

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXIV.

AUGUST, 1889

Vol. XXV., No. 10.

SOCIAL GARRISON LIFE.



IN the average mind, the idea of the life of that portion of our little army stationed on what is popularly known as our Western frontier is very vague. By the one class they are supposed to be undergoing all manner of terrible hardships, and subsisting upon an exclusive diet of salt pork, mule meat, and corn bread; while by another they are supposed to be passing their hapless lives in an unending monotony, broken only by games of poker and midnight debauches. Both ideas are erroneous.

While army garrison life is certainly, in many respects, distinctly characteristic, yet it is, in the main features, so like the life of communities nearer the centers of civilization, as to doubtless greatly surprise the possessors of the

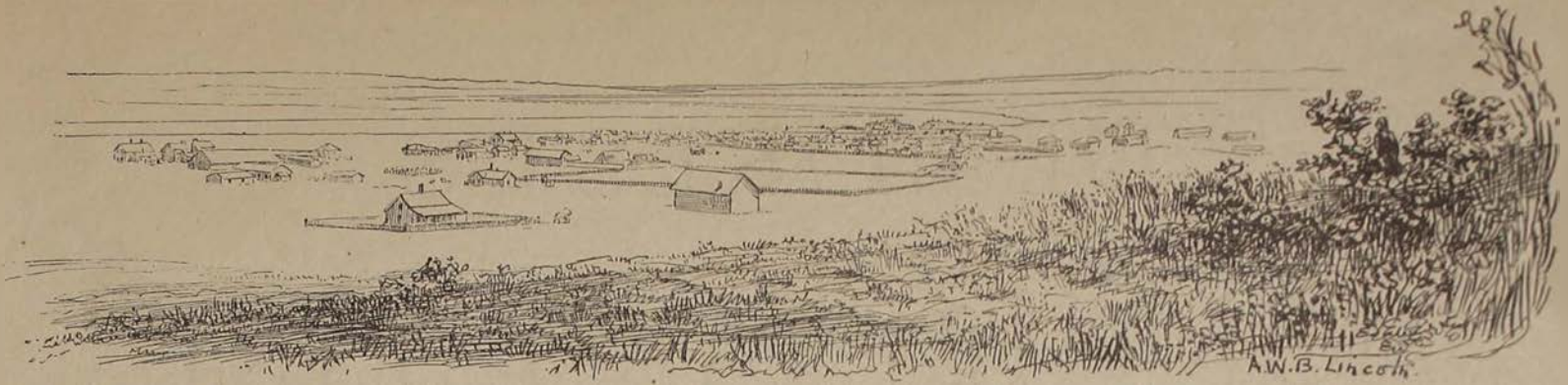
ideas above mentioned. Could one imagine a community uprooted from its location in the East, and transplanted with all its cultured ideas and tastes to a new and thinly populated section of the country, forming among their new surroundings a class to themselves, the result would be a very fair idea of what a Western garrison is; though its members are bound together by ties that the necessary formality of the East would render impossible. Conventio-

ality is largely done away with, and one of the chief delights of the life is that persons can be natural and discard the shams that modern society makes essentially necessary.

Let us, as an example, take a post situated in the far Northwest, and garrisoned by six companies—two of cavalry and six of infantry. I leave the artillery out of consideration because it well merits its soubriquet “The society arm of the service,” in that its regiments are chiefly stationed in or about the larger cities. In this garrison there are some twenty-one officers with their families. In speaking of the garrison, only the officers’ part is considered; for socially, as well as officially, the officers and their families are separated from the enlisted men and theirs by clearly defined lines that are never crossed from either side.

These officers and their families, having been connected for years in the same regiments, are on the most intimate terms. The formality necessary to larger communities is almost entirely done away with, and the members of the garrison are, in their relations to each other, almost like members of a prodigious family.

With all of their comparative isolation, frontier garrisons do not want for opportunity for amusing themselves without recourse to the tempting glass and the gaming-table. Most of the officers, and especially the younger ones, are enthusiastic sportsmen; and one may see at almost any time, playing together along the walk in front of the officers’ quarters, as fine a collection of well-bred hunting-dogs as



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A FRONTIER POST.

he would meet in a day's journey. These help the officers to while away many a pleasant afternoon in hunting over the rolling plains for prairie chickens, or stealing along the sparsely wooded prairie streams in quest of ducks or geese.

But it is not to be supposed that all of an army officer's time is spent in search of amusement. In these "piping times o' peace" there would seem, at first glance, little in the line of duty for him to do; but "in time of peace, prepare for war" is a maxim put into daily practice at every post, for drill, target practice, and like exercises are kept up as much as though the troops were fully confident of being turned out on the morrow to repel a proud invader or to put down an insubordinate horde of Indian savages. Then, too, the wise lawmakers of our country have hemmed in all business connected with the army with such a net-work of red tape that an officer's office-work, especially if he should be the post quartermaster or commissary, is very considerable.

Besides, there are numerous things calling him into the field on peaceful missions: a telegraph line is to be put up or an old one repaired, and he is sent out in command of the detail; a bridge is to be built over a swift, turbulent stream across which runs the Government trail; a squad of recruits or a "batch" of mules are to be conducted to the post from the nearest railroad station, fifty miles away, and he is sent in command of the party. All of these calls for duty in the field are welcomed with joy, as a relief from the somewhat monotonous daily routine of garrison life.

But the ladies, without whose sweet presence the fairest places of the earth would be desolate, make all that there is of home life in the army. Desolate, indeed, were the days, now fortunately numbered with the past, when frontier life was too severe for wives and daughters, and all of the officers "messed" together, with a soldier for a cook, and never a feminine hand to add a touch of color to their homes. What wonder that without woman's refining presence, or

the pleasures of real home-life, the army then formed a reputation for hard drinking and dissipation that clings to it still, though now undeserved.

But now, fortunately, there is no post so isolated or so difficult to reach that brave, true-hearted wives of soldiers cannot follow their lords, bringing sunshine and joy into their daily lives. All of the gaiety of the post life is necessarily attributable to them, and a garrison is never so forlorn, so desolate, as when a combination of untoward cir-

cumstances leaves it with a small quota of married officers; and unfortunate, indeed, is the young graduate whose lines fall to him in such a post. Having just left a home where a doting mother and loving sisters have bidden him a tearful farewell, he misses the charm of womanly society, and grows desperately tired of that of his fellowmen. How different is the lot of the "youngster" whose first post is in a garrison where married officers are many! He does not relapse into partial barbarism because there are none but masculine eyes to see him, and none but masculine spirits with whom to commune. The "bachelors' mess," of which he at once becomes a member, is deserted on Sundays, while its members are accepting the dinner invitations of their comrades' comely wives.

One characteristic thing about an army lady is that she never ceases to be a belle. Marriage, with her, does not mean a back place on a shelf so high as to be out

of reach of all young men. Out West, ladies are not numerous; and the charm of their society, be they young or old, married or single, is most highly appreciated by all those upon whom they deign to confer it: and it therefore happens that often, at hops or Germans, middle-aged and married, though charming, ladies, who further East would be relegated to "chaperon row," are here the belles of the ball, even to the sorrow of some of their younger unmarried friends. But by this popularity I do not mean the questionable popularity of a married flirt. The honest devotion, the sincere friend-



A NATIVE.

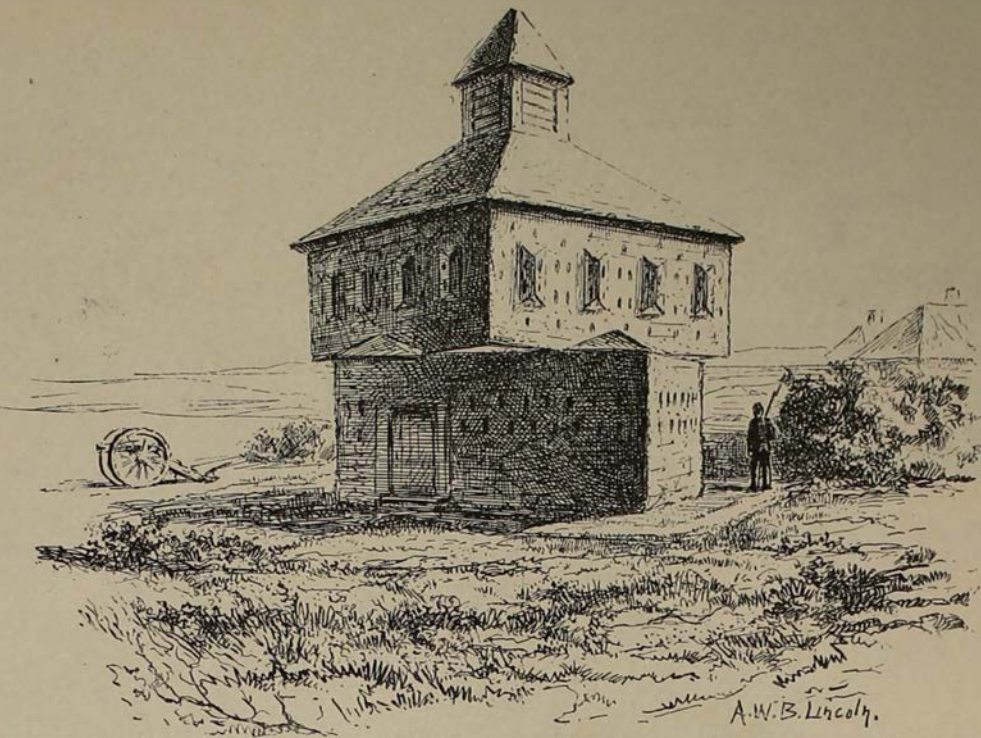
ship held for her by her husband's comrades, are very different from the sentiment inspired by a matron of flirtatious tendencies.

To a young girl visiting in a garrison for the first time, all this freedom and naturalness and lack of formality comes like a revelation. No chaperon is considered necessary to dog her every footstep. The goodness of the girl and the honor of the officer are assumed by all, and none think it strange or improper if they wandermiles away from the post, in their morning rides or their afternoon rambles in search of wild-flowers.

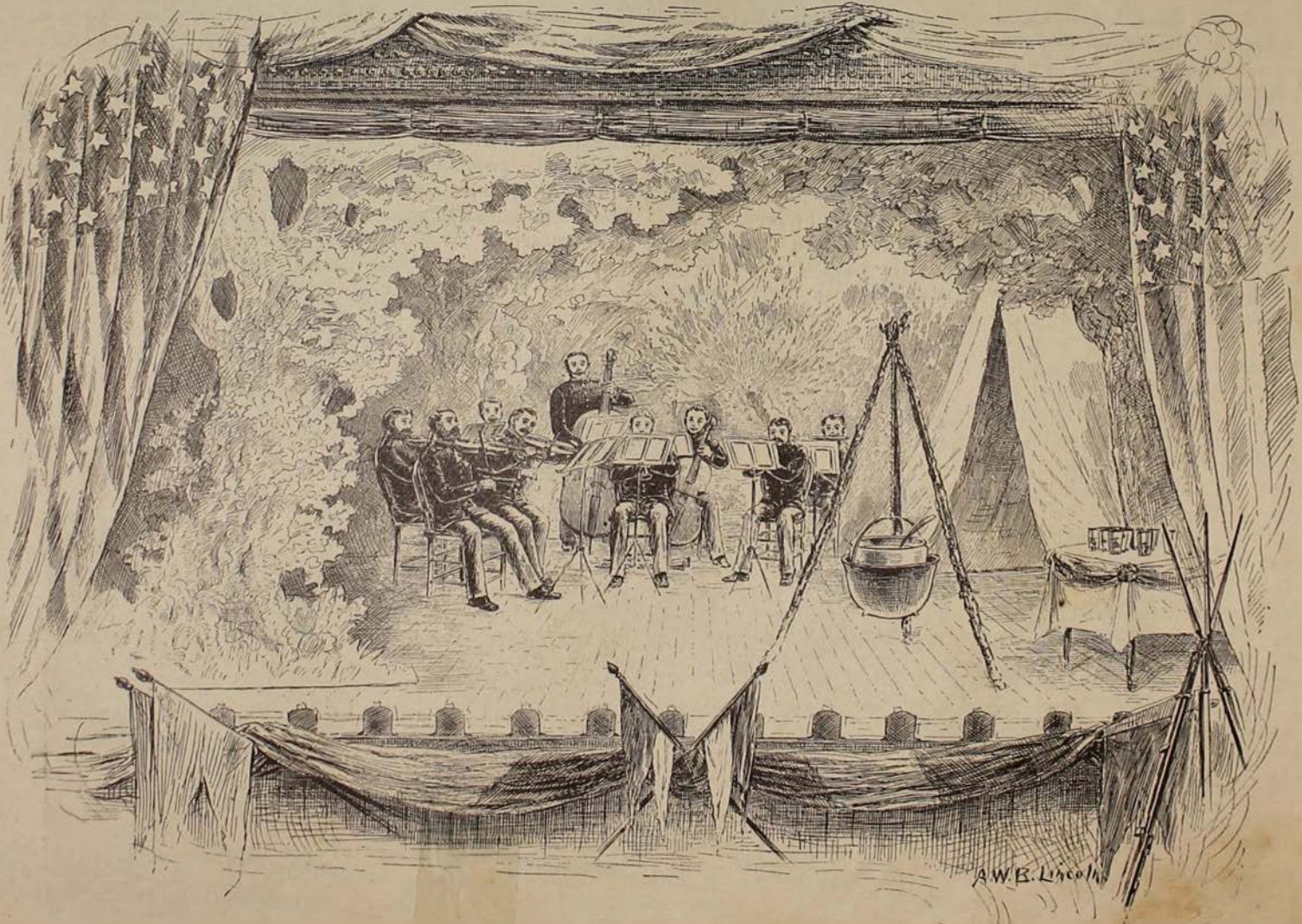
And the charm of the military phase of the life! How she watches at sunset the long line of men in splendid uni-

forms, forming for the evening parade! With what martial fervor is her tender heart swelled at the sound of the trumpets, and the ringing voices in command! And then, at the close, when the evening gun has roared, and the long, waving lines of bunting have come floating down, and the officers, separating from the rest, march forward in line, she singles out young Buttons who danced so divinely at the hop last night, or young Top-boots whose voice she heard in tender serenade after the hop was over.

And at night, when perhaps sitting alone on the little front porch with one of her youthful admirers, the moon bathing all in an unreal, phantom light, the form of the bugler is



A BLOCK-HOUSE.



ARRANGEMENT OF STAGE AT THE BACHELORS' GERMAN.



A.W.B. Lynch.

SUPPLIES FOR THE BACHELORS' GERMAN.

indistinctly seen emerging from the guard-house, and all nature seems hushed to listen as he breathes from his bugle the long, sweet notes of "taps." What wonder that tears of sincere regret fill her eyes when she is compelled to bid farewell to it all, and return again to the stiff, conventional East!

Ever since before the ball-room lights in "Belgium's capital" shed their rays over that great assemblage of "fair women and brave men," dancing has been the one accomplishment never deemed separable from those who lead a military life, so dancing is one of the principal amusements at a post; and what can be more delightful, more conducive to real, solid pleasure, than an informal garrison hop? Each guest is intimately acquainted with every other person present, and the climax is reached when the orchestra plays an air made up of the different bugle calls, and a rollicking Lancers ensues, in which all, old and young, take a merry part, and then go home, well satisfied with the evening's

entertainment. Even the children dance, and dance well; for though far from French dancing-masters, they do not want for instruction in this accomplishment. Every Saturday evening during the long winter, all of the young people gather at one of the officers' quarters, where the little ones are instructed in the various steps.

At most of the posts there is a large room, frequently built by voluntary contributions from the officers and soldiers, which is chapel, theater, and ball-room in one. At one end is a stage, with drop-curtain and scenery, where from time to time are presented dramas and operettas, the rôles in which are filled by the talent in the garrison.

But the swell affair of the season is the "Bachelors' German," usually given just before the beginning of Lent. The unmarried officers—or "bachelors," as they are collectively known in army parlance—endeavor to make it as great a success as possible, in partial return for the many hospitalities they have received from the ladies and married



A.W.B. Lynch.

AN AMBULANCE FULL OF FUN.



AN EARLY MORNING START FOR ACTIVE CAMPAIGN.

officers of the garrison. The room is gorgeously decorated with bunting, signal flags, and range streamers, while stands of arms and bayonet and saber stars adorn its corners and walls. The stage is set with its most beautiful woodland scene, from the depths of which the regimental orchestra discourses sweet music. In front of a tent on the stage is a tripod supporting a camp-kettle in which is a stone jar filled with lemonade.

The favors, in addition to those manufactured at the post, are ordered, weeks beforehand, from the East, whence come most of the good things forming the evening's refreshment. The bright uniforms of the officers and the handsome toilets of the ladies make a scene far outshining in brilliancy the more somber-hued assemblage at a civilian entertainment of the same nature. Many beautiful figures peculiar to the military are danced, which only the training of the officers

makes possible. Many of the favors are characteristic: a tiny pair of silver spurs, a polished cartridge with the powder extracted, or a shiny brass button fastened to a bright-colored ribbon.

To the matrons, the problem of providing the necessary variety of "daily bread" is one by no means easy of solution. The post-trader's store and the commissary are her chief sources of supply. During the winter months, fresh fruits or vegetables are impossible to get at any price on account of their freezing in being transported from the nearest railroad station to the post. Poultry, game, and oysters, however, can be obtained in any quantities, even in Dakota.

When the celery, fruit, and like things were needed for the bachelors' German above referred to, one of the young officers was sent in a sleigh to the nearest railroad station, distant sixty miles, to bring them down. He lined a packing-box with heavy padding, and then arranged to heat it by means of a foot-warmer burning powdered charcoal. By this means he brought the delicacies through in safety, though it was so cold that the game in his sleigh was frozen so hard that it took twenty-four hours for it to thaw out.

Many very palatable food combinations, not found in any cook-book, are concocted by experimental housewives. I remember, as an example, a very delicious sherbet made from commissary canned peaches.

Children, being naturally fond of open-air life, have very good times in a post. For them there is no dearth of fresh air and out-door life. A frontier post is not, as many sup-

pose, a confined square inclosed by high and pointed stockades, to venture unescorted beyond which means certain death at the hands of murderous savages. In fact, there is nothing of a "fort" about the place, except the garrison. In some of the older forts there are block-houses, theoretically for use as a stronghold in extremity, but practically used as a magazine for the post. So the country is free for the little folk, and almost any day one can see an ambulance load of them accompanied by some of the older boys mounted on their ponies, as they set out for a picnic, a visit to an Indian camp, or an afternoon ride over the prairie. Some of them have governesses, but the majority attend the post school taught by a soldier detailed for that purpose.

But the sorrowful, desolate part of the garrison life is during the time that the fighting part of the garrison is absent on active field-duty. When the hour comes for officers and men to march away on active campaign, the ladies assemble in little groups on the front porches of their quarters, and with pale, brave faces smile encouragement and wave adieux to their departing loved ones; but when the long blue line with sounding trumpets and waving flags has swept out of sight around the first prairie hill, how the brave hearts sink!—and overburdened nature is allowed to seek relief in tears. Well those army women know that many a prancing steed that now bears his master so proudly will return riderless, and that many a brave heart that beats so loyally beneath its blue soldier-coat will, when the column marches back again, have ceased to beat forever.

Then come the long days of anxious waiting, without one word of tidings from the loved ones,—the rumors of battles and skirmishes with none of the particulars; and then, perhaps, the awful day when the long-looked-for but dreaded news comes from the front, with all its dreadful meaning to some of those left behind. Such a day, and one, pray God, that may never be repeated, was that 5th of July, only thirteen years ago, when a sergeant galloped from Bismarck to Fort Lincoln, reaching his destination long before reveille with the awful news of the Custer fight,—the battle of the Little Big Horn,—and the commanding officer, his adjutant, and the post-surgeon set out in the gray dawn to break the terrible news to the widows and orphans of the fifteen officers killed, and to one who in that hopeless fight lost a husband, three brothers, and a nephew.

But, fortunately, such scenes have been far from frequent in the past, and are not likely to occur often in the future; and army life, with all its inconveniences and all its changes of place and surroundings, has about it a fascination, a glamour, and, having once felt the influence of this, one is seldom willing to leave it for any other.

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



Flattery.

PRAISE that is due does give no more
To worth than what it was before;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And says what should be, not what is.

BUTLER.

A Composite View of the Paris Exposition.

AT a rather early hour on one of the last days of May, two American friends were standing on the circular portico in front of the Palais du Trocadéro. They smiled broadly as they saw me approaching.

"Happy, and yet somewhat surprised to see you here,"—is that what you want to say?" said I.

"Did you ever expect," said the Artist, "that we should abide by the senseless talk that some of us indulged in when in New York, and shun the Exposition? Suppose we meant it over there; but how could we stand the attraction here? So, after all, you were right to appoint a day for our meeting. Was he not, Sir Engineer?"

The other grunted an assent. Then the Artist continued: "Why, the view from here is worth the journey!"

We were facing the Champ-de-Mars. From our vantage-ground our eyes encompassed an unsurpassed panorama. Right under our feet the greensward and spacious lawns of the grounds of the Trocadéro gently sloped toward the Seine, interspersed with groves of rare trees, blooming shrubs, and flower-beds: in the middle a turbulent stream rushed down, forming a succession of sparkling cascades. Then the broad Seine, all alive with a fleet of boats darting to and fro, while the wide roadways on each side were thronged with carriages and people.

Beyond, in the foreground, the great Eiffel Tower; and, further on, the grand and impressive array of the Exposition palaces, occupying the sides and the further end of the immense square, and rearing high in the air their ornamental domes and their roofs of blue-tinted glass. In this vast space were spread out terraced gardens and lawns, with more flowers and trees, which half concealed picturesque structures of most varied designs. Streams and cascades were flowing everywhere.

"It looks," said the Engineer, after a while, "as if the Exposition overflowed the Champ-de-Mars itself. The gilded dome of the Invalides appears as if it wanted to commingle with the other domes. What is that leading toward the center of Paris?"

"That is the Esplanade des Invalides, also covered with Exposition buildings, partly belonging to colonial France. By the way, on those grounds is a little curiosity: a pretty and attractive temperance *café*, with most perfect appointments, has been erected, and it is well patronized."

"And those groves mixed with buildings, fringing the quays?"

"On the banks of the river? Everything pertaining to navigation, of course; and—but we will see them all. What I want you to study now is that lofty tower with its cupola just half hidden in a cloud. Take a good look at it, and do not hurry—there is no need for it—to convey to me your impressions about it. Then we will go and join the ladies; they are to meet us, you said, at the French Restaurant, on the first platform of the tower?"

We surveyed the giant structure for a few minutes in silence. It was quite a study to see the half-puzzled, half-bewildered look with which my friends scanned the strange iron building. But very soon, as they took it in more fully and better realized its vastness and true height, there succeeded an expression of genuine wonder, not unmingled with admiration.

We moved on at last. As we were crossing the broad Pont d'Iéna (Bridge of Jena), which connects the Trocadéro with the Champ-de-Mars, we met another American friend, an old resident in Paris.

"I saw you," he said, "as you were looking up at the Tower. What do you think of it? Better than it looks on paper, eh?"

We admitted that even the best pictures give a very inadequate idea of its beauty and grandeur.

"That is why," he added, "the French artists at first opposed its construction. But now, when materialized, as it were, in its true proportions, it has assumed a very different aspect. Look, now, as we are close to it; is not that height, that massive yet airy development from the ground up to the top, akin to sublimity?"

We did not care to contradict our friend, so he continued, meditatively: "The Eiffel Tower was not designed as an object of art; and yet, projected against a clear sky,

as it is now,—its elegant curves, its delicate tracery as fine as lace, its cupola, high in the very clouds,—it irresistibly conveys an impression of simple, graceful strength."

"That's it!" chimed in the Artist. "It has at least one of the first elements of beauty,—strength combined with simplicity."

Whilst thus talking we ascended to the first platform of the Tower. The ladies were there, seated near a balustrade.

"We have just come up," said the Engineer's wife. "Breakfast is ordered, and your seats are reserved here."

It was interesting to see around us on this platform quite a city in the act of feeding. There were surely no fewer than two thousand persons, sitting or moving about, merrily chatting in and about the four restaurants installed in the four corners. That was something of a novel experiment. We might fancy ourselves suspended in mid-air.

"Then," queried the Engineer, "you did not come directly here?"

"Oh, no: we met a lady friend who was going to take a look at Tiffany's exhibit, and we accompanied her. I had not seen it in New York. Oh dear! my eyes are still dazzled with its splendors! We had a passing glance at the British riches and their Indian treasures, and we stopped a minute in front of the tasteful French display. But Tiffany outshines them all! Oh!" she continued with a sigh, "that diamond tiara! and that wonderfully constructed corsage with diamonds innumerable! and those lovely orchids, so true to nature and so resplendent in gold and enamel!"

At the close of the breakfast, the four gentlemen, leaving the ladies exchanging their ideas about their new experiences in Paris, ascended to the second platform, where refreshments are served. We promenaded around a little, feasting our eyes on the view of the surrounding country. It is simply indescribable. The situation of Paris, in the

Seine valley, with richly wooded hills undulating in the distance all around, seems to me unique. Before we came down we took a more accurate survey of the main buildings.

"This, on the left, is the Palace of Fine Arts, I know," said the Artist. "See the beautifully ornamented dome that crowns it."

"And that opposite," I said, by right of my profession, "is the Palace of the Liberal Arts, no less beautifully domed."

"We shall be the connecting—not the missing—link," added the American Parisian. "a huge link! We represent industry in its manifold and multifold varieties.

To us has been

rightly reserved that monumental entrance supporting the central and highest dome, crowned in its turn by the gigantic yet harmonious statue of 'France,' with an olive-branch in one hand, and a wreath in the other."

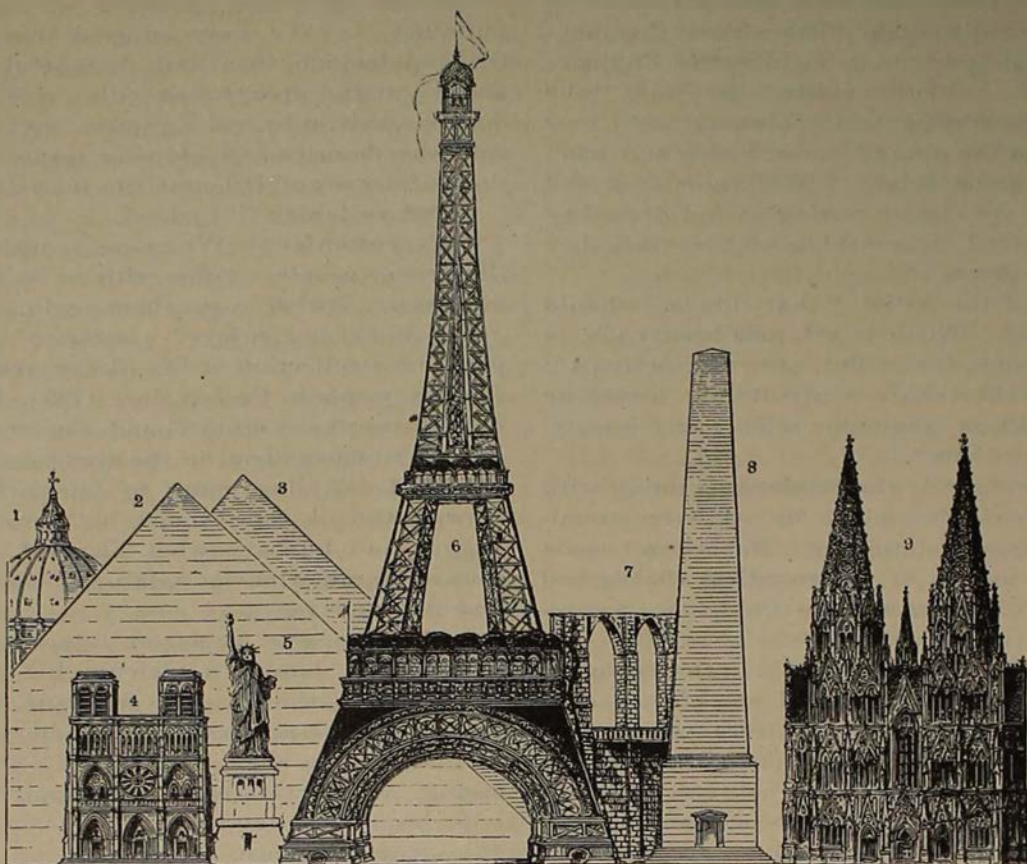
"And beyond, last, not least," said in his turn the Engineer, "the Machinery Hall, no, not Hall,—let us give it its true name,—the Palais des Machines. See that expanse, that height, all in *one* span under *one* roof, nearly fifteen acres!"

We had indeed an ample view of the immense roof and the upper part of the huge windows in front. The sun was shining on the foliated glass. The effect was strikingly grand.

In unconscious obedience to the natural bent of American nature, we decided to repair there at once. But what should we do with the ladies and children? That was easy enough—we would leave them on the way. And easy it was. As we wended our way through the enchanted gardens we came to the—we must say palace, everything here is called so—Palace of Delight.

This is an elegant building, specially designed for the amusement of children. It contains a large theater where plays for youth are performed. I am told they will have "Little Lord Fauntleroy" there in French. And there are all sorts of games and plays; also such shows as the true English "Punch and Judy," marionettes, the witty French "Guignol," etc. Truly a happy idea, worthy of the thoughtful municipal managers who have been all along striving to make Paris what it is,—a children's paradise. There we left the ladies and children, and proceeded on our way.

Beyond any other, the Palace of Machinery is worthy of its name; its amazing size almost paralyzes the imagination. Standing at the entrance, we gazed alternately at both ends, which seemed to recede far away; at the roof,



COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF SOME OF THE WORLD'S HIGH STRUCTURES.

1. Dome of St. Peter's in Rome, 448 feet. 2 and 3. Pyramids of Chephres and Cheops in Egypt, 447½ and 450 feet. 4. Church of Notre Dame in Paris, 224 feet. 5. Statue of Liberty, New York, 305 feet. 6. Eiffel Tower, 984 feet. 7. Brooklyn Bridge Tower, 276½ feet. 8. Washington Monument, Washington, 555 feet. 9. Cathedral of Cologne, 511 feet.

rising to a giddy height : and the view nearly took away our breath. Moreover, not a single pillar marred this magnificent vista. To that particular feature the Engineer directed our attention. "Please notice," he said, "the huge trussed girders supporting this enormous roof ; how boldly they spring from the ground on each side and meet overhead at that prodigious height ! Well, now look and you will see that they are simply resting—mind you, they are not attached or riveted, or anything of the kind, they are merely resting—on pivots !"

"'Tis a pity," replied the Artist, "that this hall should be defiled by machinery. There is art, and beauty too, in it, though simply iron and glass. But, after all, perhaps it is better so ; these machines are truly living, breathing genii, and this grand palace, combining science and beauty, is a fitting habitation for them."

We took a stroll through it, the Engineer pointing with pride to the American exhibits, which he said were prominent for their ingenuity and simplicity. But we were soon dazed by the incessant motion of the countless wheels and belts and pistons in countless combinations. So we retreated for the day.

On the succeeding days we met, usually in the morning, at some previously appointed place, and breakfasted each time in a different restaurant, as they were placed in a regular order of nationalities. We thus had a taste, in their original purity, of the various—but not, alas ! the best—kinds of cooking in the world. There is only one "best," and we voted it to be the American, of course.

We began our systematic tour by visiting the Palais des Industries Diverses. There was a universal interest in a voyage of exploration there ; viz., the study of the most common and most useful products of human ingenuity. The interest was enhanced by the skillful grouping of the whole, bringing together in a graded progression the crude beginning with the perfect product.

A great number of visitors, of every nation on the face of the earth, we should judge, was swarming all around, evidencing a keen interest in the processes, as well as an appreciation of the results. It was most amusing for us to hear the cross-fire of exclamations and eager questions and answers in so many different languages. English and French, however, predominated. From what we understood we could gather that mere idle curiosity did not bring all these people here. Many were seeking new applications in the sciences and arts, and were delighted to find even more than they expected.

"These fellows," suddenly said the Engineer, pointing to a group of men who were going alternately from a section in the British Department to the corresponding one in the American Exhibit, as if to carefully compare both, "are from Chili. They are getting much more than their money's worth ; and, when they go home, they will enrich their country and themselves."

One afternoon we took seats in the middle of the central gallery. After a moment of restful silence, "Listen !" said one of us ; "is not that confused hum and uninterrupted buzzing of human voices something curious to hear ?"

"So it is," said the Artist ; "but there is another continuous noise, which made me nervous at the beginning. It is the indefatigable shuffle of countless feet on the floor inside and on the gravel walks outside : grind, grind, grind, all day long. That is the normal accompaniment of the crowd, no doubt. Lucky it is they sprinkle discreetly, and at proper intervals. There is no dust, at least."

During these, our grave studies, the ladies usually managed to slip off and go by themselves to some more attractive spot.

"Where have you been this afternoon ?" I ventured to ask the Artist's wife, as we were leaving the grounds.

"There," she said, pointing toward a row of Oriental buildings. "We have enjoyed ourselves to-day in true Oriental fashion, in a cool, delightful, real street of Cairo, and we wound up our visit with a ride on genuine Egyptian donkeys, driven by real Egyptian boys. It was charming !" And she described in glowing terms the many representations of scenes of Oriental life placed side by side.

"And yesterday ?" I added.

"Oh, yesterday ? We made acquaintance with a lot of illustrious people. Come with us to-morrow ; I will introduce you. I wish to see them again."

We went, and enjoyed a strange spectacle indeed, composed of a collection of life-like representations of the most famous people in France since 1789. The resemblance was in each case most minute, and the more striking that they seemed to move about in the streets of old as well as new Paris. I felt like going to interview Charlotte Corday. How beautiful she seemed, but for that barely concealed dagger and her somewhat haggard and threatening look toward Marat, who was talking unconcernedly with Danton and Robespierre.

And there was Napoleon I., accompanied by the Empress Maria Louisa, reviewing his grenadiers. Then, in another part, the Empress Eugénie, first in the bloom of beauty and the prime of youth, afterwards the very image of unutterable woe. Not far off was the great and far-seeing patriot Gambetta. Boulanger himself was there, with his sphinx-like look, and, turning his back to him, the President of France, Sadi-Carnot.

On our return from that fanciful visit, we glanced through the most curious illustration of human progress, in the shape of specimens of all the dwellings the human race ever patronized, from the log or mud hut to the modern palace-like mansion. These were actually tenanted, some by figures, most by living men and women, all perfectly true to history in make-up and appearance.

Somehow or other, our young continent, North and South, occupies a very prominent part in the inside grounds as well as in the palaces, almost overshadowing Europe and the rest of the world. This is somewhat aggressively indicated in the representative statues which adorn the monumental fountain in the center of the grounds. Europe has assumed the figure and dignified position of a steady matron of mature years, whilst by her side is America, breathing youth, energy, and vigorous action in every motion and feature.

Out of genuine sympathy for France, felicitously blended with a keen appreciation of their best interests, the States of South America, Chili, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and we may as well name Mexico with these, have contrived to make a splendid exhibit. Their pavilions in the central garden are objects of beauty, in true Southern, or, rather, tropical style. In the same way, in the more substantial things inside of the Palais des Industries Diverses, they come out strong enough with their varied products, not unmixed with initiatory manufacturing skill.

As to North America, meaning the United States, of course, we modestly allowed ourselves to be mostly guided by the Engineer. "Our exhibit," said he, "you will find to be a revelation. Comparing this with our own Centennial Exhibition of thirteen years ago, we appear to be almost a new nation. Talk of 'giant strides !' Pah ! that is puny, obsolete. We must henceforth say 'American strides.' And what strides ! We noted four, five, six,—one of which alone would make the fame of a whole century. You begin, Sir Artist ; lead the way."

The Artist took the cue, and guided us to the American Art Gallery.

"The French management," he said, "have treated us

liberally. No foreign nation had as much space allotted as we have in the Fine Arts Department. And rightly too. These Europeans will realize henceforth that, even in art, we will soon be, if not their masters, at least formidable rivals."

And good ground for saying so was afforded by nearly a thousand pictures or designs—all genuine American works—in view in our exhibit. Even in the United States so many could hardly have been thus brought together. There we saw with pleasure Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of Mrs. K.;" Mr. Thayer's "Angel;" the delightful drawings of Mr. Abbey, illustrating old English songs; St. Gaudens' "Bust of General Sherman," etc., etc. The art exhibitors number between one and two hundred.

"I should not wonder," exclaimed the Artist after we had concluded our tour, "if we soon heard that there is to be at the *École des Beaux Arts un prix d'Amérique!*"

"The other great American novelties will cost you two evenings at least," said the Engineer; "we will begin this evening."

That was in itself something new! This Exposition, indeed, remains open till eleven at night, and these late hours are perhaps the most intensely picturesque that can be imagined. As soon as dusk falls, all at once, as if by magic, floods of dazzling light stream on every side, and the grounds, with the brilliant fountains, the big buildings, the great Tower, are illuminated, contrasting strangely with the dark blue of the sky above and around. Along with that, a Palace (of course) of Gas is also ablaze with shining transparencies. The whole spectacle on so large a scale transcends the splendors of the most Oriental imagination.

We followed the Engineer. "Let us see," he said, "what we—what the world—have gained since our Centennial Exposition, by the inventive skill of our Edison."

To these wonders nearly one-third of the central floor space allowed to the United States had been given. Edison has there, first, a large number of those queer pieces of mechanism, the phonographs, each of the latest type; and unusually attractive they have proved to be, for there is constantly quite a throng around them. Luckily that had been foreseen, and a whole corps of assistants was provided, speaking all the languages of the civilized world; they are kept very busy showing the instruments and making experiments.

Close by is the telegraph department. It contains a complete chronological view of all the improvements, from the rudimentary idea to the most recent development. It is the same with the telephone, more wonderful still in the latest shape, the loud-speaking telephone.

The principal feature, perhaps, of the whole series of wonders, is an enormous lamp in the shape of a fiery globe, containing twenty thousand incandescent lamp-bulbs. The effect, of course, when the light is flashed into these thousands of bulbs, is unspeakably brilliant. This globe illuminates the whole building.

Thus we went through the various American exhibits. We were shown not only machines that can talk, but machines that can write, machines that perform all the labors of the field, and that solve the problems of the factory. Science itself might have been astonished by our new combinations of principles and by our creation of resources for the convenience of mankind.

"Enough of marvels," said one of the ladies, at last; "let us sober down a little. I also have something American to show you, something in my line, more commonplace, but interesting, I think."

She took us to the spot where rose the "Mammoth"—is not the expression thoroughly Yankee?—Corn Palace, built by the American Produce Exchanges to exhibit the thousand-and-one ways in which our staple productions may be used.

That was indeed very homelike for some of the party, a younger member of which suggested, as more truly American, ice-cream!

"That's where we excel," she said.

"Perhaps not! Do you remember the Italian *glaciers*? But, I will tell you that our national fondness for sweets, for candy,—which, by the way, we lack sadly here,—led us to another decided excellency in — did you not notice it? I called your attention to it."

"Please do not repeat that stale joke about dentistry," said another.

The American Parisian took up the gauntlet: "Do not speak lightly of it! When you have been some time on the Continent you will learn that dentistry is a very important science, and that American dentists are necessary, and, therefore, great men in their way!"

"I must add another superiority," interposed the Artist, "superiority over ourselves as we were ten years ago, and over the world anyway. I mean the school-books, the simple Readers. All of them are truly beautiful works of art, masterpieces of illustration."

"Those admirable books," I said, "are a great help, surely. Yet we must not disdain the poorer instruments they have over here: with these, it is an uncontroverted fact, France has managed to win a place among the leaders in matters of education, not surpassed even by Germany."

"By the way, Germany is not here!" said the Engineer. "It is conspicuous only by being absent, as the French have it. The more the pity, when we think that China itself is well represented!"

"Well," I answered, "you see, however desirable a German exhibit might be, the experiment would be a hazardous one. The French have not forgotten that the great novelty—the *clou* as they call it—of the Exhibition in 1867, was the great Krupp gun. And thereby hangs a sad and bloody tale."

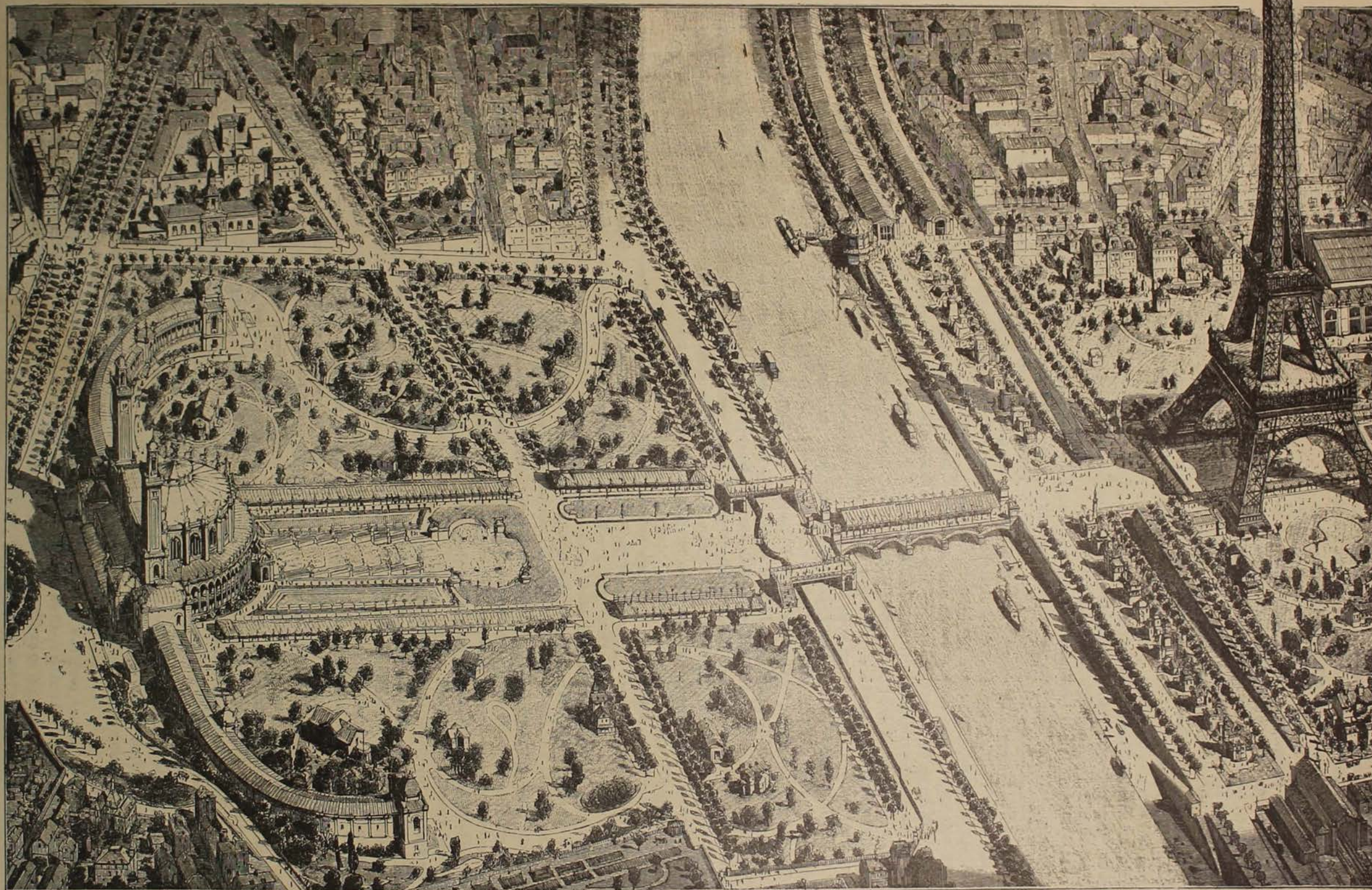
Certainly the great efforts of France to make everything pleasant for her guests had been most successful. We had grown very enthusiastic over it and had about exhausted our stock of laudatory epithets. Our American Parisian, though apparently appreciative, had rarely joined in these praises of late. His feelings seemed to have gone the other way. At last he broke out:

"All this is very fine," he explained; "but these good fellows, the Frenchmen, always generous to a fault, have here made a mistake."

"What is it?"

"They have spent too much time and money in beautifying all these buildings and grounds. See these domes; they are models of sculptured ornamentation. The palaces are—every one of them—marvels of modern architecture; everywhere you turn your eyes you meet but gay and pleasing color, admirable design, valuable material put into use by the very best talent in the world; and this only for a short season, to disappear with the sere and yellow leaf! To my mind this is downright—"

"My friend," interrupted the Engineer, voicing the common sentiment, "this is not an American, but a narrow, almost spiteful view of the thing. We ought to be grateful to France even had she done nothing else but to offer us beautiful things to rejoice our eyes. But we must take higher grounds. This, the grandest display that will be seen perhaps for a great many years to come, has an inestimable value for promoting practical progress. Such a 'congress of the world's skill,' as it has been aptly termed, is an immense boon for universal education. Why, in a few short months every nation will learn more than in twenty years of private, individual plodding! In accomplishing



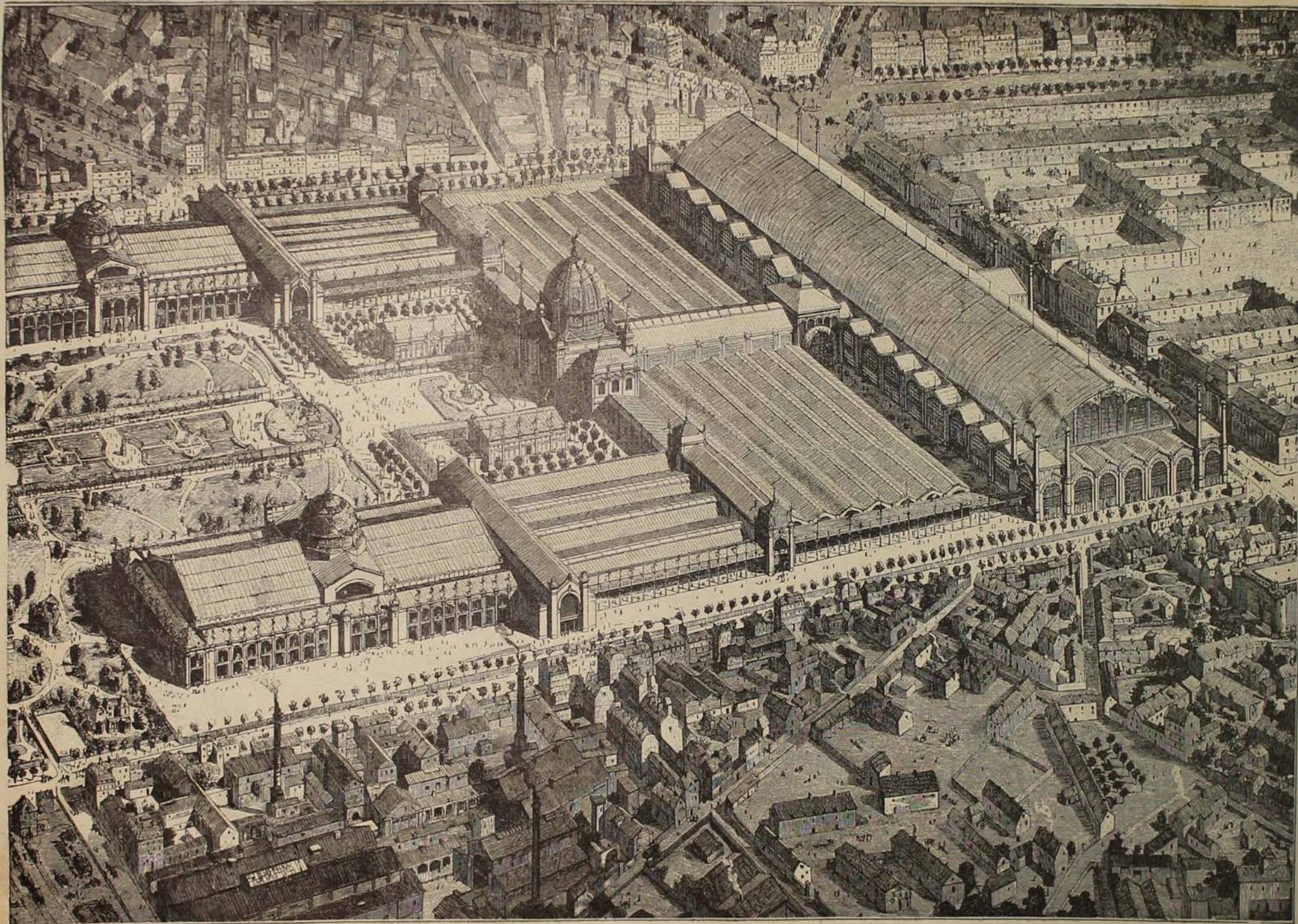
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION (Left Half).

TROCADÉRO PALACE.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

BRIDGE OF JENA, RIVER SEINE.

ANCIENT AND
MODERN DWELLINGS. EIFFEL
TOWER.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION (Right Half).

PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

CENTRAL DOME.

PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

MACHINERY HALL.

that in the most unselfish manner, France must stand unreservedly glorified.

"In another way, however, she has won the highest respect. It is clear, in the first place, that no nation could have excelled, if equalled at all, her artistic capabilities as shown here. But, beyond even these artistic achievements, she has developed a strength and power truly astonishing. While she was walking in the paths of peace, she has achieved, in these magnificent feats of the highest engineering skill, results which only a strong and powerful people, conscious of their power and strength, could produce."

J. and A. DE ROUGEMONT.

Kicked Out Of Society And Back Again.

BUT I tell you, Lottie, I know all about it; and you are doing yourself a great injury to allow him to follow you about so. Last night you waltzed four times with him at the Casino, and to-day he has fairly shadowed you. I feel my responsibility, my dear."

"I will relieve you of it, Mrs. Osborne," said Lottie sweetly. "I don't believe it is a bit necessary to have a chaperon for a girl as old as I am; besides—besides, what is the matter with him, anyway? He is good-looking, he dresses well, his breath does not smell of wine or cigars, and he dances superbly. That is all I care for."

"He isn't worth a dollar!" said Mrs. Osborne impressively; and Lottie sat still for a few moments clasping her parasol in her gloved hands, clasping it so tightly that several of the stitches gave way, while Mrs. Osborne leaned forward toying with her fan and watching the bright young face that was as innocent of expression as a placid lake. Perhaps it was the heat of the day that sent that delicate wave of pink over the pretty cheeks.

"Not worth a dollar," said Lottie reflectively, and in a soft, retrospective mood. "I think he used to be well off, didn't he? I think I met him once or twice a few seasons ago, somewhere."



MORNING AT THE CASINO. MRS. OSBORNE GIVES ADVICE.

"Perhaps you did," answered Mrs. Osborne, partly thrown off her guard. "He used to be seen everywhere, and he had plenty of money; but then there was some sort of a scandal, no one knew exactly what, but there was a woman and another man, and the first thing we knew he sold out his horses, houses, in fact, everything, and actually went to work as a clerk or something in a New York store; and then, just think! he had the audacity to try to force himself into the same society where he used to be welcome! But he soon found out his mistake, for he was promptly undeceived. Then he disappeared, and for at least three years he has been absolutely unheard of; and now he comes here hoping that he may again gain entrance into society. I think it is an outrage!"—and Mrs. Osborne sighed.

"So do I!" said Lottie Sefton as she rose from her chair with a little more energy than she often displayed, for she was noted for the soft, willowy grace of her movements. She stood for a moment and then said: "I think I will go for a walk with Mabel and Syd; they are waiting for me yonder. I shall be back to luncheon."

And Lottie walked over toward the covered porch where her friends were standing, and her little boot-heels clicked against the floor in an unusual manner, which Mrs. Osborne noted and promptly set down to a momentary vexation at her interference.

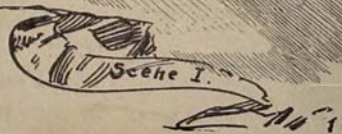
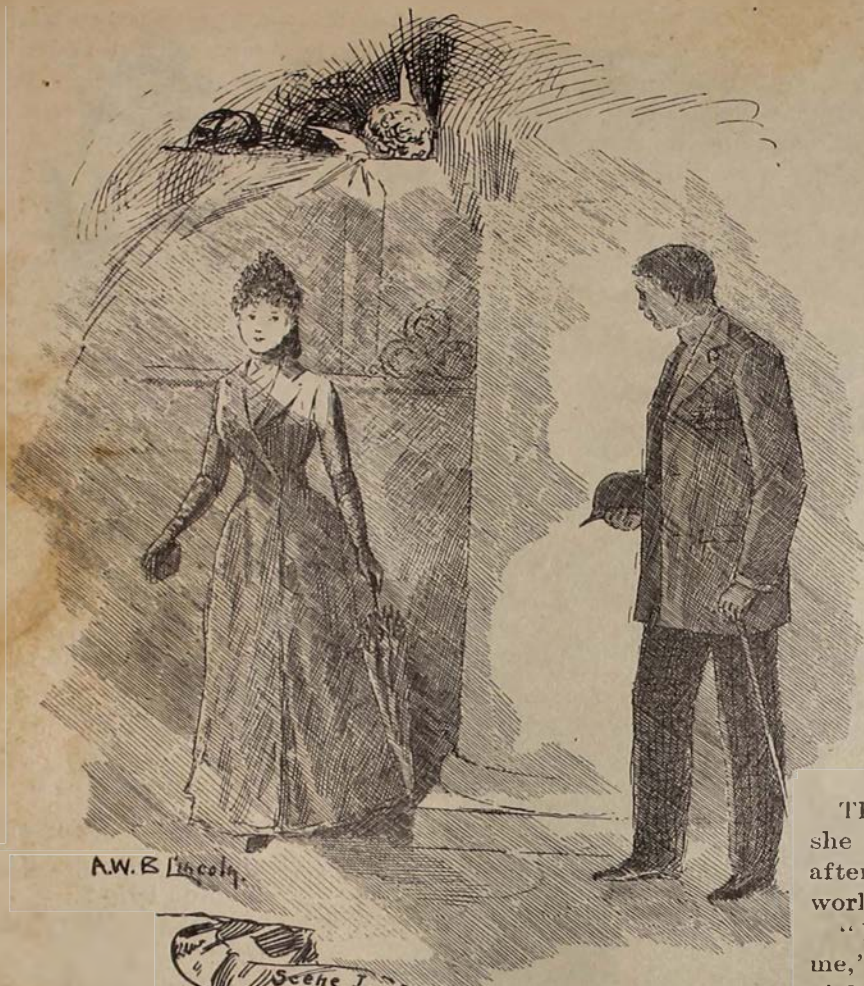
"But I've warned her, and I don't believe she will be so foolish as to go on now encouraging Harry Otten's attentions. He knows she is rich, and he is doubtless trying to secure a rich wife to reinstate him in his old position. I'll watch him, anyhow;" and with this praiseworthy intention Mrs. Osborne went to her room and took a nap.

In the meantime Lottie's little heels clicked viciously along the boards, and her white teeth were set tightly as she thought: "I wonder who she was? I always hated him, anyhow!"

All day long that refrain echoed through her head: "I wonder who she was?" The winds that rustled through the trees whispered it, the soft sweep of the waves upon the shore repeated it incessantly, the music throbbed and pulsed through her brain: that one question repeated itself over and over until it grew a nervous torment almost too great to bear. She listened to her friends' gay and lively chat, she even answered it; and yet that question was always on the end of her tongue, and with difficulty repressed. Finally she was left alone for a few welcome moments, and then she tried to calm her mind and understand what this strange disturbance meant. She remembered; and this is the picture that memory showed her, bringing it out from some unsuspected recess of her heart.

She had been but sixteen when she came home from school to cheer her mother's last days. She had gone to church alone one day, her young heart burdened with a first premonition of the terrible loss she was about to sustain, and hoping, in an indefinite way, that inside God's house was a little nearer Him than she could be in her millionaire father's home; and she believed in prayer. She wanted to open her child's heart to God, and ask him to spare her mother; and in the cool, dim church she knelt and sent up a silent but sincere petition. There was no one there, she thought; but when she arose to go out again, she was suddenly confronted by a young man, who also had been kneeling in a dim corner with his own burden of prayer.

They did not know each other, but a look of pure and



"SHE WAS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY A YOUNG MAN."

holy sympathy went out from each to the other, and that was all. Like all very young girls, Lottie dreamed her little dreams of a future lover, and somehow the eyes resembled those of the stranger. A few months more, and the gentle mother was laid away to sleep, and Lottie stood leaning on her father's arm beside the open grave. She turned her head and tried not to hear the first awful sound of earth striking on that coffin, when by her side stood the same young man, and he cast a look of such sincere sympathy with her sorrow that Lottie felt comforted, though her tears gushed forth afresh.

Then, again, when her father took her abroad, and the crowd of friends who had come to take leave of departing relatives were greatest on the steamer's deck, poor, forlorn Lottie felt a strange sense of comfort and a glow of a new sentiment as the dark eyes she now knew well sought hers for a moment, and a lovely basket of fresh, sweet violets was deftly placed in her hands, and she was alone again in the crowd. A card bore the name of Harry Otten and "*au revoir*" written upon it. Those violets lay now, at this very moment, hidden, dry and faded, in the very bottom of her box of jewels. She resolved to instantly destroy them.

She remembered the night of her coming out. Oh, the band played the self-same waltz to which they had danced last night! He had been there, presented in due form; and he was rich, the only son of a rich but most disagreeable father, and he seemed then to have no thought but for her. The days flew by on silver wings and they met often, very often; and though he never spoke one word of love, she knew,—now she told herself,—she *thought* he loved her; and then, suddenly her father's health had failed, and he was ordered to Nice, and of course she was obliged to go along, and when they returned Harry Otten was gone, no

one knew where; and Lottie was a star in the social sky, but, as far as lovers were concerned, as unapproachable.

Her father persuaded Mrs. Osborne to take Lottie under her wing at Newport, and in the meantime he amused himself at work in New York, making more money for her. She had come to Newport just as she would have gone anywhere. She was by no means a love-lorn or woe-begone girl; but though she was gay and happy in her own bright, particular way, she had never found any other man whose presence meant anything more than a more or less valuable dancing or talking machine. And here, when she had given up all hope of meeting the one only man whose nature had seemed in harmony and sympathy with her own, she had met him. He had seemed so glad, so more than glad to find her; and—well, she had been glad to find him, and he had danced with her, and the old music brought back the old, dangerous sweetness, and now—"Who could that woman have been?"

This obstinately recurring question came back to her mind, and she petulantly rose to her feet from the rock where she had been seated, saying: "Well, it doesn't signify the least in the world to me *who* she is. I hate him, anyway, and I shall let him know it!"

That night Lottie decided, at least a dozen times, that she would not dance, nor even go to the hop; and then, after all, concluded to go, as there was no reason in the world why she should stay away.

"He isn't of the slightest consequence in the world to me," she said; but, somehow, she had not destroyed the violets. Perhaps because there was no fire in her room.

When she reached the ball-room, clad in a gown of sheer muslin, soft and fine, with no ornaments but a bunch of fragrant violets, she suddenly found herself the queen of all the lovely girls there present, and she was besieged by crowds of eager admirers, all begging for dances. With one swift flash of her eyes she had seen everyone in the room, but there was no sign of this man she so hated; and she gave a little sigh, half of relief and half of some indefinable sentiment, and at once made up her mind to dance everything, to show him that she did not depend upon him for a partner.

In a few minutes her card was nearly filled, and she began to dance with feverish excitement, which made her delicate cheeks glow like two roses and her eyes sparkle like stars, while her restless glance penetrated to every corner of the ball-room as if in search of someone who was not there. Suddenly a great wave of color swept over her face and throat, as she saw him standing and looking at her with that same yearning look in his eyes. For an instant she was glad and comforted of her vague uneasiness; and then the old question presented itself with a new force, and she was angry, and felt all her finer nature stung by the thought that her idol was but clay.

He sought the first opportunity of approaching her and asking for a dance. By this time she had regained control of herself, and to his request replied that her card was full and that it would be impossible. It was his turn to color now, and two bright spots burned on his cheeks as he bowed in silence and withdrew. This did not suit Lottie, who somehow wanted him to stay and give her a chance to make him suffer—because she was not quite easy herself. But he was gone, and she saw him afterward walking up and down the porch with restless strides.

"So he feels that I know something," thought Lottie, half exultingly, to herself.

At this moment Mr. Mornington came to claim his dance,



"HER CARD WAS SO FULL THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE."

and as Lottie took his arm this gentleman said: "I noticed that fellow Otten ask you to dance with him. I think he is a little presumptuous, considering all things."

"I do not know that he is presumptuous in asking any lady to dance," responded Lottie, in what she considered a perfectly indifferent tone, though the quick ear of the hearer noted a certain strained variance from her usual voice.

"Well, you know he was kicked out of society a few years ago, and now he seems bent on trying to wedge himself in again; and I think it a little cheeky of him, you know, to try and gain your good graces, above all."

"Why mine above others?" queried Lottie.

"Oh, well, because you are the one bright, particular star, you know. Why couldn't he single out some other

less—less—beautiful, ahem! and, yes, less favored lady?"

"O Mr. Mornington!"

"Yes, you see he is as poor as Job's turkey, too; and really he has no business to intrude himself among his betters."

"What did he ever do, Mr. Mornington, to so disgrace himself that he is no longer a fitting member of the very exclusive society of Newport?" asked Lottie with dangerous sweetness.

"Oh, well, if it comes to that, I don't know exactly; only everybody said that he had gone into a

store, a common clerk, you know, when his money was all gone."

"And society could not pardon it. Of course it would have been much more honorable to 'sponge upon his friends,' as I believe it is called, and go in debt to his tailor, and all that, and still have kept up his reputation as a man of means."

"Exactly, Miss Sefton; but he evidently had low tastes. Why, he has worn the same morning-coat every day since he has been here!"

"Probably the only one he could afford to pay for," continued Lottie; and Mr. Mornington fell still more completely into the trap the artful Lottie laid for him, and continued:

"Just so; and, do you know, all of us chappies have made up a plan to-day to send him to Coventry, and we have

got several of the girls to join us ; and I guess that will finish him, for he always was as proud as the d—— I mean—well, very proud. Of course you will join us ?”

This last was said with such a perfect sense of security that Lottie's heart throbbed angrily ; but she had not been “out” three seasons without having learned to hide her feelings pretty well—at least from men.

This dance finished, Lottie found Mrs. Osborne and signified that she was very tired and would retire if that good lady was quite willing, and didn't mind it in the least, and was perfectly sure that she did not want to dance again (for Mrs. Osborne's dancing days were not over yet) ; and that amiable lady at once discovered that she, too, was quite ready to leave.

“Let's slip out quietly, dear,” said Lottie, “for I have lots of names on my card yet, and I don't care to frame excuses for them all ;” and she deftly led her companion along the very path where she well knew Harry Otten was pacing back and forth with restless strides. He saw them coming, and, bowing, stepped aside to allow them to pass, saying a “good-night” in answer to their plea of fatigue. No word was said and no look was given ; but he felt when they had gone that there was a new light in the sky, and that a subtle something, that had somehow been disturbed, had now been resumed between them ; and as his heart thrilled under this delicious conviction his eyes fell upon a dark object, and he stooped to pick it up, and found it was the bunch of violets that had been fastened on Lottie's corsage. He seized it and pressed it to his lips, and then blessed the very name of that artful and designing creature, who had wickedly and with malice pre-
 -pense unfastened the pin that held it.

As she reached her room Mrs. Osborne said : “Lottie, I think you made a great impression to-night on Mr. Mornington, and I really congratulate you. He is of excellent family, very rich, and—and quite good-looking—at a distance.”

“Do you think so?” asked Lottie carelessly as she began to let down her hair.

“Yes ; and, my dear child, I hope you will not throw him over as you do all the rest. I know your papa would be glad to see you well married, for he is no longer young—and——”

“I will think about it,” said Lottie ; “but I don't see, since you find his qualifications so great, why you don't try to captivate him yourself.”



“THIS OBSTINATELY RECURRING QUESTION CAME BACK TO HER MIND.”

“O Lottie ! you really distress me.”

“Well then, don't bother me !” answered Lottie, inelegantly, “for I despise him for a contemptible gossip, the meanest thing a man can be.”

And Lottie flounced off to bed, where, truth to tell, she cried a few tears, and then fell asleep like a healthy girl, while Mrs. Osborne shook her head wisely, saying : “There is more in this matter than I thought. Can it be that he is the cause of her perfect indifference to all mankind ? I never knew her to so forget herself. I think I shall have to write to her father and get him here. I will, to-morrow. Oh dear me ! I am so sleepy !”

* * * * *

In the morning Lottie was up at her usual very early hour, and she had her bath, her dumb-bells, and breakfast,

and was deep in the morning papers, looking like a vision of fresh young loveliness, when Mrs. Osborne came to her room. Lottie had apparently forgotten her rudeness of the night before, and when Mrs. Osborne greeted her with her usual manner, she seemed, withal, so light-hearted and care-free as to almost deceive that lady. But there was a sort of suppressed excitement in her eyes, and a restless desire for movement, that was ominous; and Mrs. Osborne mentally formed the text of the letter that was to bring Mr. Sefton to Newport at once. She only hoped it would not be too late.

At her usual hour Lottie attired herself for her walk; and Mrs. Osborne's mind was divided between her desire to do her duty as a chaperon, and to write her letter to Lottie's father. At last the thought that it was scarcely probable that the objectionable man would meet or propose to Lottie at this hour, gave her the courage to let "the child" go off alone towards the seashore.

Lottie could have had plenty of company, but she preferred her own thoughts; and so, holding her head very straight, she walked briskly along until she reached a spot entirely deserted, and here she sat down upon a rock and gave herself up to reverie: and the subject of it may be guessed when the subject itself—or rather himself—stood before her without startling her in the least. What she had been thinking of and what he had had in his heart were put aside in that peculiarly idiotic manner that young folks similarly situated have, and he said a trite "Good-morning, Miss Sefton."

And she answered, "Good-morning, Mr. Otten."

"It is a beautiful day, isn't it?" ventured he, still standing before her with his rough-and-ready hat in his hand.

"Yes; and the sea is so calm," answered Lottie demurely.

"You were enjoying the solitude. I must not disturb you," said he, looking about for a place to sit down.

"Oh! this is not private property, Mr. Otten."

"Then I may sit down?"

"It is quite a long walk from the hotel," assented Lottie with demure politeness.

"I will tell you the truth, Miss Sefton. I followed you, for I wished to speak to you on a subject of great importance—vital importance—something I have just discovered, which, with something else, gives me a right to—to say what I am going to."

"You followed me?" faltered Lottie, flushing; and then, calming herself, she continued, "You mean about their sending you to Coventry?"

"I beg your pardon—I didn't quite understand. What did you say about Coventry?" he asked, his lips growing white and his eyes darkening ominously.

"Oh! perhaps I ought not to have said it; but I felt it was such a mean, such a despicable thing for them to do, just because—because——"

"I think I understand you, Miss Sefton. Some one of those inconsequential 'dudes' has been abusing me to you, and talking about sending me to Coventry. Poor fools! never mind them. It is of something very different I wish to speak. Will you listen to what I have to say?"

"If it is right that I should—if it is something that I can hear——"

"You know well that I should not think of saying anything to offend you in any way."

Saying this he threw himself down on the sand and sat there with his eyes raised to those of Lottie in a manner that made them look doubly handsome. His coat, it is true, had become familiar, and his cashmere shirt had a faded look; but, strangely enough, Lottie did not find it in her heart to blame him for their desolate appearance, and she thought of Mr. Mornington's disapproval of them.—Mr. Mornington, who made a virtue of changing his costume seven times a day and never wearing the same suit twice,—and then she mentally contrasted the men, with the balance altogether in favor of the one in the coat she knew so well.

"We have known each other a long time, Miss Sefton," said Otten, with a serious gravity in his manner, "and I shall treat you in a manner as different from that I would use towards another woman, as our acquaintance has been different from other people's friendships. I want to tell you something that occurred which caused me to leave New York and seek fortune elsewhere. You know, I think, that my father was a very peculiar man, a German by birth, though American by adoption.

"He was of good family, but—somehow, I don't exactly like to tell it all now—there was another son older than myself, of whom I had never known. My father had quarrelled with his first wife, and left her and her son in Germany, taking with him his wife's dowry, which the law allowed him to do; he came here, and when she died he married my mother. His elder son remained with his mother's parents. Then I was a young man, my father was rich, and I was leading the life of a rich man's son, with nothing to do but be happy in any way that suited me. I had horses, money, everything, and was drifting along helplessly when my mother died. Less than a year after that, we met in that church, I found out who you were, and when your mother was laid to rest I felt that we were to be much to each other, for our loss was the same.

"Well, soon after you had gone away with your father, mine wished me to marry a young German girl, daughter of a friend of his, who could bring me an enormous dowry. I refused to marry for any such reason: but he had all the old German ideas upon the subject, and insisted, and finally told me plainly that we were financially on the verge of ruin. Then my half-brother came to this country on the



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN ON THE SAND AND SAT THERE."

same steamer that was bringing Elda Van Holsen, and they fell in love with each other; and he was so angry when he found that the child of the woman he had hated had won this bride and her fortune from me, that he died, and my brother returned with his wife to his own country.

"I sold all my useless belongings to pay up my debts and those of my father, and, not seeing any other way open to me, I obtained a position as a clerk. I visited a few of my old friends from time to time, in the hope of hearing from you; but I soon saw that I was only tolerated, and some even showed so marked a coldness that I began to realize that I had no right to seek you, now that my fortunes were so changed: so I determined to leave New York and go West in search of fortune—or a grave."

As he said this, Lottie suddenly turned her head and looked away as if intensely interested in some small boats that were sailing around the bay, and he could not see how she winked her eyes or bit her lips to keep back her tears. She even felt a sharp twinge of painful shame as she thought, "So that was the woman!" He kept a moment's silence, too, and then resumed in a laughing tone:

"Yes, Miss Sefton, I was figuratively kicked out of society, and literally kicked into it again; and if you will say that you would care to hear it, I will tell you the rest;" and here he paused, and, half-rising, waited while she, with a woman's ready wit, turned and smiled as she said:

"I am sure I shall be delighted to hear by what means this change was wrought."

"Well, prepare yourself for an entire change of scene. I went out to the mines in the Black Hills, and there started out to seek my fortune. I had with me a quaint old man familiar with the country, and he owned a mule; and loading our provisions and implements upon it, we wandered all through the mountains searching for a mine which should yield us wealth. This old man absolutely loved



this ungainly old mule, and together they made a comical sight. He used to say that the mule knew more than half the men did, and in the extravagant hyperbole of that locality declared that the mule loved him so well that it would come and lay its head up against his face, put one ear around his neck,

and fan him with the other to keep the mosquitoes off." Then they both laughed, which somehow established a very comfortable sentiment between them, and he continued:

"I mention this beast so particularly as it was really to that animal's viciousness—or sagacity, as Jim called it—that I owed fortune. One day we had tramped until I was discouraged; our provisions were almost gone, we had no money to buy more, and I thought seriously of giving up the battle. I started forward to our camp-fire, when this vicious beast, who was tethered near, suddenly flung out his heels, and in another instant I was lying some distance off, all doubled up, and just over what we call out there a 'pocket;' that is, there is an accumulation of particles of gold washed down from the mountains and lodged in places, and these are called pockets. Well, I fell into a rich one: we gathered all the gold it contained, and, following up the lead, found others, and a rich though small placer, which



"WHEN THIS VICIOUS BEAST SUDDENLY FLUNG OUT HIS HEELS."

gave us each a fortune; sufficient, quite sufficient, to save me from being considered a fortune-hunter if I asked for a lady's hand—a lady as wealthy as you, for instance, Miss Sefton."

Lottie said nothing, but her little hands toyed nervously with her fan; and then he came a little nearer, and before she knew what he was going to do he bent down and pressed his lips upon her left hand, and then, somehow, he got hold of them both and kissed them again and again; and Lottie, with her sweet, shy eyes half-veiled in tears, and a tremulous smile about her lips, looked as if she were not very angry.

Then he rose to his knees beside her, and taking from his own finger an old-fashioned ring with a quaint setting around a pure white pearl, he said:

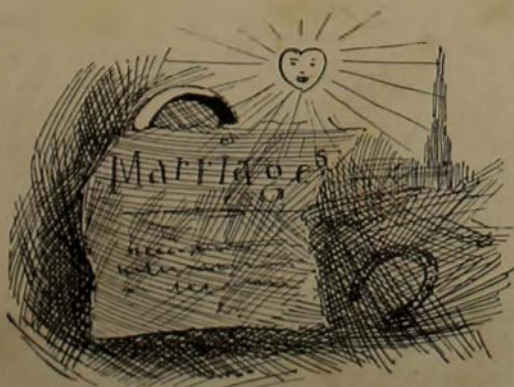
"Lottie, my precious one, may I place my mother's ring upon your finger?"

Lottie gave him one look and held out her pretty, dimpled hand, and the sacred ring of betrothal was slipped over her finger and sealed with another kiss; and then the two walked back to the hotel by the way of Paradise.

Mrs. Osborne was still biting her pen for inspiration when Lottie arrived and went straight up to her and held out her hand and threw her arms around the good lady and kissed her rapturously. She could only ask, "Why, Lottie, what—what—to what do I owe this extraordinary——"

"To a mule, Mrs. Osborne, a blessed, nice, amiable old mule! You know Harry was 'kicked out of society,'—you told me so,—and this blessed old creature kicked him back again, and he fell on his knees to me to-day—and—you see for yourself—we are engaged!"

OLIVE HARPER.



"THE TWO WALKED BACK TO THE HOTEL BY THE WAY OF PARADISE."

Maiden, Seek Not.

(Adapted from the Russian of Count Alexis Tolstoi.)

MAIDEN, seek not, maiden, ask not—
Not at dusk of night, nor any day—
If my heart turns toward thee—thee alone—
Under light of stars, or moon, or sun.
Maiden, seek not, maiden, ask not;
Not with softest words and questions pray
To know if as a sister, or loved wife,
Or cherished daughter, I would hold thy life:
For then I, too, must know, and truth must say.

Who knows himself? Or who could tell thee true,
How many blossoms bloom on field and fell?
How many stars gleam out from heaven's blue?
And yet we would their number tell,
And yet would name them all.—Ah, well!
How my heart holds thee I can never ask,
Though worldly wisdom would impose the task.
With closed eyes, fairer all our visions seem.
I would not waken from the happy dream.

L. S. F.

An American Girl's Adventure.

PARIS, June 3, 1889.

IN your last letter, dear Annie, you upbraided me for not relating to you, as was agreed before we parted, my various adventures abroad. Why, dear, you know very well that our party remained in England until only ten days ago. How can anyone see or hear anything out of the way, or be a heroine, in prim old England, the dullest country that it has ever been my lot to see!

No, I did not like the people there at all; what little attention they paid to me was bestowed, not on the young lady, but on the school-girl—for that is how I was designated often by our impertinent English friends. It was perfectly ridiculous! considering that I will be sixteen next October. 'Tis true I am not buxom or fat or humpish; yet I am tall for my age. How I hated them for their boorishness! They hinted, too, that I was too independent! The idea! I, who have always passed for the pink of propriety in New York! Fortunately, dear papa and mamma know better, and laughed down their interference.

Here in Paris, though, things have been more lively. It would seem that I have nearly got into a scrape. So, at least, aunty pretends, although I really do not see it, and I was never as much as scolded by mother. But it was a bit of adventure, all the same.

As I told you in my last letter from London, father said he would time our arrival here so as to avoid the rush of the first days. He is one of the exhibitors, you know. Well, we took possession of our rooms at the hotel a week ago, and we started somewhat late this morning to visit the Exhibition. It was decided we should celebrate the occasion with a grand *déjeuner* at the French Restaurant on the platform of the Eiffel Tower.

On arriving in front of the main entrance we found papa's provisions all upset. There was a rush with a vengeance! Such a crowd, pushing, jostling, swaying here and there! It was funny! Our broad-shouldered papa, however, easily forced his way through the throng, followed by mamma and aunty, and I bringing up the rear. Thus we came to a kind of barrier with turnpikes, where every one of the visitors has to give his entrance ticket, separately.

The rest of the family had passed in; I was holding my ticket in my hand ready to drop it at the proper place, when a sudden pressure of the incoming crowd threw me irresistibly aside, and twenty or thirty people were turnpiked in before I had a chance to enter. While waiting for my turn I could see the tall form of my father forging ahead. He did not once turn his head. I suppose he thought we were all following him.

Once in, I tried to go ahead, but could not. I had to dodge round knots of people standing in the middle of the passage and talking away as fast as they could. What business had they to obstruct the way?

The throng was greater and more compact than I could have imagined. In going around the obstacles, as I said, I had lost sight of my father. Peer as I would through the intervals of the groups, or stand on tiptoe and crane my neck as high as I could, it was of no avail; not a glimpse of either father, mother, or aunty, could I obtain. There was no doubt of it, I was practically alone, bereft, lost, among thousands of people!

When I realized this and found that I must shift for myself, do you think I was dismayed? Fluttered a little, maybe, just a little, but nothing more. You know, dear Annie, that I have always been tolerably self-reliant, even on most trying occasions; as, for instance, in facing the displeasure of the preceptress at our old school. This was

not the time to show the white feather. To tell you the truth, after brief reflection I even felt elated. Do not think the feeling was wicked; this, I thought, is a fine opportunity to show to the world that an American girl can take care of herself anywhere. It would be a pity to let the opportunity slip.

After a short pause, therefore, I moved on, and took a cursory stroll through the main building. It was my duty, of course, to see if, peradventure, I might not meet my folks, though the chance should be as slim, as the French have it, as that of finding a needle in a bundle of hay. Of course I did not meet them; and if they, on their side, looked for me, they did not come across me.

I must confess, besides, that I was quite taken up with the novelty of the scene. It was grand! dear, and so absorbed was I that I forgot, most of the time, to look into the faces of the people. I hardly noticed, at the time, a thing which I remember more distinctly now that I think of it. Occasionally people would stare at me and whisper to each other while looking at me. These must have been foreigners or countrymen. There was nothing about me that would possibly attract attention: I was befittingly, not loudly, dressed, as well, I am sure, as any French lady. American ladies are the best dressed in the world, are they not?

After I had thus gone round without stopping anywhere, it occurred to me that I might as well carry out by myself the first part of the programme laid out for the family, and have breakfast—a French breakfast. But which was the way to the restaurant?

As I was asking myself the question, my eyes alighted on a *gardien de la paix* (police officer) who was just then looking at me. I went straight to him, and in my choicest French—you know Madame always praised me for my good pronunciation—said to him: "*Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'indiquer par où aller au restaurant Français?*"

He smiled as he half-turned his head toward a middle-aged gentleman,—an Englishman I took him to be by his appearance,—and then answered courteously that he would show me the way. He did so, even going up with me in the elevator of the great tower, to the first story.

The restaurant was quite full; but the obliging head-waiter, whom the *gardien de la paix* had specially called, found a seat for me at a table at which there was already seated a family consisting of father, mother, and a boy perhaps twelve years old. These people were Russians, as I soon learned, though they spoke French.

I enjoyed my breakfast,—it was so nicely served,—and, also, the good company. For I had quite a talk with those subjects of the Czar after I had been compelled, in self-defence, to introduce myself to them. It happened in this wise: The lady, who was old,—over forty, I am sure,—had not taken her eyes off me whilst I was making my little arrangements previous to eating. She ultimately arrived at some conclusion about me, for, leaning over toward her husband, she began to whisper something in French about my self-possession, and my looks (my good looks, pshaw!), wondering whether I was not an American. I enlightened her on the subject on the spot, which elicited a hearty laugh from her husband, a military-looking gentleman with fierce mustache and terrific eyebrows, but the mildest of blue eyes.

I could not help laughing, too. Thus the ice was broken, and we chatted pleasantly through the breakfast. They told me all sorts of nice stories about Paris; they wondered at my drinking nothing but ice-water out of the *carafe frappée*; they also tried to find out how it was that I was alone: in that they signally failed. Finally they offered to chaperon me through the Exhibition. How did they dare!

It was half-past one when I rose and took leave of them. The gentleman gave me his card, which reads :

*Lieutenant-Colonel Comte Koronow,
Garde Impériale,
Saint Petersburg.*

The lady made me promise to call upon them with my family, at their apartments in the Champs Elysées. They will be a desirable acquaintance for papa.

I have to break off here, my dear ; I am tired writing, and, besides, have to get ready to go out with mamma. That interruption will keep up the interest for you, as they do in the serial stories with their "to be continued." But do not expect anything exciting.

Lovingly yours,

HATTIE WILTON.

Extract from a report of Mr. H. Parker, of the English detective squad, on duty at the French Exposition :

"Shortly after twelve, in the *Palais des Industries Diverses*, June 3, 1889, I was detailed by the Head Sergeant to watch over and protect, if need be, a young foreign lady, unmistakably English or American, who was going about, unaccountably, alone. This young lady seemed to be between fifteen and sixteen, rather tall for that age, but slenderly built. From her demure bearing, her fearless though perfectly proper behavior, I concluded instantly she must be American born and bred. She seemed to be entirely unconscious of any incongruity or danger in her being alone amidst such a motley crowd. Her name I have since ascertained to be Miss Hattie Wilton, from New York. The precaution proved to be of some use, once at least. As I was shadowing her, I noticed three or four young English fellows following her, laughing boisterously, and perhaps intent on offering her some insult. I approached them quickly, and, showing them my shield, warned them off. They slunk away in another direction, unnoticed by the young lady.

"She took her breakfast alone in the French Restaurant, after that re-entered the main building, and then went to the Cairo street, I following her. She appeared then to have noticed me, and perhaps guessed at my purpose ; for she turned her head two or three times, merely glancing in my direction, but finally she looked straight at me, I will not say with anger, but with marked displeasure. Henceforth my usefulness was gone. I stood further back until I met Mrs. Egbert, to whom I transmitted my charge."

PARIS, June 10, 1889.

I did not tell, dear Annie, you how it came to pass that my father and I missed each other on entering the other day. It happened very simply. Hardly had they taken a few steps inside, I being still outside, when my mother missed me. Of course she told my father at once, quietly. He had no little trouble in silencing fidgety aunty, who was beginning to lament, saying that I was lost forever in this wicked Paris. Father devised a plan to be acted on immediately. As they could go out only by one of the exits, he took the diminished party out, posted aunty at the right-hand exit, directed mother to go to the other, whilst he himself re-entered by the main entrance to look after me.

Of course he did not find me, for all these strategic dispositions had taken some time, and, meanwhile, I had gone to the restaurant, where it did not occur to him to look for me. So, after a fruitless search, fasting whilst I was relishing the daintiest French cookery in companionable society, he went out again, sent my mother to the hotel to wait for me there, and took her place at the side exit. He still claims that his plan, though it did not succeed, showed

wonderful generalship. Dear father, how my heart smites me now for the anxiety I gave you !

I strolled again through part of the *Palais des Industries Diverses*, as they call it, but there was nothing there specially attractive for me. I then bethought myself that young Koronow had spoken of the fun there was to be had in riding the Egyptian donkeys in a real Cairo street. Why should not I try that ? I inquired again of a *gardien de la paix*—am I not great at inquiring?—where they were to be found. He, quite as obligingly as the other, took me himself to the place. That is real, genuine politeness ; there is no insincerity in that !

One little thing only was amiss : there were donkeys, plenty of them, but no more Egyptian boys to drive them ; the supply had just given out. Happily there remained a diminutive Frenchman from Algiers, only half Arab, and, therefore, in fact, I preferred him, because I could talk with him, and have him do what I wished ; besides, what caught my fancy, he wore ear-rings !

Well, I jumped on my donkey, and I had a glorious time of it : everything was so novel ! It was simply splendid ! my dear. I for the nonce had forgotten father, mother, aunt, America, almost. I will tell you all in my next letter.

One thing, only, marred my enjoyment for a few minutes. I had noticed several times that that Englishman whom I had seen before breakfast, seemed to follow me. That annoyed me. At last I bade my man wheel round suddenly. The Englishman was only a few steps behind me. I looked at him sternly, his eyes quailed before me : I did not see him afterwards.

Among other places, I was wheeled in one of the chairs to the "Exotic Cottages." You will see a fine description of them in the papers. That part of my excursion I enjoyed more, I think, than anything else. The Japanese girls pleased me most of all, with their beautiful and flowing soft silk garments. How horrid our unnatural, narrow costumes must appear to them !

Had also a good time at the *Cottage Hollandais* ; this one was larger, and contained three real, live milch cows, not unlike our Jerseys ; while four peasant girls, in shining silver corselets and the whitest of caps and aprons, were busy serving out fresh milk to a crowd of temperance customers, on whom they lavished their sweetest smiles.

The sight made me thirsty, it looked so tempting ! My wish must have been plainly written on my face, for I had scarcely approached the place, when a pleasant-looking young gentleman brought me a bowl of the foaming, fresh-drawn milk. I knew at once that he was a Bostonian, by the stiff and awkward manner in which he bowed and took off his hat, extending his elbow at a right angle with his body. His accent, half-English, half-Yankee, confirmed my belief. "In remembrance," he said, "of the Big (with a big B) Country beyond the sea !" It was very nice, all the same, though I was a little vexed. I should say, though, both vexed and pleased : vexed because he had seen so quickly through my nationality, and pleased at his ready courtesy. Who but an American gentleman would be so delightfully courteous and anticipate so readily the wishes of a lady ?

I thought now it was time for me to go home—I mean to the hotel—and see what my people were about. August, that was the name of my faithful chair-driver, took me to the rear, or farthest, exit, as that would be the *safest* for me, he said. Why he emphasized the word I was at a loss to understand. Whatever he meant, as soon as I had got out of the chair, a trim French lady, neatly though modestly attired, came forward politely to me and asked where I wished to go. I was about to resent her intrusion, when I perceived August nodding to me with an approving

smile. That was a part, I supposed, of French politeness ; so I relaxed the severity of my countenance—you know, dear, I can be haughty when I please—and gave the French woman the desired information. It was plain she merely wanted to oblige me, her tone was so kindly, and her vivacious eyes so full of benevolence. She went out with me and beckoned to one of the cabmen, the first one on the stand. He drove round to the curb-stone, handed me his official stamped bulletin and number, and the man in charge of the stand took the number. When I had entered the carriage, the lady herself closed the door, wishing me good speed ; and thus I was packed off without any trouble on my part. Fifteen minutes afterward I reached the hotel, and found my mother alone, waiting for me. Of course she did not scold me, though I saw in her dear sweet face that she was greatly moved. She simply said that they had been somewhat uneasy on my account. We drove out again immediately to relieve father and aunty from their dreary guard.

The funniest thing of all was, that just as we arrived where dear father was posted, we saw him emerge from a kind of out-of-the-way office, which had a small sign hanging above it, "*Objets Perdus*."

"What have you been doing there?" I asked him.

He explained that after deep reflection, and to pass away the time, he had just gone into that office and stated my case to the clerk in charge. The clerk had smiled politely, and answered that a young lady sixteen years old could hardly pass muster as a "lost article." Nevertheless, that is the name that papa quizzically gives me ever since ; that was his only reproach. Some friends over here, old residents in Paris, look upon my *équipée*, as they call it, as a good feat ; why, I cannot imagine. Any American girl, sound in mind and body, and properly brought up, would not be more embarrassed than I was, and would act as I did. Would you not yourself, dear Annie? As ever,

HATTIE.

A. DE ROUGEMONT.

In Central Park.

THAT beautiful Arcadia known as the Central Park is the pride of our American metropolis, and to its attractive and picturesque features the interested visitor will attach an enduring memory.

These broad acres of hill and valley, lovely green lawns, and exquisite lakes where the stately white swans "Float double, swan and shadow," and where in summer one may sail in fairy-like boats, these blooming parterres of carefully tended flowers and rare shrubs, these winding paths and extensive drives, the beautiful rustic bridges, the caves, fountains, towers, restaurants, statues, and the various buildings devoted to art and natural history, compose a pleasure-ground of such multiplicity of attractions that, besides possessing in itself the varied and combined charms of art and nature, it is a most favorable locality in which to observe the characteristic phases of metropolitan outdoor life, for it is visited by thousands daily.

It is estimated that thirty thousand people visit the Park every pleasant summer day ; and on Sundays and days when there is music on the Mall, over one hundred thousand.

Central Park is a democratic place. Driving or walking there on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, the visitor will see a gay and brilliant pageant, changing as a kaleidoscope. The superb horses and costly equipages of our financial princes pass by the side of the hired vehicles which accommodate humbler pleasers. Here the elegant man of wealth and the fashionable woman traverse the same route as the honest, unaristocratic German with his *frau* and

babies ; the pretty shop-girls promenade the Mall with their admirers or friends ; the white-capped nurses trundle daintily furnished baby-carriages, or lead their little charges by the hand ; the youngsters patronize the donkeys and goat carriages ; and the lover of nature strolls off down some winding path to rest and be refreshed in its cool green shades.

The crowd of children to be seen on any pleasant day in the Park is of itself enough to bring a smile to the face of anyone except the most soured of ascetics.

In earlier days, when the Park was not, and New York city was young, there was plenty of space for open-air enjoyments ; but as the city grew and commerce swallowed up its north-lying meadows, the necessity for a breathing-space became apparent. The publication of an article by the late A. J. Downing, at that time editor of the "*Horticulturist*," was the first expression of that necessity which resulted in the demand for a great public park. The call for plans was made in 1851, and a number of designs were submitted, the one finally selected bearing the signature of "Greensward." This was the joint production of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, an American, and Mr. Calvert Vaux, an Englishman who was associated in business with Mr. Downing before the death of the latter. In the year 1856 the site of Central Park was purchased for about five and a half million dollars. It covers 879 acres, and now has forty miles of roads, bridle-paths, and walks, and forty-three bridges and archways. It is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide.

The Park is situated between Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-tenth Streets, and Fifth and Eighth Avenues. Between Seventy-ninth and Ninety-sixth Streets a large portion of the Park is occupied by the two Croton reservoirs, the smaller one comprising thirty-five and the larger one hundred and seven acres. Nineteen entrances, called "gates,"—named after professions, callings, etc., such as the "Scholars' Gate," "Artists' Gate," etc.,—lead into the Park, four at each end, and others at each side. Four transverse roads cross the Park, entering from Fifth Avenue at Sixty-fifth, Seventy-ninth, Eighty-fifth, and Ninety-seventh Streets ; and from Eighth Avenue, at Sixty-sixth Street, Manhattan Square, Eighty-sixth, and Ninety-seventh Streets. These furnish a means of direct transit across the Park for business purposes, without causing inconvenience to visitors, as roads and walks cross above them in such a manner that the shrubbery and trees hide them from the casual observer ; and in many places they are tunneled. Manhattan Square, which has been recently added, and in which the Museum of Natural History is situated, is at the west, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets.

The district lying north of the Reservoirs, and popularly known as the Upper Park, has some beautiful wild mountain and glen effects. The deep and narrow ravine known in history as McGowan's Pass, traverses the Park in a south-westerly direction here. Bold hills rise upon either side of this gorge, terminating abruptly just below One-hundred-and-tenth Street in a grand, rocky bluff which looks out across the Harlem plains, past the daring curves and trestles of the elevated railway, looking westward towards Morning-side Park and the site of the new Cathedral, and northward over the low-lying district between, to the High Bridge of the Croton Aqueduct. This bluff is a fine site for an observatory. At present the ruins of an old stone block-house, used as a powder-magazine during the war of 1812, caps its summit. (See full page water-color.) The brook which formerly traversed the Pass now forms the lovely Harlem Meer, or North Lake, at the extreme upper end of the Park.

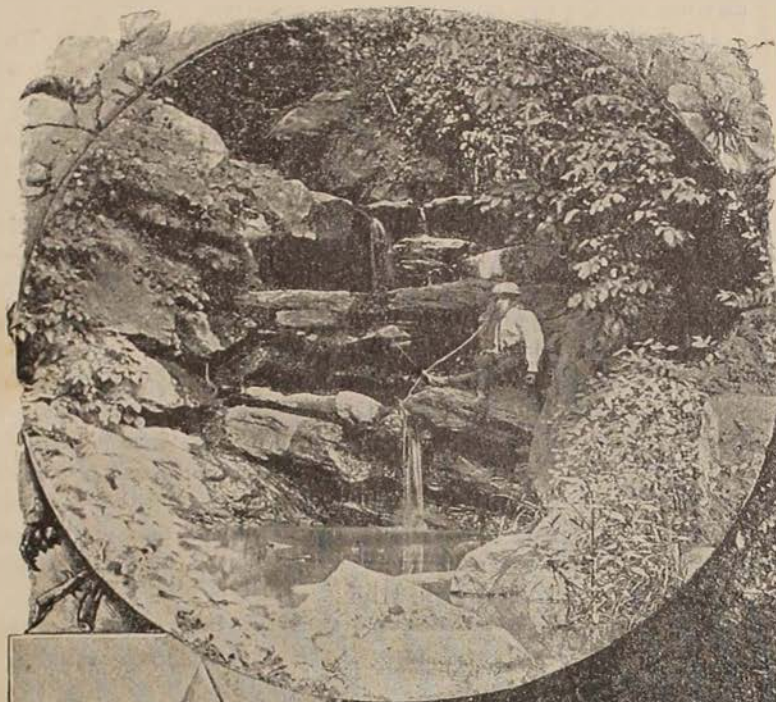
Entering the Park by the "Warriors' Gate," at Seventh Avenue—or, in driving parlance, "The Road"—and One

hundred-and-tenth Street, the drive through to Fifty-ninth Street takes the visitor past all the main features to be seen from a carriage. The projecting rock called the "Lion's Head," from its fancied resemblance, is passed at a turn in the road just below the entrance.

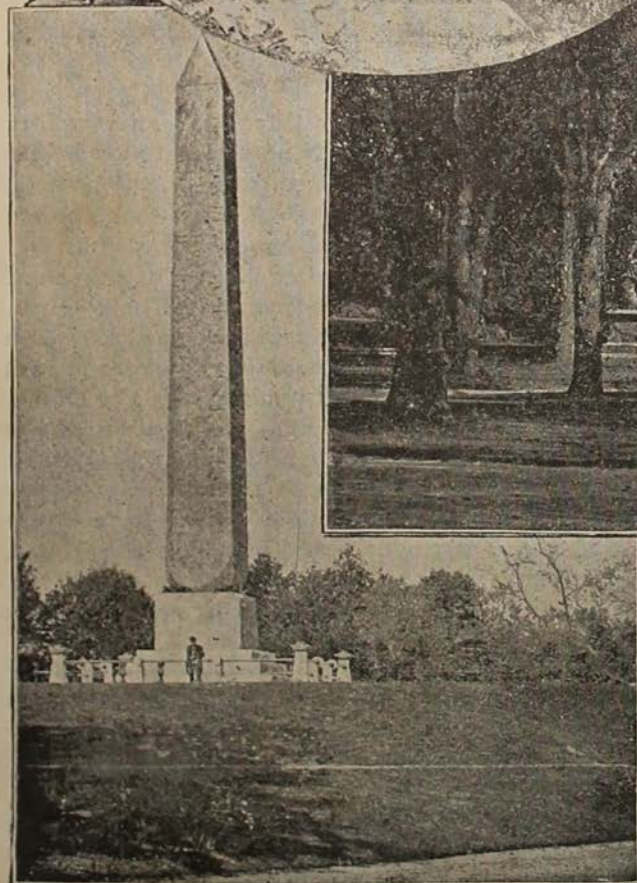
Central Lake is, as its name implies, nearly in the center of the Park. It is a beautiful expanse of water, covering an area of twenty acres, in summer-time dotted with the gay

leads from the upper end of the Mall, under the road which crosses the Terrace Bridge, through an arched-roof hall out on to the Esplanade,—are constructed of fine, soft stone of a yellowish-brown color. The whole façade as viewed from the shore of the Lake is beautiful, and lacks no element of elegance or grace.

The Esplanade owes much of its effect to the beautiful Bethesda fountain with its winged figure hovering over the bright plashing waters which fill the air with their cooling spray. This figure, originally ordered by the Commissioners of the Park in 1863, as the central ornament of its central feature, was finally set in place in the spring of 1873. The models for the figure of the angel, which is eight feet in height, the upper bronze basin, ten feet in diameter, and the group of four figures below, four feet in height, were designed and executed in Rome by Miss Emma Stebbins of New York. The bronze figures were cast in Munich after those models, under the direction of Ferdinand von Müller, director of the Royal Bronze Foundry in that city.



THE MALL.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

awnings of pretty pleasure-boats, and in winter alive with merry skaters.

Southeast of the Lake is the grand marble Esplanade of the Terrace (see full-page water-color), the principal architectural feature of the Park. It is in design and construction the work of Mr. Calvert Vaux, the assistant architect, and Mr. J. Wrey Mould. Its richly walled and paved archways, and the massive steps which sweep down in sculptured pomp to the right and left of the central stairway,—which

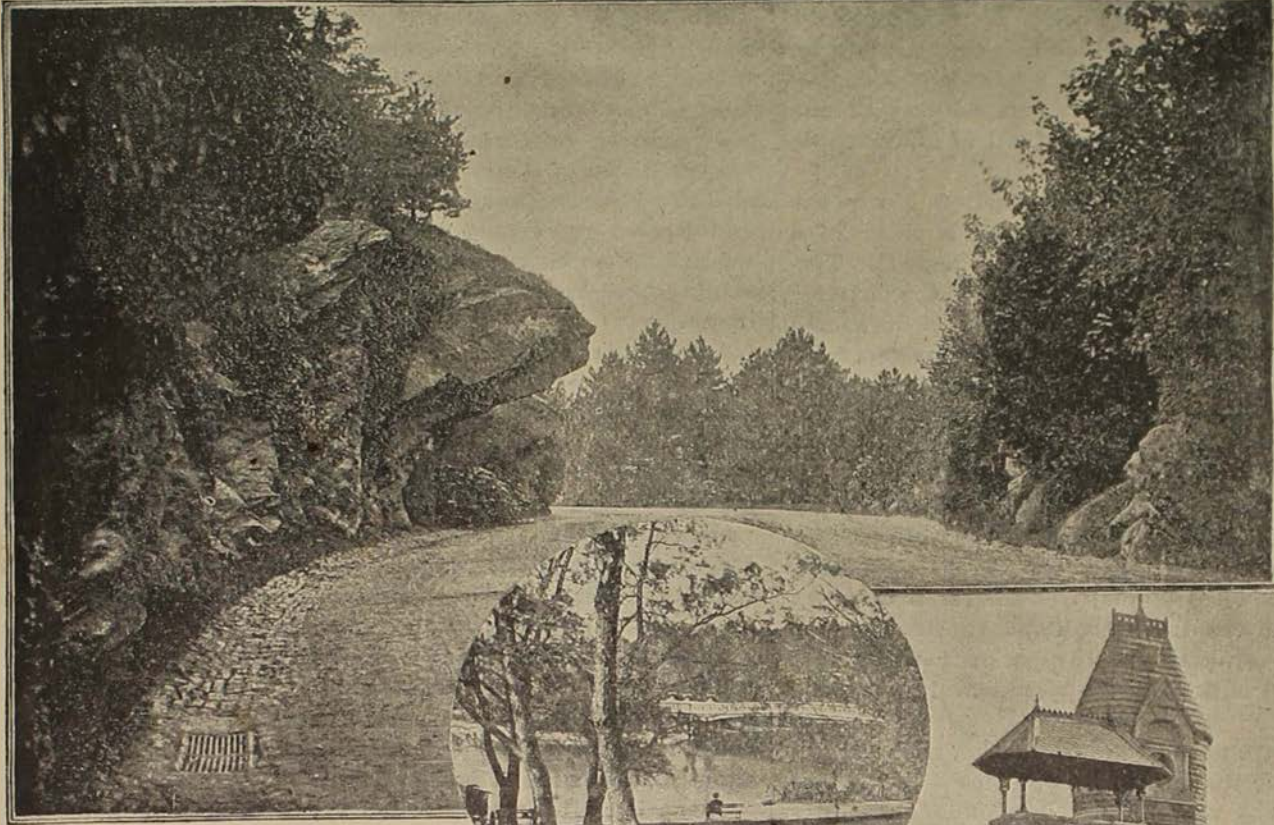
The idea of the fountain was suggested by the well-known passage from the Gospel according to St. John, v. 2, 3, 4. "An angel descending to bless the water for healing," says the designer, "seems not inappropriate in connection with a fountain; for although we have not the sad groups of blind, halt, and withered, waiting to be healed by the miraculous advent of the angel, we have no less healing, comfort, and purification, freely sent to us through the blessed gift of pure, wholesome water, which to all the countless homes of this great city comes like an angel visitant, not at stated seasons only, but day by day. Every day an angel descends for us; and, to remind us of this, the golden bronze angel of the fountain stands forever blessing the waters, which rise and move in her presence. She bears in her left hand a bunch of lilies, emblems of purity, and wears across her breast the crossed bands of the messenger angel. She seems to hover over as if just alighting on a mass of rock, from which the water gushes in a natural manner, falling over the edge of the upper basin, slightly veiling, but not concealing, four smaller figures, emblem-

atic of the blessings of Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace."

Beautiful and curious water-lilies fill the lower basin of the fountain in summer, and the landing-place for the boats at the Esplanade is always a scene of life. Merry parties are constantly embarking and arriving, and crowds watch the falling waters or pass on their way to other points of interest. Those romantically inclined will stroll away to the west or the upper side of the lake, into the Ramble, appropriately

when Moses was a priest at the city of On, or Heliopolis. The hieroglyphics inscribed on its side tell that it was made by the order of Thothmes III., a great conqueror among the Egyptian kings, to commemorate his victories. It is one of two obelisks erected at the city of the sun-god, Heliopolis, by this monarch. Under the Ptolemies, the obelisk was removed from the city of On and brought to Alexandria, where, until Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe lowered it, it remained in a conspicuous site near the sea-shore. The height of the obelisk from base to tip is sixty-nine feet and two inches; and it weighs forty-nine tons. The total height of the obelisk and its base and pedestal is eighty feet and eleven inches.

When the obelisk was lowered in Alexandria, it was found buried to a height of nine feet above the pedestal in a mass of debris and sand.



THE LION'S HEAD.

and prettily named, and one of the most charming portions of the Park—a labyrinth of intricate foot-paths, winding amid deep thickets, bits of open, sunny lawn, past grim, projecting rocks, and over rustic bridges crossing tiny streamlets, and miniature cascades tumbling downward into pellucid pools, and so on to the lake. In the Ramble is the Cave, a mysterious, dark, rocky arch, where, once the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, is seen a row of solemn owls blinking gravely at the intruder.

Scattered about the Park are bronze statues, appropriately situated, of Burns, Alexander Hamilton, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Humboldt, Webster, Shakespeare, Schiller, Sir Walter Scott, and Morse, and ideal statues symbolizing Commerce, the Indian Hunter, the American Soldier, the Falconer, and others. But the most striking and valuable monument, and the most salient point of interest in the Park, is the Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented to the city of New York by Ismail Pasha, late Khedive of Egypt, and brought across the ocean through the remarkable engineering skill of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, United States Navy. This imposing monolith stands on a knoll in the grounds opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is situated on the Fifth Avenue side, opposite Eighty-third Street.

The obelisk carries us back to more than fifteen centuries before Christ, and it was probably many generations old



BOW BRIDGE.

THE BELVEDERE.

The bottom of the obelisk did not touch the pedestal in Alexandria, as it now does in its present position in the Park. It was originally suspended on four bronze supports cast in the form of sea-crabs, and two of these crabs, or clamps, of copper bronze, were found at its base. Upon the back of these crabs were inscriptions in Greek and Latin. A translation of one of these bi-lingual inscriptions is as follows: "In the eighth year of Cæsar Augustus, Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, has caused (this obelisk) to

be erected under the architectural direction of Pontius." The bronze crabs now at each corner of the obelisk are new, reproduced from plaster casts of the original crabs placed there by the Romans. The average weight of the new crabs is nine hundred and twenty pounds each, and they are firmly fixed in position, to balance the obelisk on its pedestal.

This obelisk is the most perfect in preservation and the most historically interesting of all the four obelisks which have been removed from their original sites and set up in Rome, Paris, London, and New York. That mind must indeed be lacking in imagination which can contemplate an object, the work of human hands, which has existed during the lapse of thirty-five centuries, a silent witness of the doings of our race, without a strange thrill of undefinable emotion.

Many of the other monuments are situated along the Mall, or grand promenade, extending about a third of a mile, from the Marble Arch to the Terrace. Near the Terrace is the music pavilion, and at the right a narrow ascending path by which one may reach the Concourse and Casino, and the long *alameda*, a trellis-walk with seats, from which one may look down on the gay scene on the Mall,—the crowds of well-dressed promenaders, the happy children, and the pretty miniature barouches loaded with little ones and drawn by teams of little patient goats.

The Central Park Menagerie is a source of never-ending amusement to the children, and their elders as well. Other amusements are also provided: there are baseball grounds, tennis-courts, and croquet grounds, and a stretch of green lawn expressly for the children to roll and tumble on; the Carrousel, or merry-go-round, the swings, or "scups," and the Dairy, where cool milk can be had, are well patronized by the little ones.


Thirty-eight boats are provided on the Lake, with experienced boatmen to make the tour of its picturesque ways and startle the passengers by wakening the echoes under the pretty Bow Bridge, by striking the oar against the boat.

The boys delight in chasing each other up and down the stairs of the Belvedere, a pretty observatory, representing a miniature Norman-Gothic castle, built on a crag of gneiss at the southwest corner of the lower Reservoir. Looking from the balcony of its parapeted walls, or from the tower,—the view from which is well worth the trouble of climbing its narrow, winding stairs,—we can almost imagine the Hudson to be the storied Rhine. But the elevated railroad on either side sends up a puffing train every two or three minutes, which rapidly reminds us that we are still in the city of progress.

The value of the Park to New York can hardly be estimated. It has been aptly called the "lungs of the city;" and a lovelier breathing-place could hardly be devised in the same area. The twitter of birds, the perfume of flowers, the sparkle of waters, the refreshing green of smooth-shaven lawns, may all be as freely enjoyed by the city-dweller as by those whose home is in the country; and there are not many so unfortunate as to be unable to get to the Park at least once a week, to revel for a time in these summer pleasures.

LEILA SOUTHARD FROST.

A Pair of Passionate Pilgrims.

N the spring a star of hope and promise gilds the earth. In the spring the Atlantic beckons with her many diamonded arms, like the lying sorceress she is. In the spring the Swiss mountain-tops beguile, and the English lakes bewitch; the Welsh mountains weave their

mystic spells, and French watering-places their magic. In the spring the young man's thoughts lightly turn to love, but everybody else's to Europe.

Ah me! the unutterable longing of those tens upon tens of thousands who hunger and thirst for old Europe's wealth of historic, legendary, artistic, and picturesque possessions, and hunger and thirst unavailingly!

Since my long years of unsplendid, but interesting and fruitful experience in Europe, it has been borne in upon me that a great deal of this hunger and thirst that seems unavailing is not necessarily so. I know, by my own experience and that of others, that Europe is not unattainable to limited purses; and it is limitation of lucre that keeps the most of the famishing at home.

I have in my mind, at this very moment, almost a baker's dozen of American women who, strengthened by an absorbing desire, have taken "unattainable" by the throat and drawn every one of its teeth. In other words, they wanted to go to Europe, and they went!—under circumstances that keep tens of thousands of more timid ones at home.

Let me give you the instance of two single women who spent a summer in London and a winter in Paris for not a cent more than their expenses would have been at home, after their ocean passage was paid. They are people of some social position, and their expenses at home do not include board money. Gloves, ribbons, party-dresses, matinee tickets, dainty laundering, and ever-gulping *et cætera* are the little foxes that eat up their vines. Such expenses cannot possibly be shirked, although the hearts of these two friends are not in society at all, but in books and art and picturesque and spiritualized nature.

They were of the vast army of those who longed for Europe, and longed—they thought—hopelessly. For how could they reach their Canaan with only such money as kept them well dressed at home?

As spring after spring rolled by, as society grew less and less attractive, and they grew more and more "old maids," I think they grew desperate. I do not know what finally precipitated them into their adventure, for they were already in it when I knew them in London. They had come over with not a cent more, *in esse* or *in posse*, than society cost them at home; but they had come willing to wear men's raiment and accept anchorites' fare for the sake of Westminster Abbey and London's treasures of art and story.

I jotted down at the time what they told me of their manner of outwitting fate, and I repeat it here for any who may find it interesting. They came over on one of the "tramp" steamers—fellow-passengers with a noisy herd of Western cattle. They were two weeks on the water, and so maddened with impatience for the glorious city of their dreams, that more than once they called upon each other to "get out and walk." They had a state-room to themselves, and they paid forty dollars apiece for it. The scent of their fellow-passengers was borne in at their port-holes with every gust of air, and the sound of their lowing was the incessant bassoon-like accompaniment to the flute-like music borne from caves of Æolus across the billowing deep. They did not fare like king's daughters on that rolling tub, and they did not expect to. And what matters it that they have loathed, with loathing unutterable, baked potatoes and boiled beef ever since? Is not London better than beef? Is not Paris more satisfying than potatoes?

It must be understood that these "glorified spinsters" did not come to Europe to see people; that is, not live ones. They had come for an innumerable company of ghosts,—of Thackeray and his people, of Dickens and his, of ghostly Elizabethans, of Georgians and Victorians, as well as of more ancient ones. They had not a party-dress with them, and

they asked to go nowhere where a traveling suit was not admissible.

Arrived in London they sought the cheapest quarters they could find in a house unobjectionable on the ground of respectability. They found what they sought in one of the dull streets of Brunswick Square, a gloomy street of dingy lodging-houses, and maids and mistresses more or less frowsy—generally more. There were lodging-houses that could boast of virtue more unsullied than their front door-steps, of reputations cleaner than their entrance ways; but the beds were decent, and the bedding. An obliging landlady had a room thoroughly cleaned for them for an extra half-crown, and they took possession of, and occupied for six months, a very decent-sized room under the roof, at an expense of two English shillings (or fifty cents) a week apiece.

While they lived in this room, scouring London from one end to the other, seeing sights and learning lessons that would be a marvel to the most veteran and sentimental London literary tramp, they expended for food and shelter only \$3.50 a week apiece. This sounds like a Munchausen yarn, and I must confess that—old Londoner that I am—it staggered me; but they showed me how it was done, and proof is more than argument.

Now of course, being women, they dabbled somewhat in cookery. In the first place, it was economy to thus dabble; and in the second place, they liked it. It was jolly fun, they thought, to get their own breakfast in a thoroughly aired room, and to sit cosily by their tea and rolls and leisurely read the morning paper and study up their guide-books, laying out their routes for the day and figuring their expenses. They had a little oil-stove, of course, or they couldn't have kept house so cheaply. Their stove was furnished with a tin oven, and from that oven every morning came hot rolls, bought from the baker the day before. Their landlady furnished a pennyworth of milk every morning; their tea they bought and brewed themselves. And who that ever bought and made a cup of tea in England does not feel like assuming the attitudes of the sepulchral figures of our great-grandmothers' samplers, over teapots and teacups in every other clime of the world?

When they chose, these "glorified spinsters" added something more to their matutinal repast: an egg, a Yarmouth bloater, a sausage or two. There was an open fire-place in their room,—as in all London bedrooms, no matter how high or how small; and with the oil-stove upon the hob all odors floated airily up chimney, leaving none of the stale memories behind that are usually obnoxious concomitants of poverty. As they boasted themselves, they managed never to smell like "poor old maids in a garret," even though their whole wardrobe hung less than a grasshopper's leap from their cooking-stove and pantry, the latter a bureau drawer.

Every morning, after breakfast was over, these two Passionate Pilgrims started forth upon their illuminated way. They were good walkers, and London streets were paved for them with gold and precious stones, gathered from their wide reading, and arched over by the dazzling sky of their own imaginations. They overcame long distances with omnibuses and the underground railway, using cabs only when it was proven not speculative economy to do so; and they learned every picture-gallery by heart, could direct you to the haunts and the tomb of every distinguished dead Londoner, could picture for you every temple and every shrine, and guide you to every spot celebrated for wassail or for sacrifice. London was an open book to them, and they turned as many of its myriad leaves as could be turned by honorable enthusiasm and high-minded energy; more, it is safe to say, than any two American "old maids"

had ever turned before since the last Briton squatted on his haunches and tried to "shoo" invading Northmen away from London's thatched and mud palaces.

Lovers of Dickens must have an abiding memory of the "cook-shops" of London. I remember that, as a child, one of my most fervent and fervid aspirations was to go to London and riot in its cook-shops, as David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby wished to do and could not. I must confess that my experience of the Dickens cook-shop has been infinitely less magnificent than my fancy painted it. But I know that those cook-shops still exist, and that their viands are tempting to healthy appetites. All over London you may find them, and there, if pride or prejudice bar not the way, one may eat and be filled at less cost than at any restaurant, no matter how inexpensive. At these cook-shops one receives a plate and knife and fork over the counter. No ceremony of napkin and tablecloth is there and to be charged for. If you ask mustard with your slice of boiled ham, mutton, or beef, you may serve yourself from the general mustard-pot and wooden spoon. Do you crave a dash of pepper or salt, there they are, at your service, provided David Copperfield is not just shaking the bottle, or young Nickleby reaching out for the cruet.

Our Passionate Pilgrims always lunched at a cook-shop, and their lunch rarely cost them more than sixpence, often less. They always found a cook-shop on their way, no matter to what heights of imaginative beatitude that way led them; for, in London, Temple and cook-shop are cheek by jowl, and historic monuments are nested in them.

Like all the rest of fashionable London, our Pilgrims dined at night. They could not spare the time from the meridian hours, and they wanted all their strength for something else than digestion. For they *could* digest, and thus were better off than piquant, delightful Jane Carlyle.

Sometimes our Pilgrims dined in their own room. Then were saturnalias of Boston baked beans at eightpence the can and re-heated in the tin oven! Then were Lucullian orgies of prepared soups, and meats potted and unpotted, of hot ham-and-chicken pies at thrip'nice, and Welsh rare-bits at not even the price of a headache, after and before such vigorous exercise! There were bowls of nourishing, thick chocolate, with bread broken in it, to utilize all their crusts; for the Draconian law of the *ménage* was, "Not a crumb or drop wasted." And when funds were low, or out-goes had been reckless for theatre tickets and library subscriptions, there were always cheese sandwiches for dinner, "wery fillin' for the price," and so cheap that not even parsimony could cast a squint beyond them.

At the greengrocer's where they bought their butter and eggs, they noticed a shopman weighing out crumbs of cheese by the penn'orth. By judicious questioning they learned that thus were disposed of the fragments and crumbs that fall beneath the cheese-cutting knife. For the price of half a pound of cheese in comely slices, they could have a whole pound thus. So thus, thereafter, they bought their cheese, and with it upholstered slices of crisp toast.—two slices, together with pepper and mustard, forming a sandwich.

The numerous vegetarian restaurants all about Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, where a dinner may be had for sixpence, were of welcome and frequent service to them. So, too, were those even humbler resorts, mostly frequented by sewing-girls and shop-women, where the patron takes her own provisions with her, and pays a penny for having them cooked over a general fire in the room where they are eaten. Oilcloth-covered tables, with furnishing more for utility than to titillate any æsthetic sense, are provided for customers, and included in the penny. Tea and coffee are sold at a penny a cup, and the whole man-

agement is clean and respectable, but utterly innocent of frills.

After six months of London, our Passionate Pilgrims went to Paris. One of them spoke French well, therefore was at infinitely superior advantage over other P. P.'s who cannot speak it at all. What they did there, and how, I have never been told; and I never have seen them since I saw their faces framed in a window of a third-class carriage at Victoria Station. They were then bound for Paris. They are bound there yet! For last week I received a letter from their home out West, saying: "Do go with us this summer. We are bound to do it all over again."

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

Two Jacks.

I.



LETTER from Miss Edith Wylie to Jack Harper, Esq.:

"POINT SOLITUDE, July 18.

"MY DEAR COUSIN:—You did not ask me to write to you, but I am impelled to pocket my pride and invite myself to do so for the sake of self-justification. Your cynical laugh is still ringing in my ears. When it first burst from your jeering lips as you stood on tiptoe to stow away my shawl-straps in the rack on the cars, I registered a solemn vow to call you to account therefor; to prove to you, beyond all doubt, that your wicked insinuations were utterly false and without foundation, and that my confidence in my own sincerity and integrity of motive was not misplaced.

"You asserted, in the first place, when I broached my plan to you, that it was a moral impossibility for me to carry it out; that I was too fondly wedded to society and its frivolities to break loose for a whole summer and bury my charms [sarcastic smile] in a primeval solitude,—as I was plotting to do. When you found that my determination had carried me on to the point of packing my trunk, you fell back upon a reserve force of light wit, and condescended to some skirmishing that scarcely did you credit: you twitted me with wishing to retire to a sequestered spot where I could repair the ravages of a winter's season without being spied upon, and where I could lay in a stock of vitality to carry me through another period of social dissipation; you insinuated that the solitude I sought was something akin to the desert island of Crusoe, for I could count on finding the footprint of *man* there, and the familiar *dénouement*,—a Friday at my feet.

"To all these base attacks I presented a quiet and undaunted front,—indeed, I think my very indifference spurred you on to ruder assaults; and finally, when you stuck my shawl-straps aloft in the car, two weeks ago, and insultingly remarked that you would come down to the station a fortnight from that date and take them down for me. I held my peace, and vowed a secret vow that I would make you eat your words before that time had doubled itself. The time is up, I have not the slightest inclination to buckle my shawl-straps: in a word, you are vanquished.

"To begin, then, picture to yourself a commonplace little house on the top of a gentle slope, flanked by corn-fields and beset with wild carrot and hollyhocks and all rank green things that be, and rotting away its inert life under a beautiful mask of vines. Next, fancy a narrow path that starts from the door-step and descends the said gentle slope under an archway of maple-trees, crosses the highway, rambles over a pebbly beach, and stops at a little L-shaped pier, just the width of two boards, which juts out into the

placid waters of Lake Claire. Up on the brow of the slope a hammock is slung between two walnut-trees, a stone's throw from the house; down here a row-boat is moored to one of the slender spiles of the little pier: that is all my world.

"You will find me stretched in my hammock with my hands clasped over my head, and an unopened book beside me, thinking my insignificant thoughts,—even I have sometimes a thought or two, Jack,—or you will see me bending to my oars with automatic regularity and shooting across the glassy surface of the lake like a water-spider. You will find me dressed in a plain full skirt and blouse waist, with a 'Tam' stuck on my head,—a toilet that never alters from seven in the morning to nine at night. I am *sans parasol*, *sans gloves*, *sans veil*; my nose is freckled, and my hands and face the color of the cardinal-flower; my palms are blistered: and yet—I am happy! My boat, unluckily, is a double-oared one, a circumstance that might be sadly suggestive to some morbid imaginations,—and yet I am happy! I row alone to the lily-beds and pull my own water-lilies, unaided by masculine muscle; I walk unescorted through the woods to the village post-office, and though I mingle for the nonce with the gay throng from all the summer boarding-houses in the neighborhood, I am content not to know or be known; I swing lazily in my hammock with no representative of the sterner sex to sprawl on the grass below me sending me whiffs from a cigarette and delicate emanations from his superior intellect,—and yet, O Jack, I am happy!

"Am I concealed that I so thoroughly enjoy this getting acquainted with myself, find myself so congenial and satisfying, and care not a *sou* what the world is saying or doing so long as 'my heart and I' are swinging here at our ease? I dare say you will answer 'yes' to this; but scoff away, old Diogenes! your cynicism can't hurt me now, for I have proved to myself and to you that I can live and be happy 'far from the madding crowd,' in sweet communion with nature and my own thoughts,—of which I beg leave to boast a few.

"Now, how do they taste, coz? Can you snatch a few seconds from that exacting office in which to write and tell me? or must I rely on my imagination to picture the wry face you will make over this large dose of your own vocables,—administered, like a powder, in this folded bit of paper?

"Your faithful second-cousin,

"EDITH.

"P. S.—Where are you going to spend your two weeks' vacation, Jack?

E. W."

II.

A letter from Miss Edith Wylie to Jack Harper, Esq.:

"POINT SOLITUDE.

"MY DEAR JACK:—It was most uncousinly and cold-blooded of you not to answer the letter that I wrote you fully ten days ago. You might, at least, have given me the satisfaction of receiving a few beggarly thanks for the generous piece of humble pie I sent you,—but we will let that pass; for matters far more weighty claim my pen, and I must compose myself to write you a full and dispassionate account of a certain incident that plumped into the bosom of my serene existence, and tossed it into billows of agitation.

"You know that I have neither father nor brother to go to for advice and help, and in a case like this I feel that mother's romantic tendencies would lead her astray; besides, she is enjoying her visit with Aunt Clara, in the calm assurance that I am stranded high and dry out of the reach of those dangerous currents of feeling and whirlpools of sentiment that beset the course of the pretty craft on the tide of

the gay resorts. I, too, deluded myself with this idea,—but I little knew!

“Well, then, to begin! One fine morning I was coming briskly down the sloping path under the maple-trees, skipping lightly along on my rubber-soled tennis-shoes, as was my wont, with the *abandon* of a light-hearted girl who is confident of being unwatched, when my eye, roving ahead to make sure of the boat at its moorings, spied something that made it widen with amazement. At the extreme end of the L-shaped pier (*our* pier, where no trespasser had ever dared to set his foot!), a black-coated figure was silhouetted against the bright waters of Lake Claire,—black-coated, black-haired, a somber figure, with the single high-light of its collar, for its back was turned to me.

“‘A strayed reveler,’ from one of the neighboring boarding-houses, I imagined, and hastened on, nothing daunted, but noting, as I went, the suggestions of strength in repose in the quiet figure, the indescribably noble pose of the massive head, held well back, and so intent in its gaze across the waters that it did not move as I came dashing down the path, skipped over the stones on the beach, and ran out on the slender pier. Of course, as I came in near proximity to the intruder I modestly looked the other way; but, nevertheless, I was conscious of the turning of a head, and the concentration of a quiet gaze upon my insignificant personality. I untied my boat with difficulty, for my fingers trembled with nervousness, so quietly and persistently did the gaze continue to make itself apparent to my consciousness: yet not a movement did the figure make to help me as I struggled with the awkward knots in the rope. Finally I succeeded in wrenching the painter from the spile, flung it in the bow of the boat, leaped in, and settled to my oars with a feeling of intense relief. The strain upon my nerves must have been great, for the reaction was tremendous; you will think me foolish, but you know well that I have never been notorious for bashfulness, and I can only explain my trepidation and actual fear by laying it all on the head of that scape-goat, magnetism.

“As I bent to my oars and shot out from the pier, I felt so comfortably safe that I dared to look straight back into the face of the stranger who inspired me with such terror, and thereupon met the composed gaze of the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen!—so large and brown and kind! with such suggestions of pathos in their liquid depths! and shadowed by such perplexed and softly furrowed brows! I cannot describe to you the sharp contrast between the aggressive, almost brutal strength of that massive figure and averted head, and the gentle, mournful kindness of those eyes. There was an expression so insistently appealing in them that I felt my sympathies stir in response; and yet I felt intuitively that even they would resent a liberty. I could fancy them blazing up with anger; something told me that a quick temper slumbered behind their habitual softness,—a temper not to be trifled with; and then and there I registered a mental resolution to trifle with it never,—before I stopped to reflect that in all probability I would never come in contact with it again. I rowed away, with my eyes staring back unabashed, made bold with admiration, drinking in the noble lines of the calm figure and superb head, and seeking again to meet the mournful, beautiful eyes. But the head had turned away from me indifferently, back to its former pose, and the eyes had returned to their absorbing quest across the waters of the lake. It was only too evident that I failed to excite the interest with which I was inspired myself.

“When I returned from my row the pier was empty. I thereupon wrote *finis* under the little chapter of experience, and tucked it away in my memory with a sigh. I was premature.

“That night was so brilliant, with its great silver moon riding high in the heavens, that I could not go in at my usual bed-time; and after swinging idly in the hammock all the evening, I decided to run down to the lake for a moonlight row. As I hastened through the dewy grass, I sang aloud for very lightness of heart, and was in the middle of a jubilant trill when my voice was snapped off short like a broken guitar-string,—for I caught sight of a figure on the pier! Yes: silhouetted against the path of moonlight on the lake, as it had been against the morning sunshine, looking still more somber in its black coat with one point of light gleaming on the collar, sat the calm, reposeful figure with its now familiar outlines. The head did not move as my shrill quaver broke off abruptly; perhaps it was this fact that emboldened me to take up my little song again feebly and continue on my way to the boat, inwardly trembling with the same unreasoning fear I had been seized with in the morning, but outwardly untroubled and *nonchalant*. The same performance was gone through with again,—the nervous struggle with the rope, the quiet gaze cast askance from the brown eyes, the eager leap into the boat, the strong, swift push away from the pier, and then the look of bravado flung back from the doughty rower to the silent watcher.

“My mind was now alive with conjectures: Who was the solitary stranger? What was his purpose in haunting our little boat-landing? Where did he come from? Where did he go to? Why were his eyes brimming with unutterable sadness, and for what reason was he dressed in the habiliments of mourning? And with what purpose did he keep his steadfast vigils by the lake? Questions all destined to remain unanswered, for I refrained from putting them to my landlady, for fear,—well, for fear she would have him ordered off her premises as an intruder. You see, though I feared him, I was likewise held in a spell of fascination; and, to make a full confession, I had set myself to overcome that superb indifference, which piqued me while it won my admiration. Thus it went on day after day: in the morning when I came down the shady avenue of maples, I was confident of finding a solitary figure ensconced at the end of the pier; and on bright evenings when I dared to venture down again to the water's edge, I found the same faithful watcher at his post. Strong as was my impulse to respond to the appeal for friendship in those brown eyes, I restrained myself with prudent reasons; established as the understanding between us seemed, not a word ever passed between us; he never presumed to advance an inch nearer me. Our eyes had met,—that was all.

“Occasionally I saw him in the village sauntering from the post-office, seemingly going to no point in particular; generally alone, but on rare occasions walking by the side of a bevy of ladies from one of the boarding-houses. But even then he kept that indifferent mien, in this case a solace to my jealous spirit. I never saw him speak to a soul, although his feminine companions were lavish of their attentions to him; and only once did I hear his name,—when a bold young woman took the liberty of calling him across the road: it pleased my spiteful nature to see that he responded to the summons languidly and with an air of being bored by importunities. And what do you think she called him?—‘Jack!’ Is it not odd that his name should be the same as yours? It has always been my favorite among men's names, and I remember telling you so one day, and I remember your saying—what *did* you say? I have forgotten it, after all!

“But yesterday the climax came! It was a cloudy, gray morning, just the day for pickerel-fishing, and I took my rod over my shoulder, and my box of tackle under my arm, and started out for a few hours of the gentle sport;

resolving that I would not row far from shore, but would anchor within sight of the pier, where I could angle at one and the same time with two very different species of bait.

"The black-coated stranger was at his post, but so accustomed had I become to his formidable presence that I made long and unhurried preparations for a start, without so much as a tremor of the hand. He watched me gravely as I baled out my boat,—it had rained the night before,—untangled my line, adjusted my hook, and depositing my rod in the boat, pushed off gently with my oar against a spile of the landing. I rowed out a short (a very short) distance, and cast anchor. Shipping my oars, I stood up on the rower's seat and started to spring lightly onto the next one, with a recklessness that deserved its fate. I sprang,—but, alas! the impulse was not followed by progress; the hem of my skirt caught on the oar-lock, and I was hurled sideways with all the force of the baffled impetus. I grasped the air, shrieking, stepped upon the gunwale, keeled backwards, and plunged into the bright cold waters of Lake Claire!

"I can never describe to you the horrors of the next few seconds! The gurgle of death in my ears; the heavy clutch, which seemed to be dragging me down, down, down! the struggle, which seemed like the struggle of hours; and, finally, the mocking glimpse of life again above the surface! I thought of you, and wondered whether you would be sorry for all your satirical onslaughts upon me, when you saw my cold, drowned body being borne home from its watery grave. I wondered if you would not remember a few good little traits that you had always persistently overlooked; and if some of the monstrous ones that had been such stumbling-blocks in your way would not shrink to mournful insignificance; and whether— But why should I attempt to tell you the uninteresting chaos my mind was in, and the life-time of thought it went through in those brief seconds of misery? It would only bore you, and is not at all to the point.

"As I rose, then, for the first time, I was conscious that a huge figure had risen and was looming up on the pier; the next instant I heard a tremendous plunge; the next, I sank, and heard nothing but the rush of water in my ears. I remember nothing more but the sensation of a firm grasp upon my skirts, a *swishing* sound above my head,—and then came a long blank.

"When I opened my eyes I was lying in my bed, with hot blankets swathed about me and steaming medicines held at my lips. I rallied at once, leaped up, and scandalized my good landlady by insisting upon dressing myself in dry garments, and walking excitedly about the house. She told me that her husband was jogging home in his farm-wagon from the village, and had seen a dark object swimming towards the shore, which had roused his curiosity; that he had stopped to investigate, and afterwards had driven me, dripping and unconscious, up to the house. From the worthy man's description I knew that the savior of my life was—as I had more than suspected—the mysterious stranger, 'Jack.' I was thrown into a feverish state of excitement at the certainty, and could neither eat nor rest for the remainder of the day; nor could I wait for evening to come before I stole away and rushed down to the pier. It was empty; but I sat down to wait at the extreme end, on the very spot where that other familiar, now beloved, figure had kept its vigils.

"The sunset had faded from the sky, and the moonlight was beginning to glimmer over the opposite shore, when I heard, or rather felt, a footfall on the landing. My heart quaked within me, but I did not look nor move. It came onward to the bend in the L, and paused: my heart stopped,

too. After a long moment of silence it struck the boards softly once more, and advanced slowly and dubiously. Finally it paused at my very side, hesitated a moment, and sat down close by me. I heard his quick, panting respirations, and felt his hot breath against my cheek. I turned and—O Jack, forgive me!—flung my arms about that noble head, buried my face against that majestic breast, and cried like a child—like a child; for I did not know then how I had grown to care for him, what feelings had wakened and matured unconsciously in my heart, and towards what a destiny I had been secretly drifting these sunny days and moonlit nights.

"You wonder, no doubt, why I write this to you. I write, dear cousin, as a daughter to her father, for a guiding arm in this decisive crisis in my life. Is there any reason why I should not claim this other 'Jack' for my own, too? He is alone in the world, homeless, friendless; I have home, friends, companionship, to give him. His story, which I heard from one of the villagers, is a sad one; I will tell it to you some day. You are critical, dear coz, to the point of severity, and I know full well that my dear Jack will not satisfy you in one important particular: he is not, perhaps, as blue-blooded as you would wish him to be. Yes, I confess it, his origin is plebeian; there is even an evident trace of it in the rugged mold of his great figure, and the leonine cast of his head; but, oh! Jack dear, you will not, you can not, fail to recognize the truly noble soul that looks out from his beautiful, gentle eyes! You will not dislike him,—promise me that you will not dislike him! When I bring him back with me, as I intend doing, promise me that you will try to love him for my sake.

"I shall be looking for an answer to this important communication daily, and with eagerness; and until it comes will be an

"ANXIOUS COUSIN EDITH.

"P. S.—Jack is sitting beside me now on 'our pier.'

"E. W."

III.

A letter from Jack Harper to Mrs. John M. Harper.

"POINT SOLITUDE.

"DEAREST MOTHER:—I owe you not only an apology for the way I left you day before yesterday, but a generous piece of confidence into the bargain, which I beg you to receive with your usual urbane and kindly indulgence.

"You remember that we were sitting at the breakfast-table when Mary brought in your letters, among them one for me, which you handed across the coffee-urn with a sly smile and a teasing remark about the feminine superscription thereon. Perhaps you remember that I tore it open somewhat eagerly, sat for several moments absorbed in its contents, and ended by leaping to my feet with a terrific explosion of profanity; that I jerked the tablecloth with my foot, upsetting my cup of coffee, and breaking your pet cream-pitcher; stepped on the cat, swore some more, and flung out of the room, and was neither seen nor heard from for twenty-four hours thereafter. For these and all other misdemeanors, dear mother, I am truly penitent: my first duty on coming home will be to replace the cream-pitcher with one far more beautiful; as for the profanity—pray forget it.

"On leaving you in this abrupt fashion, I hastened with undignified speed to the office, settled a few matters of business, rushed to the depot, bought a ticket for this place, and in less than an hour from the time I was shocking your refined ears with my outburst, was rattling along in the cars, miles away from the scene of the disaster.

"At this point you must pause and read the two inclosed

missives, which I have divested of their envelopes and numbered I. and II., in the order of their coming. The first, you will perceive, is a saucy note taunting me with my acerbity of tongue,—which you well know, dear mother, is much greater than that of my temper. I 'acknowledge the corn,' as the saying is: all these rude speeches, and more, was I guilty of discharging at my pretty adversary, in the vain hope of striking out one spark of feeling from her hard little heart. On receiving No. I. I indulged in some mutterings of contempt; felt sore at what I imagined a premature snub, warning me off from an invasion of Point Solitude by assuring me that its charms were complete and needed no addition of this nature; thrust the thing in my waistcoat pocket, and moped about for several gloomy days with its sharp corners sticking unpleasantly into my heart.

"I vouchsafed no answer, vowing that I would not minister to her monstrous thirst for blood by an exhibition of my wounds; nor had I the spirit for smart retort. No. II. followed fast on the heels of No. I. Read it, my good mother, and if you do not indulge in some mild forms of profanity yourself, you are not the sympathetic mother I take you to be. Put yourself in my shoes, and fancy the emotions that seethed in my breast as I sat gnawing my mustache in the cars that day, meditating a murderous onslaught upon that villainous 'Jack,' and framing barbed speeches for the tender breast of my silly cousin. For I had made up my mind, on the evidence in my waistcoat pocket, that the fellow was an adventurer, to say the least; and that Edith had made a fool of herself,—to put it mildly. I would put an end to it, cost what it might,—if I had to fling the black beggar into the lake to accomplish it; and I would drag my sentimental cousin home, by brute force if need be, before I would trust her out of our sight again. As I dwelt upon these extravagances, I was half-conscious of another feeling rankling beneath them,—a feeling that gave an edge to what I was pleased to call my family pride, and had probably been at the root of all my fierce mental activity; whose name, dear mother, I can trust you to guess.

"When I alighted at my destination I made at once for the post-office, in order to inquire my way to the little house on the slope; and, as luck would have it, met Edith plump in the doorway. She was looking over some letters in her hand, and did not see me at first; and for that short instant I thought I detected a wistful, disappointed look in her face: but the next minute she looked up, and I saw that I was mistaken. Such a brilliant, blushing look of happiness as lighted and overspread her face I have never seen before; and it galled me so that I scarcely knew what I was doing. I am sure that my face must have been as colorless and cold as a dead man's, and the formal hand-shake I vouchsafed her, as stiff and clammy as the touch of a corpse.

"'Why, Jack!' she cried. 'What's the matter?' The radiance faded from her face, and it reflected some of the gloom of my own.

"'This is hardly the place to discuss what is the matter.' I said tersely. 'Let us walk toward your boarding-house.'

"We turned and walked together along the dusty country road. 'Do not tell me there is anything wrong,—anything about mother,' she said, anxiously scanning my face.

"'There is something very wrong indeed; and it is to prevent a great grief from falling upon your mother that I have come,' I said piously; and then I could hold in no longer. 'Where's that scalawag in black?' I cried, turning on her so fiercely that she sprang away from me alarmed. 'I'll horsewhip him to within an inch of his life unless he leaves this place before the end of twenty-four hours, *confound him!*'

"I raised my cane in the air and shook it viciously, expecting to see Edith quail before me, perhaps fall on her

knees then and there begging for mercy, perhaps faint away with fright; but no! At the mere mention of the subject of my maledictions, a dimpling smile broke over her face, and the color came flooding back to her cheeks; her very lips trembled with pleasurable emotion as she hastened to interrupt me.

"'O Jack, I never thought of that as your errand!' she cried. 'Please, *please* do not judge him before you see him. I know that when you have once seen his noble form——'

"'Edith!' I said grimly, white with wrath, 'for Heaven's sake, spare me such driveling nonsense! I have come down here to put an end to an outrageous piece of sentimentalism, which concerns me because it concerns the pride of my family. You have been foolish enough to pledge yourself to a man about whom you know less than nothing, who may be a swindler and a thief, for aught you know to the contrary. Inasmuch as you have appealed to me "as a daughter to her father" [dwelling for a moment with bitter emphasis on these words], you are bound to listen to me with some patience. This, of course, is my only excuse for intruding my unwelcome presence upon your seclusion; for after your first note, which told me so distinctly that you were more than satisfied to be let alone, and your second, which informed me that your solitude had been doubled in charm by being changed to a *solitude à deux*, I would scarcely have thrust myself upon you without good reason. You must agree with me that it is necessary for me to see this—this fellow, and ascertain something about him, at least. You will be good enough to let me know where I can find him.'

"As I talked, Edith had tripped demurely by my side, casting sidelong, half-scared glances at me, but with such a suppressed sparkle of mischief lurking in her eyes, that, instead of being appeased, I became more and more furious, and conscious that my face was growing red as a turkey-cock's.

"'You will find him,' she answered smiling, 'down on the pier.'

"'Down on the pier!' I echoed sneeringly; 'at his old rôle of maudering melancholia, I suppose. For Heaven's sake, let us walk more quickly; and have the goodness to say no more on this subject: every word you speak only stirs my blood more furiously.'

"I strode on in gloomy silence, and Edith quickened her pace and stepped easily at my side, keeping time with her flat-soled shoes to a merry tune she was humming. So teasing, so inexpressibly exasperating was that tune as it jarred against my already unstrung nerves, that nothing but the stern self-control I inherit from my gracious mother kept me from pouring out a torrent of abusive language, that I should afterwards have regretted in vain. In this wise we reached our destination, having walked half a mile along a path that wound through the woods and along the edge of the lake, through what I afterwards found to be exceedingly beautiful scenery; but which at the time might have been the environs of the dreariest alley in the city, for all I saw to the contrary.

"I became conscious that the goal of our journey had been reached, by my cousin's suddenly swerving aside and beckoning me to follow. She dashed across a pebbly beach, and danced out on a slender pier that stretched into the glassy lake, meanwhile laughing and turning the merriest face back over her shoulder. I followed blunderingly, with my near-sighted eyes fixed on a black figure seated at the end of the pier, while all anger seemed to die out suddenly in my breast, and a heartsick despair to seize me at this sudden crystallization of my unsubstantial fears. A double-oared boat was moored near, and I glanced at it sullenly. I reached the bend in the letter L, and stood there leaning on my cane and gazing off indifferently at the prospect.

"I had suddenly resolved to adopt the rôle of cold superiority, although I realized that there might be contingencies through which the cane in my fist would be forced as an actor into the little tragedy.

"'Jack!' I heard her mocking voice say, 'Jack, dear!'

"No doubt it was to *him* she spoke; but I turned with a sneer on my lips,—to see my maudlin cousin kneeling on the dock with her arms about the neck of—a huge Newfoundland dog!

"His great stocky frame with its rough black coat and massive head was enough to intimidate any unprotected maid; but when he turned and met my stare with two soft brown eyes, brimming with a nameless sadness, I recognized at once the spell that had drawn my diffident cousin to his formidable side. The brass collar about his shaggy neck catching the sunlight, hinted at 'his sad story,' that Edith afterwards told me, as she promised in her letter,—the old story of being left behind by a hard-hearted master, who took this means of ridding himself of what he considered an

incumbrance. My affections sprang to meet the appeal in those beautiful brown eyes; and from that moment Jack and I were friends.

"Dear mother, need I add another word for your penetrating eye? Is it necessary to tell you that note No. I. was intended to decoy me to Point Solitude? that failing, No. II. was dispatched with the same end in view,—a bait that could not fail of its mission? O Edith, a Wylie worthy of your name, what a blind brute a man can be! And is it necessary, dear mother, to confide to you that Edith and I—but no! I have already shown enough obtuseness for the whole family; I will not suspect you of it, into the bargain!

"I will get you a dozen cream-pitchers, if you wish. Hooray! I am so happy!—in spite of the fact that I have, been such a

JACK.

"P. S.—I am going to spend my two weeks' vacation at Point Solitude.

J."

W. L. FALCONER.

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

WHEN photography made its appearance, all other hobbies had to give way. It is, indeed, the king—or shall I say the queen?—among hobbies. Certainly its numerical conquest is amazing. Compared with its all-pervading sway, how meagre is the dominion of the elusive postage-stamp, the rusty coin, the wizard microscope, the appealing palette, the vagrant fishing-rod, the supple oar, the airy racquet, or even the nimble tricycle!

And yet modern photography had to overcome many prejudices before its supremacy became complete. The advent of the art itself was not made under conditions that tempted the average fancy. It is amusing to study the outfit of the early photographer with all of its cumbersome accompaniments, and it is all but impossible in our pampered era to understand how one who looked for amusement only, could be tempted to dabble in operations

involving so much machinery, so much of the "mussy" elements.

In the "wet plate" days, the development of the image could not be delayed until a convenient time, but must be

out of hand at once,—before the plate had time to dry. For this reason the picture-maker must carry with him into the field all the appliances necessary for the immediate finishing of his plate. The professional van of the early days was a familiar object in street and lane. It has a successor in the mysterious cart of the "tintyper," whose process involves much the same conditions. When the amateur of twenty years ago went afield with his camera, he had to be content to look like a peddler, and to toil like one with his pack. But he—for it was scarcely ever she in those days—never thought of these inconveniences. The enthusiasm of the first amateur photographers was of



A SMILE NO PROFESSIONAL CAN CATCH.

a truly heroic kind, not to be daunted by the prospect of much work and many obstacles.

And these obstacles were often not easy to surmount. Take, for instance, the case of the gentle cow grazing at the side of the road. The camera being planted and the plate ready for exposure, the photographer could not wait an hour and a half for a moment of placidity on the part of that cow; and, the plate being too "slow" to allow of anything like an instantaneous exposure, a serious dilemma was presented by the restless activity of a useful but too energetic tail. And then, again, the baby, bless him! would never be still for a moment, any more than he will be still for a moment now. No eloquence or ingenuity of surprise could induce him to look fixedly at the lens for thirty seconds. Now we can see clearly enough that the baby was not to blame; but before relief came, the soul of the amateur was sorely tried in a persistent effort to accomplish the impossible.

All these pains and difficulties left their natural impression on the popular mind. The chemical side of the question



SITTING FOR PAPA.



MASQUERADING IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

inspired disagreeable misgivings more or less associated with the idea of fingers and clothing, and amateur photography came to represent to the average fancy something that was far from dainty, and not altogether feasible from the domestic standpoint.

When the "dry plate" came, the prospect instantly brightened. It was then no longer necessary to take the "dark room" out of doors. It could stay at home, where it was much more convenient to establish it. The plate, after exposure, could be kept until a convenient time for development, or could be handed over to someone else if the amateur had no taste for this after-process. What was more important was that the dry plate was quicker than its moist predecessor; not very quick at first, but it soon advanced into a state of speed that captured the restless cattle and made the baby possible!

When once the old-time prejudices against the photographic medium were overcome, the photographic hobby

found a multitude of riders; and when once it began to seem worth while, Yankee inventive genius set itself the task of lifting the mechanics of photography to a high level: so that we may say truthfully enough, nowadays, that the amateur photographer is the most pampered of amateurs. At the same time, the art has made such rapid strides that the mechanical medium seems scarcely to have kept pace with the requirements. One is surprised, at times, to find how inadequate most photographic appliances are: that is to say, inadequate from the standpoint of the expert operator, who perhaps expects more than he has a right to look for. It is nevertheless true that the amateur who makes poor work has very slight excuse on the side of the mechanical wherewithal.

The modern camera with the modern dry plate not only overcomes all difficulties arising from movement, however rapid, in the object to be photographed, but declares that nothing is inaccessible. The amateur now climbs to the mast-head or penetrates the darkest opium den of the metropolis. He goes to the mast-head with a "detective" or portable camera, constructed for operation without tripod or focusing cloth; and carries with him into the opium den (if he has the taste and daring for such an expedition) a flash light whose instantaneous glow gives him sufficient illumina-



CAUGHT AT IT.



A FLASH-LIGHT GROUP.

nation to "snap" a picture before the victims have time to object.

When we speak of the flash light we bring up one of the most interesting phases of modern photography. Before the use of this light, photography indoors was a matter involving much skill and many chances of failure. At best, an indoor picture was generally deficient in illumination,

BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.
(Taken on the Wheel.)

for few amateurs understood how—or cared if they did have the skill—to properly attend to the matter of lighting. With the flash light, the amateur finds himself in a position to command *quantity* of illumination, at least. The arrangement of the light and reflectors remains, as before, a matter of skill.

A glimpse of many an amateur's album will reveal some artistic curiosities among early attempts with the flash light. At the outset, many a connoisseur fell into the error of turning out all other light before

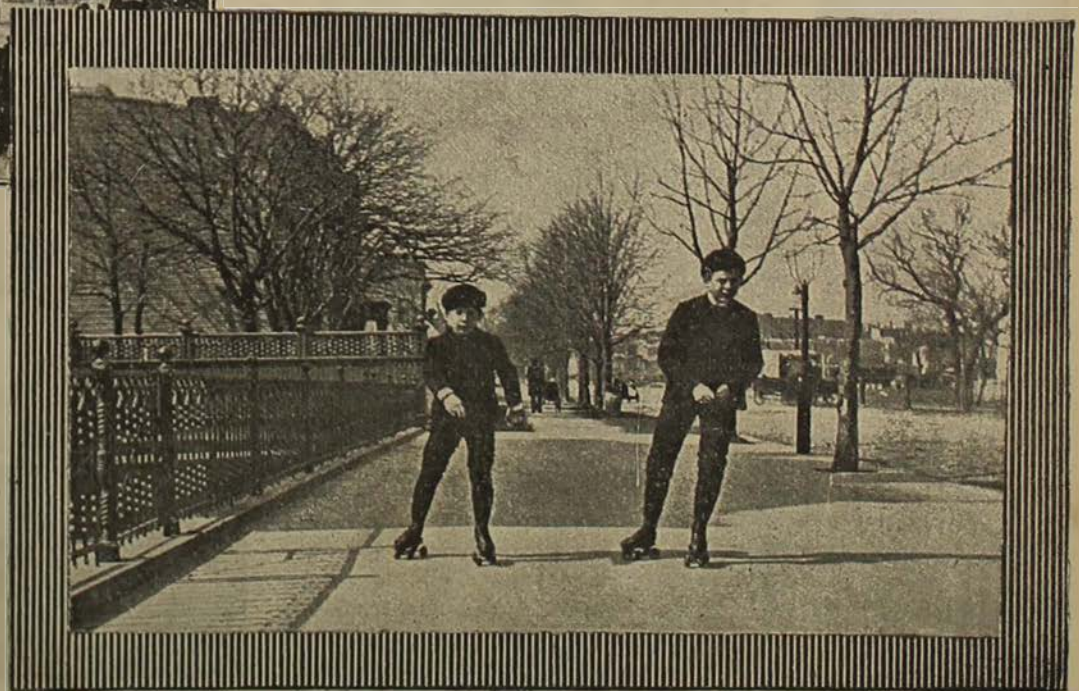
igniting the flash. The result was that every pair of eyes in the room blinked at the very instant when the exposure occurred, and the picture on the plate presented an anomalous, not to say painful spectacle. Then, when figures were not properly seated with respect to the light, certain faces would be found in the gloom of a very deep shadow cast by someone else's head, and given a curious and most weird aspect by the accident.

Under proper operation the flash light is a great boon to the amateur, since it opens up most delightful possibilities in domestic art. Evening groups and parties, perhaps a wedding gathering, a christening, or a presentation, may be "flashed" in a second, and the picture thus captured will often have a sentimental and historic interest of no inconsiderable value.

In these pictures, and in those taken under other conditions, it is not always the art features that supply the element of interest and value. Pictures that are,

artistically, all but worthless (if any *true* copy of nature can be worthless to the artist), may have a personal, an incidental value, not to be estimated by the outsider. Indeed, to the amateur, perhaps the chief interest in most of his work is generally outside of this element of art in the result. Posed and made-up pictures are capable of giving a certain amount of satisfaction, when they are successful; but it is the impromptu, the purely human element, that gives the liveliest pleasure afterward. It is in capturing these chances, these evanescent phases of character and incident, that the camera gives its best service.

The amateur often sets about making figure compositions at home or out-of-doors. A background is fitted up near a window, and after grandma or the baby has gone through the ordeal of an amateur gallery, a touch of humor is thrown in by a burlesque figure or group. The boys rig up in queer garments,—brother Tom, perhaps, donning feminine gear for the purpose of appearing in a droll group of two; or Cousin Beatrice, with an artificial moustache, plays the



"TAKE 'EM AS THEY COME!"



A TENDER TABLEAU.

lover's rôle in a tender tableau. The resulting picture often has, as I have suggested, unpremeditated traits. For one thing, the light plays strange freaks: intense contrasts in light and shadow give a sometimes sepulchral significance to features not naturally so marked. To a maiden aunt who is sensitive about such things, the enforced appearance of antiquity associated with an effect which the amateur's artist friend tells him is very "strong," is not by any means acceptable; and Uncle John, who has passed fifty, but still considers himself a young fellow, is not appeased by the assurance that his grewsome portrait ("a little under-exposed," says the amateur) resembles a copy from Rembrandt or Franz Hals.

It does not do for the amateur to be hypersensitive about the criticism of his sitters; for these non-paying sitters are often quite as critical as those who pay their six dollars a dozen in the professional gallery. The amateur frequently reminds himself that it is his own taste that he must consult, that his gratuitous labor justifies that view; but at the same time it frequently occurs that the he—or she—of the camera feels more than a little inclined to please the sitter, or perhaps the sitter's mother, and it cannot be without disappointment that the picture is found to arouse no enthusiasm. This is one of the pains of photography. In contrast to this situation is the delight of the farmer at the picture of his new barn, the warmth of Deacon White over the negative of his mare and buggy, or the praise of the city banker for the "snap-shot" of daughter Alice on the tricycle.

With the development of amateur photography has come the formation of photographic societies, which are now found in considerable numbers in every city. The larger of the societies have club-rooms fitted up with all the conveniences of a scientific laboratory, and large rooms in which may be displayed upon the screen lantern-slide copies of successful negatives. These clubs are not only in the habit of making roving excursions on land and water, but are forming the habit of co-operating in the work of photographing important public events, etc. Thus, on the occasion of the recent Washington Centennial

at New York, the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, the New York Camera Club, the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, and the Photographic Departments of the American Institute and the Brooklyn Institute, made organized efforts to secure every feature of the three days' celebration. This centennial was, in consequence, the best photographed, or certainly the most photographed, public event that ever occurred in any country.

Pictures captured in this way are made into lantern slides, and by projection upon the screen afford an opportunity for revealing to an audience a most lifelike representation of all that the cameras saw. A recent exhibition in New York called up every phase of the Washington Centennial, a series of instantaneous views giving a continuous record of the observance. The "detective" furnished many character studies. President Harrison, General Sherman, and other distinguished men



"HURRY, SIS! I'M SLIPPING."



A BREEZY DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.
(Taken from a Yacht.)



JUST OUT OF THE BATH.

But there are many persons who, having little time, and perhaps less inclination, to do the developing and printing after the camera has done its work, would like to get a developed, printed, toned, and mounted photograph by simply pressing a button; and American ingenuity has proved itself equal even to their demands. We "press a button" on one of the gems of modern photographic mechanism, and presto! the image leaps through the opening and imprints itself on the sensitive surface within. A rolled "film" has made it possible to take several scores of pictures without opening the camera, and these are afterwards developed and printed by a professional, at a trifling expense. It is needless to say that such devotees have not had a prominent part in the surprising elevation which the photographic art has reached in recent years; but they certainly have reaped much of the amusement that



CAUGHT IN A TREE.

appeared as large as life upon the screen, in pictures taken at close quarters entirely "unbeknownst" to them.

For all that he accomplishes, the amateur makes many sacrifices. Notwithstanding all that Yankee inventive genius has done to aid him, the amateur still finds the art with few "ready-made" features. Unless he gives over into other hands the work following the exposure of the plate,—and this must rob him of much of the credit that would belong to a successful picture,—the photographer finds an infinite number of opportunities for failure or partial failure. Between the time of the exposure and the time when the finished print is a reality, there is a surprising number of pitfalls for the ill-informed or the careless. Of course if there were fewer opportunities for failure there would be less distinction in a triumph.

can be got out of an amateur photography.

When we consider the multiplicity of devices which have recently been introduced, it is not without interest that we contemplate the possible future of the photographic art. There is no substitute for a want of judgment and taste,



ON THE LAKE.
(From a "Kodak.")



A HIGH-PRICED COOK.
(From a "Kodak.")



A STOLEN PICTURE OF THE PROFESSOR.

but better tools are constantly making it easier to put ideas into practice and to make photography possible even to the busiest.

One day the professor dropped into the business office of

a clever amateur, and while he sat there chatting, the amateur caught a characteristic portrait with a hidden hand-camera. The plate was developed, and a print duly mounted. When the professor came in again, the mischievous amateur asked him to sit a moment for his portrait, adding that he had a new kind of camera, whose mechanism finished the picture on the spot. The photographer then went through the form, and in a few minutes drew the finished print from the interior of the camera! Words cannot describe the astonishment of the professor, who went away marveling at the advances of science.

Taking it all in all, I think the charms and the usefulness of photography justify its present prominence as a hobby, and it seems plain enough that this prominence is not momentary. Photography has certainly a most promising future. Meanwhile, most of us who look to it primarily for recreation are delighted to take it for what it is, and for the delightful dividends it declares on our investment of study and patience.

ALEXANDER BLACK,

President of the Photographic Department of the Brooklyn Institute, Librarian of the Brooklyn Academy of Photography, etc.

Our Girls.

A Bit of Court-Plaster.

JUDGE BURLEIGH sat at his desk so completely lost in thought, that his intimate friend and associate, Dr. Sanderson, opened the door of the outer hall, and, crossing the main office, entered the judge's private room and stood for some seconds by the doorway without being noticed. With a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, he saw his friend open a package, take from it the miniature of a beautiful girl, and press it to his lips. A lock of golden hair and a small black object that looked like an overgrown wafer were next unwrapped, and on these the old judge gazed for some moments, smiles and shadows chasing each other over his benevolent face.

At length, with a sigh, he was about to place the articles in their wrappers, when a noise in the outer office caused him to raise his head, and he saw the doctor standing in the doorway. Hurriedly he drew a newspaper over the contents of the parcel, and was about to rise, when the doctor exclaimed with a hearty laugh:

"Well, well! What next? Will we live to see the sphinx ogling some far Egyptian devotee, or the shade of Blackstone coquetting with a pocket edition of Venus? or is it another Maud Muller? Tut, tut! judge, I would never have thought it of a staid old bachelor like you," and the doctor laughed again.

"Probably not," replied the judge, — "most people wouldn't; but you have shot wide of the mark this time, for the articles you saw are not connected with any romance in which I played a leading part."

"Ah! a cousin perhaps, or a sister; eh, judge?" replied his friend slyly.

"Sit down, doctor," said the judge, "and I will tell you an old story. The point of it you have no doubt heard a

score of times; but I venture to say that you never knew that such a circumstance actually occurred, and that the principals in it were among the best known of our society people of half a century ago. My connection with the affair was through my relationship to the lady in the case. After her death her only daughter was my ward, and I afterward adopted her. I was her mother's counsel for some years; and one day she gave me this packet and told me the circumstances. It had such a spice of romance in it that I have always enjoyed thinking about it, and often look at the picture and try to recall her as I knew her in the prime of life. I will tell you the story; I know you will find it interesting."

The judge unwrapped the miniature, placed it upon the desk, and continued:

"The autumn session at the Seminary in Breslau, in the year 18—, opened with unusually full classes, and the buildings were crowded. Indeed, the number of resident students was so far in excess of the provision made for them, that it was found necessary to put at least two pupils in every room in the dormitories. A new wing was to have been finished in time for the opening of the session; but for some cause it had been delayed, and the students were obliged to be content with crowded accommodations while the work on the new building was pushed forward as rapidly as the weather and the limited means and help would permit.

"The building stood on a high table-land overlooking the village. The original plan of construction was the form of a Maltese cross. The central portion and main floors were devoted to the chapel, libraries, class-rooms, dining-rooms, and business offices; while the wings, above the first floor, were used as dormitories. But three of the wings and the central portion had at that time been completed, and it was

upon the fourth, which was to be built much longer than the original plan, that the work was going on.

"As it was expected that the new wing, which was to be occupied by the boys, would be done by the holidays, it was finally decided, after much debate, to turn one of the halls into a dormitory for the younger girls, and the working pupils who assisted in the domestic affairs of the establishment; for, with the exception of cooks, housekeeper, and scullery-maids, all of the household service was performed by pupils who in this way paid for their board and tuition. One of the girls' dormitories was therefore given up to the boys and young men, and a large number of girls occupied cots in the long hall.

"The regular boys' dormitory was reached by a separate stairway from the lower floor. The two others, both usually occupied by the girls, opened upon a spacious landing connecting with the hall of the main building.

"In giving up one of these wings to the boys, the young people were necessarily brought into rather close quarters; and arrangements were made for night monitors, who were selected from the assistant teachers, and were stationed in the hall. They had regular watch-hours, and relieved each other at stated intervals. In this way a check was kept upon the gamesome youngsters lest they should forget or ignore some of the proprieties of life.

"There were no doors to the entrances to the dormitory halls, and, as the occupancy by the boys was to be but temporary, it was not thought best to put them up, especially as the halls were wide and high, and the entrances handsomely finished in arches that would necessarily be much disfigured by the process. Screens were therefore provided and placed at each entrance, and it was taken for granted that this was all that was necessary.

"The graduating class of the year previous had been more than ordinarily large; and so much had been said by outsiders in favor of the school, that an unusual number of strangers had presented themselves. The opening days were formal, and there was an air of constraint about the place, quite out of accord with the usual order of things. Many members of the graduating class had been students there for several years, the teachers had continued in their places, and the seminary had been much more like a large family circle than such institutions are wont to be.

"But now everything was changed. There were several new teachers, the few remaining pupils from the old classes were late in coming, as they would drop readily into their places, and the regular teachers were too much engaged in arranging the details of the new work, to be able to give more than general attention to what was going on about them. The older and more sedate boys and young men were put into the new dormitory, while the youngsters and madcaps, always plenty in such institutions, were left in the old wing.

"One night toward the end of the first week of the term, Albert West, one of the older of the new pupils, was alone in his room in the new dormitory. The retiring-bell had sounded some time before, and having extinguished the light he was sitting by the window and looking out over the village. He was quite homesick, but was trying to reason himself out of a state of mind which he knew would be fatal to his progress in his studies, and a stumbling-block in the way of his ambition.

"But it was useless; and he declared to himself he was 'in danger of forgetting his estate of manhood, and crying like a girl.' Indeed, there was some suspicion of moisture in his eyes and a decided lump in his throat, when, like a flash, into the room popped a slender figure in a long, loose garment that trailed on the floor, and lovely flowing hair that fell over the shoulders. The door was carefully closed

and the key turned, and before the young man could speak, came in a whisper the words:

"'I've got it, girls, but *such* a risk! Do you know I nearly ran over the old dragon? She must have heard me, for she came into the room with a light; but I dropped behind an arm-chair, and she didn't see me. Say, girls, where are you? Well, hide if you want to, you hateful things! I'll never do any more of your old errands! I was near getting lost, too. I tried every door down the hall before I found the room.'

"Albert West was not only a young man of nerve, coolness, and judgment, but he was in all respects a gentleman, and possessed the generosity, chivalry, and delicacy which are occasionally found in such natures in their greatest perfection. He instantly comprehended the compromising situation for both parties, were this young girl found in his room at that hour. He also understood that, in her eagerness to elude the watchful eyes of the monitress, she had taken the wrong entrance.

"Impatient at receiving no answer, the girl threw upon the floor the parcel that had evidently been the object of her errand, and exclaimed in a louder tone: 'I'll get a light and see where you are, if I raise the whole house by the means! I'll play sick if anyone comes.'

"The girl was evidently full of spirit, and the young man was at his wit's end. If she should by accident find the matches and strike a light, she would probably scream and arouse the entire hall: if she could not find them, she might rush out again and try some other room. Something must be done at once. Gliding quickly to the door he laid his hand upon the latch, and in a very low voice exclaimed: 'Hush! don't speak, for your life!' and in an instant he caught her in his arms and put his hand over her mouth, holding her as if in a grasp of iron.

"The girl was too much frightened either to speak or scream; and, fearing she might faint, he placed her in an easy-chair and knelt on the floor beside her, but without relaxing his hold upon her. Bidding her be silent, he explained the situation to her, warning her of the danger of an outcry and discovery; and when she had become sufficiently composed he released her, charging her to trust him to get them safely out of their unfortunate predicament. He asked the number of her room, but she refused to give either that or any portion of her name. At last, fearing that the girls might become alarmed and start out in search of her, he opened the door and went out to reconnoitre, returning presently with the comforting information that the monitress was fast asleep, and that he had moved one of the screens so that she might pass behind it and reach the entrance to her own hall without being detected.

"But before she left the room he determined to possess himself of some clue by which he might recognize her the next morning. He touched her hands, but she wore no rings; she had removed her ear-rings; and among a couple of hundred girls a lock of hair would be next to useless as a means of identification. He did not like to cut a piece from her dress and possibly destroy it, and was about to give up in despair when a bright idea came to him. Quickly clasping her in his arms he pressed his lips to her cheek with a force that made her wince, and after drawing the blood to the surface of the skin he released her and whispered: 'There, my little dear,—there is the mark by which I shall know you. It will last a week. Good-night.'

"She threw over her head the shawl she had whisked off at her hasty entrance, and drawing it closely about her face, flew, rather than ran, up the dark corridor. She had sufficient presence of mind to pick up the parcel she had thrown down, and a moment later had the satisfaction of slipping into her own room through the door which the

girls held ajar, waiting for her. They had been alarmed at her long absence, and feared that she had fallen into the hands of the monitress and been locked up for breaking rules. Frightened, trembling, and chilled, she could only gasp out that she had been hiding from the monitress, and was nearly frozen.

"The girls believed that she had been caught and reprimanded; and being much their junior, and a new pupil, they feared the consequences of their conduct, as they had actually forced her out to do their bidding. They therefore left her to herself, and creeping to their beds were soon fast asleep, leaving her to her own reflections.

"She was much too prudent to think of telling them of her escapade, but she dreaded the morning and the light, when the tell-tale spot on her face must lead to inquiries, and possibly to exposure. She had no idea who her late companion was, nor would she dare to make inquiries. After thinking for some time, she decided to go to the preceptress and tell the whole story. It was not yet midnight; and after satisfying herself that her companions were asleep, she slipped out and hastened to the little private parlor where Mrs. Kingsbury, the preceptress, was often occupied until the small hours, going over the work of the day. Bravely and frankly she told the story. Mrs. Kingsbury looked grave. She carefully examined the spot on the girl's cheek. It was a deep, purplish red, and was as distinct upon the delicate white skin as a spot of ink. She at once decided that, at all costs, the young man must be foiled of his purpose to recognize her; but how? It would never do for her to go away, or to feign illness.

"'Well, my dear,' she said, 'it is a pretty bad piece of business. I don't see how we can get over it, but it must be done in some way.' After a few moments' thought, she exclaimed, 'Ah! I have it!' She bade the girl go to her room and not rise in the morning until she was sent for. In the meantime her room-mates were to be called away on some plausible errand. The girl went back to her room, and toward morning fell into a troubled sleep.

"Mrs. Kingsbury sent early for her two companions, as she had promised; and then called all of the girls by classes into her room. Just what passed in that little private parlor the girls would never tell, except that Mrs. Kingsbury had asked a personal favor of each, with the request that they indulge in no conversation on the subject, and ask no questions either then or at any time thereafter.

"When Albert West entered the breakfast-room and cast his eyes about him, intent upon discovering the tiny red spot upon the cheek of the partner of his last night's adventure, he beheld, to his amazement and chagrin, one hundred and ninety-three demure maidens, sitting with folded hands and downcast eyes, while in a precisely similar location on one hundred and ninety-three cheeks were one hundred and ninety-three pieces of black court-plaster, each about the size and shape of a ten-cent silver coin.

"'By Jove! that's too bad!' he said to himself as he took his seat.

"The suppressed excitement in that breakfast-room was something painful. When the meal was finished, the professor in charge asked the boys to proceed at once to the chapel. Arriving there he called them to order, and briefly stated, that, for reasons not necessary to mention, a rather unusual decoration would for some days be worn by the young ladies; and he made a special personal request that neither curiosity nor comment should be indulged in. In case his simple request was insufficient to restrain the students, he desired to say that any disregard of his wishes in the matter would be looked upon as a marked discourtesy, and would subject the culprit to more serious consequences than the violation of any established rule of the institution.

"So strongly were the professor's remarks emphasized, and so especially earnest did he show himself to be, that no one cared to provoke any such infliction of punishment, and the subject was altogether ignored.

"The condition of Miss Lansing's face was carefully noted, and when the last vestige of discoloration had disappeared, the court-plaster was removed. The request for silence, however, was not; the professor giving a gentle hint to that effect in language not to be misunderstood. There was too much mystery surrounding the affair to make it safe to meddle with, and so it was, by tacit consent, let alone.

"But a few days after the removal of the decoration from the faces of the girls, Albert West was summoned home by news of the alarming illness of his father. After a few days of agonizing suspense, during which time Albert scarcely left his bedside, Mr. West died. When his financial affairs were investigated, it was found that they would require the personal attention of an interested party; and as Albert was the only son, it was decided that he assume the charge of the business.

"After his grief for his father had somewhat subsided, his thoughts turned again to his adventure at the Seminary, and his desire to know who was the sharer in it grew upon him until it formed the basis of most of his reveries, and developed into a living and ever-present romance. A strange and overwhelming affection for the little stranger took possession of him. She was so sweet, so timid, and yet so determined. How unspeakably delicious was the memory of the moment during which he held her in his arms while he made the mark on her cheek, which the court-plaster hid so effectually. Sometimes he felt that he must go back, whatever the result might be in a business way. But his sense of duty always came to his aid, and he took up the burden of daily life, hoping always that some fortunate accident might reveal to him the identity of the fair unknown.

"At last, persuaded by his inclinations, he wrote to one of his friends who was pursuing his studies at the Seminary, inviting him to spend Thanksgiving with him. During the visit the court-plaster episode was discussed, but without any results so far as additional information was concerned. The visitor said that no one at the Seminary seemed willing to speak of it, and its cause and purpose were as much a mystery as on the first day of the occurrence. Reluctantly the young man was forced to abandon all idea of discovery in that direction, but still cherished the hope that some day he might meet and know the object of his romantic devotion.

"A few weeks later, a portion of the Seminary building was destroyed by fire. The circumstances were most shocking: several of the young ladies, suffocated by smoke and paralyzed by terror, were unable to escape, and perished in the flames. The school was almost entirely broken up, many of the pupils returning home or going elsewhere. This seemed to the young man to be the final blow to all of his hopes. Whether his little love had been one of the victims was the thought continually in his mind, and he became sad and depressed to such a degree that his friends grew anxious about him and insisted upon some recreation, fearing that he was being overtaxed by business responsibilities. He had never told the story of that well-remembered night. It was one of the sacred things of life that he treasured in his heart of hearts.

"Fifteen years later, a select and fashionable party of summer visitors assembled at one of the well-known watering-places. Among the number was Albert West, then one of the most respected and wealthy citizens of the State in which he lived. He had been persuaded to join the party as a sort of guardian to an invalid sister who had been advised by her physician to try the waters for her health.

Mr. West was still unmarried, all the efforts of the many charming damsels of his acquaintance having failed to dim the brightness of the first star of love that shone upon his youthful pathway.

"After a week of gayety, the little circle became somewhat fluttered by the announcement that on the following day the party would receive an addition in the person of a fashionable star of the first magnitude. The only information vouchsafed by the two ladies who chaperoned the party, was that 'the Princess' was coming.

"Mr. West arranged for a fishing excursion which should last for some days, he having, according to his own account, seen quite enough of fashionable beauties, and having no mind to act the part of satellite to any such dazzling planet. An accident, however, delayed his departure, and he was present when 'the Princess' arrived. Against his will, and in defiance of all his resolves, he was deeply impressed by the fair visitor. He learned that she was the niece and adopted daughter of a gentleman well known in financial and political circles, the heiress to large properties, and had an immense fortune in her own right.

"She had been educated abroad, and had returned home to wed a distant relative of the family. Although it was a marriage of convenience, it was as well-assorted as most unions are, and the couple lived amicably for two years, when the husband met his death in a railroad accident. His wife mourned him sincerely, although she had never appeared to feel any of the enthusiasm of affection for which her intimate acquaintances gave her credit. It was often discussed in the family whether she could have formed any previous attachment; but every suggestion of this sort was promptly negatived by those who knew her best. Now she was a widow, wealthy and beautiful, elegant and accomplished, and possessed of an indefinable charm of gentleness and tenderness that drew all of her intimates to her presence, and made her the favorite of every circle where she consented to present herself.

"Before many days had passed, Mr. West was forced to admit to himself that she was by far the most lovable and gracious creature he had ever met; and with some reluctance he gave up the dream of his youth, and resolved to woo and win 'the Princess' if he could. So well his wooing sped, that before the party broke up he had the unspeakable pleasure of announcing to his friends his engagement to the bewitching and aristocratic Mrs. Dallas. The wedding time was appointed for the last of October, and the intervening time was fully occupied by the bride in the preparation of a magnificent trousseau, and by Mr. West in fitting up a mansion worthy of his lovely bride.

"The evening before the wedding-day, they sat in the drawing-room of Mrs. Dallas' charming home, when suddenly the stillness of the evening was broken by a clanging of bells and the rattle of wheels, and a fire-engine dashed around the corner close by, stopping in front of a house nearly opposite. Mrs. Dallas rose hastily from her chair and left the room in great agitation.

"'I fear she will never get over it,' said one of her friends.

"'Over what?' asked Mr. West anxiously.

"'The fright she got when the Seminary burned,' was the reply. 'She was at school in Breslau when the girls' dormitory was destroyed by fire. Her room-mate was burned to death, and she barely escaped with her life. She was insensible for hours, from smoke and terror.'

"The Seminary at Breslau! How it all came back to him—that night, and all the hours he had spent in dreaming of the lovely, frightened girl he had held in his arms; and then he realized, by the tugging at his heart-strings, that he had loved this fair unknown even better than he

had dreamed. Ah well, it was all given up now, and he would never know. But of course Mrs. Dallas was one of the dejected damsels; might she not know the reason for those bits of court-plaster, and could she not tell him of his lost love? A wild hope rose in his heart, only to be dispelled as the lady who had first spoken told him that she believed Mrs. Dallas entered the classes some time after the term began, and always became so agitated by any mention of her dreadful experience there, that they never alluded to it in her presence. For many months they had feared for her reason, and only travel and change of scene and the most untiring watchfulness had restored her to health.

"Mr. West appeared so deeply interested in the place and the terrible occurrence, that one of the gentlemen asked him, if he had ever been there; and was greatly surprised to learn that he was in the school at the beginning of the term in which the fire occurred.

"After a little general talk about the place and the fire that had almost destroyed the prosperous institution, Mr. West found himself quite alone in his corner of the room with one of his most congenial friends. A confidential mood came over him, and turning to his friend he said: 'Charlie, I have a mind to tell you a very curious little story about the few days I passed at that seminary.'

"He then went on to relate the incidents of the well-remembered night, his unavailing efforts to discover who was the fair intruder, and, finally, the deep and abiding affection that grew out of the memory of the one moment during which he held her clasped closely to his heart. 'I tell you, Charlie, I have been the most devoted of lovers, devoted to the memory of a moment; and I sometimes think, even now, nothing in the world is so dear to me, and that I would exchange everything but life itself for the realization of the dream I have cherished all of these years.'

"'Your "Princess" would scarcely feel flattered by such a statement,' was the reply.

"'No, I suppose not; but do not understand that I fail either in love or loyalty to my promised bride. This is quite another sentiment. I sigh for that memory, as a man grieves for his lost youth with all its freshness and strength. Oh, no; there is not a sentiment of disloyalty in my thoughts toward my peerless "Princess." I shall tell her all about it some day: I am certain she will understand me.'

"'Sh! I thought I heard the rustle of her dress,' said the friend.

"Mr. West rose hastily from his chair and stepped to the door, which was shaded by heavy draperies. Some one had just passed from the next room into the hall, for the portière was still swinging; but no one was to be seen.

"The members of the little circle soon came together again, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. Just before the family separated for the night, Mrs. Dallas asked for a moment's conversation with Mr. West. Her manner was somewhat constrained, and as they stood face to face by the window she grew very pale and trembled perceptibly.

"Fearing she had heard his words and had misconstrued or taken offense at them, he became almost as much agitated as his fair companion, and scarcely knew what to say. At length with an evident effort she broke the silence:

"'You were saying—I heard you speak of a girl—at the Seminary.—Was she—'

"'Oh, my love! and did you hear what I said? Did you hear *all* that I said? My darling, do you not know—'

"By this time Mrs. Dallas had in a measure recovered herself, and in a low voice said: 'Stop! You said you had loved her always—that you loved her now—that you would give *all*, *all* but your life for her. Who was she?'

"'Indeed I do not know,' he said earnestly. 'I never

could find out, although I tried faithfully, I admit that; but she is a memory, a shadow, an ideal. Can you not forgive me my words, when I tell you that no other love ever found a moment's place in my heart, only that little reminiscence, and that to-day you are all the world to me?"

"Are you certain that this is so?" she asked, fixing her eyes steadily on his face.

"Absolutely certain, my own; how can I prove it to you?"

"By becoming the custodian of this little parcel, and of this;" and she laid her delicate hand, containing a tiny packet, in the one he had extended to her in appeal.

"He clasped the little hand in his own, and covered it with kisses. Then, wondering what the parcel could contain, he untied the ribbon that bound it, and carefully opened it. Folded within a sheet of note-paper, yellow and discolored with smoke and years, was a piece of court-plaster about the size and shape of a ten-cent silver coin.

"And so you were really one of them," he said, as he looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper and its contents.

"Ye—yes," she said slowly, "I was *one* of them."

"And did you ever know who the girl was, and why they all wore these?" he asked hurriedly, his heart beating rapidly—he could not tell why.

"Oh, you stupid, stupid goose! Do you think any girl would keep a thing of that sort simply because the preceptress bade her wear it?"

"He clasped her in his arms, and murmured: 'God has been very good to me, my darling, better than I can ever deserve.

"Have you known all of the time?" he asked after a pause.

"No: I never suspected until I heard you tell Charlie; and I never could get the slightest clue, although I went down the corridor frequently, making excuses to find the girl who did the rooms. They were all so much alike; and I was so frightened that I did not take particular notice."

"And have you always remembered me?" he asked.

"Remembered you!" she exclaimed; and with quivering lips and tearful eyes she whispered: "Have I remembered you? Why, my own, I have loved you always!"

N. S. STOWELL.

Aids to Beauty.

II.

HOW TO PREVENT AND REMOVE WRINKLES.

WRINKLES are the *bête noir* of every woman. In spite of the tender halo of sentiment with which the poet has invested his description of crow's-feet, no woman is reconciled to them. This sounds very pretty when said of a woman whose temples have begun to show the fatal net-work of lines: "The years, like birds, have stooped to drink the brightness of her eyes and left their footprints on the margin." But even this beautiful speech will fail to reconcile any woman to these marks of time, and if there is any way whereby she can obliterate them, she will do it.

Sleep is the best remedy known. Of course this does not apply to the sleep obtained by artificial means, but sleep at the proper time, or at odd moments whenever it can be obtained. Healthful and natural slumber is acknowledged by all physicians to be the best remedy for a skin prematurely old. Any woman who has the good of her complexion at heart will contrive a regular rest daily, if possible

at a stated hour. An actress who, in spite of late hours and the continual use of "make-up," has managed to keep a lovely complexion, tells me that she has done it by the liberal use of cold cream, and a daily siesta before attending to duties for the evening.

"Beauty sleep" is only so called because among the women of the Orient the practice of early sleep at night was cultivated. To a busy woman it may seem impossible to snatch even one short half-hour for a nap; but with a little effort it can usually be done, for we always find time for the things we wish very much for and are determined to do.

We read that Mrs. Langtry, whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely complexion, is engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with wrinkles. It is said that twice a week she disposes herself for a siesta on a lounge, while her maid covers her countenance entirely with broad, thin strips of veal. This is said to be a remedy borrowed from the Persian women, who, by a liberal application of uncooked veal, keep their faces unfurrowed by the passing years. This is a harmless remedy, if one chooses to try it, and probably came into use through the knowledge that raw beef is used to remove discolorations of the skin.

Wrinkles, we are told by another authority, are due to the gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle. Why does it wear away? Because the facial muscles have either too little or the wrong kind of exercise. It will be observed that wrinkles usually take a downward course. This is due to the wrong kind of exercise. What exercise? Why, the washing of the face, to be sure! Reverse the process, and, instead of rubbing the face downward in washing and wiping, always rub upward. This will have the effect of counteracting the tendency of the flesh to depart from under the cuticle, and will keep the face free from wrinkles. It is rather an awkward habit to acquire at first, but perseverance will make it second nature, and the result is worth many pains. This exercise is designed particularly for the eyes and the upper portion of the cheeks. Then for the middle and lower portion of the face, where hollowness rather than wrinkles is noted, another plan must be taken. The facial muscles are subjected to very slight activity in the ordinary exertions of eating and talking. To fill the cheeks out plump and round, the same authority asserts that it is necessary to develop the muscles. These muscles are very slight at the best, and any special effort, well directed, will increase them in capacity and size. An excellent exercise for this purpose is this:

Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois-skin will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. If the teeth are raised it will bring into play only the ordinary muscles employed in mastication, whereas the purpose is to develop those that are seldom used. One who tries this method will find the cheeks going through a queer motion that is anything but graceful and pretty; nevertheless, we are told that it is immensely efficacious, and will restore to its youthful plumpness even the most hollow cheek. Try it faithfully, and you will be convinced.

Some writers contend that wrinkles come at night when the muscles of the face are relapsed and fall into little lines and creases which do not disappear with the waking. There are ladies who claim to have removed these obnoxious signs of age by smoothing the skin and applying long strips of court-plaster at night or at any time when they were not on exhibition.

Alum-water washes, astringent pomades, and wrinkle "annihilators" are advertised galore; but unless one knows the exact formula by which they are made, and it is recommended by an honest physician, it is better not to use them,

for incalculable injury might be the result. Arsenic washes and wafers are deleterious in their action; and although arsenic is often given by physicians for certain conditions of the liver, thus improving the complexion by restoring health, they should be religiously let alone.

Amber-eating was a common habit among the French ladies during the eighteenth century. We read that Madame de Rambouillet, who created the first *salon* in France, is said to have eaten amber habitually, to preserve the fairness and beauty of her complexion. She paid dearly, though, for whatever she gained by it; for the habit brought on a slight palsy, from which she suffered to the end of her life.

The Princess of Wales, whose complexion is remarkably fine, attributes it to her morning plunge in fairly cold water. She is particular in the systematic employment of a flesh-brush, using gloves of moderate roughness rapidly over the surface of the body, and finally a rough towel in a quick general rub, for which she allows twenty minutes.

At night her bath is prepared of tepid distilled water, the advantage of which does not seem to be properly understood by all. Distilled water is absolutely pure, every particle of foreign matter having been removed from it. It costs about twelve cents a gallon, and can be used a quart at a time for a quick sponge-bath, with admirable effect, especially when combined with a little glycerine and rose-water.

The following operation, it is said, will round out sunken cheeks and bring to them a permanent blush. Rub the cheeks vigorously with a soft, dry towel, then pat and rub them with the bare hand until a flaming color results. Repeat after fifteen minutes' rest, then rub the burning cheeks with a soothing ointment or cold cream, applied with a chamois-skin. Repeat the operation until a permanent blush is the result. The oil of the cold cream fattens the cheeks, and a rounded outline will be the result after a few trials, as well as a fine color.

Laura B. Starr.

Sanitarian.

Diseases Incident to the Season.

HOW TO AVOID, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

THE "heated term," with perhaps intervals of cool days, is something that we all have need to provide for in this climate. It brings not only its physical discomforts, but its ailments, as well; or, at any rate, we have them. And among these latter, unfortunately, are some of a very grave character; diseases that seem to baffle the best medical skill. I do not refer to cholera, which comes only occasionally, and then as an epidemic imported from other lands; nor to yellow fever, which does not belong to our northern latitudes: I allude to those half-apoplectic maladies that invariably come with the hot weather, the immediate cause being a determination of blood to the brain.

Every season—unless it turns out to be that rare exception, a "cool summer"—we have hundreds of cases and many deaths from sun-stroke. In all our large cities—even New York, with its lovely sea-breezes, is not an exception—there are many victims: nor are these confined to the very poor people, or even to the working classes. Moreover, many who are not actually stricken down, comatose, suffer more or less: they are "overcome with heat"; the head pains, and there is a feeling of nervous prostration; sometimes, with the dull pain in the head, there is numbness in the limbs; and often the effect of these attacks is felt for weeks afterward.

In this disease—for such it really is—the "ounce of prevention," timely applied, would be infinitely better than the "pound of cure." When a man falls down with sun-stroke, he is picked up and carried into the coolest place possible, and ice (or very cold water) is applied to the head and spine. He may die, or he may recover; and, in any case, the cooling-off process is the proper thing: medicines do no good. And so with the horses that drop down with the heat; the treatment is essentially the same. But, whether man or beast, it would certainly be better to know how to avoid a "stroke," which threatens death to its victim, and which, even in case of recovery, is almost sure to leave its depressing influence behind.

Why is it, may I ask, that in a city of half a million of people, not more than one in a thousand suffers? Even of those that are similarly exposed to the sun's rays, not one in twenty is made sick. Now it stands to reason that there

is a legitimate cause for this. No doubt there are differences in the physical conditions of the individuals at the time of exposure; and, if we go to the bottom of the matter, we shall find that these differences of condition are largely due to diversity of habits, dietetic and otherwise, so that some persons suffer, while others escape.

I think it would be well for us to study this subject from the physiological stand-point. And I think it quite possible that after we have done so we shall find that many of our bodily discomforts and ailments are strictly of our own making. The truth is, that the average American has not yet learned how to obtain the blessings of genuine physical well-being. He is looking for it in the wrong direction; at least, in a degree. He seeks for it outside of himself; in mere personal ease or recreation; in the luxuries with which his home is surrounded: whereas, good health, with all that word implies, does not wholly come from without; oftentimes it springs up within us. A sound, enjoyable state of the body depends chiefly upon its internal conditions: the constituents of the blood; the purity of the secretions formed; and the normal play of all the vital functions.

But how are we to bring about these wholesome conditions within us? Do they come of themselves, or have we more or less to do with the matter? Nothing in this world comes without a cause; there are antecedents to everything. This last, by the bye, brings us face to face with our subject.

Primarily, then, it is a much easier thing than many are apt to suppose, to secure the major part of life's blessings,—so far, at least, as merely physical comfort is concerned; that is, if we know how to do it. The much dreaded heat that wilts us in summer, is very largely due to errors in diet. Take the ordinary dinner-table, and you will find the heat-producing elements on it,—the things that clog the vital machinery, and cause an extra expenditure of vital force. Every ounce of substance taken in, that cannot be utilized by the vital economy, is just so much waste matter to be gotten rid of, in one way or another; and this throwing-out process is but another name for animal heat.

It is the heat generated within us—needless heat, fever—that kills. This is why that gross-looking man across the street will in all probability fall a victim to sun-stroke; and that other one, with the clean *physique*, will escape. It makes all the difference, whether one breakfasts regularly on beefsteak and coffee, with hot biscuits and butter, on a

warm morning in July or August, or whether a simple repast of fruits and grains (with the heating condiments left off) has broken the fast of the night; or whether, at noon-day, one sits down to roast beef or other animal food, accompanied with various hearty viands, all well salted and peppered, and followed, perhaps, by some sweet dessert, in which the hydro-carbons prevail. Dining in this way, we rise from the table with a combination of heat-producing elements in the stomach, which will inflame the blood as soon as they get into it; and if we have committed the folly of eating too much, we have added fuel to the fire.

It is a mistake to use a great deal of animal food in the hot season, or very much fatty or saccharine matter: they are heat-forming, and clogging. And as for stimulants and condiments, they not only "kindle a fire within," but they tear the depurating organs to pieces—especially the liver and kidneys—in their desperate efforts to get rid of abnormal substances. Nature, indeed, has provided better things for us than these. The juicy fruits with their fine subacids, the fresh melons,—these are what we need during the heated term. Take, along with them, some grain preparation—bread for a staple—and a fresh supply of succulent vegetables, as tomatoes, peas, cabbage, cauliflower, string-beans, beets, spinach (with lemon-juice), summer squashes, green corn, cantaloupes, etc., and one has a wholesome commissariat for the summer months. The vegetables come in finely for dinner, and the fruits for the other meals: these latter supply the much-needed acids, provided the sugar-bowl be let alone; they also contain an abundance of fluid substance to replace that which is lost by perspiration.

It seems to me that we might get a hint in the right direction by noting, each season, who are the pronounced victims of sun-stroke. As a rule, those who are picked up dying or unconscious, and hurried off to the hospitals or their homes, are men who delight in their cups: they die of alcoholism. For months and years they have indulged in alcoholic beverages in one form or another—wine, ale, beer, or whisky. They also use tobacco, drink coffee, and live largely on animal foods.

Then there is that class of people who are addicted to what is popularly termed "high living." They are not, it may be, quite so red-faced and gross-looking as those just referred to; they may or may not sip from the wine goblet: but they love their strong coffee, their juicy beefsteak for breakfast, and their "good dinners" with fine desserts. They like what they are pleased to call "rich" food—"good living"; and, as a rule, they smoke the weed. They are, to a great extent, slaves to their appetites; not unfrequently, they are exceedingly corpulent; they puff hard for breath when they walk up stairs; the liver is enormous, crowding upon the lungs and heart. These people carry about with them the body of a living death,—often two hundred pounds and more. Ask one of these portly individuals to breakfast on strawberries and bread, or stewed cherries and bread, with a plain dish of oatmeal or other farinaceous food; or to dine on simple vegetables and bread, with a slice of melon for dessert. What would he think of it?

And yet you will find some people, here and there, who manage to do these things,—people who get through the summer with very little discomfort, no bilious attacks, no sick headaches, no cholera morbus, and no sun-strokes. They suffer very little with thirst, their blood is not in the inflammatory state. Why? For the best reason in the world: they live in such a way as to keep clear of these conditions. If the weather is excessively warm, they eat sparingly, and the food is selected with reference to the season, the temperature; not much solid material and scarcely any animal products are eaten. In short, the table is furnished chiefly with ripe fruits, raw or cooked, plain vegetables and cereals,

the simple products of the soil—and not in too great a variety. They take only soft, pure water as a beverage, and they abstain from the use of seasonings and condiments.

Here, then, is the whole matter in a nutshell: a simple dietary, suited to our daily wants. When the weather is cooler we can change the bill of fare somewhat; we can have more solid food and less fluid, and as the appetite calls for an increased supply, changing with the temperature outside, it is easy to furnish it. We all know how keenly hungry we are when we have a few cool days in July or August,—that is, if we have lived correctly during the warm ones. If we have not done so, we may feel sick when these cool days come suddenly upon us,—perhaps fancy we have "malaria."

Another thing we must look to, besides the diet, during the month of August. There will be cool nights, warm in the fore part, but cooler toward morning. We must have an extra blanket at the foot of the bed and pull it up when needed, else a sore throat may be the result; though if we have been living pretty nearly right, we shall be less likely to suffer. When there are cool days as well as nights, the clothing should be regulated accordingly. It will never do, in this climate, to have only two sets of clothing,—one for summer, and one for winter. We should be provided with a set of "seconds," or medium wear, particularly in under-clothing; and when the temperature drops down suddenly, say twenty degrees or more, we should draw on our light flannels. If there are cool mornings and evenings, an extra wrap will be in order, particularly if one is out riding. The children, too, must not be neglected; let the clothing be a little warmer if the weather calls for it. The fat, croupy babies will require extra care in this respect.

But suppose you have done the unwise thing, and the "sore throat" is already contracted. What then? Why, simply leave off your supper a time or two, take a hot lemonade (unsweetened) and a hot foot-bath or sitz-bath on going to bed; and be careful—I mean sparing—in your diet, till you are better. If the throat is much inflamed, gargle it well with ice-water (or you may use a spray of carbolic acid and water) two or three times a day; and when you retire for the night, wrap it in a cold wet compress made of several thicknesses of old toweling, then cover with a strip of flannel to keep in the moisture. Remove this compress next morning, and wash the throat well with cold water; then dry with a towel, and rub the throat and neck till the skin is red. This, with a full warm bath, say at mid-forenoon, will probably be all that is needed—save plenty of pure air, which one ought never to be without, day or night.

In very warm weather, most persons are the better of at least two or three general baths, warm or tepid, per week. If you have not a bath-tub with hot and cold water, the simple towel bath will answer; the water may be warm or tepid, and the room should be about 70° Fahr. For people that live rather grossly, as so many are inclined to do, something a little more heroic may be required. Where a good deal of oily food is eaten, the skin becomes greasy, and it does not depurate well. In these cases, a warm, wet-sheet pack, or the steam or Turkish bath, with good rubbing afterward, may be the thing needed; taking care, always, that perfect reaction is secured before going out into a cooler atmosphere.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

VALUE OF DRIED BLACK RASPBERRIES FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—The curative, tonic, and nutritive qualities of dried black raspberries, or "black caps," as they are familiarly called, are hardly as well appreciated as they should be. A simple corrective, not strictly a medicine,

that will give tone to the system, and thus aid it to resist the further development of an ailment or to throw it off in a natural way, is always preferable, excepting in very acute cases, to a remedy that is simply curative without being tonic.

For all derangements of the stomach and bowels at all seasons of the year, but especially in summer, when they are most prevalent, a tea or syrup made from dried "black caps" will be found a most efficacious, and, at the same time, a decidedly pleasant remedy. Take half a teacupful of the dried berries, pick and wash them carefully, pour over them a pint and a half of cold water, place them where they will come to a boil slowly, and then allow them to simmer for about half an hour or longer. A few minutes before removing from the fire, sweeten to taste with loaf or granulated sugar, or pure rock candy, and then strain. The sweetening can be omitted, if preferred, and in case of persistent nausea, which often accompanies even slight disarrangements of the bowels, is best dispensed with until the stomach has somewhat regained its tone; yet the stomach will often retain this syrup when it will reject all food and liquids, even ice-water.

The syrup can be taken warm or cold, in doses varying from a teaspoonful to half a teacupful, at short or long intervals—perhaps two or three times an hour for the larger doses. It is equally efficacious for children of all ages (even infants) and for grown persons, and can be taken in connection with any medicine; and very frequently, if used in season, no other remedy will be needed, even in quite severe cases of diarrhoea or cholera morbus. When recovering from a bilious attack, or after taking drastic cathartic medicines, this syrup is especially grateful to the stomach, and will serve to nourish until food can be relished. Diluted with ice-water, it makes a most pleasant and healthful beverage.

TEETHING.—Whether intense pain is a necessary result of our condition as mortals, or otherwise, is a matter of little importance to my present purpose, the attending facts being sufficiently prominent and certain. The "second summer" is far too often one which gives the young mother a great deal of anxiety, even if she is not called to mourn the loss of a dear one snatched from her in the early dawn of life.

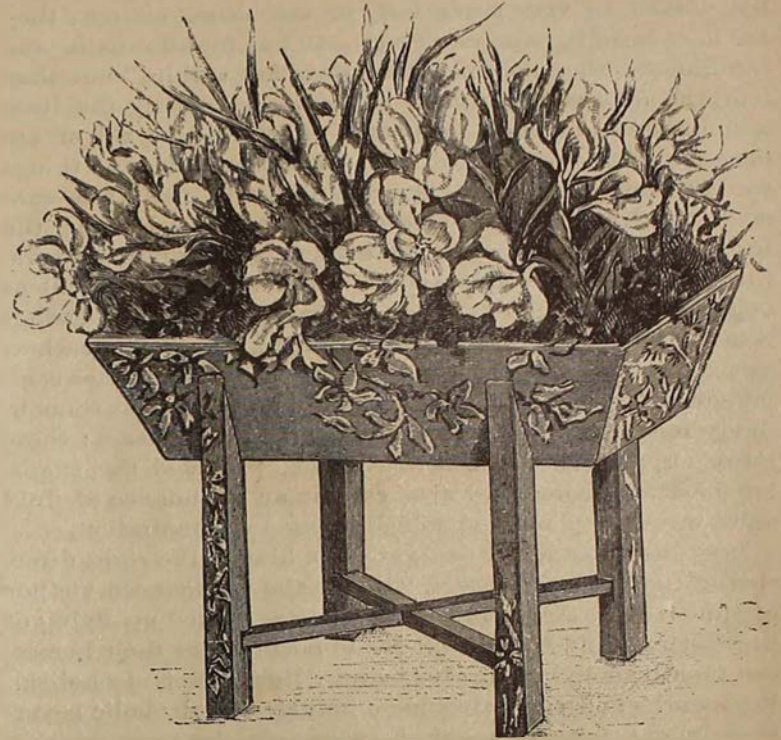
As strange as it may seem, this simple process of dentition—not attended with any marked consequences, so far as we know, in the brute creation—seems to affect the whole vital domain, deranging digestion, modifying the circulation, secretions, and excretions, such conditions often proving very serious, if not fatal. It is too often true that the brain is supplied with a superabundance of blood, partially the result of a deranged circulation and digestive disturbances, endangering that organ, even if a brain fever does not result. In such circumstances the prudent mother will apply wet cloths to the head, to control the heat (and to different parts of the body, if that is unusually hot, keeping this heat at about a normal point), and apply hot cloths, wet in mustard water, to the feet, placing also a warm soapstone or brick to the feet, that these may be kept comfortably warm, as a matter of the utmost importance. Frequent bathing of the surface in saleratus water will aid in controlling the temperature. The appetite, of course, is impaired, and fortunately; for less than the usual amount of food is safest, and it should be of the simplest kinds. My own experience and observations favor the moderate use of "Lactated Food," prepared in water instead of milk, for the more feverish cases. This will furnish all of the nourishment needed, while it is *safe*,—a matter of the utmost importance. I am satisfied that this dieting will very sensibly affect such cases, and annually save many infant lives, to say nothing of the diminished sufferings.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Flower Stand and Holders.

THE pretty flower-stand of zinc-lined boards is a miniature representation of one of the mangers out of which horses and cattle are fed in farming districts. It is an odd device for holding cut flowers or potted plants,



MANGER FLOWER-STAND.

either natural or artificial, or for a box to sow mignonette in. It is made of quarter-inch boards, and can easily be put together by an amateur carpenter. The legs are one inch and a quarter square, and eight inches long, held together by cross-pieces one-third of an inch in thickness. The manger, or box, is five inches high, ten by twelve inches wide at the top, and eight by ten at the bottom, the side boards being sawed off slanting at the ends, to give the box the required shape. The zinc or tin lining can be put in by a tinsmith; or the whole box can be made by a regular carpenter.

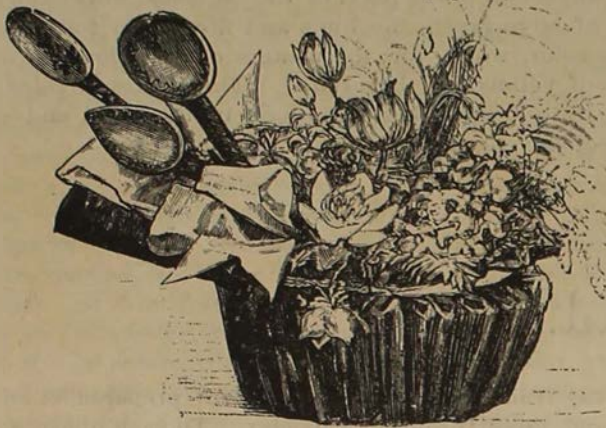


DRAPED FLOWER-VASE.

When finished, paint all the wood-work with red oil paint, and then decorate in gold bronze with Japanese designs of flowers and sprays. Touch in the shadows with black paint. Of course each color must dry thoroughly before applying

the next. The design of flowers given for the screen in last month's MAGAZINE will be very suitable for this decoration.

The flower-vase draped with bronzed linen is easily arranged. The vase is a narrow-necked glass jar about nine inches high, and is completely concealed by its drapery. A piece of coarse gray or écreu linen fifteen inches wide and twenty-four inches long is to be sewed together to form a bag, which is then dipped in warm liquid glue and allowed to partially "set." Then the glass vase is put inside the bag, which is tied around the neck of the vase by a cord, the pointed corners caught up and fastened at the neck, and the folds arranged in place (according to the illustration) while it is still wet. When the linen is perfectly dry and



SAUCEPAN FLOWER-HOLDER.

stiff it is to have a coat of varnish, and then be thickly sprinkled with gold-bronze "flitter" powder; or after it is dry it can be painted with liquid gold-bronze. The vase can then be used for natural or artificial flowers.

Another original flower-holder is made of that most practical object, a kitchen saucepan, poetically ornamented. The drapery for this is of copper-colored plush, cut in a large circle and arranged in full folds drawn closely around the upper edge of the saucepan. The handle also is covered with plush, and three painted wooden spoons tied with a large bow of white gros-grain ribbon are attached to it as shown in the illustration. The saucepan is then filled with fresh flowers and grasses set in damp moss, or the flowers can be placed in water in a bowl or other receptacle that will fit inside the saucepan. This is a very pretty souvenir for a tin wedding.

Matting Screen and Wall-Hanging.



PROBLEM not always easy of solution is the furnishing and interior ornamentation of garden-houses, summer-houses, vestibules, and inclosed porches which are sometimes used as breakfast and tea rooms.

Most furniture is too heavy, too fragile, or else not ornamental enough for the purpose. But the bamboo furniture and fittings, either in the real Indian bamboo or the light wood now made in imitation of it, upholstered, so to speak, with woven cane or matting, are at once light, ornamental, and durable. The variety in this class of furniture comprises all articles necessary for use or ornament.

Many different qualities and weaves of matting are used for the lighter ornamental articles, and ladies find abundant scope for the exercise of an artistic taste in their manufacture or decoration. The light thin matting which comes around tea-chests is suitable for wall-hangings and chair-backs, and may be bought at any tea-store; and the China matting which is used for floor-covering comes in so many quantities of material and patterns that it is impossible to enumerate them. The finer qualities of pure white mat-

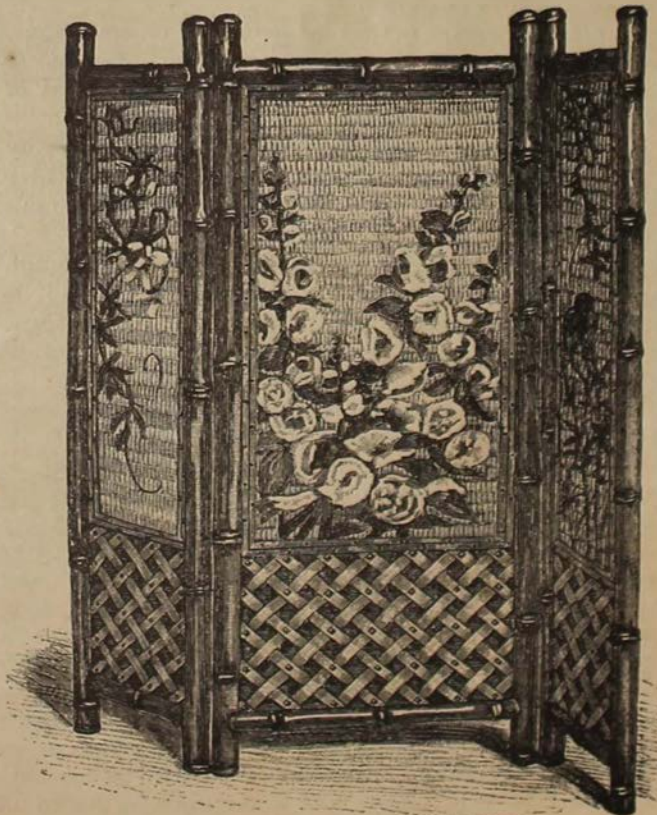
ting and the bronzed mattings are the handsomest, and when decorated with sprays of painted flowers, birds, butterflies, etc., make beautiful screen-mountings.

The bamboo screen which is illustrated is mounted with three panels of white matting, painted in oil-colors. The central panel is a study of white and crimson hollyhocks, painted in boldly with an eye to effect rather than elaboration of detail, as all such work should be. If the bamboo screen-frame is not to be had, a pretty one may be made of rustic work securely nailed to form three panels which are to be joined together with brass hinges at top and bottom. The latticing across the lower part of the panels may be omitted, or willow latticing substituted. In case it is left out, the matting must be cut long enough to come to the bottom of the frame.

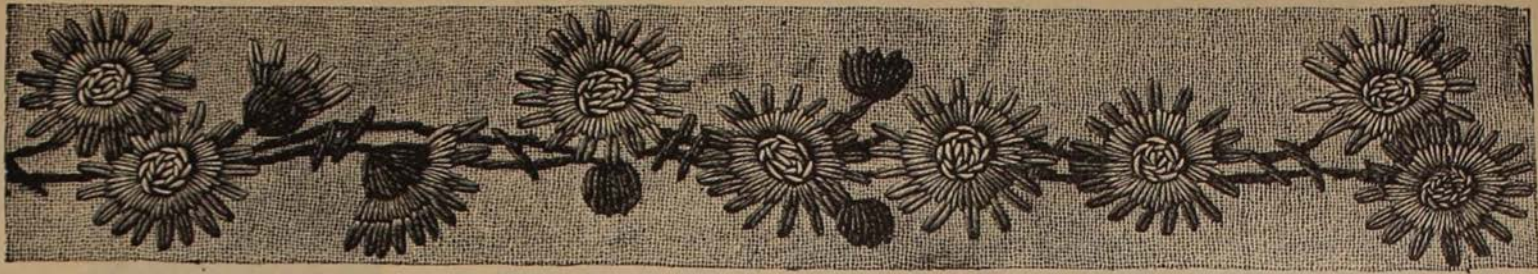
The wall-hanging is made of a strip of tea-chest matting, fringed out at the lower end and painted with a leaf and water design in moist water-colors. It is mounted upon a bamboo stick with a cord to hang it up by. It may be hung up to conceal an ugly piece of wall, or in a summer-house window as a sort of curtain, or as a decoration for porch, vestibule, or dining-room.



WALL-HANGING.



MATTING SCREEN.



Embroidered Border.

THIS simple pattern, easily copied from the illustration without stamping, may be embroidered in colored linen thread, silk, or worsted, on any material, according to the purpose for which an embroidered border is desired.

It is especially pretty worked in colored filoselle on cream-tinted veiling or cashmere for children's or young ladies'

dresses or waists. A border around the foot of the skirt and on the wrist-bands and vest of a dress adds greatly to its effect. In black it is also showy and pretty.

The stems and lower parts of the buds are worked in two shades of olive-green, the buds and flowers in four shades of rose-color, while for the centers of the flowers, three shades of yellow will be needed. The shades of color are shown by corresponding variations in the light and dark shades of the engraving.

Household.

Frozen Delicacies.

DSSERTS during hot weather need to be as light and cooling as possible to be satisfactory, and nothing can be more grateful or healthful than frozen dishes.

With a moderate supply of ice, almost any kind of fruit can be frozen; and the variety of ice-creams, water and fruit ices, sherbets and *sorbets* (which are half-frozen sherbets) and other frozen beverages, is almost innumerable. Fresh, canned, or preserved fruits, and fruit flavors can be used. Canned fruits, mashed and sifted, or fruit jellies, melted, make delicious sherbets and water-ices, although if fresh fruit can be had it is preferable.

The simplest ice cream is that made only of cream, sugar, and flavoring. The usual proportions are a quart of cream to a teacupful of sugar and two-thirds of a tablespoonful of vanilla, lemon, or orange extract.

For water-ices, any kind of fruit juice can be made very sweet and frozen with water. One pint of sugar to three pints of fresh fruit juice or pulp, or one quart of canned fruit and a quart of water, is a good rule.

The work of making ices and frozen delicacies, although usually requiring a freezer, is much more simple than it is commonly supposed to be. In fact, the preparation of these dishes is not much more trouble than almost any other dessert, and the cost is seldom greater.

With due attention to a few essential points, and a good freezer, the amateur need not fail of success. It is necessary to break up the ice into pieces small enough to put into a canvas bag, and then pound it with a wooden mallet until thoroughly crushed. After arranging in the freezer the can containing the liquid, pack around it a layer of crushed ice five inches deep, then a layer of rock salt, and alternate layers of ice and salt until the can is full, using one part of salt to three or four of ice. Pack each layer in closely, and turn the crank occasionally while packing. For ice-cream, turn slowly for the first ten minutes, then turn rapidly for ten minutes longer. While freezing, never draw off the water which forms in the tub. If the cream or ice is to be served within an hour, no more ice will be needed; but if it must be kept longer, the water must be drawn off and more ice and salt added.

For any fruit-ice, mash the fresh fruit, prepared as for the table, and press through a colander. To each quart of the expressed juice and pulp, add one teacupful of cold water. Sweeten to taste,—a very sweet taste,—then stir in the unbeaten whites of three eggs, and freeze.

For a creamy water-ice, stir while freezing, as for cream. A water-ice only half-frozen, called a *granite*, does not need stirring while freezing. Water-ices made with white of egg are called sherbets; and when only half-frozen, sorbets. The smooth consistency of some water-ices is obtained by using a tablespoonful of gelatine, soaked and dissolved, or the white of an egg beaten stiff, added after the ice is partly frozen. Care should be taken not to get the ices too sweet, yet they should be rather sweeter than if they were to be taken not frozen, for their coldness detracts somewhat from the taste. For lemon sherbet, the juice of four lemons to a quart of boiling water and one pint of sugar, is a good proportion. Cool before putting into the freezer.

Peaches make delicious frozen delicacies, either simply frozen in the freezer, without turning, or in ice-cream or water-ices. Canned peaches are almost equally as good as fresh; and one of the most delicious and richest of sherbets is made of canned peaches and sugar with only the juice of the peaches, no water being added. Use about a cupful of sugar to a can of peaches, mash them, or press through a colander, and freeze, either thoroughly or partly, as preferred.*

Tutti Frutti ice or ice-cream is made by mixing fruits with the sherbet, water-ice, or ice-cream. The fruits may be either assorted French candied fruits, or any firm canned fruit cut up into dice, sprinkled with sugar, and added to the ice after it is frozen, or to ice-cream when it is half-frozen. Half a pound of fruit to one quart of water-ice is the rule. After it is mixed, let it stand in the freezer till firm enough to serve. A mixture of ice-cream, water-ices, and fruit, arranged in layers, is often called "Tutti Frutti;" but this could not be prepared without having several kinds of cream or ice on hand at once.

Meringue glacée is only ice-cream or sherbet served in *meringue* shells, or "kisses," which can be bought at a confectioner's; and *biscuit glacé* is sherbet or ice-cream served in fancy paper cases, which may be purchased for the purpose.

After filling the cases,—one for each guest,—they must be packed in a plain mold or can and kept in ice and salt until ready to serve.

Mousse is a variety of ice-cream made by freezing whipped cream and not stirring it while it is being frozen. Sweeten and flavor a pint of cream, whip in a syllabub-churn, skim off the froth and put it on a strainer; and when all the cream is whipped, fill the freezer mould and let it stand in ice and salt four hours. Have all the utensils as cold as possible during its preparation. This *mousse* is nice to combine with ordinary ice-cream in serving, or to fill the top of sherbet cases.

Many delicious dishes can be prepared with gelatine, ice-cream, and fruit juices, and called by almost any fancy name: frozen *soufflé*, fruit cream, *glacés* of all kinds. An excellent receipt for frozen *soufflé* is as follows: Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water, add a pint of any fruit juice or mixture of juices, and a pint of sugar. Beat the yolks of four eggs until creamy, and add also. Strain into a pan set in ice-water. Stir constantly, and as it thickens add a pint of whipped cream. Turn into a mould and freeze, without stirring, for two hours.

These receipts for freezing without stirring during the process, may of course be followed by anyone not owning a freezer. It is only necessary to fill a clean mould with the liquid or fruit to be frozen, pack ice and salt around it in a tub of convenient size, cover all with a blanket, and let it stand from two to four hours, according to directions.

An acceptable substitute for ices or sherbets, and most refreshing served for breakfast, at the beginning of the meal, is frozen fruit. The fruit needs only to be prepared with sugar and put into a can, the freezer or tub filled up with ice and salt, and left for about an hour, or until the fruit is thoroughly chilled. To prepare fruit for freezing, cut peaches and pears into halves and sprinkle with sugar; cut watermelon, muskmelon, and pine-apple, into small, uniform pieces; and simply sprinkle berries with fine sugar.

Clear, strong coffee or tea, sweetened to taste and frozen to a soft mush, is a delicious frozen beverage. Beef-tea, toast-water, oatmeal-water, milk, and other liquid nourishment taken by invalids, may often be made more acceptable to the palled and fretted taste if frozen pretty hard and given in small quantities. Aside from the beneficial effect of cooling food in fevers, the advantage of resolving into less bulk when in the stomach is not to be overlooked; while the novelty of the preparation will sometimes surprise the invalid into a pleasurable sensation.

A Picnic Basket.

PROBABLY there will be needed more than one basket for a picnic party of more than four persons, some for provisions, others for dishes and necessary articles. Pack together a table-cloth or cloths, towels, tumblers, napkins, cups and saucers (for coffee), spoons, knives, forks, plates (wooden plates will do nicely, and will not have to be carried home), ice-cream saucers, a coffee-pot, tin pails for water, tin boxes of sugar, salt, and pepper, and a small tin pail of butter.

To pack the basket so that nothing will break, first put in the cups, saucers, plates, and all the china, glass, etc., with the napkins and towels between and the table-cloths on top; then fit in tins, coffee-pot, etc.

For a summer picnic, cold roast chicken, cold baked ham, veal loaf, sardines, mixed sandwiches, French rolls, pickles, strawberry water-ice, cakes, coffee, lemons for lemonade, and raspberry vinegar will be a nice menu.

To make the veal loaf, chop together, very fine, four pounds of raw veal and a pound of ham, mixed with a pint of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, two well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful each of pepper, powdered sage, cloves, and allspice. When well mixed, put in a tin pan and press. When it is molded, turn out on a baking-pan, glaze with white of egg, and bake two hours and a half, in a very slow oven. When cold, slice thin.

For the mixed sandwiches, chop ham, tongue, and chicken together in equal quantities; for half a pound of each, mix with each part half a cupful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of salad oil, one of mustard, the pounded yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a little white pepper, and a pinch of salt; spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

The strawberry water-ice is prepared with a quart of ripe strawberries mashed with one pound of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Stand aside for an hour, then strain and add a quart of ice-water, pour in a freezer, and freeze. The water-ice must be left in the freezer, well packed in ice and covered with an old blanket.

Ice-Water and Iced Water.

AMERICANS are a nation of ice-water drinkers. Even in winter, when the weather would not seem to warrant the use of so chilling a beverage, the average American wants ice-water. Yet it is really not half so dangerous to drink it then as it is in the sultry days of summer, when the sudden chill following its use, if the person drinking it is overheated, is apt to be productive of bad results.

We are speaking of ice-water—water in which ice has been broken up to cool it, and which is not only cooled in the process, but also mingled with the water from the melted ice, in which often lurks an unsuspected source of danger. The ice is often cut from rivers or ponds where the water is far from pure, and holds in solution various unnamed impurities. Freezing does not destroy them, and anyone need only look at the bottom of the ice-pitcher to see various specks and some sediment at the bottom, which certainly were never in the water.

But iced water is another thing—water which has been frozen in carafes by machinery, or which has been bottled and put on ice. The latter anyone may have, and it is far more satisfactory and a great saving of the ice, which need not be broken up so much. The glass bottles in which milk is sold are excellent for keeping iced water, or any bottle which has been cleaned may be used. For invalids who must have their water boiled before using, it is an excellent plan to cool it and keep it pure at the same time. If there is nothing but the ice in the ice-box, the water can be set in in pitchers or pails; but if meat, butter, etc., are kept directly upon the ice, the water should be in corked or otherwise closed bottles. It needs to be on the ice at least two hours before using, as water does not lose its temperature so rapidly as one might imagine.

WHEN you buy a new broom, select a dozen of the smoothest and largest splints, pull them out, and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is baked.

MUSKMELONS should not be kept on ice too long before serving, as they lose their flavor if they become too cold; two hours is long enough to keep them on ice.

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 Conemaugh Catastrophe.

The appalling calamity which befell Johnstown and the villages and country near it, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by the bursting of the dam of Conemaugh Lake, is one of the great catastrophes of the world. Never before has our nation or the English-speaking race been afflicted with a disaster of like magnitude. The number of lives lost approximates ten thousand, but will never be accurately known; while the loss of property is nearly equal to ten millions of dollars. The South Fork Lake was one of the largest artificial lakes in America, formed by a dam built over a quarter of a century ago by the State of Pennsylvania to hold back the waters of the South Fork of the Conemaugh River for use in feeding the western division of the Pennsylvania Canal. About five years ago the lake was leased to a fishing club, who stocked it with fish and made the place a summer resort. The dam was of solid masonry, seventy feet high and twenty feet thick, and extended across a narrow gap in the mountains; the lake was about a mile and a half wide and several miles long, with a maximum depth of about one hundred feet. The lake and dam had not been thought secure for some time past, and on Friday, May 31, warnings were sent to Johnstown, Conemaugh, and the other villages; but these were unheeded, as earlier and similar warnings had been, and although the city of Johnstown was already partially flooded from the rising of the river, the people continued their occupations. At half-past two in the afternoon the water began to pour over the top of the dam, and about this time the villages below received their last warning from a mounted messenger, a second Paul Revere, who rode down the valley shouting to the people to run for the hills. He reached the settlements a mile and a half from the dam in six minutes, but the flood overtook him and he perished. The overflowing waters were only two minutes behind him! They formed a gap, cutting away the whole central part of the dam down to the foundation rocks. Through this gap the water poured, a cataract of destruction, and by four o'clock the lake was empty. But the valley below? Words cannot fitly describe the devastation, death, and agony which those relentless waters wrought. Thousands of buildings—dwellings, stores, hotels, factories—were engulfed and swept away on the flood. Just below Johnstown, the floating mass of wrecked buildings, bearing thousands of helpless human creatures, struggling and praying for life, was hurled against the great stone arches of the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge. Fire broke out in the accumulating wreckage, and flames and flood fought for supremacy over the bodies of the wretched creatures caught in the awful chaos of destruction. The distressing details of the calamity have been printed in full by newspapers all over the country, and relief for the impoverished and suffering survivors has been liberally supplied. On Tuesday following the disaster, nearly \$360,000 were raised in Philadelphia. The Connecticut Legislature appropriated \$25,000, and the Massachusetts Legislature \$30,000. In New York City \$200,000 were raised in two days. Contributions and money were sent from everywhere, and the ill-fated valley is again beginning to be a place of human hopes and activity. The same rains that did such dreadful work in the Conemaugh valley also caused great havoc and ruin elsewhere, and some sacrifice of human life. A very large area of Pennsylvania suffered from floods, and even the city of Washington was partially inundated. But the great loss of life at Johnstown drew attention away from what in comparison seemed only minor losses. Johnstown was the site of the Cambria Iron and Steel Works, and the city was largely the outgrowth of the works. It was 79 miles east of Pittsburg, and the town included about 20,000 inhabitants, of many of whom it may indeed be said, "The place thereof shall know them no more."

Taking the Census by Electricity.

The subtle principle which our scientists have finally succeeded in putting to so many uses has been applied to a machine for taking the census, which will do the work of a large number of clerks. After the census-taker has written out the answers to the questions on his printed blank, in the usual way, the sheets will be given to the person operating the census-machine, which somewhat resembles a type-writer, except that it punches small round holes in a card instead of making an ink-mark. The cards—one for each person—are three inches wide and about six and a half inches long, and the particular position

of a hole in a card indicates an answer to a question on the printed list. When the cards are punched, they are placed one at a time in a press, and a lever, operated by one hand, brought down, when a series of pins are brought against the card. Wherever a hole has been punched in a card, the corresponding pin passes through into a mercury cup beneath, completing an electric circuit. These circuits, one for every hole, pass out to a large number of counters operating electrically, and adding upon their dials all items of the same kind upon the same dials; for instance, all white men upon a dial marked white males, and all business or professional persons upon dials which indicate their particular business or profession. The census of 1890 will be thus enumerated with these machines, and two will be sent to New York City for the next census-taking.

The Largest Draw-Bridge in the World.

The great railroad bridge crossing the Thames River at New London, Connecticut, which is now almost completed, is the largest draw bridge in the world. The Thames River is a tidal estuary about fourteen miles long. The Niantic and Shetucket Rivers enter it at its head, near which is the town of Norwich. New London is near its mouth. The new bridge is at a narrow portion of the inlet, where it diminishes to 1,500 feet in width, yet the tide to be resisted necessitated great skill in engineering, and the central piers had to be weighted extraordinarily. The central draw-span of the bridge affords two clear openings of 225 feet each in width. This great width is exacted by the United States government, which possesses a naval station above the bridge, and requires that the channel shall not be too much obstructed. The draw can be swung through the entire circle, and when opened for the passage of a vessel can be kept rotating as the vessel passes through, thus closing without reversal. The superstructure is built entirely of steel, and is calculated to bear a live load of 3,000 pounds to the lineal foot of railway track, with the superadded weight of two locomotive engines. It has two tracks its entire length, and the trains of the Shore Line on the Boston and Providence route will cross it, instead of being ferried across the estuary as hitherto.

A Moving Lake of Ice.

The Muir glacier, so named after Professor John Muir, the noted geologist who has described it most satisfactorily, is the most wonderful of the glaciers in southeastern Alaska. It is forty miles long, and is moving at the rate of sixty feet a day through the basin of the mountains. The greater portion of this crystal river, about an eighth of a mile wide, is billowed into rounded hills and beetling precipices, quite resembling the sea in a storm; and at the center it is splintered into turrets and pinnacles of amethyst, turquoise, and sapphire tinted ice, with spires of dead-white crystal. All its surface is riven by countless crevasses, in the bottom of which streams of clear water find their way. These chasms are frightful gaps to anyone looking down between their walls. From this moving lake of ice, bearing rocks and long lines of detritus on its surface, vast masses break away as it emerges from a narrow gateway of mountains into the open bay. These icebergs fall off from the huge glacier and dash into the waters, making navigation perilous to craft of all kinds, even when many miles away. Among the detritus frozen amid the ice masses, are veins of porphyry, jasper, chalcedony, and quartz; and blocks of the finest marble, granite, and basalt are strewn upon the surface of the icebergs and the frozen lake in which they find their source. The traveler or explorer amid Arctic snows finds something appalling in the frozen wonders of our contradictory planet.

The Bonanza Farms of North Dakota.

Nowhere in the world is the grain crop cultivated and harvested with more method than on these bonanza farms in the new State of North Dakota. There are only eight of them, varying in size from two thousand to thirty thousand acres, and with an immense capital are conducted upon careful business principles, with rules as rigorous and exact as those governing many of the manufacturing and mercantile institutions of our Eastern States. The latest appliances which mechanical ingenuity has devised in the way of agricultural implements are used in their cultivation. The land is perfectly level, and can be worked with great rapidity upon a large scale. Press drills run by six horses do the seeding, which in this district is done about the first of April. The farms are divided into fields of one square mile each, and the work performed is measured in miles. A strip of land one mile long and eight feet three inches broad is an acre, and two acres can be sown by one drill for every mile drawn. Ten or fifteen crews of men, each under a different foreman, who is himself controlled by a superintendent, work the farms. The field foremen go about on horseback and watch every foot of ground. The harvesting of oats begins about the tenth of August, and wheat ten or twelve days later; the grain is not sacked, but lifted at once into bulk wagons and drawn to the company's elevators or direct to the cars for shipment. Not only is the wheat of the valley of the Red River the best in the world, but it is produced with less expense than elsewhere. The average crop is about fifteen bushels per acre, and the cost of the crop less than seven dollars, which would make the expense per bushel something like forty-five cents. Most of the laborers are Scandinavian, of which race the foreign element in this section is largely constituted. Many of those who work in the harvest-fields of this valley in the summer, spend their winters

among the Wisconsin pineries and follow the logs down the river in the spring. Much of the overflow from Oklahoma has come here, and hundreds of entries have been made lately in the land offices of North Dakota. Certainly everyone has not the capital to become a bonanza farmer; but the highlands of North Dakota offer great inducements to the settler. There are valley lands still unclaimed, and, if reported results are to be believed, a more fruitful soil does not exist on the face of the earth. The meanest quarter-section in the whole region would be a vast improvement on almost any farm in the East. North Dakota has an admirable climate, its rainfall is plentiful and certain, it has excellent railroad facilities, schools and colleges in sufficiency, and all it needs is population; and yet Oklahoma was overcrowded in one day.

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes.

The death of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of Ex-President Hayes, on June 25, 1889, cut short an active, useful life, devoted to religious interests, temperance, and philanthropy. She was stricken with paralysis on the Friday preceding her death, at her home, Spiegel Grove, Fremont, Ohio, and did not again recover consciousness. Of her eight children, one daughter and four sons survive her to mourn a loving and devoted mother. Mrs. Hayes will always be remembered by the friends of temperance as the lady who kept wine from the White House table throughout the administration of her husband as President. When she vacated the position of mistress of the White House, the upholders of total abstinence presented her with an album in six volumes filled with autograph expressions of approval from prominent individuals. Mrs. Hayes was a warm friend of the soldier during the War of the Rebellion, and was the first lady made an honorary member of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, the medal of which was presented her by the soldiers.

The Sorghum Industry.

The results of ten years of experiment and investigation by the Agricultural Department at Washington on the cultivation and manufacture of sorghum and its products, do not appear to encourage the prosecution of the industry as an independent branch of business. According to recently published reports on the subject, it has been ascertained that the cultivation of the plant for sugar and syrup does not pay. The cost of machinery and the difficulty of obtaining that which is especially suited for the purpose, the high cost of the skilled labor required for the success of all departments of the work, and the difficulty of finding a market for the necessarily crude product, are likely to prove obstacles that the ordinary farmer will not readily overcome. Kansas, which is one of the leading States in sorghum raising, reports for last year a yield of about ten tons per acre, for which growers received ten dollars per ton delivered at the factories. This gives but a small margin of profits; indeed, none at all, if labor must be hired. Experts are, however, of the opinion that there is a future for sorghum, and that with new and improved machinery its culture may be made profitable. Even with the present rather discouraging outlook, farmers are advised by the Department of Agriculture to raise the plant for seed. Whether beef cattle will do well upon this kind of diet, save as a relish, is a question upon which there is very great difference of opinion. Too much saccharine matter will be as likely to create a feverish habit in beasts as in human beings, and stockmen will do well to take the subject under serious advisement before feeding the syrup, seed, and leaves, in any quantity, especially to growing cattle.

Desiccation of the Dead.

A unique plan for the disposition of the dead, with reference to the preservation of evidence in capital criminal cases, was recently laid before the Medico-Legal Convention. This system consists of a scientific process of desiccation by which the tissues are deprived of moisture and kept in a state of complete preservation, and in a condition which renders a critical examination and a chemical analysis of them at any time a simple and easy matter. The bodies are to be laid away in sepulchers arranged in tiers and rows in a great mausoleum, with more or less privacy, according to cost, each body to be perfectly accessible at all times. The sepulchers will each have one opening for admitting the body. In this there will be a plate-glass door, and, outside, a marble or metal door for safety. When the outer door is opened the body may be seen, without discoloration or decay, but of course exceedingly emaciated. The preservation of the body is effected by means of a current of dry air passing through conduits formed in the concrete of which the sepulchers are composed, which bring the dry air into the sepulchers at one end, while at the other the air-current passes out laden with the gases and moistures of the body, which are carried to a furnace and consumed, so that no deleterious gases or offensive odors can escape to the outer air. A moderate current of such dry air accomplishes the desired purpose in about ninety days. After the work is finished, the conduits are hermetically closed; oxidization and decomposition are prevented, and the body remains in view through the glass door. This mode of disposing of the dead avoids all the unpleasant features of earth burial and its attendant unsanitary evils through poisoning the earth and water and storing disease germs to break out in future epidemics. The Mausoleum System, as the projectors call it, meets all the objections which cremationists urge against burial, and also meets the objections to cremation, by the preservation of the body, avoiding the shock to the sensibilities which revolt at the thought of destruction by fire of the remains of loved ones. Other advantages of this new process are that it will pre-

vent premature interments, and secure the body from theft. Many prominent physicians and lawyers have given their approval to this scheme, for which an organization has been started in New York City, with a view to carry out the plan on an extensive scale.

The Cliff-Dwellers.

The cliff or cave-dwellers, reported extinct by the Smithsonian Institution, have been discovered by thousands in Northern Mexico, by Lieutenant Schwatka, in charge of America's expedition into Mexico. In exploring the wild regions of the Sierra Madre Mountains, living cliff-dwellers were found in abundance, wild and timid, and flying at the white man's approach. Their habitations are precisely similar to the old, abandoned cliff-dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico, whose inhabitants were supposed by archaeologists to antedate the mound builders, and to be quite extinct. But Lieutenant Schwatka's discovery makes it clear that these are probably descendants of the ancient cliff-dwellers, who were driven from their more northern habitations, and retired to Southwestern Chihuahua, where they have been living for centuries, undisturbed, following the primitive habits and customs of their ancestors, about whom there has been so much speculation. Schwatka, therefore, gives to the world the first information relating to these curious people, and is about to set out on an expedition to follow up his discoveries and investigate them more thoroughly. He estimates that the cave and cliff-dwellers number from three to twelve thousand; and they are armed only with bows, arrows, and stone hatchets. They are tall, lean, and well-formed, with blackish-red skins, nearer the color of the negro than the American Indian. They are sun-worshippers, and practice several forms of devotion to that luminary.

Another Mammoth Cave.

An exploring party attracted by the reports of a discovery made by a farmer in Wyandot County, Ohio, of a mysterious hole in Limestone Ridge, visited the place and made a descent to find out what was at the bottom of the story and the hole. The place proved to be an immense cavern, sixty feet in width at the landing the party made, they having gone down by rope one hundred feet through a hole varying in diameter from three to thirty feet, through limestone rock. The ceiling rose like a dome to a height of at least fifty feet. Exploring the recesses of the cave, the party suddenly emerged into another mammoth chamber, apparently much larger than the first, and, like it, set with numerous stalactites and stalagmites of beautiful formation and marble-like whiteness, sparkling brilliantly in the light of the Roman candles fired into space by the visitors. At a long distance from the entrance they came upon a lake of pure, crystal-clear, cold water, of unfathomable depth. A bright penny dropped into the water was seen to descend apparently fifty feet, when it disappeared from view. No signs of animal life were to be seen. Openings were seen in other directions, and a yawning chasm confronted them opposite the lake, forming an impassable cleft beyond which they could see the cave still extending. The party were obliged to retrace their steps, but a more extended examination with boats, ladders, planks, etc., will soon be made, and the public will be gratified with an accurate description of the wonders and beauties of this new mammoth cave.

To Break up the Slave-Trade.

About \$4,150,000 have been subscribed to build a railroad in Africa, between the lower falls of the Congo River and Stanley Pool. The project of building this road, which will cover the distance of two hundred and sixty-two miles, was formed by the King of the Belgians, whose interest in African exploration and in the abolition of the slave-trade in Africa is known throughout the world. He found a warm ally in Mr. McKinnon, the great Scotch ship-owner, an immensely wealthy man,—said to be the largest individual ship-owner in the world,—and another in Mr. Collis P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, who has invested \$50,000 in the project. This scheme is said to be actuated more by sentiment than by motives of gain, for the projectors believe that only by such means as opening up the Congo to travel can the fearful traffic in slaves be obliterated. Surveys of the route have been made, and maps and profiles of the contemplated work prepared, although, as yet, the probable cost of the road has not been estimated. If the project is successful, an immense impetus will be given to commerce in a region now controlled by the Arab slave-trader. The latter, after collecting all the ivory he is able to buy, secures negroes to carry it, and on arriving at the east coast sells loads and carriers. It is the opinion of most practical men that the only way to effectually do away with the horrors of the African slave-trade is to open up the interior to travel and Western commercial intercourse.

Uncertainty of "Electrocution."

The prophetic utterance of Professor Brackett of Princeton College in his address to the Electrical Club of New York last fall: "Notwithstanding the fact that in New York it is the law that all persons convicted of offenses that are punishable by death are hereafter to be executed by electricity, my belief is that never a single man will die, except by accident, by that method," seems likely to be verified. All the electricians of New York are now asking to have the new execution law declared unconstitutional. The legality of the sentence passed upon the murderer William Kemmler, who was to have been the first executed by electricity, has been disputed on the ground that the punishment is cruel. Evidence will be taken before a referee, and persons interested in electricity are now eagerly awaiting the result of the case and the evidence taken.

Chat.

WHETHER as a possible result of the demoralizing discussion of that still unsettled question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" or as a mute protest against the absurd and pretentious fashion of having two wedding-rings,—not unfrequently of such weight and width as to be cumbrous and decidedly uncomfortable,—certain it is, the time-honored symbol of conjugal love is at present regarded with such marked indifference that in fashionable society the plain gold band has been voted decidedly *passée*, and a circlet or marquise of diamonds, or of emeralds, rubies, or turquoises, set in diamonds, or, a sort of compromise between sentiment and fashion, a circlet of pearls, is the style of wedding-ring favored at present. For the jeweled "keeper" for the wedding-ring there was some excuse; it in a manner compensated for the low intrinsic value of the customary plain gold ring: but now display has completely routed sentiment. Brides who conform sufficiently to old-fashioned ideas to be married with a plain ring show their allegiance to the present dictates of fashion by discarding it as soon as the honeymoon is over; and even older wives have laid aside their wedding-rings with their other old-fashioned jewelry. So general is this custom becoming, that society men, for their own protection, are protesting against this omission of the only badge that distinguishes a married woman from a spinster; and probably the fancy will be as short-lived as it deserves. Better a superstitious belief in the numerous sentiments that time and love have woven around the golden circlet, than the indifference to a hallowed symbol that can but lead to indifference to more important points in our marriage relations.

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NEXT to the baby at a fashionable christening at home, the baptismal bowl is the accessory of the greatest importance. To be perfectly *comme il faut*, it must be of solid silver, gold-lined, and embellished, at the expense of about \$50 per inch, with delicate engraving or *repoussé* work representing dimpled cherubs and angels and floating clouds and other symbolic and artistic designs, and inscribed with the name and date. At the ceremony, it is filled with rose-scented water, on which float white and pink rose-petals; and afterwards it is deposited in some secure place to be kept as an heirloom. It is safe to say that only a very small minority of the tiny morsels of humanity in this country are christened from the same bowl that served for the ceremony for their grandfathers, or even their fathers; and it is said that sometimes the new bowl is subjected to a process that imparts the peculiar appearance of very old silver. But, be this as it may, it would be interesting if one could know how many of these new bowls will serve for coming generations in the same family—in this country where riches seem to develop wings so much more rapidly than elsewhere.

The guests are bidden by card the same as to a wedding, and presents are in order, although not obligatory—invitations to less pretentious christening-parties, where a handsome china bowl or a simple silver one will do duty, often bearing the legend "No presents are expected." High tea is served after the ceremony; and at a recent notable occasion of this kind, during the repast the guests were entertained with slumber songs and nursery ditties rendered by professional talent, and a record of the event was entered in a silver-bound book of vellum, to which the guests appended their signatures.

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FLOWERS and foliage play an important part in the decorations for lawn parties this season. Tennis nets, and even hammocks, with cut flowers and trailing vines woven through the meshes, serve as portières to divide a wide piazza, or as screens; an umbrella-frame made of wire, and completely hidden by blossoms and leaves, serves as a fragrant canopy over each table, or a huge one is suspended over a large general table; and foliage-awnings are made of any desired shape and size. The awnings and the umbrellas are provided with hooks on the inside, to which Chinese lanterns in fanciful and grotesque shapes can be hung—heads of owls, cats, dragons, etc.; while "fairy" lamps in quite as unique designs ornament the tables.

What Women are Doing.

A Woman's Club has been started in Brisbane, Australia.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is helping to organize an anti-woman-suffrage society in England.

Mrs. La Fetra, of Washington, D. C., has just opened a temperance hotel with a hundred rooms.

Princess Louise of England, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is a painter and sculptor of unusual cleverness.

A titled lady in London has formed a guild of clear-starchers and ironers of fine linen and laces.

The largest chicken-farm in the United States is owned by a woman, and she derives a large revenue from it.

Dr. Amelia B. Edwards has sent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a fine collection of ancient Egyptian textiles.

Dr. Jennie McCowan, of Davenport, Iowa, a popular practicing physician, has been elected President of the Davenport Academy of National Sciences.

The Woman's Medical College of Chicago is about to erect a new college building, costing twenty thousand dollars. It will accommodate two hundred and fifty students.

A "King's Daughters' Ten" has been formed in Mrs. Mary B. Willard's Home School for American Girls in Berlin. The young women at this school are all total abstainers, and hard workers with their books.

Miss Louisa McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, was the founder of the Rockwood pottery, and the discoveries made by her in glazing were first adopted there. She is President of the Cincinnati Pottery Club, which has twenty members, all women.

Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, two Illinois teachers, have established a "Woman's Fruit-Preserving Union," at South Pasadena, Cal. They conduct the business themselves, and have been very successful, shipping their goods to Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the authoress, has been called by some of her admirers the "Charlotte Brontë of our time." She lives in lodgings at the East End of London, attracted to that unpleasant district, she says, by the greater vivacity of facial expression to be observed there.

Mrs. Alexander Delmas, of Louisiana, is a member of the Louisiana Sugar Planters' Association. She owns a large sugar plantation, and has made a study of farming, and succeeded in mastering the whole system of sugar-cane culture. She supervises each department personally, and this has been the secret of her success.

The Empress of Russia has lately made her sister, the Princess of Wales, a beautiful present. The gift takes the shape of a fan, and the painting upon it has been executed by the Empress herself. The design represents the meeting of Cupid and Psyche, and the two figures are very cleverly drawn and charmingly colored.

Mrs. Henry B. Flanner, of Cleveland, has given to Marietta College, Ohio, a fine herbarium of fifteen thousand specimens, gathered and arranged by herself and her late husband. The collection was chiefly made in the Ohio Valley, Missouri, Georgia, Michigan and the Upper Mississippi region, and was enlarged by exchanges with botanists in all parts of the world.

The Rev. Carrie J. Bartlett, for some years pastor of All Souls' Church at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has accepted a call to a church at Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss Bartlett was graduated with highest honors at the college at Carthage, Ill., in 1879. She has filled the position of reporter on one daily paper, and of city editor on another.

A wholesale coffee firm in New York is represented by a lady drummer. She was formerly employed in the store, but proved to be such a good judge of coffee that the firm sent her out on the road. She carries her samples and takes orders the same as her male competitors, and often succeeds in getting orders where they have failed.

Mrs. Emma J. Preble, of Gardiner, Me., upon the death of her husband, seven years ago, assumed the management of his business, that of a marble and granite cutter, and her trade has steadily increased ever since. She now has in her employ eight men on marble and granite work. She employs no agents, but gives her personal attention to the business.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—AUGUST.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 663.

THE costumes of the last century and a half furnish the majority of the popular ideas for midsummer toilets, and the quaint simplicity of the Empire gowns lends itself so naturally to the soft, dainty fabrics—the old-fashioned figured lawns and dotted muslins, the sheer organdies and heavier French muslins, the Japanese cottons, figured India silks, and old-time printed challies—that the continued and increasing popularity of the almost endless modifications is not surprising.

The full skirt of ungored breadths falling straight all around is modified for rich fabrics and for the use of matrons by having slight drapery across the front or on the sides; and a deep, gathered flounce of lace or of the fabric is a fashionable finish for the front and sides when there is no drapery and the skirt is scant like those of the gowns worn in the early part of the century.

Even in mounting a skirt of straight breadths to the belt there is opportunity for variety. Some are simply gathered all around; some are gauged; some are shirred to a greater or less depth, either all around, on one or both hips, or across the front only; others have lengthwise tucks in front, from the top to any desired depth, gradually lengthening toward the middle, and forming a sort of pointed cuirass; and a becoming style for a person with large hips is to run the top, to the depth of about six inches, in lengthwise tucks about an inch wide and the same distance apart, thus reducing it to a width that will fit easily over the hips. For the latter arrangement the foundation skirt with a small pad in the back and a short steel about twelve inches below it is indispensable, as a person with large hips is apt to be very flat in the back, and the tucks accentuate the effect.

The simplest kind of full waist, with one seam down the middle of the back and one under each arm, and extending about four inches below the waist line,—like the "Valda," without the jacket fronts,—is a general favorite for summer toilets, its adaptability rendering it equally appropriate for an independent corsage of lace, silk, or any suitable fabric, to wear with various skirts, or to be made in the same material

as the skirt. When used as an independent garment, the portion below the belt is usually worn outside the skirt; when it completes a costume, it is usually tucked underneath the skirt, and a belt or sash of any desired width added, a wide sash or belt imparting the short-waisted Empire effect, and a narrow belt showing the natural length of the waist, either style being equally popular. This style of waist is a trifle *negligé*, and therefore is more suitable for strictly summer fabrics, and to be worn by young matrons and unmarried ladies; for thicker goods and maturer ladies, a fitted corsage is more usually chosen.

Even on tailor-made suits, the unbecoming and uncomfortable extremely high collar has given place to one of moderate height, and on many summer costumes is reduced to a mere band; and in some cases is dispensed with altogether, extremists rejecting also any finish for the neck, and allowing the turned-in edge of the corsage to rest against the throat. So severe a style will hardly become popular, however, for there are few ladies whose charms are not enhanced by the softening effect of lace about the throat.

The favorite finish for the neck is a Directoire frill of lace, lace-edged mull, or plain mull, sewed to the upper edge of a narrow standing collar or band (or to a round, corded neck, if the wearer can boast of a pretty throat), and allowed to fall over the shoulders, the same frill being continued down the front of the corsage, growing narrower toward the belt. Frills to match are often worn at the wrists, either falling over the hands or turned back. This is a favorite finish for leg-o'-mutton and similar styles of sleeves, which are worn very long.

The graceful and altogether charming Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday fichus are a feature of midsummer toilets, and are made in mull, plain or embroidered, black, colored, or white lace, silk muslin, or *crêpe de Chine*, and worn by maids and matrons. Directoire hats have a long lace scarf attached at the back, and this is brought forward along the edge of the projecting brim and secured at the other side, thus furnishing a protective and becoming veil. When not so used, the scarf is wound around the throat.

FOR information received regarding bathing-suits and costumes, thanks are due to B. Altman & Co.; and for children's dresses, to Best & Co.



Black Lace Dress.

AN extremely simple style, that is very popular for making dresses of plain or figured lace net trimmed with rows of satin, faille, or velvet ribbon. The illustration represents Chantilly lace net trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon. Dresses of plain Brussels or honeycomb net trimmed with inch-wide ribbon—moire, satin, or faille—are very fashionable.

We do not furnish special designs for this costume. The plain gored foundation skirt is of silk, with a narrow plaiting at the foot, a steel about twelve inches long secured in the back breadth about ten inches below the belt, and a very small pad of hair at the top; and on this is mounted a gathered flounce about one-third the depth of the skirt. The drapery is about six yards wide, made of straight breadths gathered at the top and sewed to a belt, with only sufficient fullness in front to make it hang gracefully. This is looped in the simplest manner, at one side only. The costume may be completed with a round waist or basque, the plain silk lining covered with the lace, and either plain or full in front, as preferred. The "Inista" (in the May number) is a good model for the purpose, with the full piece used on both sides of the front; or the "Almedia" (in the June number); or the "Griselda" (in the July number) without the skirt part. The sleeve may be either full or

coat-shaped. For a cap, as illustrated, use a coat-sleeve pattern, and round the outer side as shown. Finish the neck without a collar, or with a very low one.

Valda Waist.

SURAH and other light qualities of silk, cashmere and other light woollens, cotton dress-goods, including the embroidered varieties, are appropriately made after this design, which is particularly becoming to slender figures. It has no fullness at the neck, back or front, but the lower part is moderately full. The jacket fronts can be omitted, or can be made of contrasting material. The pattern is fully described on page 651.

Summer Toilets.

MANY of the fabrics used for evening wear earlier in the season are now used for dressy walking costumes, the transparent over dress being an especial feature of the season. One of the handsomest of such dresses is of India muslin, gathered rather full over a silk skirt of the favorite summer color called "spirit flame," a tint formed of the blended shades of red, blue, and violet. The skirt is cut to sweep the ground—let us hope it will be at least only the hotel piazza—a few inches behind. The bodice has high-shouldered, full sleeves, and the costume is finished with a sash made of breadths of the silk sewn double (seamed at both edges), and the ends fringed.

Another pretty dress is made of a coarse, strong, black net beaded with fine jet, and draped over Empire-green faille Française. The skirt only is draped with net, and the bodice is arranged in folds of the silk with a scarf of net draped from the left shoulder to the right side of the belt.

Black, white, and colored net dresses have to some extent replaced the figured lace costumes of last summer, but many of these are still worn.

Dainty costumes of barege are made in simple styles, the plain colored grounds of delicate intermediate shades, such as blue, rose, gray, beige, green, bronze, purple, yellow, and cream, trimmed with woven or printed borders of the material.

A handsome costume in black and white is a combination of black-and-white striped surah—which forms the full front and back breadths of the skirt—and all-wool grenadine with silk *ajourée*, or open-work, stripes, the latter composing the Directoire coat and the side-panels for the skirt. The broad Directoire revers of the coat are faced with black surah and open over a vest upon which is draped a handsome black Chantilly lace scarf, folded diagonally, with the ends falling on the skirt in front, and confined at the waist by a folded half-belt of surah. The sleeves are puffed high on the shoulders, and the garniture consists simply of large square buttons covered with black silk, and a deep netted silk fringe across the front of the skirt.



Valda Waist.

Henley Blouse.

MADE in flannel of light quality, — plain, striped, or figured, —cashmere and other light woolens, percale or fancy linen shirting, this is a very popular garment to wear with any simple style of skirt for tennis, boating, and other out-door sports. The front has a shield-shaped bosom like a gentleman's shirt, the necktie may be narrow or wide, and a "blazer," or loose jacket, of bright-colored surah or flannel, preferably striped, is frequently worn with it. It is a good, practical design, especially suitable for morning wear instead of a jacket. See page 651 for particulars about the pattern.

Lady's Costume.

MADE of very light tan-colored brilliantine, the front of the drapery embroidered with copper-colored silk and bordered with fringe to match, the revers at each side trimmed with copper-colored crocheted buttons, and the waist trimmed with passementerie in which copper threads are prominent, and finished with a full vest of copper-colored silk. The drapery falls straight at the back, and the basque has a narrow postilion with plaits. This will be an excellent model for an autumn costume. The patterns used are the "Alwyn" basque and the "Alwyn" drapery. The latter is mounted on a plain foundation skirt. For particulars about the patterns, see page 651.

Summer Shoes.

Low shoes in the style usually known as Oxford ties are liked for street wear. They are either all black or tan-color, or a combination of russet or tan-colored leather, Suède-finished or smooth-dressed, with black patent-leather foxings. Large square steel buckles on the insteps are often used to ornament these pretty foot-coverings, especially when they are to be worn at a lawn-party or for any moderately dressy occasion. Low heels and square toes in a great measure have superseded the French heels and pointed toes, although there are some ladies who cannot be persuaded out of a preference for the latter.

Boots for walking in the country are of French kid or morocco with only a little tip of patent-leather finished with "broguing—" which is close-set, small, punched holes—as ornament.

Dancing slippers are of bronze, black, or Suède kid, and have moderately low heels and slightly rounded toes, and are ornamented with close rosettes or bows of kid or ribbon to match. Empire sandals are worn with Directoire and Empire gowns, but these are not support enough to the foot for dancing.

Children's summer shoes are preferably of soft russet leather, which does not chafe the foot in any way, and is a great comfort to the little ones when they are running about all day. Laced shoes are most frequently selected for ordinary wear, and buttoned boots reserved for more dressy occasions.



Henley Blouse.

Stylish Hair-Dressing.

AN important requisite for the latest style of hair-dressing is that the hair shall be loose and fluffy. The effect may be obtained by careful washing, or with curling-irons and additions of naturally curly hair.

The Empire coiffure and the Catogan braid are the two extremes of style. The latter is a single, loosely plaited braid of hair looped low in the neck, and fastened with a ribbon or a single long pin.—gold, silver, or tortoise-shell. The coils of braids frequently seen under round hats on the street are very often put on and removed with the hat, for they are becoming to very few, and the style is more suitable for the street than for dressy occasions.

The Empire coiffure is arranged with the hair massed high on the head and fairly "sunning over with curls," as the poet has expressed it, unless the hair is too dark to do much in the way of "sunning," in which case it must be allowed to "run over," which will answer the purpose. All the top of the head appears to be covered with short, soft curls falling every way. Only one long curl is combed out, covering the back of the head with waves, and a little way above the neck it becomes a curl again.

Another style of arranging the hair high is to loop it on the crown, and part the front hair, crimping it to wave off each side into two *bandeaux*. A wreath of flowers encircling the loops of hair on the top of the head completes this coiffure for evening wear.

Flowers are worn with all evening coiffures, and fillets of gold and silver, plain or set with precious stones, are used on dressy occasions. Ribbon bows are also worn in the hair.

As for bangs, they do not pay any attention to the edict of banishment frequently uttered against them. Short pointed or square bangs, slightly curled, are most liked; and, for those whose features are youthful enough, a light fringe only of hair is worn over the forehead, the rest of the front curling away from it.



Lady's Costume.

ALWYN BASQUE. ALWYN DRAPERY.
GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.



No. 1.

Ladies' Shade-Hats.

No. 1.—A charming shade-hat of black lace-straw, with the brim slightly drooping in front and at the sides, but turned up abruptly at the back against a low crown which is almost completely covered with sprays of white and purple lilacs and foliage. A flounce of black lace almost encircles the crown (it is looped short in the back where the brim is turned up), and forms a very becoming veil.

Nos. 2 and 3.—These show different views of the same hat, which is of coarse straw of the natural color, with a very low, round crown, and a brim wider in front than in the back. The trimming on the outside consists of a large spray of pink and yellow roses and a bow of black velvet. The brim is faced with rose-colored net, shirred; and a *bandoau* of black velvet, with a bow in front, raises the hat slightly from the head.

Bathing Dresses.

THE acme of elegance in a bathing costume is the black silk blouse and short trousers, which compose a dress becoming and comfortable and with but one demerit.—it is a trifle expensive. Yet trimmed with rows of white silk braid on sleeves, collar and skirt, and heavy white Torchon lace, the effect is so satisfactory, even when the costume is wet, that the extravagance is pardonable.

Some material that will not cling to the figure when wet, such as flannel, serge, bunting or mohair (lined with cotton), is always in vogue, and blue and white are the usual colors. Nothing can be more suitable for an ordinary bathing-costume than a blue flannel blouse with skirt attached, long enough to conceal the trousers which reach a little below the knees, and trimmed with stitched-on rows of white or crimson braid, on cuffs, sailor collar, skirt, and belt. Gray flannel trimmed in the same way is liked by quiet bathers, and the dressier ladies who disport themselves in summer waters wear all white embroidered with blue anchors, which is always pretty.

Swimming suits are distinctly separate from bathing suits, and consist of an abbreviated pair of trousers and a close-

fitting waist; but the fashion of these is not very changeable, nor are they worn by ladies who are not professionals, except in the privacy afforded by waters adjoining their own grounds.

The usual model is shown in the designs (given in miniature in the July number) of the "Manhattan" and "Rover" bathing suits,—the latter for young girls and children. These are simple and pretty, and are not too heavy to preclude swimming as well as bathing in them.

Shoes and stockings are worn almost invariably, the laced bathing shoes made of canvas protecting the feet from "razor" shells, which may cut, and pebbles, which may bruise them.

A hat is necessary, if the preservation of the complexion is any object, and an oil-skin cap may keep the hair dry, but is not reliable. The only safe way to avoid wetting the hair is to do as some of the fashionable bathers are reputed to do,—sit around on the sand and keep out of the water.



No. 2.



No. 3.

LACE-COVERED parasols are decorated with bugs, flies, spiders, and other showy insects in colored metals, and some are fringed all around with the petals of roses, poppies, lilies, etc.

RIBBON waists with tulle skirts are charming for summer evening toilets. The waists are made entirely of ribbons, narrowed together at the waist, and widening toward the

shoulders. Below the waist they widen out again, and falling the full length of the skirt, cover it with lines of watered light, blue, orange, rose, or pale green tinted.

INDIA and Oriental muslins, and crape, striped or interwoven with gold tinsel, are exceedingly stylish draped over silk, with no garniture except ribbon shoulder-knots and sashes.

THE Creole hoops of gold or silver, plain or set with jewels, are the latest style in ear-rings.



Lace-and-Ribbon Waist.

FOR this dressy waist the pattern of the "Valda" is used, omitting the jacket fronts. The illustration shows it made of alternate rows of velvet ribbon and lace insertion, but it can be made of any lace net, either with or without stripes or ribbon. It can be worn over a plain lining, either high or low in the neck. A ribbon belt may be worn with it, or any style of sash.

Ribbon Sash.

SASH of black moire ribbon, trimmed with *motifs* of jet passementerie. This illustrates an excellent method for utilizing odd pieces of passementerie. The ribbon is cut away from under the passementerie. This style of sash can be worn in the back or at one side.



Ribbon Sash.

BANGLES of slender wire set across the top with a row of tiny diamonds, rubies, pearls, or sapphires, are the popular bracelets.

LEATHER bands, in colors to match the material of the costume, are used as hems, cuffs, collars, waistcoats and revers, for walking and driving suits to be worn in the country.

Low hats, low coiffures, undraped skirts, no bustles, full sleeves, and wide belts are features of the prevailing fashions.

Carl Blouse.

THIS style of blouse can appropriately be worn by either a girl or boy, and can be made in woolen or cotton goods, without trimming for a boy, or trimmed in any fancied style for a girl. The back is in the same style as the front. It is not essential that it should be made in the same goods as the rest of the costume. The sizes furnished, quantity of goods required, and full particulars about the pattern are stated on page 651.

Chemisette and Collar.

DESIGNED to wear in warm weather with an open vest or jacket instead of a complete waist, this can be used by either a girl or boy, and can be made in linen, cotton, woolen, or silk goods, either matching or contrasting with the material of the outer garment. It may be made entirely of the same goods, or with two materials as illustrated. See page 651 for directions about the pattern.

Children's Fashions.

FASHIONS for older girls are miniature reproductions of the Directoire and Empire styles worn by their mammas and elder sisters. The Directoire coat, with wide revers, puffed sleeves, and the wide, soft Empire sash with deeply fringed ends, are worn by them also.

A handsome dress for a girl of twelve is of cream India silk figured in flower sprays of dark blue, and made up in Directoire style with dark red silk facings on revers, cuffs, and skirt panel, and a soft surah silk sash of the same color is tied at one side.



Carl Blouse.

Guimpes and slips are still liked for younger girls, and the styles are reproduced in dresses made with white cambric yokes and sleeves to simulate guimpes, and called guimpe dresses.

Lovely dresses for afternoon wear are of the pretty flowered challies made in slips to wear with white guimpes, or in Empire style with full "baby" waist and puffed sleeves to be worn without a guimpe, leaving the dimpled arms and neck bare. Only a plump child looks pretty dressed in this way, and a very warm day must be the excuse; for there is great danger in exposing children to unusual changes in their clothing, even in the summertime.

The blouse and kilt sailor-suits of striped flannels and tennis cloths are worn by little girls and boys under four, and are most serviceable for seaside and mountain sports and rambles. A kilt-skirt of the striped goods, and sailor blouse of the plain in either of the colors of the stripes, are all there is to these little dresses. Blue and white, black and white, red and black, orange and black, blue and red, and various other combinations of colors are seen.

Gingham dresses are made up similarly, with falling



Chemisette and Collar.



Marna Dress.

collar and deep cuffs of embroidery; and even heavy white linen dresses, for afternoon wear, are made with blouse and plaited or gathered skirt. A gay surah silk sash with fringed ends is often worn with such a dress.

For head-covering, Leghorn flats trimmed with wreaths of summer flowers for the girls, and narrow-brimmed sailor hats for the boys, are most popular; yet there is a wide range of selection in fancy white and colored straws in all the quaint and pretty shapes peculiar to all millinery this season.

Marna Dress.

AN extremely simple and becoming style of dress, made with a yoke waist having puffed sleeves, and a straight full skirt. The illustration represents it made of plain pink gingham with plaid gingham, pink

and blue, for the yoke and belt, and the bands and cuffs for the sleeves, and outline embroidery in blue on the skirt and collar. It is a desirable model for all kinds of seasonable goods, or for all but the heaviest dress materials. Directions about the pattern will be found on page 651.

Gertie Dress.

A QUIANT little dress, consisting of a straight full skirt, and a yoke waist with plaits in the back, and the front gathered and arranged to show a V-shaped piece of contrasting goods in the middle. The design makes up very prettily in all seasonable goods, silk, woolen, or cotton, and can be used for quite heavy woolen materials. The illustration represents *écru* linen with feather-stitching of red cotton on the cuffs, collar, yoke, and belt. The hat is coarse straw trimmed with a handkerchief of *écru* silk figured with red. See page 651 for particulars about the pattern.



Gertie Dress.

Misses' Dresses.

FIG. 1.—A kilt-plaited skirt (illustrated in the January number) and the "Clarita" basque are combined to form this jaunty costume, which is made of pale lemon-colored *crêpe de Venise*, trimmed with emerald green silk, and green ribbon with a brocaded pattern in Persian colors. The hat is of fine straw trimmed with lemon-colored tulle and wild flowers.

The fronts and the middle pieces of the back of the basque are



Misses' Dresses.

CLARITA BASQUE.

KILT-PLAITED SKIRT.

AVA WAIST.

turned up to form loops. The model is suitable for very simple as well as dressy materials, and a contrasting material can be used with good effect for the full vest. Particulars about the basque pattern will be found on page 651.

FIG. 2.—For this costume of *écru* satine trimmed with coffee-colored lace, a kilt-plaited skirt (illustrated in the January number) with a panel at one side, and the "Ava" waist are combined. The waist has fullness in front with a plaited frill down the middle, but is plain in the back. The Spanish jacket can be made in with the waist, or separate. The hat is of *écru* net trimmed with coffee-colored velvet ribbon. See page 651 for directions for the waist pattern.

Standard

Patterns.



Sacque Nightdress.



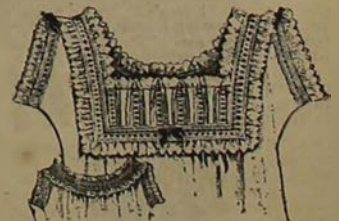
Lady's Drawers.



Eleanor Blouse.



Yoke Nightdress.



Lady's Chemise.



Yoke Chemise.



Bettina Dress.



Caspar Suit, Perdita Dress.



Lenox Blouse.



Isidra Blouse.



Girl's Nightdress.



Norfolk Jacket.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on this Page.

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.

ALWYN BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Lining for front, full vest, outer front, collar, side gore, side form, back, plaiting for back, and two sides of the sleeve. The full vest is to be gathered at the top in a line with the row of holes, to form the ruffle which replaces a standing collar. At the bottom it is to be shirred below the row of holes, and as far back as the last hole. The outer front is to be turned back in a line with the row of holes, to form the revers. The plaiting for the back is to be laid in a box-plait and then placed under the back so that the clusters of holes will match. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes. A medium size will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, five-eighths of a yard for the vest, and one yard and a half of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VALDA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, jacket front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The belt should be permanently secured across the back; and may be also in front, if desirable. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. A medium size will require three yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, and half a yard extra for the jacket fronts. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

HENLEY BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, back, collar, sleeve, cuff, and belt. The bottom of the blouse is to be gathered forward of the hole in the front, and back of the hole in the back. The row of holes in the front indicates the outline for the shield-shaped bosom. A medium size will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ALWYN DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Half of the drapery, and one revers. The front edge of the revers is to be placed to the row of holes. The top of the drapery is to be gathered, and in mounting to the belt, the front edges of the revers are to be placed in a line with the front seams of the side gores of the basque. The fringe is to be on the front only. Eleven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, and one yard of fringe. 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: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

CLARITA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Lining for front, full front, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes. The row of holes in the outer front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The front and back pieces are to be turned up on the inside, in a line with the row of holes in each. The back and side-form seams are to be closed only as far down as the lowest notch. The size for fourteen years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, half a yard of silk to face the revers, and four and a half yards of ribbon. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

AVA WAIST.—The pattern includes 13 pieces: Plain front, full front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve, for the waist; front, back, and two pieces of the sleeve, for the jacket; and panel for the skirt. The full front is to be gathered top and bottom, forward of the holes. The size for fourteen years will require one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the waist; one yard for the jacket; and one yard for the panel. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

MARNA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back

of yoke, full front, full back, belt, collar, sleeve, cuff, band for sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full pieces for the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and across the middle in a line with the row of holes. The band is to be placed across the middle. The skirt is to be gathered at the top, and sewed to the belt with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight years will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

GERTRIE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Plain front, full front, plaited piece for back, two pieces for the yoke, collar, sleeve, cuff, and one-half of the skirt. The full piece for the front is to be gathered top and bottom forward of the holes, and then placed on the plain front with the front edge in a line with the row of holes. The plaited piece for the back is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the middle of the back, on the outside. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The size for six years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

CARL BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, front and back of yoke, shoulder-strap, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The front and back are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The bottom of the blouse may be sewed to a band of the required size, or finished with a hem through which an elastic band may be run. The shoulder-strap is to be placed over the shoulder seam. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the cuff is to be lapped so that the holes in it will match. The size for six years will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Bosom, collar, belt, and strap for back. The bosom may be plain or plaited. The holes in the collar show how far it may be faced to simulate the revers. The strap is to be fastened to the top of the back of the collar and to the belt. One yard of goods will be sufficient for any of the sizes. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

ELEANOR BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Back, front, back and front of yoke, side gore, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. Gather the front and back pieces at the top, and again at the waist line, forward and back of the hole in each respectively; and use draw-strings at the waist line. Fasten in front with buttons or hooks, as preferred. Gather the sleeve at top and bottom between the holes. Put the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. Lay tiny plaits on the inner seam, or sew tapes inside to hold the lower part in the desired place. Three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for a medium size. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LADY'S CHEMISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Body and band. Gather the front and back forward and back of the hole in each, respectively, and join to the band. The upper part of the front can be cut out in a line with the holes, when it is desirable to make it of rows of lace or embroidery. A medium size will require two and a half yards of cambric; and eight yards of lace, and three and three-quarter yards of insertion to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S YOKE CHEMISE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of body, and two pieces of the sleeve. A medium size will require two and a half yards of muslin, and two yards of trimming for one plain row. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S DRAWERS.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: One leg, and two pieces of the band. Gather the top of the drawers only as far forward as the hole, and lap the drawers the width of the facing, in the middle of the front. Cut the band whole and lengthwise of the goods in the middle of the front. A medium size will require one yard and a half of muslin, and one yard and five-eighths of trimming. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S SACQUE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, back, collar and four pieces of the sleeve. Before cutting out the front, run tucks in it of the desired width as low down as the row of holes and as far back as they extend. Lay the back in three box-plaits as indicated. Gather the bottom of the sleeve and the ruffle. A medium size will require four yards of muslin, and five and a half yards of lace. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LADY'S YOKE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Yoke for front, yoke for back, front and back of body, collar, sleeve, and cuff. A medium size will require five yards of muslin, two and a half yards of insertion, and one yard and three-quarters of lace, to make as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

LENOX BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, back, collar, plastron, and two pieces of the sleeve. The holes in the plastron match with those in the front. Gather the lower part of the sleeve between the holes. Place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. Arrange draw-strings at the waist line, back and forward of the holes in the back and front, respectively. The size for fourteen years will require two and a quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of velvet. Pattern in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

ISIDRA BLOUSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, and side gore of waist, front and back of lining yoke, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Gather the front forward of the hole at the neck, and the back, back of the hole at the neck, and place on the lining yoke so that the holes will match. Gather at the waist line to correspond. The size for fourteen years will require two and a quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and two and a quarter yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

BETTINA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back of waist, front and back of yoke, full piece for yoke, collar, belt, and two pieces of the sleeve for the waist; and one-half of the skirt. Gather the top of the waist all across. Gather the bottom forward and back of the hole in the front and back, respectively. Make two shirrings across the full piece for the yoke, each formed of two rows of gathers a quarter of an inch apart, at the places indicated by the holes; and place it on the yoke forward of the row of holes. Make similar shirrings across the sleeve at the places designated by the rows of holes; gather it top and bottom, and place the notch in the top to the shoulder seam. Gather the top of the skirt and sew it to the belt with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for six years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the dress, and one yard and a half additional for the sash. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

PERDITA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of waist, belt, shoulder-piece, sleeve, band, puff, and one-half of the skirt. Lay the top of the full pieces of the waist in small plaits, or gather forward and back of the holes, respectively; and gather the lower edge. Either gather the top of the puff or lay it in fine plaits, and gather the lower edge and place on the sleeve at the row of holes. Gather or plait the top of the skirt. The size for six years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, including the sash, and half a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

GIRL'S YOKE NIGHTDRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of body, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The size for ten years will require two and three-quarter yards of muslin, and two yards of trimming. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

BOY'S NORFOLK JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, plait for front, back, plait for back, collar, belt, and two sides of the sleeve. Turn under the long edges of the plaits in a line with the notches, and place them on the front and back, respectively, so that the holes will match. Place the belt so that the clusters of holes in it and in the back will match. The size for ten years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

CASPAR SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, back, and collar of underwaist; front, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve of the jacket; and one-half of the skirt. Lay the skirt in kilt-plaits all turned one way, and join to the bottom of underwaist. Turn the front of the jacket back in a line with the holes, to form the revers. Put the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. The size for six years will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, for the skirt and jacket, half a yard to face the front of the underwaist, and five yards of galloon for trimming. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

Mrs. Sarah J. C. Downs,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

IN the year 1881, as we learn from Mrs. Ellis, the efficient Corresponding Secretary of the New Jersey State Union, Mrs. Denman, the zealous and devoted first President, was laid aside from active service, through severe illness. Doubt and perplexity filled the minds of the leaders as to her successor. But in the workings of a kind Providence a helper had been preparing, unknown to the most of them, and when at the next Annual Convention she was discovered in the person of Mrs. Downs, her kind, motherly face won their hearts.

She was known to many of them by name and repute, for she was the widow of Rev. Charles S. Downs, of the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist - Episcopal Church, who had died about ten years before. She was "well accounted of for good works," and receiving the unanimous vote of the convention she entered upon her new duties with zeal and alacrity. Her success has been such as to warrant a more searching inquiry as to the ways by which she had been trained for such usefulness.

A native of Philadelphia, she enjoyed the educational advantages of the "city of brotherly love," until at the age of seventeen she commenced teaching in New Jersey, thenceforth her adopted State, and where she subsequently entered upon the exacting duties of a pastor's wife. These she discharged with such faithfulness and efficiency that we get such echoes as this from the Rev. John Atkinson of Newark, whose work as a minister and author is not unknown to the public:

"When, as a mere boy, I began my ministerial course under the guidance of Rev. C. S. Downs, his wife was in her early prime. She was to me as a sister and mother. That parsonage in which she presided so well was my school, and she and her sweet-spirited and gracious hus-

band were my teachers. Her intelligence, kindness, industry, and piety, and zeal for Zion, made her a gifted, forceful worker for the Master. She still lives in my esteem as one of the noblest and best of the good people with whom I have been privileged to be united in fellowship and service in a somewhat extended career. Brave, loyal, laborious, gifted in speech and in prayer, and aggressive in purpose and in effort, Mrs. Downs is to-day a power in the land."

While she was working for the church of her choice, her home duties were not neglected. Three sons and a daughter received her careful attention and training.

After the death of her husband she resumed teaching and pursued it until she saw her children all graduated. They are now all married and settled and leading useful Christian lives. They are still her "jewels," even though her later work has been crowned with signal success. During the recent political campaign she often said that she voted the Prohibition ticket four times, through her sons and son-in-law. She does not acknowledge, however, that this should deprive her of voting in her own right.

The principles of total abstinence were faithfully taught to her own children, and these teachings are faithfully duplicated in their homes, where no liquor is found for any purpose.

While she was yet

a young housekeeper she wrote in her cook-book, opposite a recipe calling for wine, "No intoxicants shall ever go into cooking of mine."—A good pledge to go into the cook-books of all temperance women. This annotated cook-book, passed on to her daughter, is now treasured up for a little Frances Willard of the third generation.

But when at last her "foot was free," the last child married, and she might have settled down with them and spent her mature years in peace and quietness, she accepted, instead, this larger service, for which she is so well qualified. Having secured the delights and the blessings of total abstinence in her own home and in those of her children, she is now engaged in securing it as far as possible in other homes, on the principle of "Freely



MRS. SARAH J. C. DOWNS.

ye have received, freely give." We wonder, sometimes, if many other mature matrons whose homes no longer need their direct services would not also lend their help to build up homes free from the blight, if they realized as they might that they owed their own happy lot to the temperance workers of a preceding generation. The work is also reflex: it helps to develop the graces and increase the capacity of the workers.

Mrs. Downs has had great success as an organizer. If a new Union is to be started, she is called upon for counsel, and frequently for her personal aid to put it on its feet. Thenceforth she is to it as a nourishing mother. If the Union becomes weak and despondent, she visits and builds it up. Two hundred local Unions now respond to the roll-call in this little State. Every one of the twenty counties is organized. Twenty-nine superintendents push each her special department under the direction of the President. Every summer, at Ocean Grove, she gathers them, with all the county and local officers that choose to come, and hosts of members, to her annual School of Methods. Here the various modes of prosecuting the work are discussed, and improvements reported or suggested. Her directions and explanations on parliamentary usage are marvelously simple and helpful. Able speakers are called in, the question-box is opened, the feeble and the doubting are encouraged, the faithful worker is cheered, and all are instructed.

Mrs. Woodbridge, the National Recording Secretary, adds her testimony. She writes: "It has been my privilege to attend State Conventions, Schools of Methods, and other gatherings over which Mrs. Downs has presided with calm dignity and ability. Her knowledge of parliamentary law and its kind but just administration are a delight to all. She controls without partiality or severity, but with a firmness that commands admiration and respect."

And, with all the rest, her diligence is unwearied. The workers to whose call she so incessantly responds, rarely have a chance to imagine that she does not prefer this incessant activity to the quiet and repose of home; but one of them recently remarked: "How her eyes shone when she told me that she was to have two whole days at home!" Truly we may believe that she will have many sheaves to lay at the Master's feet when called to her reward.

JULIA COLMAN.

The Great Crime and Curse of the Nineteenth Century.

WHAT ARE VOTERS GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

Thy brother's blood crieth unto thee from the ground.

THE awful curse of alcoholic liquors, the criminality of the traffic, and the moral turpitude of the voter in justifying it with a license are the greatest outrages and disgraces of our civilization. Yet the most anomalous moral debasement is the fact that this vile, piratical, and fiendish business of rumselling, that produces so much crime, destroys so many homes, and tortures the world with untold agony, should be upheld, sanctioned, and confirmed by the Government: this is without precedent in infamy.

But the people are the Government. It follows, therefore, as a logical conclusion, that the selfish, hypocritical, or mistaken citizen who, by his vote, gives legal sanction to this horrible business of liquor-selling, is responsible both as a principal and accessory for the outrages on the lives, health, and homes of the people, that are perpetrated by this

diabolical poison, or, as it has been truthfully called, "the Devil in solution."

We know this is an awful charge; but this fearful responsibility rests wholly on delinquent, respectable citizen voters who fail to meet this question with their political opportunities in our country's present emergency, on the pretext of half a loaf being better than no bread; or the more supercilious, lazy, do-nothing policy of silence, which is more dangerous because more insidious. The treachery of silence is the meanest and most cowardly method for treating any important subject, more especially great moral questions.

PROHIBITION LOGIC.

That prohibition of the liquor traffic is a desirable object, and that its aims and principles are the basis for a noble work, and furnish high moral ground for a dominant party promising a glorious future for the country, no truthful or true friend of humanity can deny; but the greatest obstacle that threatens moral reforms is the temptation to grasp after partial success of to-day, at the expense of loss and disintegration to-morrow.

The progress of great moral reforms generally comes slowly at first, and this, undoubtedly, will be true of a reform of such magnitude, and surrounded as it is with so many difficulties, as is the movement against the liquor traffic; for this hideous business is so firmly entrenched in the habits, prejudices, and interests of its votaries, that it will cost a tremendous struggle, and the exercise of all the moral force and all the energies that a determined and exasperated people can command. To ensure permanent and enduring success, the friends of Prohibition and the representatives and leaders in the Prohibition movement should not only have strong convictions of the righteousness of the cause and the necessity for earnest and indomitable energy, but they should also be deeply impressed with the folly and danger of any vacillation. Their voice and influence should be continuously aggressive, to inspire conviction in the minds and hearts of the people as to the final and permanent success of the party.

They should not only have an unquestioned determination to oppose and condemn any and all alluring deviations from the highest standards of Prohibition sentiment, but they should also have an unswerving hostility to all compromises with other parties; opposition and even persecution being much less disastrous to the life and vitality of the cause than any compromises that are likely to be offered by its enemies.

INSIDIOUS ENEMIES.

The liquor-dealers and the enemies of Prohibition are ever on the alert to take advantage of any method or encouragement promising them success, either to suppress the truth or mislead a credulous community to believe that all efforts to secure Prohibition are futile. The plans of these arch enemies of *all* virtue are laid deep in the foundations of the social structure of society, and they have no scruples or hesitation about poisoning the minds of the people with fallacious arguments, or misleading them with false statements as to the nature of Alcohol, by denying and belittling the results and consequences that follow the occasional or continuous use of the vile poisons in the various forms that are foisted upon the people.

The passion that most people have for exhilarating beverages is the opportunity of the liquor-dealers, who flood the country with their vile concoctions to supply this demand, and they will not be slow in gratifying the awakened and vitiated appetites that have become clamorous for indulgence; so that their selfish interests, and the long-seated

prejudices and habits of the people are so many obstacles to be overcome before final victory can be achieved.

PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AN INEVITABLE NECESSITY.

The greatly increased consumption of alcoholic liquors within the last twenty-five years is one of the most astounding facts in our history ; its deplorable results are also evident in the greatly increased amount of crime and pauperism ; and the fearful ravages threaten the stability and perpetuity of our civilization.

Few people know the extent and enormous magnitude of the liquor traffic, much less do they realize how certain it is that in a few years, if the same ratio of increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors be continued, our country will be overrun with crime, anarchy, and desolation.

While the population of our country has only doubled within the last quarter of a century, the consumption of malt liquor has increased twelve times, as shown by the statistics. In 1863, according to the report of the Census Bureau, there were two millions of barrels of beer taxed and consumed in the United States. The following year it was three millions ; the next year it was nearly four millions ; the next year, five millions ; the next year, six millions ; in the year 1871, over seven millions ; the next year eight millions ; the next year, nine millions ; and so on up to 1878, when it was over ten millions, and it has been going on and up in the millions at about the same ratio of increase, until, in 1887, the *increase* in that year was over two millions of barrels, and in 1888 the enormous increase had swelled the yearly consumption up to nearly twenty-five millions of barrels ! Allowing for about one half of the people, who do not drink, this would give a barrel of beer for every man, woman, and child ; or, for the men and women alone, about two barrels for each person.

These stupendous figures, appalling though they are, do not include or take into account the greatly increased consumption of whisky, brandy, wines, champagne, and other alcoholic beverages, amounting to nearly the same proportion of alcohol consumed, and costing much more in the aggregate, but certainly not any less in their demoralization of the people.

To convey these startling facts in a more definite array of figures, we give them in detail as taken from the census report in each year during the last twenty-six years :

18632,006,625 Bbls.	1876 9,902,352 Bbls.
18643,141,381 "	1877 9,810,060 "
18653,657,181 "	187810,241,471 "
18665,115,140 "	187911,103,084 "
18676,207,402 "	188013,347,111 "
18686,146,663 "	188114,311,028 "
18696,342,055 "	188216,952,085 "
18706,574,617 "	188317,757,892 "
18717,749,260 "	188418,998,619 "
18728,659,427 "	188519,185,953 "
18739,633,323 "	188620,710,933 "
18749,600,897 "	188723,121,526 "
18759,452,697 "	188824,680,219 "

THE CONSEQUENCES THAT ARE TO FOLLOW.

Let any thinking, intelligent voter ponder these startling statistics, let the mind become certain that these statements are really facts, and he will soon conclude that a revolution is indispensable to our country's salvation—that Prohibition has become just as necessary for the safety of our civilization as was the abolition of slavery, and even very much more so.

The final ruin and desolation of our country will just as surely follow the present trend of the liquor traffic, as the night follows the day. We cannot shut our eyes to these realities and the horrors that must inevitably follow the

continuance of this traffic. This awful delirium of drunkenness must be overcome, or it will be certain death to our civilization. Prohibition is the only alternative ; and God help our country if we fail to be warned in time !

A License to the Liquor Traffic is a Lie for Cents, and a Lie in Every Sense.

A LICENSE is copper-headed bar-room barbarism, and senseless nonsense ; a barbed remnant of barbarism that shames all other shams by its shameless barbarity, and its barbarous treatment of the rights and interests of the people by a shameless shamming of restriction on liquor bars.

A high License is a high bar to Prohibition, and leads the people through liquor bars and over and under legal bars toward perdition.

But Prohibition bars out all these barbarities, and shames all shamming by its effective restriction of bar-tenders in saloon bars, and effectively debars these bar-keepers from liquor bars by putting them behind prison bars ; and thus, at the bar of law, bars out all these pretended restrictions on bar-room bars which so barbarize the people with their beer-barrel biers and a License to screen the barbarism.

A License, in any sense, to these bars, is a low and treasonable form of pretense to secure our dimes and cents and degrade our moral sense. A License is both diabolical nonsense and centless sense to debauch our senses. A License, therefore, is a lie in every sense.

It is a lie on sense and a lie without sense ; a lie in a general sense, a lie for cents, and a lie for incense to hide its want of moral sense : and when a people having sense consents to a license, for unhallowed cents, it gives license to the worst form of immoral sense, which ought to incense the people's sensitiveness against the moral poison of a License that tolerates and fosters such a nonsensical sensuality among otherwise sensible people. Any such scenting against sense, after a License, therefore, is a diabolical want of sense, a libel on common sense.

A low License is a low grade of sense ; but a high License is the incense paid to a still more infamous absence of common sense. High License relies on a low grade of sense ; but a low license is less cents but just as much nonsense ; a senseless use of the people's cents, a misuse of common sense, which degrades our moral sense to insensibility.

A License therefore is :

A reliable distilled acrid lye sense to poison common sense, and a fraudulent lie for cents.

A worthless lie, in a sense that makes a License nonsense and a senseless use of our common sense.

A License, therefore, is a lie in a murderous sense, a traitorous sense, a pecuniary sense, and also a consciously stupid sense.

A License is also an incense from Sheol to curse our religious sense, and sensibly scents our business sense with the absence of all moral sense, blunts our senses, robs us of our cents, and poisons our sensibilities. But the absence of a License permanently procures practical Prohibition, protects people's property, popularizes proper policies, proposes permeating politics, pulverizes perverted power, prevents people's poverty, promotes personal and public prosperity, prompts patriotism, and perpetuates pure, perfected principles.

A License is also bilious, suspicious, pernicious, flagitious, surreptitious, seditious, and mendacious Legislation that authorizes, supervises, legalizes, partnerizes, nationalizes, fraternizes, and liquorizes the excises, which every honest man despises.

But Prohibition is rejection, protection, conversion, with coercion harmonized by a combination of just legislation to secure the confirmation and realization of a higher civilization.

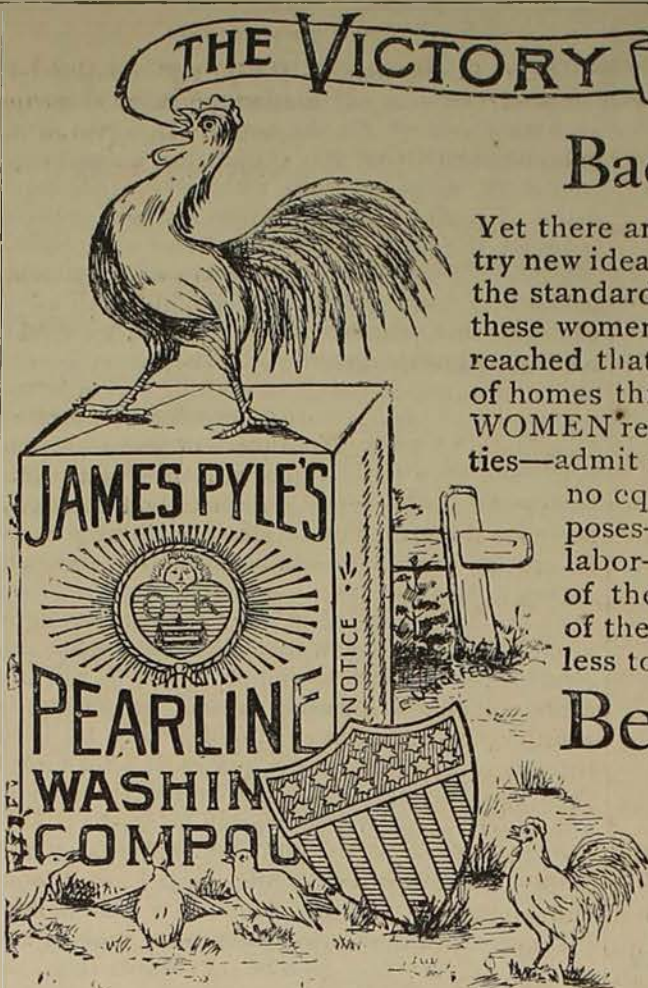
From the Christian Commonwealth, London (June 6, 1889).

AN ARDENT PROHIBITIONIST.

In another column will be found an article by Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, of New York, on the question of Prohibition. We call attention to it as a sample of the style of earnest Ameri-

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.

means in dealing with the drink question. Mr. Demorest is a typical American Temperance man. It may not be that all are quite as decided Prohibitionists as he is, but it is simply certain that the leaders of the Temperance movement in America are no longer half-hearted or moderate advocates. They find that they have to deal with a terrible foe, and they believe that the only way to kill this foe is by prompt and vigorous action. While they believe in moral suasion, it is nevertheless a deep conviction with these earnest men that nothing short of total prohibition by law will completely destroy the drink traffic. They do not even pretend that this will cure the love of drink, or even the drink habit. Prohibitionists are not aiming to deal directly with either the love of drink or the habit of drink. What they are aiming at is the traffic. They believe that if the traffic in drink is prohibited by law, that this will decrease immeasurably the opportunities for cultivating the drink habit, and thus indirectly a prohibitory law will do much in educating the people to resist the terrible monster which has so long held millions under his despotic sway. Mr. Demorest is at present on a visit to this country, and he has had some conference with Prohibitionists here. The result of this conference may be felt by and by. It is well known that he has contributed liberally of his large fortune to aid Prohibition in the United States, and it is certainly much to his praise that he is aiming to stimulate activity here in the Prohibition cause, both by word and deed. We cheerfully tender him a cordial greeting, and hope that he may be instrumental, to some extent at least, in arousing public sentiment on the vital question in which he is so much interested.



Bad Policy to Crow

Yet there are many conservative women who never try new ideas; they wait until an article has become the standard in its line—"until it can crow." To these women we want to say that PEARLINE has reached that point; it is now a necessity in millions of homes throughout the land. INTELLIGENT WOMEN recognize its wonderful cleansing properties—admit that it is the modern soap—that it has no equal for ALL washing and cleaning purposes—that it effects a saving of time and labor—that by doing away with the worst of the rubbing it does away with the worst of the wear, and besides is absolutely harmless to fabric or hands.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearlina, or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

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

Correspondence Club.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"APRIL SHOWER."—The only American of note buried at Westminster was Mr. George Peabody; but his burial there was only temporary, and his mortal remains rested for a few days only in the now empty grave.

"ELLEN G."—Scented powders for sachets, handkerchief-boxes, and bureau-drawer pads, can easily be made at home. For rose powder, mix three ounces of corn-starch with one of orris powder, and pass through a fine sieve. Pour on eight drops of attar of rose, and mix well. For violet powder, mix together four ounces of orris powder, twenty drops of essence of bergamot, and twenty drops of essence of ambergris.

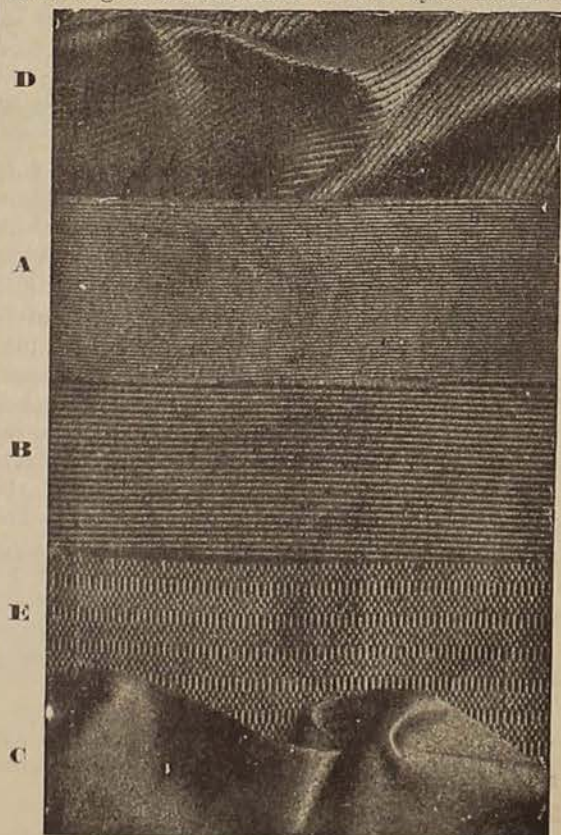
"SADIE H. P."—Mrs. M. A. Pike, *nee* Mary Langdon, is the author of the book "Ida May." It is doubtful if you could purchase a copy of it unless at a sale of some library. It is a story of the slave States before the war; but Mrs. Stowe's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," coming after it, completely eclipsed it and other works on the same subject.

(Continued on page 656.)

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO. PURE SILK

Pure Dye Black Dress Silks.

They may be known from all others, thus: always 25 inches wide; have no colored selvedge; put up in dress patterns of 16, 17, 18 and 20 yards; each bears our name in gold letters; made in five styles as shown.



Price, \$2.20 per yard, at Retail.

This price is made possible by the marvelously low cost of raw silk. Ask your dealer for them, or if he doesn't keep them, write us and we will refer you to one who does.

44 East 14th Street, New York.

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

ACCORDION PLAITING MACHINES. Box and Side Plaiting Machines; also construction of machinery for new designs in Ladies' Trimming. PANSE & GNADT, Manufacturers, 173-179 Grand St., New York.

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.

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THE ALDINE FIRE PLACE



Before Buying Grates, get our circular, Sent Free. The Aldine produces Warm Floors, Perfect Ventilation; keeps fire over night, and is cleanly. Burns coal, coke, wood or gas. Can be piped to common chimneys, or set like other grates, and can be run at half the cost of any other. Address ALDINE MFG. CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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.



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.

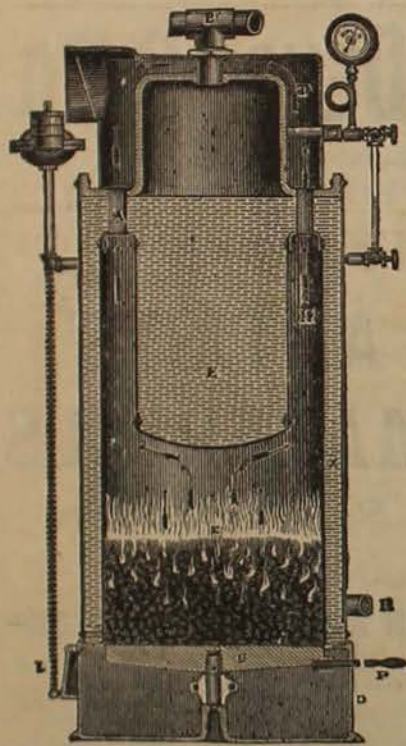
It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter. The cans bear the trade mark of the Co. and are hermetically sealed and warranted full weight. It is more economical in use than the lower grades.

Oriental & Occidental Tea Co., L't'd.,
Head Office, 31, 33 and 35 Burling Slip,
New York.

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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,
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and Estimates
furnished
free.

Duplex Steam Heater Co.,

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BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR



OUR 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.
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FREEMAN'S BLONDINE

without injury keeps children's or adults' blonde hair their natural color like

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY'S and turns hair of any color a natural blonde. Beware of that sold by the ounce, generally acid, spoiling the hair. If your druggist hasn't the genuine, in sealed bottles,

FREEMAN, Perfumer, 523 E. 152 St. New York or Cin'ti, O. will send postpaid \$1 a bottle, 6 for \$5. Send for circulars.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 655.)

"OLD SUBSCRIBER."—It is not considered "stylish" to wear anything in the shape of a cap over the forehead, for the house. However, if it is becoming to you, you could wear a small cap similar in shape to your little son's polo-cap, made of puffed black lace, with narrow ribbons between the puffs and a fall of lace all around. Additional pieces of front hair are worn by most ladies who have unbecomingly high foreheads; and as you are a sufferer from neuralgia, we would recommend you to do likewise. The natural covering of the head is hair, and nothing can satisfactorily take its place, either for comfort or warmth. You can get a pretty front piece of hair to match your own gray hair, which will solve your difficulty.—Excepting children's hats and sun-hats, there are no fashionable styles of millinery worn far enough over the head to conceal the forehead. A black lace veil two yards long can be worn over the face, crossed at the back and brought around in front again to tie loosely under the chin.—Pillow-shams are embroidered in red and other colors with pleasing effect, but nothing is prettier than all white.—Doylies may be used instead of mats under the plates at a tea-table; they may be large enough to serve for the cup and saucer and plate, or two can be used.

"MRS. M. G. N."—"Shiloh; or, Without and Within," was written by Mrs. Julia L. M. Woodruff, under the *nom de plume* of W. M. L. Jay. "Holden with the Cords" is another book by the same author.—The festival of Mardi Gras, on Shrove Tuesday, which is kept in New Orleans annually, is a continuation of the time-honored carnivals celebrated in Rome, Venice, and other Italian cities on Shrove Tuesday, as a farewell to the vanities of the world before Lent, the season of penance and fasting, sets in. The word "carnival" is derived from two Latin words, meaning "flesh, farewell." The carnival is the closing and culminating festival of the festival season. The display and gaiety of the carnival processions in New Orleans have made them famous. Mardi-gras is the French for "fat Tuesday,"—that is, "not a fasting Tuesday,"—and is the day before Ash Wednesday, which is the first of the season of Lent as observed by the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches.

"M. G. W. B."—The broad white Leghorn flats which were worn last summer are still fashionable, and if you have white ostrich plumes to trim yours with, it would certainly be worth your while to do so. Wide black velvet facing would be suitable, if becoming; but it is not absolutely necessary. The hat will hardly need re-shaping, but may be caught up at the left side. The trimming, if all of feathers, can be easily managed. If you have not enough feathers to complete the garniture, add a large rosetted bow of white moiré or faille ribbon, placed directly in front or at the side,—wherever it seems to look the best.—The Empire styles are as suitable for married as for young ladies. In fact, the Empire and Directoire styles are often so blended as to make it difficult to separate them. Only the very simplest Empire styles, with baby waist and sash, are restricted to young women.

"A. E. C."—Reverend T. DeWitt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, is a Congregational clergyman.

(Continued on page 657.)

Why not use other people's brains as well as your own in order to lessen life's work, especially so when the present hot weather will make life a burden to those having laborious housework to do? The very word "Pearline" sounds clean and sweet enough to recommend even a poorer article. But "Pearline" does as clean and as sweet work as its name implies. Now if there be a housekeeper among the thousands of readers of DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE who has hitherto lived so far beneath her privileges as not to have used "Pearline," surely she will at once purchase a packet and test what it will do for her. "Pearline" represents brains. It is the product of long and hard processes of thought, investigation, and experiment. You are invited to share the results.

WHAT AGENTS SAY OF TOKOLOGY.

A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN.

"Tokology" grows more popular every day!! An agent in Michigan who commenced her first work as canvasser with "Tokology" in 1887, and has sold several hundred says: "I love 'Tokology' and am delighted to be in its service. I can sell just as well in territory that has been gone over."

Mrs. E. J. McElwain, a prominent temperance worker, also in Michigan, writes: "I took forty-five orders in five days last week, notwithstanding the storm. I sell 'Tokology' because I know I am benefiting the buyer."

Mrs. Annie Sanderson reports: "I took eighty-nine orders for 'Tokology' in the last three weeks. There is no other book I feel like working so hard for."

Mrs. R. C. Congar writes from Texas: "I consider selling 'Tokology' missionary work. Ordinarily I take five orders out of every six calls I make. To-day I made nine sales in ten calls, selling three in one house."

Mrs. —: "I can sell 500 'Tokologies' easy enough; did not think so until I tried. The first book I sold I could hardly talk, I trembled so; was afraid of failure. I do not feel so now, it seems that the trembling is with the one I get after."

Ladies who desire to earn a little pin-money at odd times, or agents who make a regular business of canvassing will find "Tokology" a splendid selling book.

\$2.75 will purchase "Tokology" in best binding, together with order book and circulars for canvassing.

Address ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO.,
161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS & SCISSORS.
Will stay SHARP and cut the easiest of any made.
INSIST on your Storekeeper procuring them for you.
REMEMBER THE NAME SEYMOUR'S
FOR LIST OF PRICES SHEARS SENT BY MAIL
ADDRESS HENRY SEYMOUR CUTLERY CO. HOLYOKE MASS.

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

HOUSES and COTTAGES.



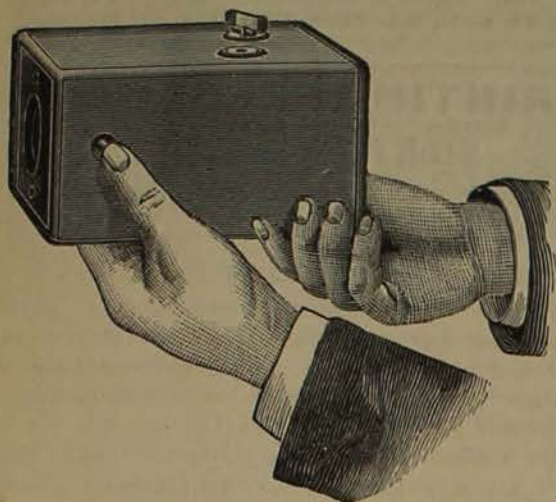
New work. By author of Cottage Portfolio. Size 8 x 11 inches. Contains 33 designs of Dwellings. All new. Seven costing from \$300 to \$1,000. Ten between \$1,000 and \$2,000, and up to \$15,000. With full descriptions. Price of material, etc., given, that estimates are made upon. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Parties not having Portfolio can have the two works for \$1.25

Address D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER Pure, Hygienic, Free from Poison. Impalpably fine, lustrous. Don't rub off. In short is Perfect, Chaste & Refined. At all Drugists. 25 & 50c. box, or mailed, postage paid. Freeman Perfumer, 523 E. 152d St., N. Y. branch, Chic. O.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

The Kodak Camera.



The Kodak in position.

No photographic device is so perfectly adapted for ladies' use as this camera.

First.—It is small and compact, weighing less than two pounds, and but six and one-half inches in length.

Second.—It takes one hundred views without being opened or reloaded.

Third.—No knowledge of photography is required. With a Kodak, a novice may make pictures that equal the best work of experts. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. One need not soil the hands. "Press the button." We do the rest.

Fourth.—A handsome russet leather carrying case with shoulder strap is a part of each outfit. In this case the camera may be carried about with as little trouble as a field glass.

Finishing Pictures.—This part of the work is done at our factory, if desired. Satisfactory results are insured by this plan as the work is done by experts.

Unauthorized parties advertise cameras "having all the advantages of the Kodak," but the Kodak is the only camera which is sent out already loaded with 100 continuous films.

Be sure to ask for the "Kodak" and take no other.

We shall be very glad to furnish upon application a copy of our Kodak Primer containing sample photograph. The Kodak is for sale by all dealers in photo. goods. Price, \$25.00.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

(Continued from page 656.)

"Mrs. J. A. F."—Your serge is a dark shade of crushed strawberry in color.

"S. S."—Your brown silk is gros-grain. It could be made over in combination with any brown or écu woolen goods. With a Directoire redingote of the silk or a "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the March number), a plaited skirt of brown cashmere or veiling would look well and make an appropriate costume for church or to wear to the city during the summer. Silk-striped grenadine is a fashionable material, and may be made up after almost any of the designs illustrated in our Fashion Department.

"E. A. W."—A lady living apart from her husband, with a child, would do best to retain her married name, unless divorced. In the latter case, women frequently return to the use of the maiden name, but it is not obligatory.

"LULU."—If you wish to bind your numbers of the Magazine permanently, the cover for binding is what you need, and you will have to get them regularly bound at a bookbinder's. See page 474 in the May Magazine for full particulars.

"M. F. E."—Directions for placing the Magazine in the binder we furnish accompany each binder. The prices for regular bookbinding vary. We bind volumes of the Magazine for one dollar, or, with gilt edges, one dollar and fifty cents. See page 474, in the May Magazine. The cases, or covers, for binding are not binders. The binder is for use at home, and the price is fifty cents, by mail.—The "Lilial" dress (illustrated in the February Magazine) and the "Jacqueline" costume (illustrated in the May number) are pretty combination dresses for girls of eight years. The "Descriptions of Cut Paper Patterns," in each Magazine, state the requisite amount of material, and furnish directions for putting the patterns together.

(Continued on page 658.)



[COPYRIGHTED.]

"This (HALL'S BAZAR FORM) is without question the most useful article in my wardrobe. It is splendid when traveling. With it I rearrange and brush all my trunk-crushed dresses."

Hall's Bazar Forms

FOR DRAPING, TRIMMING, AND RE-ARRANGING DRESSES.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY,

whether a dressmaker is employed or not. Saves all the fatigue and annoyance of standing to have dresses draped, and when not in use folds up like an umbrella.

Endorsed by all Fashion Publishers, and awarded Medal of Superiority by American Institute.

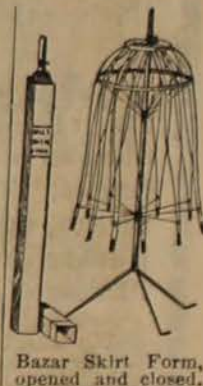
Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Complete Form.	\$6.50
Bazar Skirt Form in Case	3.00
Skirt Form, to which the Bust can be added.	3.50

Send for descriptive circular.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.,
833 Broadway, New York.

We cheerfully recommend these forms, and request our patrons, when ordering or sending for circulars, to mention Demorest's Magazine.



Bazar Skirt Form, opened and closed.

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.



7 CENTS PER COPY. SHEET MUSIC! 7c per copy. 15 copies for \$1.00. Sold everywhere at 30c to \$1.00 per copy. Catalogue containing the names of 6,000 pieces of Music free. 3 samples and 200 page Catalogue of regular Music and Book, 20c. F. BREHM, Erie, Pa.



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 Holed 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, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

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.



"TRICORA" Corset
FAMOUS FOR ITS
Elegance of Shape

AND
COMFORT IN WEAR, MADE WITH THE
QUICK (Q. D.) DETACHABLE
CORSET CLASP,
INSURES HEALTH AND COMFORT.

Recommended by Ladies, Physicians and Nurses.

"The Tricora Corset with (Q. D.) Clasp is a real boon. It rids women of one of their miseries."
JENNIE JUNE.

"While I am unalterably opposed to corset wearing, I do not hesitate to say that women who wear them will do well to substitute the Tricora Corset with (Q. D.) Clasp for those now in use."
ANNIE JENNESS MILLER, Dress Reformer.

Manufactured by THE BRIDGEPORT CORSET CO.

J. G. FITZPATRICK & CO., 58--60 Worth St., NEW YORK.

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

Relief at Last!

No More Straining.
UNFASTEN YOUR CORSETS
SITTING OR STANDING.
"TRICORA."



The "TRICORA" Corset
Has inaugurated an era of
comfort for ladies.

"In its construction perfec-
tion of shape has been care-
fully looked after.

"It conforms to every posi-
tion in stooping, sitting and
reclining, affording Great Re-
lief and Comfort to those who
find their corsets oppressive."

SADIE MARTINOT.

PANT-STRETCHERS, FREE!

Send 12c for postage and packing. Best invention for taking out wrinkles and bagging at the knees. For 6c additional, if mention is made of this paper, we will send full line of samples of custom clothing, 48 in. tape, and full directions. **BAY STATE PANTS CO., 34 Hawley Street, Boston.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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

(Continued from page 657.)

"J. L. S."—Embroidered batiste is used. You do not say how many yards of embroidery you have, nor how wide it is, which makes it difficult to answer your questions about how to make a dress of it. A plain full skirt with one or two ruffles at the bottom, and a plaited or tucked full waist would be pretty, and easy to launder. Your pongee silk is a problem. Could you not have two gathered flounces of equal width across the front, and panels of velvet at each side, with a slightly looped back drapery. Or you might put the velvet panels in front with a puff of pongee separating them lengthwise, and have smocked flounces at each side.

"AN APPRECIATIVE READER."—According to the most reliable authorities, Henry M. Stanley was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. His original name was John Rowlands. At the age of three he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph, where he remained until thirteen years of age. He afterward taught school for a year, at Mold, in Flintshire, and finally shipped at Liverpool as a cabin-boy on a vessel going to New Orleans. There he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who adopted him, and gave him his name.

"SUBSCRIBER."—A handsome traveling-dress, to be worn as a wedding-dress by a tall and slender young lady, with fair complexion and brown hair and eyes, would be a silver-gray silk-and-wool Henrietta cloth, with plaited vest and side-panel of white surah silk, and garnitures of silver braid. Either a hat or bonnet can be worn. A gray straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon bows and pink roses would be pretty; or a black lace hat with a garland of white flowers and green leaves. The bridegroom should wear gloves matching those worn by the bride, if possible, and a frock coat and light trousers.—Twenty-seven by thirty inches is a good size for pillows, or they may be perfectly square. Bolsters are used, either the wedge-shaped bolsters, which support pillows placed upright on the bed, or the round French bolsters (as illustrated in the June number of the Magazine in the article on "Bed Furnishing and Draperies"), which supplant pillows.—Metal tea-trays, in all sizes, japanned or bronzed, are used. Wooden trays are also used for bringing in tea or removing the tea service. There is no regular size; but for the service of tea a medium-sized round tray is liked.

"C. K. T."—We cannot give personal addresses in this column.

"MRS. HARRY W."—You will need three yards of your black lace flouncing to fill in on your silk underskirt. You can dispense with steels in the latter, if you prefer, or you can have one short steel (about ten or twelve inches long) about ten inches below the belt, and a very small hair cushion at the top. It will be better to tack the lace at the side seams lightly, but not elsewhere. Gather the lace at the top and sew the gathers, evenly distributed, to the same belt as the underskirt; or tack them along the lower edge of the belt on the foundation skirt, after the latter is sewed on. The extra half-yard of lace you can use on a black silk waist as a vest or drapery.

(Continued on page 659.)

ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO.,
Third and Dauphin Streets, Philadelphia.

Fruit and Jelly Press
MAKES THE LADIES HAPPY!

With it they can extract the juice from Strawberries, Raspberries, Cranberries, Huckleberries, Elderberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Grapes, Pineapples & Currants
Seeds and Skins Discharged Perfectly Dry.

Most Hardware Merchants keep them, and we prefer you to purchase of them; but if you cannot find one, send your money to us and we will send it to you by the next FAST TRAIN; and then your good wife can make you happy with

JELLIES,
SYRUPS
and
FRUIT
BUTTERS.

PRICE, - \$3.00.

SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

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.

LADY 48 CENTS clear \$150 Monthly with my new Rubber Undergarment for Ladies on's. Proof Free. Mrs. H. F. Little, Chicago, Ill.

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.

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 658.)

"D. F. P."—You can use black, dark-blue, or any shade of gray for an overdress with your blue-and-black hair-line striped silk.

"F. ELIZABETH."—A card attached to a bouquet to be sent to a graduate should be the donor's visiting-card, inclosed in a card envelope, addressed to the young lady. Some ordinary complimentary expression may be written on the card. "Compliments of," above the sender's name, is the most usual. An ordinary card with both names written on it may be used instead. In response to an invitation to Commencement Exercises, from a graduate, only the visiting card need be sent by mail. Sometimes graduates send their cards or bouquets or other souvenirs to the members of their class; but this is not obligatory, although a pretty custom. Your letter was dated two days after the Magazine in which you wished it answered was published.

"MRS. WM. E. B."—You do not give the width of the lace to be used in trimming your faille Francaise. The second figure on the plate of "Summer Toilets" in the June number shows a very stylish arrangement of lace garnitures of different widths of lace. If you have wide flouncing-lace, it can be used in panels or for a full front breadth, with a redingote of the silk. We do not designate special designs for ladies of certain ages. Very few of our designs are so impossible of modification that they cannot be worn by ladies of any age, except the very old ladies who do not care for fashionable attire. A woman of fifty-three who carries her age well may wear any of the fashionable designs by not accenting the peculiarities of garniture too strongly, and leaving off any unnecessary elaboration of ornament.

"A FRIEND AND READER."—When a gentleman is introduced to a young lady, she does not need to rise unless the gentleman is a clergyman or one very much older. A lady should always thank a gentleman for any attention he pays her, either for escorting her to an entertainment, or any civility of the sort. The reply of acceptance to an invitation should be worded in accordance with the mode of the invitation. If the invitation is a formal one, the reply should be:

"Mr. and Mrs. Blank accept with pleasure Mrs. Smith's polite invitation for dinner on Thursday, August eighth, at seven o'clock (or "for Thursday evening," if the entertainment is of the character of reception or evening party). If the invitation is informal and written in the first person, the acceptance should be a pretty note as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. SMITH:—We shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for Thursday. Accept our warm regards, and believe me

"Sincerely yours,

"ADA BLANK."

A lady should not take a gentleman's arm without his offering it, when accompanying him to a carriage or elsewhere, unless he is her husband or near relative, or on sufficiently intimate terms to make such a familiarity almost a matter of course.

"Mrs. G. H. W."—Black silk would be the most suitable combination with your old gold, black, and peacock-blue hair-line striped silk. Made up in this combination it would not be too flashy for church wear. A parasol of black silk with lining of old gold, and tap-colored kid gloves, would complete the costume stylishly.

(Continued on page 661.)

One of the wonders of the nineteenth century is the "Kodak Camera," manufactured by the "Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co." of Rochester, N. Y. Everybody, before starting on their summer outing, should be equipped with one. Any man, woman, or child can use it, and can take one hundred views without opening or reloading it; and for a trifling expense can have them developed, printed, and mounted by the Eastman Co. They truly say, "You press the button, and we do the rest." Our article on Photography in this issue shows some pictures taken with the "Kodak."

STEVEN DRESS SILKS

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

The Best Black Silks in the World.

Try them once, and you will have no other.

OUR AIM to place on the American market at moderate prices the perfect, most beautiful, and best wearing Black Silks made, is fully appreciated by all who have given them a trial, as has been abundantly proven to us by the enormity of the sales in this department during the past year. We attribute this wonderful success of our own special brand to the simple fact that they are reasonable in price, and positively superior to any other American manufactured silks—for the following reasons:

1st. We use nothing but the best quality of pure Italian stock.

2d. While all other American manufacturers bring their yarns over in the gray, and dye them themselves, or have them dyed here, **WE HAVE ALL OUR YARNS** dyed on the other side by the best dyers in the world, with clean pure dye that does not injure the fiber in the least nor increase its weight, which gives our yarns a rich and brilliant black that will never fade or grow dingy, but is as lasting as the fiber itself. And by weaving them in this country (and there is no country in the world that can weave silks nicer or better) we avoid the duty on "manufactured goods," and are thereby enabled to furnish you, at moderate prices, silks that are positively unexcelled in the world.

Over 150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand) yards of our Black Silks sold during 1888, of which 70,000 yards were sold through the mails, is strong evidence that they are appreciated wherever their merits have been tested. Shall we send you samples?

CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS.,

69 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

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.

Springfield Roadster Bicycles.

High and Low Styles of HIGH GRADE SAFETY WHEELS.



THE BEST

Hill Climbers, Coasters, and All Around Road-Riding Wheels.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO., 178 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Catalogue Free.

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.

PROHIBITION POSTERS

On Muslin or Good Paper, Size 24x38 inches.

SOMETHING NEW FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

STRIKING ARGUMENTS and FACTS to Catch the Public Eye and Convince the Public Mind.

Price, postpaid, Muslin, 10c each; Paper, 5c each.

The Series of Six different kinds now ready. Price, Muslin, per set, 50c.; Paper, per set, 25c.

Send Orders to **NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 32 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.**

THE PEOPLE'S WORST FOE!

"WORSE than WAR, PESTILENCE, and FAMINE combined."

GLADSTONE.

"I IMPEACH it of HIGH CRIMES and MISDEMEANORS AGAINST the COMMONWEALTH."

CARDINAL MANNING.

"It is THE ONE REASON WHY the LABORING MAN does not ADVANCE HIMSELF."

POWDERLY.

What enemy is it thus accused by POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, and SOCIAL LEADERS?

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!

What are you going to do about it?

Let CHIEF ENGINEER ARTHUR, reply.

"Workmen must rise above Party Affiliations and STAND TOGETHER AT THE POLLS. If you are wise and earnest the SALOON WILL BE CLOSED FOREVER. EVERY FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMEN should work for this end."

THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY!!

The SALOON produces

SORROW SUFFERING! STARVATION!

DRINKING results in

DISEASE DEATH! DAMNATION!!

LICENSE, High or Low, means

LEGALIZED LAWFULNESS, LABOR'S LOSS!!!

PROHIBITION means

PROGRESS FROM POVERTY TO PROSPERITY!!!!

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

TO LICENSE CRIME IS SATANIC!

The Traffic in Alcoholic Poisons in the form of Whisky, Brandy, Wine, Beer, etc. furnishes a certain method to flood the country with CRIME, DISEASE, MISERY, and PAUPERISM.

The Legal Sanction of this HORRIBLE TRAFFIC, for a money consideration, is a most flagrant MOCKERY of JUSTICE.

The evils of this Traffic are so general, and the consequences so terrible, that the License System, High or Low, merits the strongest condemnation, and should be resisted with all the intensity of our patriotic zeal and honest indignation, as an outrage on our common sense, our common manhood, and our common intelligence.

OUR VOTE is the Standard of our Morals on this Question!

LICENSE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC A PERNICIOUS DELUSION!

Our Politicians are Degraded and Our Country Demoralized with Crime, while the Liquor Traffic is Legalized. A Tax or License of the Liquor Traffic is the Rumblers' Dynamo, and the Politicians' Moral Whitewash to Cheat the People.

- IT DIGNIFIES crime with a legal sanction.
- IT PERPETUATES the sale of a poison that debauches the people.
- IT OFFERS A MONOPOLY to the rich to allure the poor to their ruin.
- IT PARALYZES conscience and benumbs the moral sense.
- IT CLOAKS AN EVIL with the garb of respectability.
- IT DELUDES the people by a pretense of restraint.
- IT UNDERMINES respect for law.
- IT DEFRAUDS with a pretense of compensation for the damage inflicted.
- IT MAKES THE GOVERNMENT and the people responsible for the crime, misery, and death the traffic produces.
- IT BLIGHTS the influence of the Christian Church, and demoralizes the whole community.

Shall free and enlightened Christian and law-abiding citizens justify this horrible death-dealing, home-destroying, crime-producing, pauper-making Liquor Traffic by a legal sanction? Let your votes say No! A thousand times No! Never! Never!! Never!!!

WARNING TO WORKINGMEN!

THE PEOPLE ARE ON STRIKE AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF THE LIQUOR

MONOPOLY!

IT ROBS by delusive appeals to appetite and cupidity.

We appeal to all WORKINGMEN to give no patronage or support, either by

MONEY OR VOTE TO THE DANGEROUS TRAFFIC.

POWDERLY has said:

"THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS RESPONSIBLE for nine-tenths of the misery among the working-classes, and the abolition of that traffic would be THE GREATEST BLESSING which could come to them."

ABOLISH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!

COBDEN has said:

"The Temperance Reform LIES AT THE BASIS of all Moral and Political Reform."

WORKINGMEN STAND UNITED FOR PROHIBITION!

THE PEOPLE'S PROCLAMATION

DOWN WITH THE HIDEOUS LIQUOR TRAFFIC

The RUM POWER must be annihilated or it will destroy OUR HOMES and the best interests of THE NATION.

EVERY CLAIM OF HUMANITY DEMANDS IMMEDIATE

PROHIBITION!

EVERY ASPIRATION of PATRIOTIC ENTHUSIASM CALLS FOR

PROHIBITION!

EVERY CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT PLEADS FOR

PROHIBITION!

ALL THE MATERIAL INTERESTS of OUR COUNTRY, the DEMANDS of EDUCATION, the PRESERVATION of MORALS, the PROGRESS of CIVILIZATION, the ADVANCEMENT of RELIGION, the PROTECTION of OUR HOMES, all call for IMMEDIATE

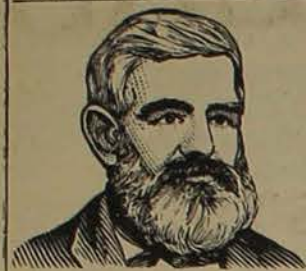
PROHIBITION OF THE RUM POWER!

EVERY ASPIRATION FOR JUSTICE AND HUMANITY SAYS

VOTE IT OUT!

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.

Watch these columns next month for a Vote from Illinois.



PORTRAIT OF SWIFT. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from California. "I took over 100 orders for your albums last week. I never before made money one-quarter as fast. I think my profit will average \$100 a week hereafter." J. M. Swift, Oakland, California.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale, 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for \$2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charming decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, **E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

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"What! Corns and Bunions all gone!"
"Yes, I am happy to say, through the merits of Hanson's Magic Corn Salve I can now walk with ease."

HANSON'S MAGIC CORN SALVE.

If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to **W. T. HANSON & Co., Schenectady, N. Y.** Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded.

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **PIANOS**
EMERSON PIANO Co. BOSTON MASS.

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Any name in Rubber, 20 cents. Club of 7, for \$1 bill.
Marks anything.
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Pint writing or stamp Ink Free with club orders
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Full, Size, in one.
Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral.
Artificial Sea Bath.
Agents wanted everywhere.
Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma, against the world.
Wholesale & Retail.
Old Baths Renewed.
Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

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

(Continued from page 659.)

"KATHARINE."—Gray, tan-color, and green gloves are worn with white dresses or dresses of any color. If the hat is trimmed with green, green gloves may be worn.—Riding is an art which, like dancing, can never be sufficiently appreciated or truly enjoyed by those who are unskilled in it. However, there are many self-taught amateurs. F. Baucher's "Method of Horsemanship," or E. L. Anderson's "On Horseback in the School and on the Road," will help you. As for training a saddle-horse, ladies certainly ought not to ride horses which have not been trained to the saddle, unless the horse is unexceptionally gentle. A horse addicted to any vice, such as shying, stumbling, or rearing, is not fit for a lady's use, but she should be prepared for such occurrences, since the quietest horse, even after years of good behavior, may exhibit vicious symptoms; and it is well to study carefully the best methods of horsemanship, if one has not an experienced instructor, in order to be prepared for accidents.—We aim to give every one of our correspondents as early an answer as possible in the columns of the "Correspondence Club," but the principle of "first come, first served" must be observed, and sometimes letters received in time for publication in a certain Magazine are crowded out by others ahead of them. As the Magazine is published on the fifteenth of the month previous to its date, it will be evident that letters requiring a reply in a certain number should be sent at least one month before that Magazine is published.

"LADY GWENDOLINE."—Write to Brentano's, Union Square, New York City, for a list of the books which would be of assistance to a person of natural talent and perseverance, who wishes to learn to draw well enough to illustrate for publication. You will probably need, however, a little training of some sort, in order to succeed. If you can draw well, a few lessons in pen-and-ink drawing will give you more advantages than a year's undirected practice. However, you can probably accomplish a great deal with talent and hard work.

"EVERGREEN."—Shakespeare is the author of the lines:

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

You will find them in "As You Like It," Act II. Scene I.

(Continued on page 662.)

In this age of inventive genius and commercial enterprise, labor saving devices are much sought after, and it is truly encouraging to note the progress made in this direction in recent years. One of the most useful articles in this line is the Fruit and Jelly Press of the Enterprise Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., advertised in another column. It can be used for many purposes, such as making jellies and fruit butters from grapes, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, pineapples, and other fruits and berries, the entire substance being extracted in one operation. For pressing lard it has no equal, and is especially useful for extracting the juice from beef in preparing beef tea for the use of invalids. Catalogues mailed free on application.

THE SEAMLESS WHITE RUBBER SHEETING DRESS SHIELDS,

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are entirely new and different from all others, both in shape and construction.

There are five pairs of eyelets to a shield, through which it is easily secured to the dress.

THE PATENTED "S.R.S.D.S."

are a marvel of comfort, convenience, and durability. They are far superior to all the styles in use.

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

Are Mothers Responsible?

Terrible Infantile Mortality in Summer.
How to keep the little ones well and strong.

"Many a mother, toiling through the heat of summer, with little appetite and less milk, has attempted to nurse her child until disease has laid it in the grave. I prefer a fed child to one subject to the changes that the nursing mother must undergo during the sultry days of summer."
—T. C. Duncan, M.D., Author of "Feeding of Infants."

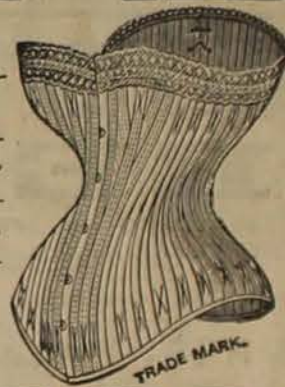
Last August, Mr. Edward L. Gifford, with W. W. Montague & Co., 309 to 317 Market St., San Francisco, wrote: "When born my baby weighed just four and one-half pounds. Upon his mother's milk, he grew thinner than when born. We changed to Lactated Food, he began to improve at once. Since then he has not had a sick day or hour. I recommend Lactated Food in preference to mother's milk, for it gives the mother greater freedom and the child better health."

Lactated Food cures cholera infantum, aids teething, and is the best and most economical food. Over 20,000 physicians endorse it. Use it this summer, and keep sickness from your baby. Book and baby pictures free. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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KABO is Warranted To Neither BREAK nor ROLL UP with 1 yr's WEAR.

CORSET

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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.

(Continued from page 661.)

"VIDA."—The present Directoire styles are calculated to make the figure appear tall and slender. With hazel eyes, brown hair, and rosy complexion, any color may be worn except red, which would not be becoming. Blue, green, and all shades of gray and lilac would be very becoming. Do not "blondine" your hair; the fact of its having shades of color from gold to brown in it, does not detract from its beauty,—quite the reverse, indeed. There is no doubt that most of the preparations for "blonding" the hair injure its growth.—Brother and sister may dance with each other anywhere.—It is not in accordance with conventional ideas of propriety for a lady to ask a gentleman to write to her. A young lady should not exchange photographs with gentlemen indiscriminately. Her mother is the best judge of such a matter.—Bertha M. Clay is the author of "Dora Thorne."—It is equally fashionable to wear bracelets on one or both wrists.—Your fears of the waste-basket were unnecessary. We endeavor to give careful attention to every inquiry which may suitably be answered in the Correspondence Club. Thanks for your commendations.

"J. A."—There is nothing we know of that will harden gum arabic so that it will not soften when heated or crack when dry, except something which will change its chemical constituents.

"GEORGIA C. W."—The "Inista" waist (illustrated in the May number) without the lapel would be a pretty model for an embroidered mull. For the skirt have a simple drapery of mull over a gored foundation skirt of silk. Any of our patterns may be used by a lady of fifty. In making up summer dresses of muslin, extreme simplicity is most pleasing. With any one of our waist-patterns and one of the gored foundation skirt patterns, a variety of styles may be produced by varying the garniture a little,—putting flounces of mull on a silk skirt, or completely draping it. A pretty style is shown on Figure 2 of the plate of "Summer Toilets" in the June Magazine, which would be suitable for a lady of fifty if the colors were well selected. Thanks for your kind appreciation.

"LESSIE."—If you have had your hair cut close on account of sickness, it is better to let it grow out again with its first impetus to new growth. If you keep it short for any length of time it may not grow as rapidly afterward. You can probably sell your suit of hair to any dealer in additional hair; the price we could not state. The fineness and quality of the hair have much to do with it.

"J. M. T."—The expression "carrying coals to Newcastle" is used to signify unnecessary or superfluous trouble or expense. Newcastle is a town in England whence coals are exported, therefore to carry coals there would obviously be a waste of labor; so to give anyone something of which they already have too much, is "carrying coals to Newcastle."—"I Shall Go to Him," is the title of the song taken from 2 Samuel, xii. 23.

(Continued on page 663.)

Hutchinson's Gloves are the Best.

Made with care, and warranted. Send stamp to the manufacturer for the book about gloves and how to get them. Established 1862.

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Made of MEXICAN FIBRE.

For dusting Hats, Bonnets, Clothes and Boots. Carried in vest pocket. Variegated Colors, Metallic Handles, Leatherette Case. Useful, pretty, durable. Sample, 6c.; 2 for 10c.; dozen 50c. by mail. AGENTS WANTED.

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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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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.
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- 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 Arrangement 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 Vulture. The Irrepressible Conflict. Things that 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.

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The whole series of over 50 numbers sent post-free for 5 cents.

Now is the time for Town, County, and State Committees to start this Bombardment. Do not delay. Start now.

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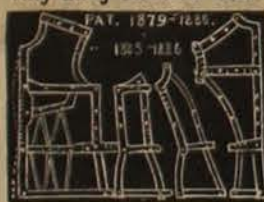
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No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect Fitting Garments. Easy to Learn, Rapid to Use, Fits any Form, Follows every Fashion. An Invention as Useful as the Sewing Machine. Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for Illustrated Circular. THE McDOWELL CO. 6 West 14th St., New York City.

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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 Hygieo-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, Hygieo-Therapy, Sanitary Engineering, Physical Culture, and all other branches pertaining to a good medical education.

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COMBINING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE IN ONE
INVALID SUPPLIES AND WHEEL CHAIRS
 We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired. LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa.
 Automatic Brake on all Coaches **FREE**
WHEEL CHAIRS TO HIRE.
SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY.

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HELLMUTH COLLEGE for YOUNG LADIES,
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 Has Few Equals and No Superior in America.
Highest Culture, Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, Business Course. Climate exceptionally healthy. Cost moderate. Pupils may enter at any time. For circular, address Rev. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal.
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SMILES ARE BECOMING

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 perfects the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

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The "Duplex" is a Pin which locks securely on either side; cannot pass through and unfasten. Sample for 10 cts., stamps. Consolidated Safety Pin Co., New York.

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(Continued from page 662.)

"Mrs. M. R. P."—The following words are pronounced thus: *cache-lit*, cash-lee; *poult-de-soie*, poo-de-swa; *ouverts*, oo-vree-ais; *bizarre*, be-zar; *en revers*, ong ray-vare.—Psyche, so named from a Greek word signifying breath, or the soul, is a character of Greek romance and mythology, generally accepted as a personification of the human soul. She is said to have been the third and youngest daughter of a certain king, and was such a marvel of beauty that altars were consecrated to her which properly belonged to Venus. This excited the wrath of the Queen of Love, and she ordered her son Cupid to cause her to fall in love with some frightful monster; but when master Cupid saw her he fell in love with the young beauty, and spirited her away to a lovely, lonely place, where he visited her only at night, and in the dark. Psyche's jealous sisters persuaded her that her lover was some loathsome monster, and so she took a lamp, one night, when Cupid was asleep, and went to look at him, although she had been strictly forbidden by him to do so. Transfixed with astonishment at his beauty, she started, and a drop of hot oil from the lamp fell upon Cupid's shoulder and he awoke, only to reproach her and fly. Psyche then attempted to destroy herself, but nothing in nature would injure her. Then she became the slave of Venus. Cupid finally delivered her, and Jupiter, considering her sufficiently purified by suffering, united her to her beloved. In works of art Psyche is depicted with the wings of a butterfly.

"S. F."—Embroidery on écreu mull would be pretty to make up with your heliotrope satine; or, if you do not like embroidery, a plaited vest of cream-colored foulard and a front breadth or panel of the same. Revers and cuffs of heliotrope velvet can be added. A bonnet of the satine would hardly do. A nice cream or black straw, according to taste, with garnitures of heliotrope ribbon and white plumes, green leaves, or tea-roses, would look prettiest.—Your letter was not received in time to have it answered in the July Magazine. We are pleased to know you find the Magazine such a help.

"Mrs. B. I. D."—Your inquiries were answered in the July Magazine to "Mrs. G. A. D." Such questions cannot be answered by mail; and you would probably see your reply in the Magazine before you could receive the letter.

Mrs. E. A. BLEYTHING, of 86 West 134th St., New York City, offers her services to ladies throughout the U. S., as Purchasing Agent for any kind of goods that they may desire. Unexceptionable reference given, and satisfaction guaranteed. Will send samples.

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. Blicher, N.A.

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Corded CORSET WAISTS
BEST for Health and Comfort **PERFECT FIT for all**
THOUSANDS now in use by BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and HEALTHY CHILDREN.



Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
Ferris' Patent RING BUCKLE at hip for **HOSE** Supporters.
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FOR SALE by ALL LEADING RETAILERS.
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For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.
 Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque~~, 34, 36, ~~38~~, 40 Bust Measure, Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

PATTERN ORDER

Name, _____
 Street and Number, _____
 Post-Office, _____
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1. Alwyn Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	13. Lady's Chemise, Medium and Large.
2. Valda Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	14. Lady's Yoke Chemise, Medium and Large.
3. Henley Blouse, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	15. Lady's Drawers, Medium and Large.
4. Alwyn Drapery, Medium Size.	16. Lady's Sacque Nightdress, Medium and Large.
5. Plain Gored Skirt, 23 Waist, 39 Front; 25 Waist, 40 Front; 27 Waist, 41 Front.	17. Lady's Yoke Nightdress, Medium and Large.
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10. Carl Blouse, 6, 8 and 10 years.	22. Girl's Yoke Nightdress, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
11. Chemisette and Collar, 6, 8 and 10 years.	23. Boy's Norfolk Jacket, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
12. Eleanor Blouse, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	24. Caspar Suit, 4 and 6 years.

We do not furnish Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

We do not sell patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



L. SHAW'S STOCK OF GRAY HAIR

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My latest importation includes a lot of fine naturally wavy convent Hair, especially adapted for making the Directoire twist, which is so charming and popular, unequalled by any other house.

Switches of naturally wavy hair from \$5.00 upward; equal to those costing \$10.00 elsewhere. Not my own make from \$1.50 upward.

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SKELETON WIGS AND TOUPEES made of beautiful wavy hair.

Beware of heavy, clumsy imitations which are skeleton in name only. Infringers will be prosecuted.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting done on the premises. Shampooing, bleaching, and dyeing.

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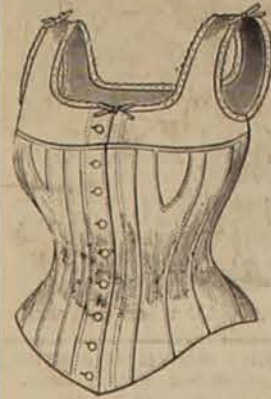
NEGATIVE.

GEORGE. "Well! humph!!"
MARIA. "Oh!!!!!" *Tableau!*

(Continued on page 665.)

The Jenness-Miller Model Bodice.

Patent applied for.



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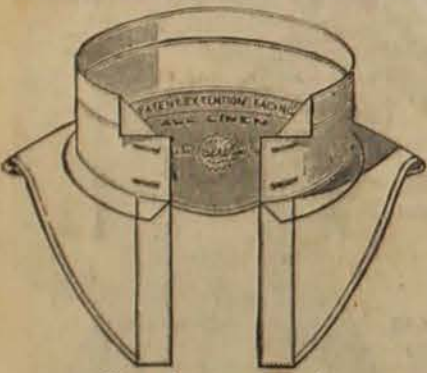
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[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]



"A SWEET VOICE GREETED HIM AS HE ENTERED THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT."

(SEE "A TOTAL ECLIPSE," PAGE 675.)



AT THE BROOK.

FOR PAGE OF DESCRIPTION, SEE "CONTENTS."