur to us. Perhaps some of our correspondents can give it. The poem called "Brier-Rose" is by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, and may be found in No. 20 of a series of pamphlets containing prose and poetry for recitation, entitled "100 Choice Selections." There is a book entitled "Orthophony," or voice culture, by W. Russell, which will be useful to you in studying elocution without a teacher.

"Mrs. N."—Jet trimming is fashionable for black silk. Jerseys are beaded. If the beads are put on carefully they will not come off very easily unless subjected to very hard usage. Silk or cashmere of the new shade of green called lizard green would be a pretty combination with your shrimp pink and white Oriental silk which you propose to use as a front for a tea-gown. "Young America" was absorbed into the Magazine and finally discontinued. We are giving now entertaining articles for the children, which, while not exactly a substitute for "Young America," are equally interesting and desirable reading for the little ones.

(Continued on page 535.)



**FREE \$85 Solid Gold Watch** Sold for \$100 until lately. Best \$85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **FREE** One Person in each locality can secure one free. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and Costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from \$1000 to \$5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **George Stinson & Co., Box 172, Portland, Maine.**

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

**LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,**  
B'way & 14th St., N.Y.

**UPHOLSTERY.**

- 250 pairs Heavy Scotch Lace Curtains, 6cm, taped edge, full length and width, worth \$2.00 per window 98c
- 125 pairs Oriental Chenille Curtains, 4 feet wide, 9 feet long, elegant colorings, worth \$12.00 per pair \$8.50
- 50 pieces 32-inch American Plush, finished on both sides, handsome designs and colorings, price per yard, 25c
- 500 Hand-made Asiatic Rugs, in characteristic Japanese designs, worth \$5.00 each 3.25

**DRESS GOODS.**

- 3 cases 40-inch French Nuns' Veiling, all colors and black, including evening shades, 60c quality 44c
- 40-inch French Stripes, all wool, 75c quality 49c
- 40-inch French Cashmere de Beige, superior quality 50c
- 39-inch Cheviots, 50c quality 29c
- 3 cases more 40-inch Black Cashmere, superfine, \$1.25 quality 90c

**FAST BLACK HOSIERY.**

"Our New Sanitary Dye," English Cotton Hose, for ladies, men, and children. Every pair warranted clean and fast, perfectly healthful, will not rub, crock, or fade. New pairs given for all that do not prove as represented. Ladies', 27c, 35c, 39c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, \$1.20. Men's, 27c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c. Children's, 25c to 65c, according to size and quality.

Send for New Catalogue mailed free.

All mail matter should bear our street address,

**Broadway and 14th St., New York.**

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



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

**Nickel Self-Inking Stamp, pen & pencil** Any name in Rubber, 20 cents. Club of 7, for \$1 bill. Marks anything. Name, Town & State on, 25c. Club of 7, \$1.35. Pint writing or stamp Ink Free with club orders. **The Rubber Stamp Co. New Haven, Conn.** Estab. 1876. Best references. Store & factory, 11 & 13 Center 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.

(Continued from page 534.)

"GLADYS ISABELLA."—A jacket would be prettier than a mantle wrap for a girl of sixteen. Pure white, not cream, either of flannel, cashmere, lawn, or other washable goods, can be used for a house sacque to be worn by a lady still dressing in mourning. Table scarfs of all sorts, including those with crazy-work ends, are now fashionable.

"B. SMITH."—It is impossible to appraise the value of a painting from a description, even as graphic as the one you give of your cotton-stalk painting. Why do you not exhibit your picture in some store in your own vicinity, where it would undoubtedly find a purchaser. Get your teacher to put a price on it; if she is a graduate in art, she, seeing the picture, ought to be able to value it correctly. You could write to the Woman's Exchange, 329 Fifth Avenue, New York, and they would tell you probably where you could place the painting in New York. You can probably purchase the photograph you ask about of almost any dealer in art photographs, but it is possible that it has not been successfully photographed. We positively cannot answer such questions by mail. We give up a certain space of the Magazine to our correspondents, and are pleased to give them such information as they require in its columns; but to reply specifically by mail to personal questions would be impossible. Thanks for your appreciation.

"MRS. JOHN A. G."—Apply to Miss G. H. Libby, 47 West 22d St., New York city, for information concerning the organization "The Order of the King's Daughters." The rules and regulations are not issued by the Central Council of the Order, however, but each circle organizes and arranges its own system for itself. The "King's Daughters" wear a silver Maltese cross as a badge of membership, and their motto is "In His Name."

"KITTY KINNEY."—The "Directoire" styles are well adapted to full figures like yours. The "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the April Magazine) of finely striped mohair or woolen, with plain or bordered goods for a skirt arranged in side-plaits, would be becoming to you. Such a costume or one of black Henrietta cloth, with a pretty afternoon dress of challie, a white embroidered dress, a fine zephyr gingham trimmed either with white embroidery or silk, and a neat cloth jacket, or a wrap, will be a simple yet suffi-

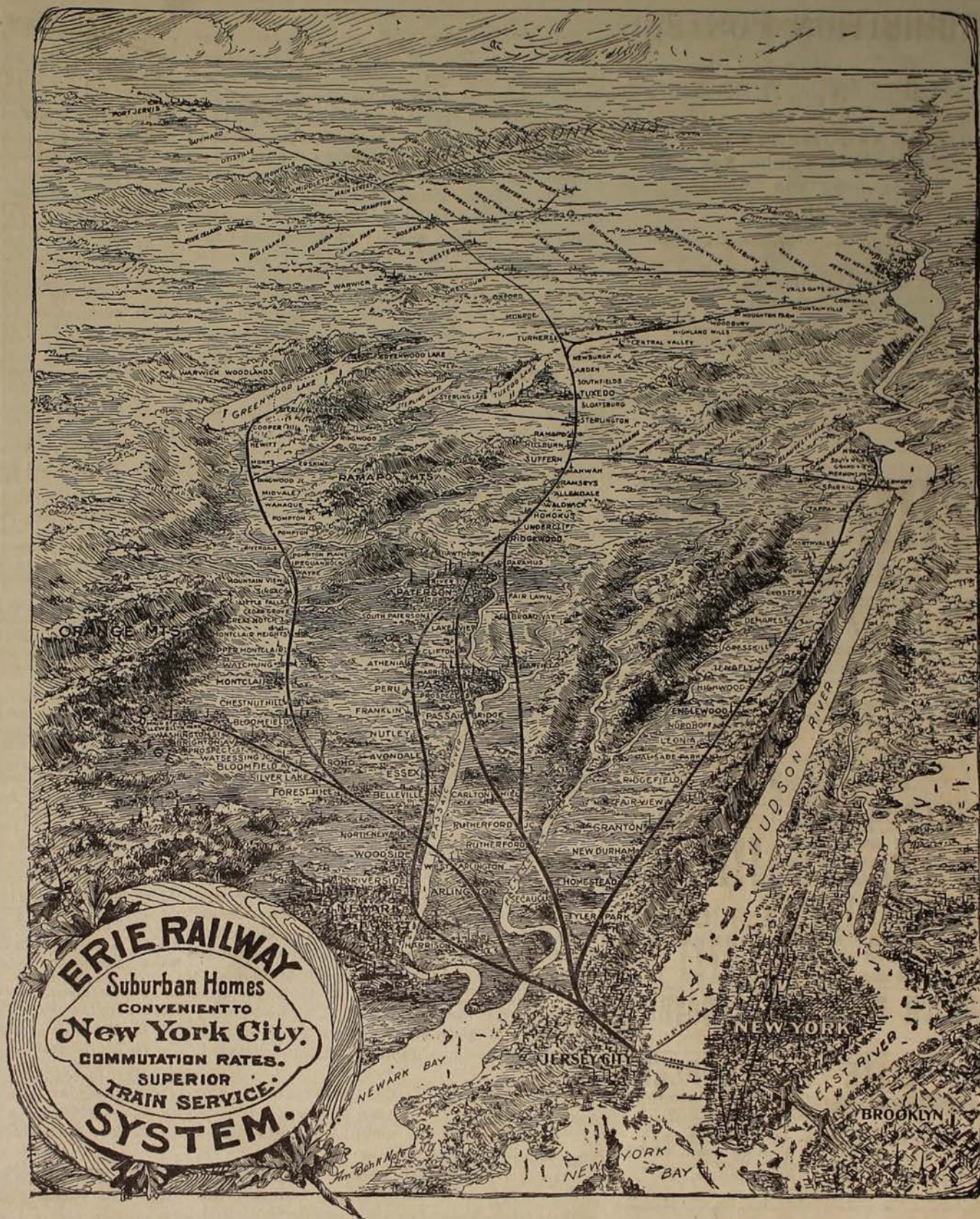
cient outfit for the summer. Blues and greens will be becoming to your fair, slightly florid complexion and dark hair; avoid reds as unbecoming to the complexion and increasing the apparent size. Cut your front hair off to about three inches from the head, and wear it in a curly-looking but not curled bang. Arrange your back hair in a braid or twist coiled just below the crown. Get a Directoire hat of black straw with broad, forward-projecting brim, and trim it with black ribbon loops and a half-garland of white flowers and green leaves. Your letter did not reach us in time to be answered in the May number.

"RACHEL M. B."—The prettiest dresses for summer wear in the country, especially for young ladies who do their own work, are of zephyr gingham in delicate shades, trimmed with embroidery,

if for home wear and to be washed, or with silk or velvet collars, cuffs, and accessories, for street wear and driving. See Fashion Department for further suggestions. The simplest styles are most in vogue.

"G. A. D."—Besides the tea-set in the April Magazine, flower-holders were illustrated made of egg-shells. The shells are of course too fragile to be used as cases for confectionery. Sugared rose-leaves might be put in an egg-shell and the end sealed with a gilt paper or piece of colored satin, but of course the shell would have to be destroyed to get at the sweets. Egg-shells may be filled with jelly or custard and served at table if something fanciful in an Easter dish be desired.

(Continued on page 536.)



AS WILL BE SEEN BY THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION, NEW YORK'S BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS ARE ON THE LINE OF THE  
**ERIE RAILWAY.**

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.

# PROHIBITION POSTERS.

Something New for Prohibitionists.

**STRIKING ARGUMENTS and FACTS**  
to catch the Public Eye and  
convince the Public  
Mind.

On muslin or good paper, size 24x38 inches.

Price, postpaid, Muslin, 10c each.  
" " Paper, 5c each.

Six different kinds now ready.

Send orders to  
NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE,  
32 East 14th Street,  
New York City.

## THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY!!

The SALOON produces

**SORROW  
SUFFERING  
STARVATION!**

DRINKING results in

**DISEASE  
DEATH  
DAMNATION!!**

LICENSE, High or Low, means

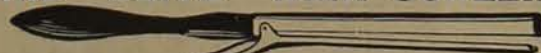
**LEGALIZED  
LAWLESSNESS.!!!  
LABOR'S LOSS**

PROHIBITION means

**PROGRESS FROM  
POVERTY TO  
PROSPERITY** !!!!

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

## The "ELITE" HAIR CURLER.



CURLS, CRIMPS AND FRIZZES.  
Sample, by mail, 15c.; two for 25c.; dozen, \$1.00.  
Stamps taken. Agents Wanted.  
STAYNER & CO., Providence, R.

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

## AMERICAN CYCLES

ALL STYLES & PRICES  
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE

ON APPLICATION  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



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**OVERSEERS WANTED** Everywhere at home or to travel. We wish to employ a reliable person in your county to tack up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be tacked up everywhere, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in conspicuous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States. Steady employment; wages \$2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP, EMORY & CO., Sixth and Vine Sts., CINCINNATI, O. NO ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.

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

## A PERFECT FACE POWDER

FREEMAN'S VELOUTINE.—Invisible, free from poison, hygienic, impalpably fine, don't rub off. 25c. & 50c., at all druggists or mailed direct. FREEMAN, Perfumer, New York & Cin'ti, O.

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

(Continued from page 535.)

"M. T."—To keep eggs, put a two-inch layer of salt in the bottom of a stone jar, then a layer of fresh eggs, small end down; then salt, then eggs and alternate eggs and salt until the jar is full, with a layer of salt at top; cover, and put in a cool place. To "lime" eggs for keeping, slake a pound of stone lime in two gallons of pure water. When cold, add a pint of salt and stir the whole together. If too strong of lime, it will destroy the egg-shell and ruin the whole. Let the mixture settle. Take a keg, half-barrel, or large stone pot, according to the quantity of eggs to be put down. Pack the eggs in carefully, close together, small end down; be careful not to crack the shells. One broken or cracked egg will ruin all. After they are all arranged, pour over them carefully the clear lime-water without disturbing the sediment. Cover them perfectly, and wait until no more bubbles rise to the surface, then pour on more lime-water if necessary, close the air closely, and do not disturb them till needed.

"C. P. L."—The front of the "Directoire" coat as represented on figure 12 of the April supplement, may be cut after either the pattern of the "Directoire" coat in the January number of the Magazine, or the "Merlin" redingote in the February number, making the necessary modifications as indicated by the illustration.

"MINISTER'S WIFE."—Dress your little boy of three years in gingham or linen kilt-skirts and cambric shirt-waists or sailor blouse of seersucker, for every-day wear, and white linen for best. A challie is better for a house dress than for church or street wear; it would depend somewhat on the pattern (if figured) and quality. An albatross cloth, black or gray, trimmed with moiré ribbons, would be a suitable and inexpensive costume for church and calling. Your letter was not received in time to be answered in the May Magazine.

"GEORGINE."—Mrs. Washington was called "Lady Washington" as a matter of courtesy. It was in the early days of the republic the custom to speak of the wife of a gentleman as his "lady," and not only Mrs. Washington but other ladies were spoken of and addressed as Lady So-and-So. The "Hading" veil is a full veil gathered around the lower edge and drawn in under the chin. It is so called after the name of the celebrated French actress Madame Jane Hading, who played last winter in New York. Figure 27 on the supplement in the April number illustrates a "Hading" veil.

"Mrs. F. T. B."—We do not sell patterns, and the only patterns we furnish are those given to our subscribers and the purchasers of the Magazine, and in the sizes given on the pattern order. Narrow velvet ribbon is used as a garniture for dresses and waists. Medium gray veiling would look pretty in combination with your dark blue silk. It would cost from 75 cents per yard upward, according to quality. Of course the expense would depend upon the number of yards required. Designs are given in the Fashion Department which afford many suggestions as to remodeling. The draperies are all very simple, and as you are tall and slender almost any one would be becoming.

"Miss LILLIE ANNIE W."—A blue albatross cloth can be made up after the "Beatrice" drapery and "Avisa" basque (illustrated in miniature in the May number). These designs are becoming to a tall person.

"Mrs. P. W."—We cannot give special business addresses in the Correspondence Club.

"INTERESTED READER."—Make up your white twilled flannel after the "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March number). Volumes of the Magazine will be bound for one dollar, or with gilt edges one dollar and fifty cents: See page 474 of the May Magazine for full particulars.

(Continued on page 537.)

## Enlighten the Masses.

How shall we reach the people? That is the question which has puzzled our party managers more than any other.

PROHIBITION BOMBS solve this problem.

PROHIBITION BOMBS are furnished for 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per 1,000, postage free.

- No. 3. The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century to be Annihilated by Prohibition.
- No. 7. Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times.
- No. 8. Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.
- No. 12. The Voice of the Dram-Shop.
- No. 17. The Signs of the Times. Heads and Tails.
- No. 18. Moral Suasion or Prohibition, Which Shall It Be? The Republican Party vs. Prohibition.
- No. 20. An Arraignment of the Rum-Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.
- No. 23. Prohibition Campaign Songs, with Music.
- 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. 41. Latest Evolution of the Temperance Reform.
- No. 42. The Sparrows Must Go. The Liquor Culture. The Irrepressible Conflict. Things that are Settled.
- 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. 50. Liquor's War on Labor's Rights. Liquor vs. Labor. (A Startling Diagram.)
- 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. 56. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue?
- No. 62. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.
- No. 63. The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon.
- No. 64. Necessity for a Prohibition Party.
- No. 65. Archbishop Ireland and Father Mahoney on the Liquor Traffic.
- No. 66. Catholic and Labor Leaders on Prohibition.
- No. 70. Hints to Earnest Prohibitionists.
- No. 71. Has High License Failed?
- No. 72. Local Option; Its relation to National Prohibition.

The following are two-page BOMBS, and are furnished at 10 cents per 100, or 50 cents per 1,000, postage free:

- No. 40. Prohibition the Ultimatum.
- No. 57. The Horrors of the Liquor Traffic. The Duty of Voters.
- No. 58. The Ballot the Only Hope for Prohibition. The Ruin of Rumselling and the Remedy.
- No. 59. The Poison of Alcohol. Home vs. Saloon.
- No. 60. The Liquor License Humbug. The Culmination of Prohibition.
- No. 73. Prohibition the Acme of Love, Law, and Liberty.
- No. 74. The Crime and Infamy of Rumselling. The Ballot the only Remedy.

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.

Send the names and addresses of ten friends, and 20 cents, and each will receive by mail, postpaid, a different BOMB weekly for ten weeks.

Send the names of 50 members of your church, and \$1, or 100 names and \$2, and we will BOMBARD them through the mail weekly, for ten weeks.

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.

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. Start now.

Address NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE,

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.

(Continued from page 536.)

"ALINE."—A cream nuns'-veiling made like the Empire gown in the February number would not be too girlish for a very young married lady. The tucked yoke would be pretty, but the sleeves would look better plain below the puff.

"ELIZABETH P."—A suitable dress for spring and summer wear for a miss of sixteen, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and pale complexion, would be a dark blue surah, serge, or veiling, made up like the "Georgette" costume (illustrated in the April Magazine). An écu or colored straw Directoire hat trimmed with satin-edged blue faille ribbon. Walter Scott's novels are not outranked by those of any other author, so that undoubtedly his may be said to be more desirable; but Thackeray's works are still read with profit and pleasure, and perhaps are even more popular than those of the "Wizard of the North."

"Mrs. A. C. S."—The "Irene" waist is illustrated as part of a house dress, and very much display of lace frilling, etc., is not usual on the street, although a white mull tie might be worn. Any kind of lace except such as is used for bedspreads, etc. (called antique lace), may be used for neck-wear. All sorts of lace neckties are worn. We gave some very pretty illustrations of fashionable neck-wear in the May number.

"MAUDE."—Fedora is pronounced fed-ora, without accent. Tea-gowns may be worn at any time when a lady is receiving guests informally at home, or at a friend's house at tea, when visiting for several days; but not at a formal reception or when a small evening party is given in the lady visitor's honor. Such an occasion calls for evening dress.

"PSYCHE."—A school-girl visiting West Point, to be near her brother during the summer, does not need a very extensive or elaborate wardrobe. Several simply made zephyr gingham and Chambré dresses, for morning wear, trimmed with Hamburg embroideries, will be needed; a neat serge suit in dark blue or gray, for mountain rambles; a black or dark silk, for church wear; white dresses, for afternoon or evening, as many as can be afforded; and for drill-room hops, an Empire dress of veiling in white, blue, or pink. It will depend upon the amount you have to expend, how many of each article you have, also how long you expect to stay. Three or four wash-dresses and the others named are sufficient for a week's visit. You will need a wide-brimmed straw or Leghorn flat, a turban or toque, and a pretty straw hat for dressy wear; also a cloth jacket and a light shawl, parasol, and umbrella, beside your usual toilet belongings.

"YOUNG MOTHER."—A mother seldom wears mourning for a young child longer than a year. See Mrs. Florence Howe Hall's article on "Mourning Customs and Funeral Usages" in the May Magazine.

(Continued on page 538.)

**A BOON TO WOMAN**  
**ANGLO-SAXON RACE**

TRADE MARK  
**QD**  
 PATENTED MAR 17 1890

MRS. HARRISON.  
 First lady in the land, this is the place,  
 Highest accorded to the female race.  
 As one who in the small affairs of life  
 Is still Columbia's chief ruler's wife,  
 First in the hearts of all mankind is he,  
 Who woman from some grievous yoke may free.  
 No yoke was harder than the corsets, wien  
 By "Q. D." clasps relieved she breathes again.

QUEEN VICTORIA!  
 My morning drumbeat echoes round,  
 The wide, wide world! My royal sway  
 Is owned where'er my bugles sound,  
 From Shetland Isles to far Cathay  
 More women 'neath my sceptre live  
 Than bow to any other throne,  
 To each a "Q. D." clasp I'd give  
 Wherever corset clasps are known.

GLASP FOR HANDS FOR ALL LEADING DRY GOODS MERGHANTS SELL CORSETS  
 MADE WITH QUICK DETACHABLE CLASPS QD CORSET GLASP

Manufactured by **GALUMET FASTENER CO.** 83 Leonard St. New York.

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

**100,000 COPIES OF FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW**

By **MARGARET SIDNEY.**

The best, the breeziest, the brightest story of childhood's real humanity yet written.

A New Edition, illustrated quarto, illuminated board covers, is now ready. As soon as this edition is all printed, the plates will be destroyed. Dealers and others desiring to secure copies should correspond with us, stating number of copies desired. Any one sending immediate order with 25 cents will secure a copy.

The regular 12mo Edition is sold at \$1.50, and this will be the only opportunity to secure a copy of the Most Popular Story for Young People ever published for 25 cents.

**D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON.**

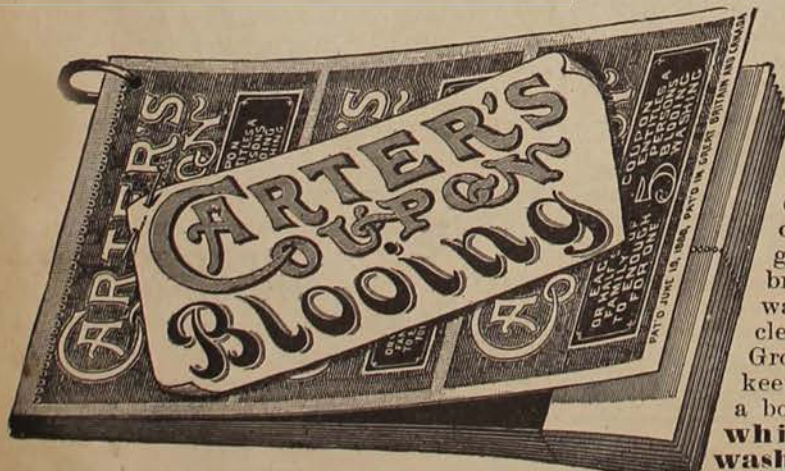
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**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.,** Selo, 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.



**AN ENTIRE NOVELTY.**

Consisting of Blued Sheets bound in book form. Each sheet is perforated and has a clean end, so that it may be torn out without soiling the fingers. Dissolves easily. No breaking or spilling. Every wash uniform. Gives a clean, bright tint. If your Grocer or Druggist don't keep it, **we will mail you a book for retail price, 10c, which will do your washing for six months.**



**Carter's Sphinx Indelible Ink.**

Bottle, mail, postpaid, for 20 cts.; with stretcher (to hold cloth) penholder and pens, 30 cts. Specimen writing on cloth free.

Also Manufacturers of **CARTER'S LIQUID AND DRY BLOOMING.**

**CARTER, DINSMORE & CO., - - BOSTON, MASS.**

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

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**THIS CARRIAGE ONLY \$12.35**

Delivered Free East of Mississippi. Upholstered in Red, Blue, or Brown Damask or Satin. Parasols to match. Adjustable Top, Nickel-plated Rod, Springs, Axles, and Braces, which we guarantee. Wire or Wooden Wheels same price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**JOHNSTON, TALLMAN & CO.,**  
41 Barclay St., 46 Park Pl.,  
NEW YORK.



WE MANUFACTURE  
**The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE VARIETY of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES in the United States.**

Send for Catalogue, showing 50 different styles, from \$6 to \$36. As we are manufacturers, we can upholster and furnish our carriages to suit patrons at prices beyond competition.

FACTORY:  
387, 389, and 391 West 12th St.

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

41 Prize Medals.



**FRY'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.**

(BRISTOL AND LONDON, ENG.)

**Pure, Nutritious, Economical.**

Designed for those who can appreciate an article of

**THE FINEST QUALITY.**

Samples of our Cocoa, postage free, on addressing

**DANIEL BROWNE,** American Representative, Hudson and Harrison Streets, New York. Established 1728.

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



**A TELESCOPE FOR ONLY \$1.00**



FINE FRENCH TELESCOPE

**WARRANTED.**

We have imported expressly for our summer trade 2,000 large French Telescopes at a very low price; they open 32 inches in three sections, and measure closed 11 inches. They are nicely brass bound with brass safety caps on each end to exclude dust, &c. The lenses are very Powerful Crystals polished by LEMAIR & CO., of Paris. With this fine telescope objects miles away are brought close to view with astonishing clearness. Never before was a telescope of this size sold for less than from \$5.00 to \$8.00 and we shall offer only a limited number at this price. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid for only \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00.

**KIRTLAND BROS. & Co., 88 Fulton Street, New York City.**

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

**JUNE ROSES**

**COLORED PLATE OF JUNE ROSES,**

All for 13 two-cent stamps (26 cents). Address J. F. Ingalls, Pub., Lynn, Mass.

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

The June number of INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE contains a full-page COLORED PLATE OF JUNE ROSES, by LIDA CLARKSON. Have you seen INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE? Single Copies, 15c, \$1.00 per Year. It is a finely illustrated Monthly Magazine of 64 pages, devoted to FANCY WORK, HOME DECORATION, ART PAINTING, DOMESTIC HELPS FOR THE HOME, ETC. SPECIAL OFFER! We will send you a THREE MONTHS' trial subscription to INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE, including the June number, containing the



**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
P. O. Box 239, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York

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

**Candy**

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a sample box of the best Candy in America, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

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

LOOK A Heart Ring worth \$1 sent free with the finest sample book, all for 25c. Star Card Co., Laceyville, O

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

**TWO KISSES**

Fair but False; 16 other splendid Novels & Home Circle, 3 mos., for 10c. HOME CIRCLE, St. Louis, Mo.

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

**\$12.50** Buys a **SEWING MACHINE** Warranted five years. \$65.00 Illus. Catalogue free. OXFORD MANUF'G. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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

**Ideal Hair Curler.**

Does not burn or soil the hair or hands. SOLD BY ALL DRUG AND TOILET GOODS DEALERS. SAMPLE, POSTPAID, 50 CENTS. G. L. THOMPSON, Mfr., 130 Clinton St., CHICAGO.

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

**CORSET FREE** Particulars free. Address Grace Publ'g Co., Chicago, Ill.

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.



SEND A SLIP OF PAPER the size of your finger and 10 cents in silver for postage, etc., and I will mail you one of these Solid Rolled Gold Finger Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Emblems and Novelties. For Agents to sell, \$1.00 an hour can easily be made selling these goods. Address at once to CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

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

(Continued from page 537.)

"Mrs. E. T. R."—There is no satisfactory method of restoring its appearance to plush or velvet that has been wet, except by steaming. The garment will have to be taken apart to do this, and steamed over a damp cloth laid on a hot iron. Hard brushing may do some good, but water is the greatest enemy plush or velvet can have.

"Miss T. F."—We cannot give addresses for special purposes in the columns of the Correspondence Club, nor can we furnish addresses by mail. Our advertising pages present a medium of communication between dealers and the public, of which it is presumed both will take the advantage. Accordion plaiting costs about seventy-five cents per yard to have it done nicely. Your letter was received too late for reply in an earlier Magazine.

"F."—Dress your boy of twenty-nine months in French yoke slips, or dresses made with a plain waist and full skirt. Torchon and Smyrna lace is used on linens and percales. Cloaks of white or gray cashmere made in "Mother Hubbard" style, or like the peasant cloaks worn by ladies, shirred to a round yoke around the neck, will be what you want for both children. Dresses for small children are made quite long, like the "Dorothy" dress (illustrated in the March number). The sailor cap is pretty for boys who can walk, and for smaller children, "Tam o' Shanter" caps of lawn and lace are the prettiest.

"Mrs. MARGARET McV."—A widow usually wears crape for a year at least. The widow's white cap is never worn without the long veil.

"DEVOTED ADMIRER."—At a quiet home wedding where the bride wears traveling-dress, her gloves should be Suède, or undressed kid, to match, or pearl-gray or tan-color; and the groom should have gloves to match the bride's. They need not be worn during the ceremony. Sandwiches, salads, cakes, and ices are quite sufficient refreshment.

"A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER."—With light gray eyes, dark brown hair, and medium fair complexion, any color ought to be becoming, unless the complexion is faded with ill-health. In the latter case, deep colors or very soft shades will be becoming. Any color is usually becoming to the freshness of childhood; your brown-eyed little girl of three will look well in the fashionable shades of green or blue, or, for dressy wear, pink. Make her dresses quite long, reaching to the tops of her shoes. The "Dorothy" dress (illustrated in the March number) is a stylish model.

"ANXIOUS STUDENT."—Beetles, bugs, and butterflies only need to be deprived of life by a drop of chloroform to make them suitable for a collection. It is unnecessarily cruel to transfix them with pins and let them die, besides, in their struggles to escape, they are apt to injure the beauty of their wings. There is a book by W. P. Manton, entitled "Insects; How to Catch Them, and How to Prepare Them for the Microscope." Any bookseller can obtain it for you. We cannot give the price.

(Continued on page 539.)



**AMBER BONE DRESS STAYS**

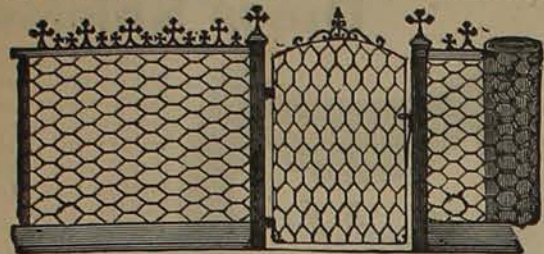
SEWED IN CLOTH CASINGS. EYELETED AT EACH END. Better than Whalebone or any of its substitutes. Send 25c. for sample set, by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**COMFORT AND SAFETY.**  
**The Amber Bone Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.**

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.

### SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



Best Fences and Gates for all purposes. Free Catalogue giving full particulars and prices.

Ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning this paper, **SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.**

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. Advertiser offers splendid villas, all furnished and equipped, \$3,500 to \$2,500; admirable, \$2,000 to \$1,000; excellent, \$800 to \$400 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.

445



**A \$10 BOOK FOR 25c.**

Conklin's Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas contains the cream of a whole library. Everybody delighted with this vast storehouse of practical knowledge on practical subjects. It has a million facts of great value to everyone. 50 Full-Page Colored Maps and description of every country in the world. It is a handsome volume of 440 pages bound in silk cloth, and contains everything that you need to know. Nearly half a million sold in 8 months. We guarantee no such book has ever before been published, and will refund the money to anyone dissatisfied.

**PAGES AGENTS** wanted everywhere. One agent sold 2800 copies in Washington. Another 700 in Springfield. Send 25c. for agents terms and a copy bound in Limp cloth, or 50c. for a copy in library style.

**LAIRD & LEE, 203 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.**

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; 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 invalidated feet at sight.

F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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.

**LADIES' TRACING WHEEL.**—Agents wanted everywhere. 2 dozen mailed for \$1.00. Sample, 10 cents. **NOVELTY WHEEL CO., 24 Congress St., Boston, Mass.**

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

(Continued from page 538.)

"**LITTLE BELLE.**"—Both dressed and undressed kid gloves are worn. Probably the latter are more popular, if anything, especially in tan-color. Gray and tan-color are the favorite shades for gloves, except to match a costume, in which case special colors are sometimes selected. Green, especially, has been so favored, but many ladies do not care for green gloves. Your hair is a dark brown. With gray-brown eyes, dark complexion,

"**VIOLET.**"—Dresses for children from three to four years old are made long enough to come to the tops of their shoes, at least. The waists are made about the same length as they were last summer. It is in a great measure a matter of taste, but the quaint appearance of the short-waisted dresses is still much liked. A nice quality of plat Val. flouncing forty-one inches wide can be had for from \$3.00 to \$4.00. Eight yards will be sufficient for a dress; make the skirt full and plain, or draped over white surah silk. The only way you could arrange a silk and a lace underskirt, is to have the lace drapery gathered into a belt, to fall loosely and straight all around, and the silk overskirt draped with strings. Very little bouffant drapery is used now, so that it is better to drape directly on the underskirt than to make the draperies separate. If you like, you can have a low-cut lining, and unlined sleeves of the lace. Chantilly lace is the prettiest for black lace dresses; the newest thing, however, is the honeycomb net, which is draped over black silk in the same way. You will need about seven yards of black lace or eight of net flouncing for a dress.

"**NO SIGNATURE.**"—Our correspondent places us in the dilemma of either disregarding her (presumably her) letter or failing to attract her attention by the omission of the signature she forgot to append to her letter. The waist measure for the drapery patterns is a medium size; the exact number in inches is not given, as it may be varied a trifle by a different degree of fullness in the gathers. Thirty-eight is a medium-size bust measure.

"**M. K. E.**"—As your silk has no drapery on the skirt, you could alter the disposition of the jet ornaments which are set on the box-plait at the side, by using a honeycomb-net drapery of the same color as the silk, and securing it to the skirt with the ornaments. Make up your cheviot dress for street wear with side-plaited skirt and the "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the April Magazine). Your letter arrived too late to be answered in the May number.

### "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.

### GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS FERRIS' Patent

Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters. Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off. Cord-edge Button Holes—won't wear out. Best Materials throughout.

**FIT ALL**

ages—  
Infants to Adults.  
Child .50  
.70  
.75  
Miss .70  
.75  
.80  
.85  
Young Ladies 1.00  
1.10  
Ladies 1.00  
1.25  
1.50  
1.75  
2.00



**BEST** For Health, Comfort, Wear and Finish. Thousands now in use in the United States, England and Canada. Lady Canvassers are very successful with these Waists. Send for circular and Price List.

Buttons FRONT instead of Clasps.

For Sale by all Leading Retailers.

Mailed Free on receipt of price, by **FERRIS BROS., Mfrs., 341 Broadway New York.** **MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO.** Wholesale Western Agents. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SAVE MONEY. BEFORE YOU BUY **BICYCLE or GUN**  
Send to **A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio,** for prices. Over 400 shop-worn and second-hand Cycles. Repairing and Nickeling. Bicycles, Guns and Type-Writers taken in trade.

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 **Velveteen 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.

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## Le Mesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them, and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.

### JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn.  
CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.  
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**PERFECTION DYES** for Cotton. **Fast and Brilliant.** Turkey Red, Blue, Yellow, Scarlet, Cardinal, Slate, Pea Green, and Brown. Package, 10 cents. One dozen samples, 80 cents, by mail. Agents wanted.

**W. CUSHING & CO., Foxcroft, Maine.**  
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**Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland,** 4 Cabinet Photos, McGILL, 304 Henry St., N.Y.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## Spice Box.

IDENTIFIED.

**POLICE OFFICER** (to German woman, arrested for passing a counterfeit quarter). You say this was the grocery. Now which of those young men gave you the quarter, this one?

**WOMAN.** Nix—nein!

**POLICEMAN.** Or that one?

**WOMAN.** Nix—nein. (Points to a retiring youth with a red moustache). That is him—the man with a big mouthful of hair.

THE BEST PART.

**COUNTRY STORE-KEEPER.** Well, Augustus, you have been with me now three months, and have some idea of the different departments. I will give you your choice of work in future. Which do you prefer to do, sort and deliver the mails, wait at the provision counter or in the dry goods. What part of the business do you like best?

**AUGUSTUS** (with sharpness beyond his years). Shuttin' up, sir!

**MR. SCRIBA.** What are you doing, my dear?

**MRS. SCRIBA.** Re-trimming my last year's spring bonnet, Jack.

**MR. SCRIBA.** I wish you'd do a little of it to this lamp, I can hardly see what I am writing.

**MRS. SCRIBA.** Why, Jack, these lilacs cost seventy-five cents a spray. Won't that sunflower lamp-shade I made last week do?

**MR. SCRIBA** (thinks of quoting Goethe's immortal words "More Light," but refrains, subdued by his wife's inability to see the point of his brilliant remarks). Will you please tell Sarah to trim the wick of my student-lamp, Jenny?

A washerwoman is a cruel creature. She dally wrings men's bosoms.

(Continued on page 541.)

How many people purchasing an article take the cheapest, then sputter and scold because it does not last. If it is a clothes wringer it breaks the back of the poor woman who has to use it. The Empire Wringer, made at Auburn, N.Y., by a new arrangement does not have the crank attached to either roll, and the purchase gear saves more than half the labor, and it outwears two ordinary wringers.

Ladies, if you wish to become your own dressmaker, use Hanover's Self-teaching System of Cutting. \$2.00 complete. Hanover & Co., Masonic Temple, Cincinnati O.

## Canfield Seamless Dress Shields.



Only reliable shield made. Have been worn by more than six million ladies. Sales five times that of any other shield made in United States or Europe. Beware of imitations.

SAMPLE PAIR, by mail, 25 Cents.

Pat. in U. S. and Europe.

### CANFIELD RUBBER COMPANY,

86 Leonard Street, New York.  
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**HEADQUARTERS, 884 Broadway, N. Y.**  
Branches: 234 W. 126th 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 "self-instructor" sent everywhere, postpaid on receipt of \$6.00, by a new method which beats all others. Satisfaction guaranteed, else money refunded.  
Send Stamp for Circular. **AGENTS WANTED.**

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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.**

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WORTH \$5.00 **A \$5 BOOK for 25c.**  
OGILVIE'S POCKET MANUAL and UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT, is the most valuable book ever issued, and contains Calculations, Processes, Trade Secrets, Rules, Legal Items, Business Forms, in every Occupation, from the Household to the Manufactory. Also, all important Political Facts, Interest and Wage Tables, and altogether nearly a million items of interest to all classes. If you want to know anything of importance, this book will tell it.  
**Agents Wanted** to sell it. It contains 50 pages, and is bound in limp cloth, price 25 cts.; heavy silk cloth, 50 cents. \$10 a day guaranteed to wide-awake agents. Sold by all booksellers, or mailed on receipt of price by J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER, 57 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

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**BATH CABINET.** Affording a refreshing Turkish Bath who are unable to walk.  
**ROLLING CHAIR.** A Priceless Broom to those who are unable to walk.  
Descriptive Circulars of both mailed free.  
**ROLLING CHAIR CO., New Haven, Conn.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

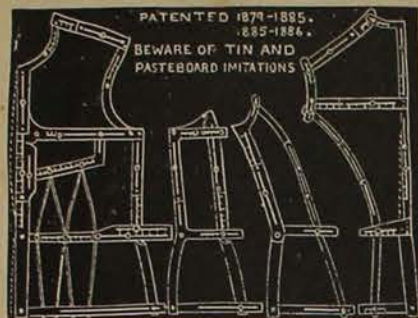
**Bickford Family Knitter**  
Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.  
**A. M. LAWSON,**  
783 Broadway, N. Y.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

New Book! **DANCE** Without a teacher. Latest dances, LEARN TO DANCE full instructions and our elegant 8 page illustrated story paper 3 months only 10 cents. Address **THE HOME CIRCLE, St. Louis, Mo.**  
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Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE DAY.**

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.



Show this to your Dressmaker.

Dressmakers and Customers both Delighted.

This is the wonderful Dress Drafting Machine, which has so simplified square or actual measure Drafting that anybody can now learn to cut perfect fitting and stylish dresses in one-tenth the time formerly required. No difference how many squares, charts, or imitations you may learn, you cannot compete with this machine in cutting stylish, graceful, and perfect-fitting garments. Its success has never been equaled. Send now for valuable illustrated circular and liberal offer free. The McDOWELL GARMENT-DRAFTING MACHINE CO., No. 6 West 14th Street, New York City.

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A \$5 Book For \$1.00.

How To Build A House.



If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, Palliser's American Architecture, or every man a complete builder, prepared by Palliser, Palliser & Co., the well known architects.

There is not a Builder or any one intending to Build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular work ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A \$5 book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, to suit the times, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 104 pages 11 x 14 inches in size, and consists of large 9 x 12 plate pages giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, no guess work, and instructions How to Build 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country, houses for the farm and workmen's homes for all sections of the country, and costing from \$300 to \$6,500; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of Architects. It is worth \$5.00 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail postpaid on receipt of \$1.00; bound in cloth, \$2.00. Address all orders to J. S. OGILVIE, PUBLISHER, P. O. Box 2767, 57 Rose St., New York.

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

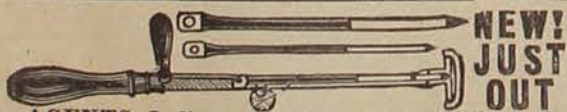
**WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK**

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.

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**PEERLESS DYES** Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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AGENTS—Ladies and gentlemen, do not fail to write for terms. The only three needle embroidery machine made. Will work silk, zephyr, yarn or rags. Best seller on the market. Retail for \$2.00. So simple a child can use it. COE MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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ACCORDION PLAITING MACHINES, Box and Side A Plaiting Machines; also construction of machinery for new designs in Ladies' Trimming. PANSE & GNADT, Manufacturers, 173-179 Grand St., New York.

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**PRINTING PRESS** with Type, Ink, Reglets, Cards, Roller, and Case, complete, for \$1.50.

GIANT Self-Inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, \$5. Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. O. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

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**SHORTHAND** Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. end for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N.Y.

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ELDERLY MAIDEN (to chemist's assistant). Well, I do declare if I haven't forgot what I came for! ASSISTANT (full of business). Hair dye, rouge, lotion to remove freckles, wrinkle eradicator, bottle "Bloom of Youth"? (Elderly maiden hails a passing car.)



CUSTOMER (getting his hair cut). Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then? BARBER (reassuringly). Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah.



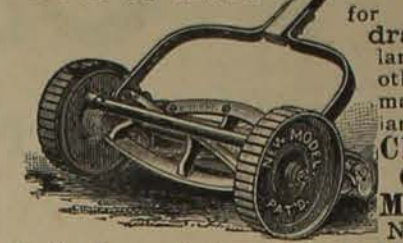
**KNEW HERSELF.**

STRANGER (at the door). I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, and hair such as a goddess might envy.

SERVANT. Really, sir, I don't know— VOICE (from head of stairs). Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.

—New York Weekly.

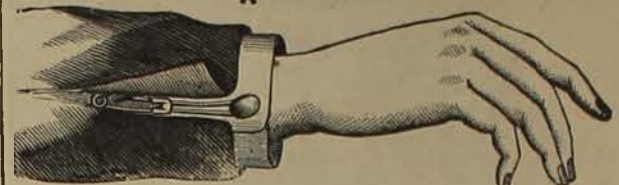
**THE NEW MODEL, OUR LATEST and BEST MOWER.**



For Simplicity and durability, and quality of work, it is unequalled, while for Lightness of draft it excels by a large percentage any other Lawn Mower made. Send for circular and price-list. CHADBORN & COLDWELL MANUF'G CO., NEWBURGH, N. Y.

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**THE LADIES' UNIQUE CUFF FASTENER.**



Will not tear or become misplaced by raising the hand to the head. DIRECTIONS FOR USE: Pin to the seam inside the sleeve before putting on; at your convenience adjust the loop over the cuff button, "AS REPRESENTED IN CUT."

For sale by all the Dry and Fancy Goods Stores MANUFACTURED BY

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO., 33 Bleeker St., N. Y.

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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.

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

DO you wish to put a small amount of money where it will do a large amount of good in time of need?

**Buy a TONTINE INVESTMENT BOND**

which provides: An Independence in Later Years. For the Comfort of your Wife in her declining years. An educational fund for your child. A Fund to start your Son in Business. An income for your Daughter to keep her from want during life. An income for your Invalid Brother or Sister. For the Investment of a portion of your Estate, so that each of your heirs may be provided for during their lives. A safeguard against the many circumstances causing want in old age.

Bonds Sold on Installment Payments.

AMERICAN TONTINE SAVINGS UNION,

280 Broadway, New York.

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**PEN & PENCIL STAMP 25 CENTS.**



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Haggard's **MAIWA' REVENGE** and our elegant Sp. Late Novel. Illus. story paper 3 mos. on trial all for 10c. Address The Home Circle, St. Louis, Mo.

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**AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY.** \$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.

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**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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# Pears' Soap

The late HENRY WARD BEECHER wrote:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

**P**EAR'S' is the *purest, cleanest*, most elegant, and economical, and is therefore the best and most attractive of all soaps for general TOILET PURPOSES. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers*, throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years, and is in general use; as

## A COMPLEXION SOAP,\*

has obtained **15** International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, *but be sure that you get the genuine*, as there are worthless imitations.

\*Also PEARS' SHAVING STICK.



OUT OF REACH.