

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXVIII.

JUNE, 1887.

Vol. XXIII., No. 8.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY JENNY JUNE.

(Continued from page 405.)

SALT LAKE CITY.

MAKE the most of the stage-rides and your good time at Lake Tahoe," said our Manager; "for we have the Great Desert between us and Salt Lake City." A ride of about six hundred miles, with the expectation of arriving at our destination the next day, even though the way lay across a desert, had few terrors for us, after our four days and nights and the "bad lands" on the Northern Pacific. We were up betimes, took a last look at Truckee, while the mist still lay on its pines and shut off the view of the mountains, and were soon steaming away on the Central Pacific Railroad, through the wild, mountainous beauty of Nevada.

Nowhere on earth are there more lovely spots than have been chosen for town sites in this heart of the wild West. Reno, for example, as it looked on that bright morning, stands photographed in my mind as a beautiful, thrifty, energetic young town, in a region high, exhilarating, and surrounded by the most vivid and romantic contrasts in the way of scenery. The place is but a few years old—it cannot be more—for it did not exist previous to the building of those twin marvels, the Central and Union Pacific Railroads. Yet it is now the center of a prosperous and intelligent community; built up with tasteful residences and solid public buildings that reflect as much credit on the taste of the town as on its wealth and public spirit.

The measureless opportunities afforded in these new regions for individual effort and enterprise, and the refuge which many have found from the hardships of older and more crowded localities, reconcile one to the "monopoly" which conceived and carried through the gigantic work of uniting two continents. We know it could never have been done except by individual pluck and sacrifice. We know what would have happened if it had been talked about in Washington, instead of in the hardware store of Hunting-

ton & Hopkins, in San Francisco—simply nothing. The Indians would still have roamed at will through the cañons and over the mountains; the wealth of timber and metals, of soils and atmosphere, would have remained undiscovered, and California, cut off from communication with her kind, would in time have seceded, and formed a new nation on the Pacific slope. We talked of all this, of the courage, and the toil, and decided that we were willing Mr. C. P. Huntington should be rich, as the reward of his risks and faith; that Mark Hopkins should die a millionaire and his widow have the handsomest house in Great Barrington. The two men did not exhaust opportunities; they simply opened up a continent, in which millions are finding all the joy of new, vigorous life.

Having settled this point to our satisfaction, we try to take in the interesting features of the wonderful region through which we are passing; for we are over the divide between a lovely, cultivated valley and the great Humboldt, and will soon enter upon that formerly trackless region which served as the burial-ground for thousands of early Mormon and other pioneers who intrusted their lives and fortunes to its barren and pitiless wastes. I make a note of thirty famous hot springs in the vicinity of one station, which has two newspapers for its small force of inhabitants. But it is an interesting spot. The springs make the region fertile; there are many ranches in the vicinity, and several stage routes make this their center. Moreover, in the old days, when the emigrant trains arrived at this point, they were either over the fatigues and difficulties of the Great Desert, or it lay ahead, and they stopped to gird up strength for the weary marches before them, peopled with horrors of Indian massacres, and every evil thing the imagination could create. Yet some have told me who made that fearful journey in those days, that, though they lay with hands on fire-arms, and eyes half open through the nights upon the Plain, yet such was the effect of the air in the high Nevada range, and the solemn

beauty of the scene which encompassed them, that they were carried quite out of their fears, and could have sung songs for joy.

At Elbro we made the acquaintance of the Shoshone Indians, a handsomer race than the Winnemuccas, who, however, ought to be very intelligent, if one may judge from Sarah Winnemucca, a princess of the tribe, who visited the East some years ago in order to interest the whites in the needs of her people. The school-house where she teaches some of the children of her race was pointed out to us, and her faithfulness and devotion to the best interests of her people highly extolled; but such specimens as one sees about the railroad stations, with brutal faces, sullen looks, crouching attitudes, and barbarous tastes, do not incline one to much faith in the innate nobility and romantic possibilities, as pictured by Cooper: still they may exist. The best evidences of it are the dogged, dark passivity of manner, which holds unmeasured remembrance of wrongs rather than acceptance of present conditions, and their capacity for loyal friendships and faithful service.

At one of the stations, I do not now remember which, there is a "curio" shop, where some hideous jars and coarse ornaments were offered for sale. The only things that had any interest were one or two grotesque Indian gods, and some curious carving upon wooden clubs. One lady bought a bracelet made of teeth of animals and beads, which was tied with string round the arm of an Indian chief, and was very proud of her acquisition; while he appeared equally happy at becoming the possessor of the fifty cents she paid for it.

We did not see Shoshone Falls, renowned as among the most remarkable in the world; but we saw what was as welcome to our eyes, and that was an oasis, a lovely green spot, in the midst of the desert. This Paradise is Humboldt, where we stopped for dinner. No green thing had we seen for many long hours, and we pressed green leaves to our eyes, inflamed with alkali, and hot, dusty faces, and found cooling and healing virtues in them. The trees here are mainly locusts and poplars; but there is an apple-orchard, and there are fields of alfalfa and blue grass. The whole has been reclaimed from the sand and rock which environ it, above, below, and round about, for hundreds of miles, by simple love of the human, and faculty for "taking trouble," where taking trouble will be helpful, not hurtful.

The first view of Great Salt Lake is of a silver mirror with arms, in the midst of an immense plain. Only the silver-gray water the blue-gray sky, and the vast expanse of flat, marshy land. We were not very favorably impressed; in fact, I was very greatly disappointed with the first glimpse of Salt Lake City. This is natural where one's expectations have been raised to an extravagant height. It looked like a third or fourth rate town on exhibition as a show, and not equal to its reputation. There was a crowd of arrivals, tourists and sight-seers. The station was surrounded by hacks, the strangers besieged by vociferous hackmen. We were too accustomed to the modern conveniences of every-day life in the East, to find their reproduction here marvelous. Had we come over the trackless wastes, like the early settlers, after months of struggle and warfare with cold and fatigue and weariness, had we penetrated rocky cañons, forded rivers, and marched over interminable wildernesses of salt and sage-brush, this modern city of the plain would indeed have been a marvel: but we had been whirled hither between a day and a night, and were disappointed to find it less idyllic than we had pictured, and so much like other places. Where were the "streams of the living God" that flowed "directly through the streets"? Where the rich milk and honey of this typically fruitful land? Where, oh! where the far-famed cleanliness of its vine-wreathed cottages and sidewalks?

The general aspect was commonplace and second-class, and we were not sorry that our stay was to be short.

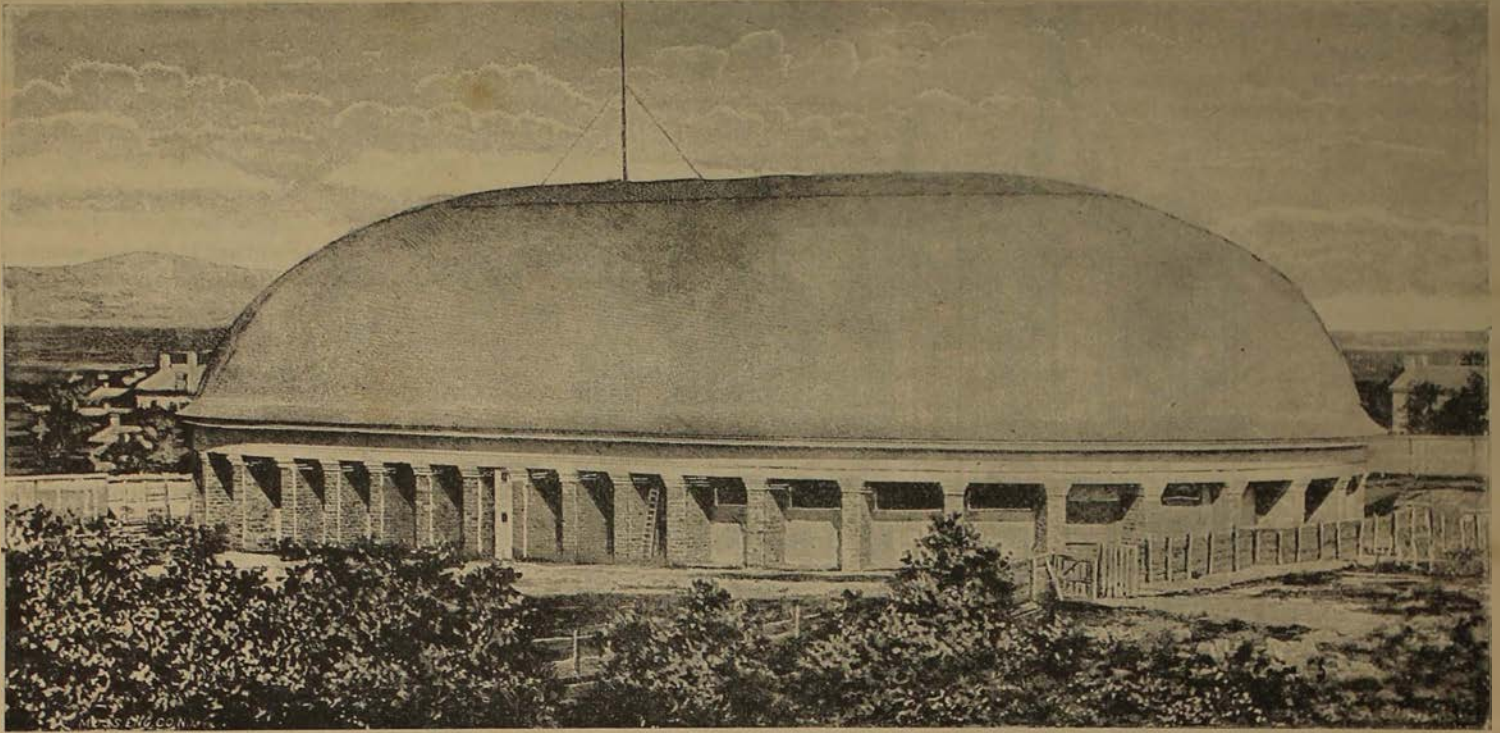
But the excellent dinner at the Walker House, a night of refreshing sleep, and a ride to Camp Douglas, through the town, with a driver who was a "character," greatly modified this adverse opinion. Camp Douglas, the military post of the U. S. Government, occupies a commanding position on the upper elevation of the slope, at the foot of the Wahsatch Mountains, upon which the town is built. Looking down from this point, one can realize something of the feeling which seized Brigham Young's party in 1847 when they emerged, on a July morning, from a cañon of the Wahsatch, and faced this magnificent site, "in the wilderness," for a "city of Zion." In the rays of the morning sun the Great Salt Lake shone like a distant sea of silver. The whole valley lay before them like a garden of the Lord, and they entered in, and took possession. In four days a tract of forty acres had been surveyed and struck off, a city of two miles square laid out, and a site for the Tabernacle selected. Emigration, which had been suspended on account of banishment, and the breaking-up of the settlement at Nauvoo, was again put vigorously in motion, and in a



EAGLE GATE.

short time long trains of tented wagons, filled with pilgrims bound for the New Jerusalem, were to be found courageously facing all the dangers and hardships of the terrible journey for the happiness, temporal and eternal, which awaited them.

No just estimate can be made of the history and conditions of Mormonism in this country, its rapid progress and deeply rooted growth, unless its religious aspect is taken into account. It is, and always has been, a religion—one that appealed to the ignorant and credulous—which professed to fulfill all the promises of the Bible here upon earth, make of believers a chosen people, the founders and inheritors of the kingdom of God upon the earth. The biblical language, the prophetic style, the blessed refuge described as existing in the far-off land for the neglected and oppressed of this world, were powerful means to draw followers from every part of the globe. Nor must it be forgotten that all were welcomed. None were too poor or too homely or too ignorant or too despised to "work in the Lord's vineyard," and a sentiment of intense gratitude was added in many instances to practical beliefs. We hear of nothing now in Mormonism but the polygamous feature of it. This is never spoken of by the missionaries, excepting privately to some



THE TABERNACLE.

discontented and unscrupulous man, whose wavering desire may be fixed by the intimation that the domestic relations are easy of adjustment in Utah, and that the Mormon religion obliges the wife to obey the will of her husband.

This peculiarly revealed religion, which depended on the revelations made to one man, stood in the place of civil law. No court-house and no public offices were built; no school-houses, even: only a Tabernacle to the Lord, tithing-houses for the support of the religion and its priests, and chapels, to which rooms were attached, where the children were taught; so that every instrumentality for the formation of opinion, and the building up of character, should be under the direct control of the Church and priesthood. The Living God was embodied in his representative, Brigham Young, and obedience and worship were the life of the faithful; rebellion, ostracism and death. Had the women been early drawn from a more intelligent and educated class, they would have resisted more strongly the early introduction of polygamy; they would have done as "Emma" Smith did, "torn up" the "revelation" which made infamy a duty: but they were ignorant, prejudiced, helpless, and fanatical; the doctrine did not at first appear in all its odious proportions, and acquiescence obliged them to sustain it subsequently for their own sakes.

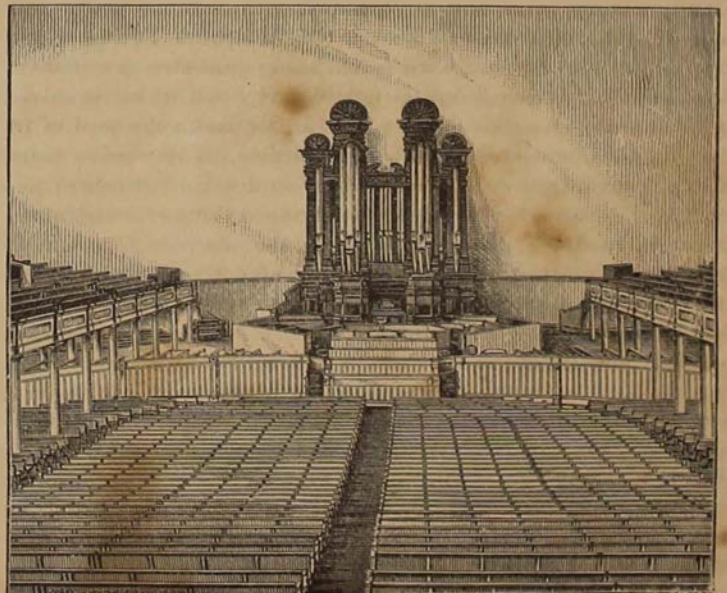
Eagle Gate, resting upon Egyptian columns of massive stone, forms an imposing entrance to the main part of the town, and was one of the symbolical structures. It looks neglected now, as do the streets, and there are evidences of decay in many ways: perhaps from the internal war which is now constantly going on between Mormon and Gentile residents; doubtless, also, because of the causes of deterioration which lie at the root of Mormon social life. Not that Salt Lake City will not grow, and become the center of a great and populous surrounding country, or that Mormonism will die easily, or cease to grow. To-day it is by no means confined to Salt Lake City or Utah; it is established in twenty-six States and Territories; it has believers in the Sandwich Islands, and workers all over the world.

The Tabernacle is a wonderful structure, it is turtle-shaped, and will hold fifteen thousand persons. It was built by Brigham Young after his own designs, and is admirably adapted for seeing and hearing. The organ is the second largest in

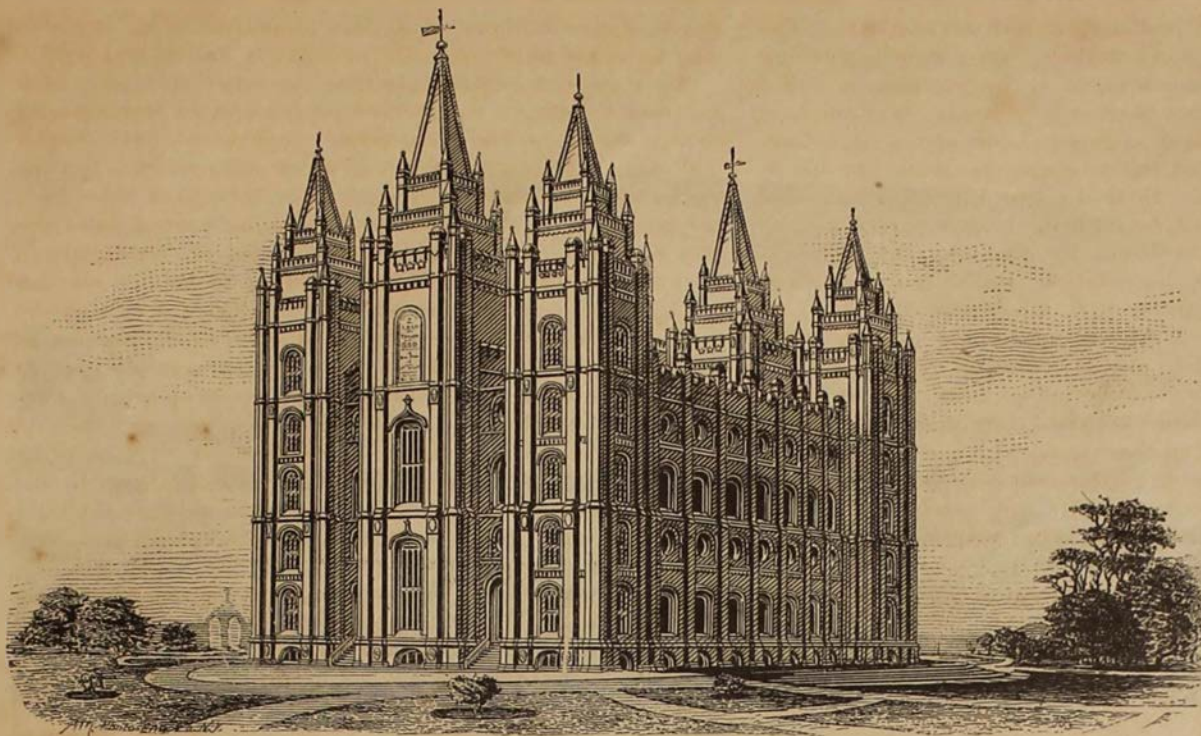
this country, and was built entirely by Mormon workmen, who were among the original emigrants, or came later. It is a superb instrument, and upon the occasion of our visit was shown to us by an eminent organist, a Mormon, who played for us the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and several hymns, to display its varied power. Patti sang at the Tabernacle to an audience which packed every available inch of standing-room, and the building was opened in the evening and lighted for the first time, in honor of her visit. It was a Mormon Elder, a Scotchman, just released from prison, where he had been paying the penalty, under the Edmunds law, of a plurality of wives, who held the keys, and opened the doors for us; a gentlemanly and intelligent young Mormon journalist acting as our cicerone.

"Yes," remarked the Elder, "I was imprisoned according to the laws of this country, for refusing to turn my wife, the mother of eight of my children, out of doors."

The "Temple of Zion," which is illustrated as it will be when completed, is in process of construction, and is to be one of the most remarkable and beautiful edifices in the



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE.



THE "TEMPLE OF ZION."

world. Its design is a modification of the Temple of Solomon. It stands within the walled space of ten acres, originally set apart for Temple purposes, upon which the Tabernacle and the building known as the Endowment House stand. When the Temple is completed it will be the House of Worship *par excellence*; the Tabernacle will be reserved for great gatherings, meetings, concerts of a semi-sacred, semi-secular character. The design of the Temple is very beautiful and symmetrical. Its great blocks of white hewn granite sparkle in the sunlight as if impregnated with jewels; its foundation walls are nine feet in thickness, and it is pierced by six tiers of windows, two of them circular, the upper ones called "Eyes of God." Every part of the structure is symbolical, representing Suns, Moons, Stars, and different parts of the earth's surface, cut in stone. It is expected that the cost will reach five millions before it is finished, which should be in about one year's time. The cost has been entirely defrayed by church tithings, and there is not the least difficulty in securing all the money needed.

Only a very brief and superficial acquaintance with Salt Lake City is required to discover that Brigham Young was a very able man and possessed remarkable qualities as a leader. Salt Lake City was originally laid out by him in squares, or blocks of ten acres each, the points true to the points of the compass, and crossing at right angles. The streets were wide—a hundred and thirty feet—and from Emigration Cañon the supply of water was brought down, distributed through roadside gutters on both sides of every street, and forming irrigating canals which enabled every resident to cultivate his plot of ground, and make of the barren waste a garden. In the distribution of the land every pioneer resident was given an acre and a quarter for town-house and garden, and as much land outside as he was willing to improve; that is, irrigate and cultivate. Children were a source of revenue in those days; perhaps that and the necessity for caring for unprotected women were, as claimed, the reasons for the beginning of the horrible blot of polygamy upon this singular land, so full of all manner of fair possibilities. The wisdom shown in many ways, the simple faith, the amazing industry, the perseverance, the skill, all intensify the regret that so much that was good and help-

ful should have been turned into evil by the perversion of social and domestic obligations.

It is a matter of constant wonder to women at the East that there are women found to sustain Mormon doctrine as it relates to plural marriage—not ignorant or immoral women, but good, tender, enlightened, and intelligent wives, sisters, and mothers. Mrs. Emmeline A. Wells, the editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, the organ of the Mormon women, is respected alike by Mormons and Gentiles; the same may be said also of Mrs. Jennie Froiseth, who

edited an able paper in the interest of the Gentile women for a time, which, however, stopped for lack of support. It is a cruel position for the women in Salt Lake City and all Womandom, whichever side they take, Saints or Gentiles. It is an awful exemplification of the truth and wisdom of the saying of Thomas à Kempis: "Withstand the beginning; after-remedies come too late." If there only had been found good men and good women to withstand the beginning of this curse, which had eaten like canker into the heart and life of the Mormon people before our slow government began to act in the matter.

The finest house in Salt Lake City is "Amelia" Palace, built for the favorite wife of Brigham Young, on a fine corner lot nearly opposite his old home, which is walled in from the curious gaze of the passers-by. Amelia Palace is simply a big house; it is not homelike or attractive-looking, and, in fact, seems now to need freshening and care to prevent that deterioration which lies in wait for all mundane things.

There is more of this semi-neglect visible in Salt Lake City than one expects from the glowing terms in which it is described by most tourists. Poor little one-storied huts still occupy ground near some of the principal streets, and wings which have been "built on" for the occupancy of third, fourth, or fifth wives are now some of them dismantled, and the "wives" sent, with their children, beyond the city limits, and out of the reach of Federal jurisdiction. The following description in writing, with headlines in colored ink, I found in a Gentile shop, accompanying the photograph of a typical Mormon family:

THIS IS ZION.

A MORMON FAMILY.

MR. D.—'s *second* wife is the daughter of his *first* wife (by a former marriage), therefore the *first* wife is *grandmother* to her own husband's children by the *second* wife, and he is *grandfather-in-law* to his own children by the *second* wife. The *first* wife's children are *uncles* and *aunts* to their half-brothers and sisters. The *first* wife's children are half-brothers and sisters to the *second* wife.

One does not now see much of the "old-timers," as they appear in the group in front of the rough shingled cottage with just a "lean-to" at the back. The women are begin-

ning to know too much, and they would not stand it. The "old-timers" wore no "store clothes;" they went to meeting in their aprons and sun-bonnets. Spring hats and kid gloves struck the first dire blow at polygamy. Yet one may be certain it was not plain sailing. Look at the high forehead and resolute face of the woman who rests her hands on the top of the broom. Does she look like one who would willingly accept the sixth, or eighth, or tenth part of a home and husband? The picture tells its own story of unspeakable heart-burning and degradation, while the shrinking, pitiful figure of the young girl, upon the threshold of womanhood, with such a life about her, and such a life before her, is sorrowful to the last degree. Yet what are such women to do? They are bound to their children; they are bound to stick to the wretched semblance of wifely state and honor assigned to them; and who can blame them?

"Withstand the beginning; after-remedies come too late."

There is not much attraction for the "shopper" in Salt Lake City, the few Gentile shops being practical rather than alluring. Nat-

urally, in the early days and up to within comparatively few years, there were no shops at all; and trade was carried on by barter and exchange of commodities. Brigham Young discouraged the influx of trade, the acquisition of money, the display in dress and living of the possession of wealth. He was shrewd, and knew these things would make quick inroads upon the "peculiar" institution. "The

most effective missionary work," said a returned missionary once, "is commerce." When the time came, however, that the people must have a "store," he established one upon the grand scale upon which he did everything. High up on the side of an immense white frame building are some enigmatical letters—Z. C. M. I. We marveled much what they signified, but discovered, finally, that they stood for "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." We visited the interior and found a country store, multiplied indefinitely. There were as many departments as at Whitely's, in London, or the *Bon Marché*, in Paris; but the supplies were of the class found in country stores—common straw hats and bonnets, ordinary grades of cottons, coarse embroideries, showy beaded trimmings, the usual stocks of ribbons, flowers, feathers, and serviceable materials. The drug department was well supplied, and is said to be the most profitable. Its receipts are said to average as much as nearly all the other departments put together, all the Mormon liquor and wine business being done through this arm of the Co-operative Institution, which has branches in Ogden, Provo, Logan, and other places, and does a business of up-

wards of five millions of dollars annually. This explains why there are only "Gentile" saloons in Salt Lake City.

We regretted exceedingly that our brief stay prevented us from meeting a number of representative Mormon and Gentile ladies on the occasion of what would have been a "Woman's Meeting," irrespective of differences. Let me say here, as I should have said there, that both sides have my sympathies. But the socially miasmatic air of Salt Lake City was repellent to me; it was almost the only place in all our journeyings that I did not want to make a resting-place. Excellent as was our hotel, delightful as was the cuisine, it seemed impossible to sit down in the shadow of the wrong which looked out from the inscrutable eyes of every other woman one met upon the street or in an assemblage. Who, who is to blame for it? and who will have to settle this long reckoning in the future?

We left Salt Lake City, intending to reach Denver by the famous Denver & Rio Grande Railroad: this would have wound up our trip with some of the most magnificent scenery



"AMELIA" PALACE.

on the route, and enabled us to "put in" Manitou and the "Garden of the Gods." But Fate willed it otherwise. A heavy storm which we encountered at the close of the first day's journey "washed out" four bridges, stranded us at a forlorn coal station, called, ironically, Pleasant Valley Junction, and sent us back to our starting-point at Salt Lake City, whence, as an alternative to being detained a week or ten days, we were transferred to the Union Pacific Railway, and thus missed the Royal Gorge, Holy Mountain, and all the wonders of the most surprising region that engineering skill has ever subdued to the service of man.

Denver is a beautiful city; it deserves a chapter of itself. It is a city of handsome homes and magnificent scenic effects, with all the refinement of the East grafted upon the energy and enterprise of the West. It is built up in solid brick and stone, like Minneapolis and St. Paul, and has the pure Colorado air sweeping through it perpetually, and making it a joy to live and breathe.

"Is this all?" It is all that needs to be said. I have filled my space, and it would be the repetition of a trite and oft-told tale to tell of the journey home by railroad, the little



"THIS IS ZION"—A MORMON FAMILY.

glimpse we caught of Omaha, and the early watch for the crossing over the great trestle bridge into Missouri. I hope those who have traveled with me "Across the Continent" feel a little of the regret I feel at closing these brief and hurried reminiscences. It has been almost a repetition of the pleasure experienced to go over the ground and recall

the incidents and charms of that memorable trip. In closing, I can only advise those who have the time and money at their disposal to spend both in seeing some of the marvels of their own country, instead of repeating, year after year, the old, old story of a trip "abroad." Only one regret kept us company during the whole of our trip; that we had not more time. We felt that we ought to have started in February by the Southern route, given months instead of days to Southern California, and the great cities, especially that modern marvel, San Francisco; taken June and part of July for the Yosemite Valley, the northern countries and great lakes; and the rest of July and August for a coast trip to British Columbia and Alaska, that great unknown which is to be the wonder of the twentieth century; returning home by way of Oregon and the Northern Pacific, and taking in the Yellowstone on our way. Not in all the world are the materials so grouped for a varied and memorable journey, which can be accomplished within the same space of time and with moderate means.



OLD-TIMERS.

ALLAN QUARTERMAIN; OR, A FROWNING CITY.

By H. Rider Haggard, Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," "Dawn," etc.

(Continued from page 415.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FLOWER TEMPLE.

It was half-past eight by my watch when I woke on the morning following our arrival at Milosis, having slept almost exactly twelve hours; and I must say that I did indeed feel better. Ah, what a blessed thing is sleep! and what a difference twelve hours of it or so makes to us after days and nights of toil and danger. It is like going to bed one man, and getting up another.

I sat on my silken couch—never had I slept upon such a bed before—and the first thing that I saw was Good's eyeglass fixed on me from the recesses of his silken couch. There was nothing else of him to be seen except his eyeglass, but I knew from the look of it that he was awake, and waiting till I woke up to begin.

"I say, Quartermain," he commenced sure enough, "did you observe her skin? It is as smooth as the back of an ivory hair-brush."

"Now, look here, Good," I remonstrated, when there came a knocking at the door, which, on being opened, admitted a functionary, who signified by signs that he was there to lead us to the bath. We gladly consented, and were conducted to a delightful marble chamber, with a pool of running crystal water in the center of it, into which we gayly plunged. When we had bathed, we returned to our apartment and dressed, and then went into the central room where we had supped on the previous evening, to find a morning meal already prepared for us; and a capital meal it was, though I should be puzzled to describe the dishes. After breakfast, we lounged around and admired the tapestries and carpets and some pieces of statuary that were placed about, wondering the while what was going to happen next. Indeed, by this time our minds were in such a state of complete bewilderment that we were, figuratively speaking, ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. As for our sense of astonishment, it was pretty well obliterated. Whilst we were still thus engaged, our friend, the captain of the guard, presented himself, and with many obeisances signified that we were to follow him, which we did, not without doubts and heart-searchings—for we guessed that the time had come when we should have to settle the bill for those confounded hippopotami with our cold-eyed friend Agon, the High Priest. However, there was no help for it, and personally I took great comfort in the promise of the protection of the sister Queens, knowing that if ladies have a will they can generally find a way; so off we started as though we liked it. A minute's walk through a passage and an outer court brought us to the great double gates of the palace that open on the wide highway which runs up hill through the heart of Milosis to the Temple of the Sun a mile away, and thence down the slope on the farther side of the temple to the outer wall of the city.

These gates are very large and massive, and form an extraordinarily beautiful work in metal. Between them—for one set is placed at the entrance to an interior, and one at that of the exterior wall—is a fosse, forty-five feet in width. This fosse is filled with water and spanned by a drawbridge, which when lifted makes the palace practically impregnable to anything except siege guns. As we came, one-half of the wide gates were flung open, and we passed over the

drawbridge and presently stood gazing up one of the most imposing, if not the most imposing, roadways in the world. It is a hundred feet from curb to curb, and on either side, not cramped and crowded together, as in our European fashion, but each standing in its own grounds, and built equidistant from and in similar style to the rest, is a series of splendid, single-storied mansions, all of red granite. These are the town-houses of the nobles of the court, and stretch away in unbroken lines for a mile or more till the eye is arrested by the glorious vision of the Temple of the Sun that crowns the hill and heads the roadway.

As we stood gazing at this splendid sight, of which more anon, there suddenly dashed up to the gateway four chariots, each drawn by two white horses. These chariots are two-wheeled, and made of wood. They are fitted with a stout pole, the weight of which is supported by leathern girths that form a portion of the harness. The wheels are made with four spokes only, are tired with iron, and quite innocent of springs. In the front of the chariot, and immediately over the pole, is a small seat for the driver, railed round to prevent him from being jolted off. Inside of the machine itself are three low seats, one at each side, and one with the back to the horses, opposite to which last is the doorway. The whole vehicle is lightly and yet strongly made, and, owing to the grace of the curves, though primitive, not half so ugly as might be expected. But if the chariots left something to be desired, the horses did not. They were simply splendid; not very large, but strongly built, and well ribbed up, with small heads, remarkably large and round hoofs, and a great look of speed and blood. I have often and often wondered whence this breed, which presents many distinct characteristics, came; but, like that of its owners, its history is shrouded in mystery. Like the people, the horses have always been there. The first and last of these chariots were occupied by guards; but the center two were empty, except for the driver, and to these we were conducted. Alphonse and I got into the first, and Sir Henry, Good, and Umslopogaas into the one behind, and then suddenly off we went; and how we did go. Among the Zu-Vendi it is not usual to trot horses, either riding or driving, especially when the journey to be made is a short one: they go at full gallop. As soon as we were seated the driver called out, the horses sprang forward, and we were whirled away at a speed sufficient to take one's breath, and which, till I got accustomed to it, kept me in momentary fear of an upset. As for the wretched Alphonse, he clung with a despairing face to the side of what he called this "devil of a fiacre," thinking that every moment was his last. Presently it occurred to him to ask where we were going; and I told him that, so far as I could ascertain, we were going to be sacrificed by burning. You should have seen his face.

"Monsieur," he called out to the driver. "Monsieur *le cocher*. Have the bounty to cease flying the stomach to the ground (*ventre à terre?*). I would withdraw. I am incommoded, and would descend. Arrest yourself, I pray of you."

But the wild-looking charioteer only leant forward over his flying steeds and shouted; and the air, as it went singing past, bore away the sounds of Alphonse's lamentations.

And now before us, in all its marvelous splendor and dazzling loveliness, shone out the Temple of the Sun—the peculiar pride of the Zu-Vendi, to whom it was what Solo-

mon's, or rather Herod's, Temple was to the Jews. The wealth, and skill, and labor of generations had been given to the building of this wonderful place, which had been only finally completed within the last fifty years. Nothing was spared that the country could produce, and the result was indeed worthy of the effort; not so much on account of its size—for there are larger fanes in the world—as because of its perfect proportions, the richness and beauty of its materials, and the wonderful workmanship. The building (which stands by itself on a space of some eight acres of garden ground on the hill top, around which are the dwelling-places of the priests) is built in the shape of a sun-flower, with a dome-covered central hall, from which radiate twelve petal-shaped courts, each dedicated to one of the twelve months, and serving as the repositories of statues reared in memory of the illustrious dead. The width of the circle beneath the dome is three hundred feet, the height of the dome four hundred feet; and the length of the rays is one hundred and fifty feet, and the height of their roofs three hundred feet, so that they run into the central dome exactly as the petals of the sunflower run into the great raised heart. Thus the exact measurement from the center of the central altar to the extreme point of any one of the rounded rays would be three hundred feet, the width of the circle itself, or a total of six hundred feet from the rounded extremity of one ray or petal to the extremity of the opposite one.*

The building itself is of pure and polished white marble, which shows out in marvelous contrast to the red granite of the frowning city, on whose brow it glistens indeed like an imperial diadem upon the forehead of a dusky queen. The outer surface of the dome and of the twelve petal courts is covered entirely with thin sheets of beaten gold; and from the extreme point of the roof of each of these petals a glorious golden form with a trumpet in its hand and wide-spread wings is figured in the very act of soaring into space. I really must leave whoever reads this to imagine the surpassing glory of these golden roofs flashing when the sun strikes—flashing like a thousand fires aflame on a mountain of polished marble—so fiercely that the reflection can be clearly seen from the great peaks of the range a hundred miles away.

It is a marvelous sight, this golden flower upborne upon the cool white marble walls, and I doubt if the world can show such another. What makes the whole effect even more gorgeous is, that a belt of a hundred and fifty feet around the marble wall of the temple is planted with an indigenous species of sunflower, which showed, at the time when we first saw them, a sheet of golden bloom.

The main entrance to this wonderful place is between the two northernmost of the ray or petal courts, and is protected first by the usual bronze gates, and then by doors made of solid marble, beautifully carved with allegorical subjects and overlaid with gold. When these are passed there is only the thickness of the wall, which is, however, twenty-five feet (for the Zu-Vendi build for all time), and another slight door, also of white marble, introduced in order to avoid causing a visible gap in the inner skin of the wall, and you stand in the circular hall under the great dome. Advancing to the central altar you look upon as beautiful a sight as the imagination of man can conceive. You are in the middle of the holy place, and above you the great white marble dome (for the inner skin, like the outer, is of polished marble throughout) arches away in graceful curves something like that of St. Paul's in London, only at a slighter angle, and from the funnel-like opening at the exact apex a bright beam of light pours down upon the golden altar. At the east and the west are other altars, and other beams of light

stab the sacred twilight to the heart. In every direction, white, mystic, wonderful, open out the ray-like courts, each pierced through by a single arrow of light that serves to illumine its lofty silence and dimly to reveal the monuments of the mighty dead.*

Overcome at so awe-inspiring a sight, the vast loveliness of which thrills the nerves like a glance from beauty's eyes, you turn to the central golden altar, in the midst of which, though you cannot see it now, there burns a pale but steady flame crowned with curls of faint blue smoke. It is of marble overlaid with pure gold, in shape round like the sun, four feet in height, and thirty-six in circumference. Here, also, hinged to the foundations of the altar, are twelve petals of beaten gold. All night, and, except at one hour, all day also, these petals are closed over the altar itself, exactly as the petals of a water-lily close over the yellow crown in stormy weather; but when the sun at midday pierces through the funnel in the dome and lights upon the golden flower, the petals open and reveal the hidden mystery, only to close again when the ray has passed.

Nor is this all. Standing in semicircles at equal distances from each other on the north and south of the sacred place are ten golden angels, or female winged forms, exquisitely shaped and draped. These figures, which are slightly larger than life-size, stand with bent heads in an attitude of adoration, their faces shadowed by their wings, and are most imposing and of exceeding beauty.

There is but one thing further that calls for description in this altar, and that is, that to the east the flooring in front of it is not of pure white marble, as elsewhere throughout the building, but of solid brass; and this is also the case in front of the other two altars.

The eastern and western altars, which are semicircular in shape, and placed against the wall of the building, are much less imposing, and are not enfolded in golden petals. They are, however, also of gold, the sacred fire burns on each, and a golden winged figure stands on either side of them. Two great golden rays run up the wall behind them, but where the third or middle one should be is an opening in the wall, wide on the outside but narrow within, like a loophole turned inward. Through the eastern loophole stream the first beams of the rising sun, and strike right across the circle, touching the folded petals of the great gold flower as they pass, till they impinge upon the western altar. In the same way at night the last rays of the sinking sun rest for a while on the eastern altar before they die away into darkness. It is the promise of the dawn to the evening, and the evening to the dawn.

With the exception of these three altars and the winged figures about them, the whole space beneath the vast white dome is utterly empty and devoid of ornamentation—a circumstance that to my fancy adds greatly to its grandeur.

Such is a brief description of this wonderful and lovely building, to the glories of which, to my mind so much enhanced by their complete simplicity, I only wish I had the power to do justice. But I cannot, so it is useless talking more about it. But when I compare this great work of genius to some of the tawdry buildings and tinsel ornamentation produced in these latter days by European ecclesiastical architects, I feel that even highly civilized art might learn something from the Zu-Vendi masterpieces. I can only say that the exclamation which sprung to my lips as soon as my eyes first became accustomed to the dim light of that glorious building, and its white and curving beauties, perfect and thrilling as those of a naked goddess, grew upon me one by one, was, "Well! a dog would feel religious here." It is vul-

* These are internal measurements.—A. Q.

* Light was also admitted by sliding shutters under the eaves of the dome and in the roof.—A. Q.

garly put, but perhaps it conveys my meaning more clearly than any polished utterance.

At the temple gates our party was received by a guard of soldiers, who appeared to be under the orders of a priest; and by them we were conducted into one of the ray or "petal" courts, as the priests call them, and there left for at least half an hour. Here we conferred together, and realizing that we stood in great danger of our lives, determined that if any attempt should be made upon us, to sell them as dearly as we could—Umslopogaas announcing his fixed intention of committing sacrilege on the person of Agon, the High Priest, by splitting his venerable head with Inkosikaasi. From where we stood we could perceive that an immense multitude were pouring into the temple, evidently in expectation of some unusual event, and I could not help fearing that we had to do with it. And here I may explain that every day, when the sunlight falls upon the central altar, and the trumpets sound, a burnt sacrifice is offered to the sun, consisting generally of the carcass of a sheep or an ox, or sometimes of fruit or corn. This event comes off about mid-day; of course, not always exactly at that hour, but as Zu-Vendis is situated not far from the Line—although being so high above the sea it is very temperate—midday and the falling of the sunlight on the altar were generally simultaneous. To-day the sacrifice was to take place at about eight minutes past twelve.

Just at twelve o'clock a priest appeared and made a sign, and the officer of the guard signified to us that we were expected to advance, which we did with the best grace that we could muster; all except Alphonse, whose irrepressible teeth instantly began to chatter. In a few seconds we were out of the court and looking at a vast sea of human faces stretching away to the farthest limits of the great circle, all straining to catch a glimpse of the mysterious strangers who had committed sacrilege; the first strangers, mind you, who, to the knowledge of the multitude, had ever set foot in Zu-Vendis since such time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

As we appeared there was a murmur throughout the vast crowd, that went echoing away up the great dome; and we saw a visible blush of excitement grow on the thousands of faces, like a pink light on a stretch of pale cloud, and a very curious effect it was. On we passed down a lane cut through the heart of the human mass, till presently we stood upon the brazen patch of flooring to the east of the central altar, and immediately facing it. For some thirty feet around the golden winged figures the space was roped off, and the multitudes stood outside the ropes. Within were a circle of white-robed, gold-cinctured priests holding long golden trumpets in their hands, and immediately in front of us was our friend Agon, the High Priest, with his curious cap upon his head. His was the only covered head in that vast assemblage. We took our stand upon the brazen space, little knowing what was prepared for us beneath; but I noticed a curious hissing sound, proceeding apparently from the floor, for which I could not account. Then came a pause; and I looked round to see if there was any sign of the two queens, Nyleptha and Sorais, but they were not there. To the right of us, however, was a bare space, that I guessed was reserved for them.

We waited, and presently a far-off trumpet blew, apparently high up in the dome. Then came another murmur from the multitude; and up a long lane, leading to the open space to our right, we saw the two queens walking side by side. Behind them were some nobles of the court, among whom I recognized the great lord Nasta, and behind them again a body of about fifty guards. These last I was very glad to see. Presently they had all arrived and taken their stand, the two queens in the front, the nobles to the right

and left, and the guards in a double semicircle behind them. Then came another silence, and Nyleptha looked up and caught my eye: it seemed to me that there was meaning in her glance, and I watched it narrowly. From my eye it traveled down to the brazen flooring, on the outer edge of which we stood. Then followed a slight and almost imperceptible sidelong movement of the head. I did not understand it, and it was repeated. Then I guessed that she meant us to move back off the brazen floor. One more glance and I was sure of it—there was danger in standing on the floor. Sir Henry was placed on one side of me, Umslopogaas on the other. Keeping my eyes fixed straight before me, I whispered to them, first in Zulu and then in English, to draw slowly back inch by inch till half their feet were resting on the marble flooring where the brass ceased. Sir Henry whispered on to Good and Alphonse, and slowly, very, very slowly, we shifted backward; so slowly indeed that nobody, except Nyleptha and Sorais, who saw everything, seemed to notice the movement. Then I glanced again at Nyleptha, and saw that, by an almost imperceptible nod, she indicated approval. All the while Agon's eyes were fixed upon the altar before him apparently in an ecstasy of contemplation, and mine were fixed upon the small of his back in another sort of ecstasy. Then suddenly he flung up his long arms, and in a solemn and resounding voice, commenced a chant, of which, for convenience sake, I append a rough, a *very* rough translation here, though, of course, I did not then comprehend its meaning. It was an invocation to the Sun, and ran somewhat as follows:

There is silence upon the face of the Earth and the waters thereof!
Yea, the silence doth brood on the waters like a nesting bird;
The silence sleepeth also upon the bosom of the profound darkness.
Only high up in the great spaces star doth cry unto star.
The Earth is faint with longing and wet with the tears of her desire;
The star-girdled night doth embrace her, but she is not comforted.
She lies enshrouded in mists like a corpse in the grave-clothes,
And stretches her pale hands to the East.

Lo! away in the farthest East there is the shadow of a light;
The Earth seeth and lifts herself. She looks out from beneath the hollow
of her hand.

Then thy great angels fly forth from thy holy place, oh Sun,
They shoot their fiery swords into the darkness and shrivel it up.
They climb up the heavens and cast down the pale stars from their
thrones;

Yea, they hurl the changeful stars back into the womb of the night;
They cause the moon to become wan as the face of a dying man,
And behold! Thy glory comes, oh Sun!

Oh, thou beautiful one, thou drapest thyself in fire.
The wide heavens are thy pathway: thou rollest o'er them as a chariot.
The Earth is thy bride. Thou dost embrace her, and she brings forth
children;

Yea, thou favorest her, and she yields her increase.
Thou art the All Father and the giver of life, oh Sun!
The young children stretch out their hands and grow in thy brightness;
The old men creep forth and seeing remember their strength.
Only the dead forget thee, oh Sun!

When thou art wroth, then thou dost hide thy face:
Thou drawest around thee a thick curtain of shadows.
Then the Earth grows cold and the Heavens are dismayed;
They tremble, and the sound thereof is the sound of thunder:
They weep, and their tears are outpoured in the rain;
They sigh, and the wild winds are the voice of their sighing:
The flowers die, the fruitful fields languish and turn pale;
The old men and the little children go unto their appointed place
When thou withdrawest thy light, oh Sun!

Say, what art thou, oh Thou matchless Splendor—
Who set thee on high, oh Thou flaming Terror?
When didst thou begin, and when is the day of thy ending?
Thou art the raiment of the living Spirit.*

* This line is interesting as being one of the few allusions to be found in the Zu-Vendi ritual to a vague divine essence independent of the material splendor of the orb they worship. "☉ ☽ ☿ ☿ ☽ ☽" "*Phia*," the word used here, has a very indeterminate meaning, and signifies "Essence, vital principle, spirit, or even God."

None did place thee on high, for thou wast the Beginning.
Thou shalt not be ended when thy children are forgotten ;
Nay, thou shalt never end, for thy hours are eternal.
Thou sittest on high within thy golden house and measurest out the
centuries.

Oh Father of Life ! oh dark-dispelling Sun !

He ceased this solemn chant, which, though it seems a poor enough thing after going through my mill, is really beautiful and impressive in the original ; and then, after a moment's pause, he glanced up toward the funnel-sloped opening in the dome and added :

Oh Sun, descend upon thine altar !

As he spoke a wonderful and beautiful thing happened. Down from on high there flashed a splendid living ray of light that clove the twilight like a sword of fire. Full upon the closed petals it fell, and ran shimmering down their golden sides ; and then the glorious flower opened as though beneath the bright influence. Slowly it opened ; and as the great petals fell wide and revealed the golden altar on which the fire ever burnt, the priests blew a blast upon the trumpets, and from all the people there rose a shout of praise that beat against the domed roof and came echoing down the marble walls. And now the flower altar was open, and the sunlight fell full upon the tongue of sacred flame and beat it down, so that it wavered, sank, and vanished into the hollow recesses whence it rose. As it vanished, the mellow notes of the trumpets rolled out once more. Again the old priest flung up his hands and called aloud :

We sacrifice to thee, oh Sun !

Once more I caught Nyleptha's eye ; it was fixed upon the brazen flooring.

"Look out !" I said, aloud ; and, as I said it, I saw Agon bend forward and touch something on the altar. As he did so, the great white sea of faces around us turned red and then white again, and a deep breath went up like a universal sigh. Nyleptha leant forward, and with an involuntary movement covered her eyes with her hand. Sorais turned and whispered to the officer of the royal body-guard, and then, with a rending sound, the whole of the brazen flooring slid from beneath our feet, and there in its place was suddenly revealed a smooth marble shaft terminating in a most awful raging furnace beneath the altar, big enough and hot enough to heat the iron stern-post of a man of war.

With a yell of terror we sprung backward, all except the wretched Alphonse, who was paralyzed with fear and would have fallen into the fiery furnace which had been prepared for us, had not Sir Henry caught him in his strong hand as he was vanishing, and dragged him back.

Instantly there arose the most fearful hubbub ; and we four got back to back, Alphonse dodging frantically round our little circle in an attempt to take shelter under our legs. We all had our revolvers on—for though we had been politely disarmed of our guns on leaving the palace, of course these people did not know what a revolver was. Umslopogaas, too, had his ax, of which no effort had been made to deprive him, and now he whirled it round his head and sent his piercing Zulu war-shout echoing up the marble walls in fine defiant fashion. Next second, the priests, baffled of their prey, had drawn swords from beneath their white robes and were leaping on us like hounds upon a stag at bay. I saw that, dangerous as action might be, we must act or be lost ; so as the first man came bounding along—and a great tall fellow he was—I sent a heavy revolver ball through him, and down he fell at the mouth of the shaft, and slid, shrieking frantically, into the fiery gulf that had been prepared for us.

Whether it was his yells, or the, to them, awful sound and effect of the pistol-shot, or what, I know not ; but the other priests halted, paralyzed and dismayed, and before

they could come on again Sorais had called out something, and we, together with the two queens and most of the courtiers, were being surrounded with a wall of armed men. In a moment it was done, and still the priests hesitated, and the people hung in the balance like a herd of startled buck as it were, making no sign one way or the other.

The last yell of the burning priest had died away, the fire had finished him, and a great silence fell upon the place.

Then the High Priest Agon turned, and his face was as the face of a devil. "Let the sacrifice be sacrificed," he said to the queens. "Has not sacrilege enough been done by these strangers, and would ye, as queens, throw the cloak of your majesty over evil doers ? Are not the creatures sacred to the Sun dead ? and is not a priest of the Sun also dead, but now slain by the magic of these strangers, who come as the winds out of heaven, whence we know not, and who are what we know not ? Beware, oh queens, how ye tamper with the great majesty of the god, even before his high altar. There is a power that is more than your power ; there is a justice that is higher than your justice. Beware how ye lift an impious hand against it. Let the sacrifice be sacrificed, oh queens !"

Then Sorais made answer in her deep, quiet tones, that always seemed to me to have a suspicion of mockery about them, however serious the theme : "Oh, Agon, thou hast spoken according to thy desire, and thou hast spoken truth. But it is thou who wouldst lift an impious hand against the justice of thy god. Bethink thee the midday sacrifice is accomplished ; the Sun hath claimed his priest as a sacrifice."

This was a novel idea and the people applauded it.

"Bethink thee what are these men ? They are strangers found floating on the bosom of a lake. Who set them here ? How came they there ? How know ye that they also are not servants of the Sun ? Is this the hospitality that ye would have our nation show to those whom chance brings to them, to throw them to the flames ? Shame on ye ! shame on ye ! What is hospitality ? To receive the stranger and show him favor. To bind up his wounds, and find a pillow for his head, and food for him to eat. But thy pillow is the fiery furnace, and thy food the hot savor of the flame. Shame on thee, I say !"

She paused a little to watch the effect of her speech upon the multitude ; and seeing that it was favorable, changed her tone from one of remonstrance to one of command.

"Ho ! place there," she cried, "place, I say ; make way for the queens, and those whom the queens cover with their 'kaf' (mantle)."

"And if I refuse, oh queen ?" said Agon between his teeth.

"Then will I cut a path with my guards," was the proud answer ; "ay, even in the presence of the sanctuary, and through the bodies of thy priests."

Agon turned livid with baffled fury. He glanced at the people as though meditating an appeal to them, but saw clearly that their sympathies were all the other way. The Zu-Vendi are a very curious and sociable people ; and great as was their sense of the enormity that we had committed in shooting the sacred hippopotami, they did not like the idea of the only real live strangers they had seen, or heard of, being consigned to a fiery furnace, thereby putting an end forever to their chance of extracting knowledge and information from, and gossiping about, us. Agon saw this and hesitated ; and then, for the first time, Nyleptha spoke in her soft, sweet voice.

"Bethink thee, Agon," she said, "as my sister queen hath said, these men may also be servants of the Sun. For themselves they cannot speak, for their tongues are tied. Let the matter be adjourned until such time as they have learnt our language. Who can be condemned without a hearing ?

When these men can plead for themselves, then it will be time to put them to the proof."

Here was a clever loophole of escape ; and the vindictive old priest took it, little as he liked it.

"So be it, oh queens," he said. "Let the men go in peace, and when they have learned our tongue then let them speak. And I, even I, will make humble supplication at the altar lest pestilence fall on the land by cause of the sacrilege."

These words were received with a murmur of applause ; and in another minute we were marching out of the temple surrounded by the royal guards.

But it was not until long afterward that we learnt the exact substance of what had passed, and how hardly our lives had been wrung out of the cruel grip of the Zu-Vendi priesthood, in the face of which even the queens were practically powerless. Had it not been for their strenuous efforts to protect us, we should have been slain even before we set foot in the Temple of the Sun. The attempt to drop us bodily into the fiery pit as a sacrifice was a last artifice to attain this end when several others, quite unsuspected by us, had already failed.

CHAPTER XV.

SORAI'S SONG.

After our escape from Agon and his pious crew, we returned to our quarters in the palace and had a very good time. The two queens, the nobles and the people vied with each other in doing us honor and showering gifts upon us. As for that painful little incident of the hippopotami it sank into oblivion, where we were quite content to leave it. Every day deputations and individuals waited on us to examine our guns and clothing, our chain shirts, and our instruments, especially our watches, with which last they were much delighted. In short we became quite the rage ; so much so that some of the fashionable young swells among the Zu-Vendi began to copy the cut of some of our clothes, notably Sir Henry's shooting-jacket. One day, indeed, a deputation waited on us, and, as usual, Good donned his full-dress uniform for the occasion. This deputation seemed, somehow, to be of a different class to those who generally came to visit us. They were little insignificant-looking men, of an excessively polite, not to say servile, demeanor ; and their attention appeared to be chiefly taken up with observing the details of Good's full-dress uniform, of which they took copious notes and measurements. Good was much flattered at the time, not suspecting that he had to deal with the six leading tailors of Milosis. A fortnight afterwards, however, when on attending court as usual he had the pleasure of seeing some seven or eight Zu-Vendi "mashers" arrayed in all the glory of a very fair imitation of his full-dress uniform, he changed his mind. I shall never forget his face of astonishment and disgust. It was after this, that, chiefly in order to avoid remark, and also because our clothes were wearing out and had to be saved up, we resolved to adopt the native dress ; and a very comfortable one we found it, though I am bound to say that I looked sufficiently ludicrous in it, and as for Alphonse ! Only Umslopogaas would have none of these things ; when his moocha was worn out the fierce old Zulu made him a new one and went about unconcerned, as grim and naked as his own battle-ax.

Meanwhile we pursued our study of the language steadily, and made very good progress. On the morning following our adventure in the temple, three grave and reverend seigniors presented themselves armed with manuscript books, ink-horns and feathered pens, and indicated that they had been sent to teach us ; and, with the exception of Umslopogaas, we all buckled to with a will, doing four hours a day. As for Umslopogaas, he would have none of that either. He did

not wish to learn that "woman's talk," not he ; and when one of the teachers advanced on him with a book and an inkhorn and waved them before him in a mild persuasive way, much as a churchwarden invitingly shakes the offertory bag under the nose of a rich but niggardly parishioner, he sprang up with a fierce oath and flashed Inkosikaasi before the eyes of our learned friend, and there was an end of the attempt to teach him Zu-Vendi.

Thus we spent our mornings in useful occupation which grew more and more interesting as we proceeded, and the afternoons were given up to recreation. Sometimes we made trips, notably one to the gold mines and another to the marble quarries, both of which I wish I had space and time to describe, and sometimes we went out hunting buck with dogs trained for that purpose ; and a very exciting sport it is, as the country is full of agricultural inclosures and our horses were magnificent. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the royal stables were at our command, in addition to which we had four splendid saddle-horses given to us by Nyleptha.

Sometimes, again, we went hawking, a pastime that is in great favor among the Zu-Vendi, who generally fly their birds at a species of partridge which is remarkable for the swiftness and strength of its flight. When attacked by the hawk this bird appears to lose its head, and, instead of seeking cover, flies high into the air, thus offering wonderful sport. I have seen one of these partridges soar up almost out of sight when followed by the hawk. Still better sport is offered by a variety of solitary snipe, as big as a small woodcock, which is plentiful in this country, and which is flown at with a very small, agile, and highly trained hawk having an almost red tail. The zigzagging of the great snipe and the lightning rapidity of the flight and movements of the red-tailed hawk make the pastime a delightful one. Another variety of the same amusement is the hunting of the very small species of antelope with trained eagles ; and it certainly is a marvelous sight to see the great bird soar and soar till he is nothing but a black speck in the sunlight, and then suddenly come dashing down like a cannon-ball upon some cowering buck that is hidden in a patch of grass from everything except that piercing eye. Still finer is the spectacle when the eagle takes the buck running.

On other days we would pay visits to the country-seats at some of the great lords' beautiful fortified places, and the villages clustering beneath their walls. Here we saw vineyards and cornfields and well-kept park-like grounds, with such timber in them as filled me with delight, for I do love a good tree. There it stands so strong and sturdy, and yet so beautiful, a very type of the best sort of man. How proudly it lifts its bare head to the winter storms, and with what a full heart it rejoices when the spring has come again ! How grand its voice is, too, when it talks with the wind : a thousand æolian harps cannot equal the beauty of the sighing of a great tree in leaf. All day it points to the sunshine, and all night to the stars ; and thus passionless, yet full of life, it endures through the centuries, come storm, come shine, drawing its sustenance from the cool bosom of its mother earth, and, as the slow years roll by, learning the great mysteries of growth and of decay. And so on and on through generations, outliving individuals, customs, dynasties—all save the landscape it adorns and human nature, till the appointed day when the wind wins the long battle and rejoices over a reclaimed space, or decay puts the last stroke to his fungus-fingered work.

Ah, one should always think twice before one cuts down a tree !

In the evenings it was customary for Sir Henry, Good, and myself, to dine, or rather sup with their Majesties—not every

night, indeed, but about three or four times a week, whenever they had not much company, or the affairs of state would allow of it. And I am bound to say that those little suppers were quite the most charming things of their sort that I ever had to do with. How true is the saying that the very highest in rank are always the most simple and kindly. It is from your half-and-half sort of people that you get pomposity and vulgarity: the difference between the two being very much what one sees every day in England between the old, out-at-elbows, broken-down county family, and the overbearing, purse-proud people who come and "take the place." I really think that Nyleptha's greatest charm is her sweet simplicity and her kindly, genuine interest even in little things. She is the simplest woman I ever knew, and, where her passions are not involved, one of the sweetest; but she can look queenly enough when she likes, and be as fierce as any savage, too.

For instance, never shall I forget that scene when I for the first time was sure that she was really in love with Curtis. It came about in this way—all through Good's weakness for ladies' society. When we had been employed for some three months in learning Zu-Vendi, it struck Master Good that he was getting rather tired of the old gentlemen who did us the honor to lead us in the way that we should go, so he proceeded, without saying a word to anybody else, to inform them that it was a peculiar fact, but that we could not make any real progress in the deeper intricacies of a foreign language unless we were taught by ladies—young ladies, he was careful to explain. In his own country, he pointed out, it was habitual to choose the very best-looking and most charming girls who could be found to instruct any strangers who happened to come that way, etc.

All of this the old gentlemen swallowed open-mouthed. There was, they admitted, reason in what he said, since the contemplation of the beautiful, as their philosophy taught, induced a certain porosity of mind similar to that produced upon the physical body by the healthful influences of sun and air. Consequently it was probable that we might absorb the Zu-Vendi tongue a little faster if suitable teachers could be found. Another thing was that, as the female sex was naturally loquacious, good practice would be gained in the *vivâ voce* department of our studies.

To all of this Good gravely assented, and the learned gentlemen departed, assuring him that their orders were to fall in with our wishes in every way, and, that if possible, our views should be met.

Imagine, therefore, the surprise and disgust of myself, and I trust and believe Sir Henry, when, the following morning, on entering the room where we were accustomed to carry on our studies, we found, instead of our usual venerable tutors, three of the best-looking young women whom Milosis could produce—and that is saying a good deal—who blushed and smiled and courtesied, and gave us to understand that they were there to carry on our instruction. Then Good, as we gazed at one another in bewilderment, thought fit to explain—saying that it had slipped his memory before—that the old gentlemen had told him, on the previous evening, that it was absolutely necessary that our further education should be carried on by the other sex. I was appalled, and appealed to Sir Henry for advice in such a crisis.

"Well," he said, "you see the ladies are here, arn't they? If we sent them away, don't you think it might hurt their feelings, eh? One doesn't like to be rough, you see; and they look regular *blues*, don't they, eh?"

By this time Good had already begun his lessons with the handsomest of the three, and so with a sigh I yielded. That day everything went very well; the young ladies were certainly very clever, and they only smiled when we blundered. I never saw Good so attentive to his books before, and even

Sir Henry appeared to tackle Zu-Vendi with a renewed zest. "Ah," thought I, "will it always be thus?"

Next day we were much more lively: our work was pleasantly interspersed with questions about our native country, what the ladies were like there, etc., all of which we answered as best we could in Zu-Vendi; and I heard Good assuring his teacher that her loveliness was to the beauties of Europe as the sun to the moon, to which she replied with a little toss of the head that she was a plain teaching woman and nothing else, and that it was not kind "to deceive a poor girl so." Then we had a little singing that was really charming, so natural and unaffected. The Zu-Vendi love-songs are most touching. On the third day we were all quite intimate. Good narrated some of his previous love affairs to his fair teacher, and so moved was she that her tears were mingled with his own. I discoursed with mine, a merry blue-eyed girl, upon Zu-Vendian art, and never saw that she was waiting for an opportunity to drop a specimen of the cockroach tribe down my back; whilst in the corner Sir Henry and his governess appeared, so far as I could judge, to be going through a lesson framed on the great educational principles laid down by Wackford Squeers, Esq., though in a very modified or rather spiritualized form. The lady softly repeated the Zu-Vendi word for "hand," and he took hers; "eyes," and he gazed deep into her brown orbs; "lips," and—but just at that moment *my* young lady dropped the cockroach down my back and ran away laughing. Now if there is one thing I loathe more than another it is cockroaches; and moved quite beyond myself, and yet laughing at her impudence, I took up the cushion she had been sitting on and threw it after her. Imagine then my shame, my horror, and my distress, when the door opened, and, attended by two guards only, in walked *Nyleptha*. The cushion could not be recalled (it missed the girl and hit one of the guards on the head), but I instantly and ineffectually tried to look as though I had not thrown it. Good ceased his sighing, and began to murder Zu-Vendi at the top of his voice, and Sir Henry whistled and looked silly. As for the poor girls, they were utterly dumbfounded.

And Nyleptha! She drew herself up till her frame seemed to tower even above that of the tall guards, and her face went first red, and then pale as death.

"Guards," she said in a quiet, choked voice, and pointing at the fair but unconscious disciple of Wackford Squeers, "slay me that woman."

The men hesitated, as well they might.

"Will ye do my bidding," she said again in the same voice, "or will ye not?"

Then they advanced upon the girl with uplifted spears. By this time Sir Henry had recovered himself, and saw that the comedy was likely to turn into a tragedy.

"Stand back," he said in a voice of thunder, at the same time getting in front of the terrified girl. "Shame on thee, Nyleptha—shame! Thou shalt not kill her."

"Doubtless thou hast good reason to try to protect her. Thou couldst hardly do less in honor," answered the infuriated queen; "but she shall die—she shall die," and she stamped her little foot.

"It is well," he answered, "then I will die with her. I am thy servant, oh queen; do with me even as thou wilt," and he bowed toward her, and fixed his clear eyes contemptuously on her face.

"I could wish to slay thee too," she answered; "for thou dost make a mock of me;" and then feeling that she was mastered, and I suppose not knowing what else to do, she burst into such a storm of tears, and looked so royally lovely in her passionate distress that, old as I am, I must say I envied Curtis his task of supporting her. It was rather odd to see him holding her in his arms, considering what had

just passed ; a thought that seemed to occur to herself, for presently she wrenched herself free and went, leaving us all much disturbed.

Presently, however, one of the guards returned with a message to the girls that they were, on pain of death, to leave the city and return to their homes in the country, and that no further harm would come to them ; and accordingly they went, one of them remarking philosophically that it could not be helped, and that it was a satisfaction to know that they had taught us a little serviceable Zu-Vendi. Mine was an exceedingly nice girl, and, overlooking the cockroach, I made her a present of my favorite lucky sixpence with a hole in it when she went away. After that our former masters resumed their course of instruction, needless to say to my great relief.

That night, when in fear and trembling we attended the royal supper-table, we found that Nyleptha was laid up with a bad headache. That headache lasted for three whole days ; but on the fourth she was present at supper as usual, and with the most sweet and gracious smile gave Sir Henry her hand to lead her to the table. No allusion was made to the little affair described above beyond her saying, with a charming air of innocence, that when she came to see us at our studies the other day she had been seized with a giddiness from which she had only now recovered. She supposed, she added with the touch of the humor that was common to her, that it was the sight of people working so hard which had affected her.

In reply, Sir Henry said, dryly, that he had thought she did not look quite herself on that day ; whereat she flashed one of those quick glances of hers at him, which, if he had the feelings of a man, must have gone through him like a knife, and the subject dropped entirely. Indeed, after the supper was over, Nyleptha condescended to put us through an examination to see what we had learned, and to express herself well satisfied with the results. Indeed, she proceeded to give us, especially Sir Henry, a lesson on her own account, and very interesting we found it.

And all the while that we talked, or rather tried to talk, and laughed, Sorais would sit there in her carven ivory chair, and look at us and read us all like a book, only from time to time saying a few words, and smiling that quick ominous smile of hers which was more like a flash of summer lightning on a dark cloud than anything else. And as near to her as he dared would sit Good, worshiping through his eyeglass, for he really was getting seriously devoted to this somber beauty, of whom, speaking personally, I felt terribly afraid. I watched her keenly, and soon I found out that, for all her apparent impassibility, she was at heart bitterly jealous of Nyleptha. Another thing I found out, and the discovery filled me with dismay, and that was that she *also* was growing devoted to Sir Henry Curtis. Of course, I could not be sure : it is not easy to read so cold and haughty a woman, but I noticed one or two little things ; and, as elephant-hunters know, dried grass shows which way the wind has set.

And so another three months passed over us, by which time we had all attained to a very considerable mastery of the Zu-Vendi language, which is an easy one to learn. And, as the time went on, we became great favorites with the people, and even with the courtiers, gaining an enormous reputation for cleverness, because, as I think I have said, Sir Henry was able to show them how to make glass, which was a national want, and also, by the help of a twenty-year almanac that we had with us, to predict various heavenly combinations which were quite unsuspected by the native astronomers. We even succeeded in demonstrating the principle of the steam-engine to a gathering of the learned men, who were filled with amazement ; and several other

things of the same sort we did. And so it came about that the people made up their minds that we must on no account be allowed to go out of the country (which, indeed, was an apparent impossibility even if we had wished it), and we were advanced to great honor, and made officers of the body-guards of the sister queens, while permanent quarters were assigned to us in the palace, and our opinion was asked upon questions of national policy.

But blue as the sky seemed, there was a cloud, and a big one, on the horizon. We had, indeed, heard no more of those confounded hippopotami, but it is not on that account to be supposed that our sacrilege was forgotten, or the enmity of the great and powerful priesthood, headed by Agon, appeased. On the contrary, it was burning the more fiercely because it was necessarily suppressed ; and what had begun in bigotry was ending in downright direct hatred, born of jealousy. Hitherto, the priests had been the wise men of the land, and were, on this account, as well as from superstitious causes, looked on with peculiar veneration. But our arrival with our outlandish wisdom, and our strange inventions and hints of unimagined things, dealt a serious blow to this state of affairs, and, to use vulgar language, went far towards upsetting the sacerdotal apple-cart. A still worse affront to them, however, was the favor with which we were regarded, and the trust that was reposed in us. All these things tended to make us excessively obnoxious to the great priestly clan, the most powerful because the most united faction in the kingdom.

Another source of imminent danger to us was the rising envy of some of the great lords, headed by Nasta, whose antagonism to us had at best been but thinly veiled, and which now threatened to break out into open flame. Nasta had for some years been a candidate for Nyleptha's hand in marriage, and when we appeared on the scene, I fancy, from all I could gather, that though there were still many obstacles in his path, success was by no means out of his reach. But now all this had changed ; the coy Nyleptha smiled no more in his direction, and he was not slow to guess the cause. Infuriated and alarmed, he turned his attention to Sorais, only to find that he might as well try to woo a mountain-side. With a bitter jest or two about his fickleness, that door was closed on him for ever. So Nasta bethought him of the thirty thousand wild swordsmen who would pour down at his bidding through the northern mountain passes, and, no doubt, vowed to adorn the gates of Milosis with our heads.

But first he determined, as we learned, to make one more attempt, and to demand the hand of Nyleptha in the open court after the formal annual ceremony of the signing of the laws that had been proclaimed by the queens during the year.

Of this astounding fact Nyleptha heard with simulated nonchalance, and with a little trembling of the voice herself informed us of it as we sat at supper on the night preceding the great ceremony of the law-signing.

Sir Henry bit his lip, and, do what he could to prevent it, plainly showed his agitation.

"And what answer will the queen be pleased to give to the great lord ?" asked I, in a jesting manner.

"Answer, Macumazahn ?" (for we had elected to pass by our Zulu names in Zu-Vendis), she said, with a pretty shrug of her ivory shoulder. "Nay, I know not ; what is a poor woman to do, when the wooer has thirty thousand swords wherewith to urge his love !" and from under her long lashes she glanced at Curtis.

Just then we rose from the table to adjourn into another room. "Quartermain, a word, quick," said Sir Henry to me. "Listen ; I have never spoken about it, but surely you have guessed ; I love Nyleptha. What am I to do ?"

Fortunately, I had more or less already taken the question into consideration, and was therefore able to give such answer as seemed the wisest to me.

"You must speak to Nyleptha to-night," I said. "Now is your time—now or never. Listen; in the sitting-room get near to her and whisper to her to meet you at midnight by the Rademas statue at the end of the great hall. I will keep watch for you there. Now or never, Curtis."

We passed on into the other room. Nyleptha was sitting, her hands before her, and a sad, anxious look upon her lovely face. A little way off was Sorais, talking to Good in her slow, measured tones.

The time went on; in another quarter of an hour I knew that, according to their habit, the queens would retire. As yet, Sir Henry had had no chance of saying a word in private; indeed, although we saw much of the royal sisters, it was by no means easy to see them alone. I racked my brains, and at last an idea came to me.

"Will the queen be pleased," I said, bowing low before Sorais, "to sing unto her servants? Our hearts are heavy this night; sing to us, oh Lady of the Night" (Sorais' favorite name among the people).

"My songs, Macumazahn, are not such as to lighten the heavy heart, yet will I sing if it pleases thee," she answered, and she rose and went a few paces to a table, whereon lay an instrument not unlike a zither, and struck a few wandering chords.

Then, suddenly, like the notes of some deep-throated bird, her rounded voice rang out in song so wildly sweet, and yet with so weird and sad a refrain, that it made the very blood stand still. Up, up soared the golden notes, that seemed to melt far away, and then to grow again and travel on, laden with all the sorrow of the world and all the despair of the lost. It was a marvelous song, but I had not time to listen to it properly. However, I got the words of it afterward, and here is a translation of its burden, so far as it admits of being translated at all:

SORAI'S SONG.

As a desolate bird that through darkness its lost way is winging,
As a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's sickle is swinging,
So is life! ay, the life that lends passion and breath to my singing.

As the nightingale's song that is full of a sweetness unspoken,
As a spirit unbarring the gates of the skies for a token,
So is love! ay, the love that shall fall when his pinion is broken.

As the tramp of the legions when trumpets their challenge are sending,
As the shout of the storm-god when lightnings the black sky are rending,
So is power! ay, the power that shall lie in the dust at its ending.

So short is our life; yet with space for all things to forsake us—
A bitter delusion, a dream from which naught can awake us,
Till Death's dogging foot-steps at morn or at eve shall o'ertake us.

REFRAIN.

*Oh, the world is fair at the dawning—dawning—dawning,
But the red sun sets in blood, the red sun sets in blood.*

I only wish that I could write down the music, too.

"Now, Curtis, now," I whispered, when she began the second verse, and turned my back

"Nyleptha," he said—for my nerves were so much on the stretch that I could hear every word, low as it was spoken, even through Sorais' divine notes—"Nyleptha, I must speak with thee this night; upon my life I must. Say me not nay; oh, say me not nay!"

"How can I speak with thee?" she answered, looking fixedly before her. "Queens are not like other people. I am surrounded and watched."

"Listen, Nyleptha, thus. I will be before the statue of Rademas in the great hall at midnight. I have the countersign and can pass in. Macumazahn will be there to keep

guard, and with him the Zulu. Oh, come, my Queen, deny me not."

"It is not seemly," she murmured, "and to-morrow——"

Just then the music began to die in the last wail of the refrain, and Sorais slowly turned her round.

"I will be there," said Nyleptha, hurriedly; "on thy life see that thou fail me not."

(To be continued.)

RADDLING HIS OWN CANOE

ON a very rainy, cheerless evening, a young man sat alone in his room at a country hotel. Although he held a book perseveringly before his face, he failed to observe that it was upside down.

The tale he perused was written before his eyes, nevertheless, and sounded in his ears with so unpleasant a voice that it seemed as if arch Puck and all his orchestra were holding an especial concert to drive this youth to distraction.

Dismal, gloomy thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him making themselves more and more obnoxious, until, able to bear them quietly no longer,



he threw his book angrily at an inoffensive wash-bowl, and turned upon his own reflection in the mirror with so vindictive a countenance that, had you been present, you would have trembled for the poor fellow in the glass.

What was his trouble? Was it a case of guilty conscience or too much mince-pie? It could not have been the pie: he had sent it away untasted, to the great joy of his landlady, who immediately sent it in on another plate to a stout lady in black satin, who devoured it placidly. It could not have been guilt, for he bore an excellent reputation: mammas smiled sweetly on him as he passed, and papas said he would be sure to rise.



Why had Discontent selected this particular young man for her gloomy temple? We are almost sorry to be obliged to admit that there was no other reason than the time-worn one. He was in love. Now, do not turn away and say, "Another tiresome love-story!" This is quite an unusual one, and has the disadvantage of being strictly true.

But we will introduce our young man in a more explicit manner. His name was neither Reginald Romance nor Harold Impossible, but only Tom Jones. He may have been descended from Fielding's famous hero; but we wish for



nothing but unadulterated facts, and are by no means sure. His father had given him an excellent education, after which he set him adrift, as is the custom in sensible American families, with no advice except "to paddle his own canoe," and no money except what was necessary to pay his expenses until he should find a situation. The situation he found with little difficulty; and being pleasing both in business capacity and personal characteristics, he speedily became a favorite with his employers.

Thus Tom's canoe floated along quietly for more than two years, when, with no warning whatever, the boat, which Tom had regarded as so trustworthy as to be able to govern itself, struck a rock with such violence as to cause it to plunge violently from side to side, almost spilling poor Tom into the water. Upon this rock sat Cupid; he was used to upsetting boats, and smiled contentedly as he watched poor Tom's frantic endeavors to keep his bark afloat. Then he turned away chuckling over his success, eager to upset the next boat, which contained an old bachelor smoking a cigar. But enough of Cupid; he needs no advertising.

If you had ever seen Jessie Brown you would not wonder that Tom should fall in love. Not only was she very pretty, but she had a long list of accomplishments, a few of which we will name.

She could make bread, pumpkin pie, and angel's food; sweep and dust; paint milking-stools and rolling-pins, play "The Maiden's Prayer," sing "Sweet Violets," and dance the very latest waltz to perfection. In giving this varied list of her accomplishments, we hope each reader will select his or her favorite one, and worship our heroine accordingly.

Tom admired them all. He liked variety in everything. He admired Jessie herself even more than he did the beautiful stork which she had painted with her own dear little hands on the milking-stool. He adored her when she entertained him with "The Maiden's Prayer," worshiped her when he listened in mute rapture to "Sweet Violets;" but when he saw her seated on the back porch peeling potatoes for dinner, a dainty pink sweeping-cap perched on the very top of her Mikado puff, he pretended not to see her; his heart was too full. The canoe became so unmanageable that Tom felt he never could paddle it alone again.

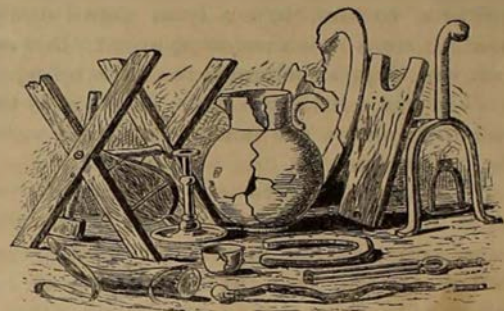


This is why we find him in his room at the hotel behaving in so unseemly a manner. As a general thing misery likes company. However, in this particular kind of misery Tom felt (with a scowl) that he would prefer to endure it alone; for he was not her only admirer. There was John Sterling, whose



father had made a fortune in the pork trade, and had now retired to enjoy his interest-money. And there was Edward Elevated, whose pedigree could have been traced back to Washington, if that truthful general had only been considerate enough to make himself an ancestor. What a shame it is that Pocahontas and the Pilgrim Fathers must bear the burden all alone!

Tom felt, poor fellow, that he had only the ghost of a chance. "Why was it," he reflected bitterly, "that he, who on all other occasions knew himself to be a brilliant conversationalist, could only manage to stammer out something in regard to the weather, or something more idiotic, whenever he found himself in the presence of the beloved object!" And he darted a withering look of contempt at the face in the mirror. He wondered what she was doing now. Of course Sterling and Elevated were both there. Elevated made a point to bring Sterling so as to profit by the contrast. Elevated was probably telling Jessie about his great-grandmother's china, which would in the course of human events become his. Or Sterling was saying, "Our beastly cook, you know, actually didn't see the difference between veal and mutton, you know." Tom did not fear him as a rival; he was sure to disgust any lady, sooner or later; but he did wish his grandfather had been a somebody. How he would like to knock their heads together! He felt that if he could see Jessie alone he could converse as fluently as he usually did; but if he attempted to tell of a pleasant ride to the country, Sterling was immediately reminded of his live stock. If he noticed Jessie's latest triumph of art, Elevated paralyzed them immediately with a description of his ancestor's bric-à-brac.



We have said it was a stormy evening; but so intent was Tom on his gloomy reflections that he had no idea of the state of anything outside of himself, until a loud peal of thunder made him pause. For the first time he was aware

that the rain was pouring in torrents. Then it was that he resigned his charitable thoughts of punching heads and tweaking noses. "Let me see," looking at his watch; "eight o'clock, and such a stormy evening. If I should call on Jessie to-night, I'd be twice blessed; I'd surely find her

at home, and surely find her alone, for neither of those two cowards would face such a storm as this." Seizing his waterproof and umbrella he ran down the stairs and up the street.

CHAPTER II.
 "It is a very dismal evening," yawned Jessie Brown to her sister Anna, "I fear no one will call to-night."
 "I should hope not," said Anna. "Let's go to bed early, as we have been up very late for several nights past; late hours are ruinous for complexions."



"I will go also, my daughters," said Mrs. Brown. "I am very tired. To be sure it is but seven o'clock, and I expect your father at eight; but I'd rather go down to let him in than to listen another minute to this dreadful storm."

In a procession of three they ascended the stairs. Jessie would rather have stayed in the cheerful parlor: she was not without a faint hope that some one of her agreeable admirers would brave the storm for her sake. But she did not like to say so, nor was she brave enough to stay alone; so she followed discontentedly in the rear.

Anna was well aware of what was passing in Jessie's mind, and she had a mischievous pleasure in dragging her sister to bed. Having accustomed themselves to late hours, the girls found sleep impossible. The loud peal of thunder which roused Tom to action frightened poor Jessie so dreadfully that she rushed into Anna's room and held her tight for protection. "How I do wish I had stayed downstairs! Maybe some of the boys will call after all, and I can't see them now if they do. Oh dear! dear!"

"Which one would you like to see most," said the unsympathetic sister, "Beefsteak, or Bric-à-brac, or the Weather?"

"You are real hateful, Anna! I don't know why you call them such abominable names, unless it is because you are jealous."

"Oh, I know perfectly well I am not the attraction," replied Anna, with a determination not to quarrel. "You are welcome to the three; I am sure I don't want them; I am waiting for a real man to appear; then and not before will I join you in your schemes for entrapping victims."

This was a little too bad. Jessie was too angry to answer. She was just on the point of rushing to her own room when the bell rang.

"Here come three suitors out of Spain,
Come to court my daughter Jane,"

sang Anna, as she heard her mother unlocking the door.

Mrs. Brown thought surely it was her husband whom she was on the point of admitting, when a brilliant flash of lightning revealed a dreadful situation. Tom saw a rather stout lady in a rather short night-dress, and the poor horrified lady saw—Tom. There comes an instant in the lives of all, so laden with importance as to cause the individual concerned to tremble with alarm for all futurity. Tom gazed. It was but an instant (remember he was a modest youth), and like the flash of light which illuminated his countenance and the lady's night-gown, he experienced a flash of certainty that his hopes were forever crushed. His canoe was so badly damaged that only with great difficulty could he keep it from sinking



entirely. He never could face this lady as a mother-in-law! His hair stood on end, and with a feeling of relief he heard the door bang in his face.

"You can't come in! Stay out! What do you want, sir?" demanded the surprised lady.

"I came to see Miss Jessie; but I will come again, ma'am," faltered Tom.

"Sit right down, sir, and I'll call Jessie," said Mrs. Brown, evidently laboring under the delusion that she was offering him a seat in the parlor.

"Thank you, I will," replied Tom, under the same delusion. So down he sat on the door-step, in the pouring rain; not because he wished to, but because he was unable to think at all. He had no desire to see Jessie alone now; his enthusiasm had been effectually squelched: still, there he sat "like Patience on a monument."



CHAPTER III.

"O ANNA! What can I do? Mamma has shut him out! He is getting wet! Oh, dear!" cried Jessie, skipping aimlessly about the room, under the impression she was dressing herself.

"Go down just as you are; ma did!" shrieked Anna. "Oh! I never heard of anything so funny."

"Guess I'll wear this," said poor Jessie, seizing one of Anna's dresses, which was several sizes too small for her. "Oh! It won't come together; what shall I do?"

"Go into your own room and try your own dress," said Anna.

At last, after consuming as much time as she would ordinarily in dressing for a party, Jessie went down the stairs attired in a red flannel skirt, black silk waist, and slippers.

In her hand she carried a very small night-lamp. As one in a dream, she opened the door. There, shivering on the door-step before her, was something which might have been almost anything but a man.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," faltered Jessie.

"Good evening, Miss Jessie; guess I hadn't better come in. I'm a little wet, you see."

"Oh! never mind that; come right in," said Jessie.

He left his soaked umbrella and waterproof in the hall, and followed Jessie into the room. The dim night-lamp did

its best, but it was a very feeble best; still it looked more cheerful than either Tom or Jessie.

"It is very stormy," said Jessie.

"Very," said Tom.

"A sudden change in the weather."

"Very much so," said Tom.

"Perhaps it will clear up soon."

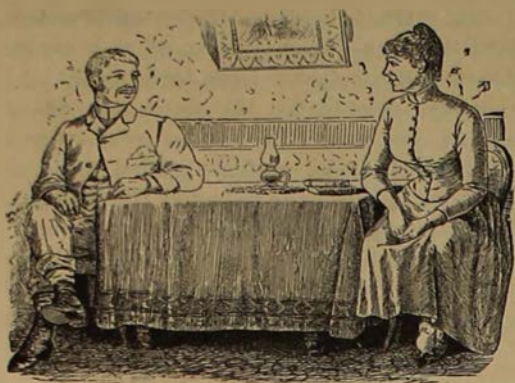
"Perhaps to-morrow," said Tom. A long pause followed these brilliant remarks, during which Tom stared perseveringly at the night-lamp.

"I thought you would be lonely, so I came," ventured Tom.

"You are very kind," answered Jessie, curling her slippers further under the red flannel skirt, to conceal the deplorable fact that she was devoid of stockings. She blushed painfully as she thought of this; but Tom interpreted the blush to mean her approval of his thoughtfulness, so he ventured again.

"I wanted to see what it would seem like to see you alone."





"He has found out," giggled Anna, who was listening at a convenient register.

"I hoped either Mr. Sterling or Mr. Elevated or yourself would drop in; I mentioned it to Anna," said Jessie, little aware what an obstruction she was

placing in the path of the canoe.

"I guess I'd better go now," said Tom.

"Oh, don't hurry," said Jessie.

"I have not written home for some time, and think tonight is the very time to do so. 'Procrastination is the thief of time,'" answered Tom; and wishing Jessie good evening, he donned his soaked hat, wrapped his umbrella in his waterproof as tenderly as if it was all he had to love, and departed.

Jessie took the night-lamp and sneaked up the stairs into her room, closing the door behind her; but the irrepressible sister was not to be avoided.

"You were wishing to see Mr. Weather; aren't you glad he came?" she asked sweetly, as she peeped in at the door.

"Please go to bed, I am tired," answered Jessie.

"Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is gained without content,"

gravely remarked Anna, with a long face.

"This is my room, Anna, and I wish to retire," said Jessie, impressively.

"I wouldn't if I were you, dear; Mr. Bric-à-brac may call, and your costume is so becoming I do hope he will not disappoint us. I have enjoyed myself very much, so far, this evening." Jessie turned out the lamp and got into bed. Anna, seeing that it was a poor time for teasing, left for her own room, laughing in the most provoking manner.

Tom did not have brain fever; nor did he travel in foreign lands. This is a strictly true chronicle, remember. He awoke the next morning with a sore throat, and as cross as a bear. His physician recommended potash for the former, and his landlady recommended weaker tea and coffee for the latter, which she charitably called nervous exhaustion.

His humor was not improved, when, upon meeting Elevated on his way to business, he was greeted with:

"Jones, why in thunder were you sitting on Mr. Brown's steps in the rain last evening? I couldn't believe it was you, until a flash of lightning revealed the singular fact." Tom was luckily relieved just at this instant by an acquaintance who stopped his horse and invited him to "jump in," a request which he lost no time in complying with.

"I see you have a strip of flannel around your throat," said Sterling. "Let me recommend, dear boy, a little salt pork, chopped fine, with pepper and vinegar. It is the very



best remedy for sore throat. Fact! I've tried it, you know."

"I have consulted my physician, sir," said Tom, testily.

The canoe wavered, dipped water, and acted altogether in the most incomprehensible manner, but finally righted itself and floated along peacefully. But it is not Jessie who assists Tom with his paddling; it is a blonde lady, with no accomplishments to boast of, and Jessie is a brunette.

Jessie enjoys herself very much arranging somebody's ancestors' bric-à-brac. R. SAWTELLE.



The Blossom and its Quest.

SECOND PAPER.

THE lovely wild flowers," says Jean Ingelow, in *Off the Skelligs*, "are the flowers which God made."

The hydrangeas and snowballs on our lawns, the hundred-leaved and cabbage roses in our borders, and the whole category of "double" flowers have been greatly altered by generations of culture. They are, in their present form at least, flowers which man has made. They have been trained into the forms familiar to us by ignorant gardeners, bent on producing big blossoms, pleased, like children or savages, by mere masses of color, and lacking the more refined appreciation of graceful forms. In the heart of a double flower will be found a mere crumpled mass of shapeless leaves. The plan on which its parts were once arranged has been obliterated, and the exquisite symmetry of its natural shape destroyed. For the purposes of the botanist, as to the eye of the artist, the "doubled" flower is spoiled.

To study the parts of the flower, therefore, we must gather blossoms from country hedgerows, or some single flowers from our garden-beds or window-boxes. A wild rose, a morning-glory, a geranium, or a primrose will serve the purpose well.

Surrounding the flower will be found a row of leaves, generally, but not always, green. In the rose they are five in number, long, slender, and tapering. These leaves form the calyx, *i. e.*, little cup. In the nasturtium, the calyx is of a delicate greenish yellow; in the salvia, it is vividly red; and in the garden tuberosa, white. Sometimes it is in one piece, as in the primrose and the carnation; sometimes in several pieces, as in the wild rose, the violet, and the cress blossom. When the calyx is composed of separate leaves each one of these is called a sepal.

Within the calyx is a row, or sometimes several rows, of leaves, usually of some delicate or brilliant hue. These form the corolla, or little crown. Like the calyx, the corolla is sometimes in one piece, as in the morning-glory, sometimes in several pieces, as in the buttercup. Its separate parts are called petals. The wild rose has five broad pink petals; the geranium has also five, sometimes white, sometimes pink, and often of a vivid scarlet hue.

In examining a fully opened flower, it is sometimes a little difficult to distinguish between calyx and corolla. In the garden balsam they are alike in color and texture, and in the wild columbine, called by country children "jacket and breeches," the calyx fairly outdoes the corolla in the bril-

liancy of its scarlet dye. When a doubt exists, it may be solved by looking at the bud, for in it the calyx is always wrapped around the closely folded petals. Indeed, this seems its principal use in the economy of the plant, for some flowers drop the calyx at the moment of unfolding. The expanding poppy slips off its sepals, and drops them in the shape of a little green liberty-cap from the tips of its liberated petals. The hepatica, called harbinger of spring, the anemone, and many other flowers have but one row of blossom leaves, so delicate in tint and texture that we would be disposed to call them petals. To the botanist, however, they are sepals, and a single row of leaves encircling a flower is usually considered as forming the calyx.

Within the pink petals of a wild rose is a circle of slender, thread-like bodies, each tipped with a tiny golden knob. These are the stamens. The thread-like stalk is called the filament, and the little head which tips it is the anther. It is the clustering stamens of the passion-flower, with their long, pointed anthers, which form "the crown of thorns." The anther in some flowers is round like the head of a pin, sometimes it is elongated and set on the filament endwise like the blade of an oar, sometimes it resembles the head of a hammer in form; and in the tiger-lily it is long and curved, and set horizontally on the top of the anther, so that the stamen looks like a fairy pick-ax. The filament is not an essential part of the stamen, and is sometimes dispensed with altogether, many deep-throated flowers having merely a row of anthers set around the inside of the corolla.

The stamens are sometimes clustered so closely that the filaments unite in a column, as in the rose of Sharon. Sometimes, as in the tiger-lily, they are entirely separate. They develop earlier than the petals, and have often attained their full size and perfect form while the flower is still in small bud. At maturity, usually shortly after the petals unfold, the anthers burst, discharging a quantity of fine dust, sometimes brown but usually golden. This is called the pollen, and its production is the sole office of the stamen. The grains of this powder, when magnified from one to two hundred diameters, are seen to be exquisitely regular and dainty in form. Those shed by the stamens of the rose of Sharon are little globes covered with bristly points. Those of the lily are smooth and oval, like miniature eggs, and those of enchanter's nightshade are little triangles capped at the points with tiny balls. All the pollen grains of one species of flower are alike; but those of one sort differ widely from those of another, so that a plant may sometimes be recognized by its pollen alone.

In the blossom's heart will be found the pistil or pistils, for some flowers have many, some but one. The wild rose has a great number huddled closely together in a dense mass resembling a little cushion. The petunia has one, long and slender, and tipped with a sticky green head. The functions of this organ are to form and mature the seed. In the lily or the morning-glory the parts of the pistil are large and easily seen. If neither of these flowers can readily be obtained, a primrose or a petunia will meet all requirements of the case.

At the base of the pistil is the ovary; this contains a number of tiny green bodies, called ovules, destined to ripen into seeds. Rising from this is a stalk, the style, bearing on its top a little sticky head called the stigma. The style, like the filament, is a mere stalk, not necessary to floral economy, and is often dispensed with altogether. This is the case in the poppy, which bears its big flat-topped stigma directly on its ovary.

The stigma is destined to receive on its surface grains of pollen, and is sticky in order that they may readily adhere. A particle of pollen dust, after falling upon the stigma, grows

there in a wonderful way. From its interior extends a delicate tube, which sinks into the loose tissue of the style, much as the root of a seedling sinks into light soil. At length it reaches the ovary, penetrates the delicate coat of an ovule, and in some as yet uncomprehended way causes the embryo plant to form within the maturing seed, and endows it with the principle of life and the capacity for growth. No enchanter's wand of fairy legend worked a greater marvel than this. The patient labors of nature-students have only discovered and established the fact. "Just how" is as great a mystery as ever, perhaps to be understood only when we know what and whence is the mysterious principle called life.

When a plant grows in rich soil and in a warm atmosphere, its stamens and pistils have a tendency to turn into petals. In the heart of a garden rose or double geranium we can see this transformation actually taking place. On the outside of the flower is a row of symmetrical petals, those which nature, unassisted, produced. Those just within are less perfect in form; and as we approach the center of the flower they grow more and more shapeless, till at the head we find a little cluster of nondescript organs in actual transition from stamens to petals.

Some garden flowers have all their central organs converted into petals. These never set a single seed, but are propagated entirely by cuttings. A slip cut from a double rose or geranium will tend to produce flowers like those of the plant from which it was taken. By subjecting the cutting again to the influences of rich soil and warmth, this tendency will be fostered. Thus, in the course of generations, the florist produces double flowers and the hundred-leaved and cabbage roses, which have a countless mass of petals, instead of the five of the wild rose, but scarcely any stamens or pistils whatever.

New petals can also be developed—one might almost say created—by diligent culture. A wild pink has five petals, ten stamens, and two pistils almost grown together. The garden carnation was originally formed upon the same plan, and could therefore possess but seventeen petals, even were all the central organs changed by cultivation. The pistil, however, retains its natural form, and there are usually two or three distorted stamens, which remain as nature made them, in spite of adverse circumstances. Besides these, we find a great mass of white or deep red flower leaves. The delicate calyx, which was made to inclose five petals, not such a number as this, is unequal to the occasion, and often splits open all down one side.

Till within recent years, botanists have supposed that the germ in the forming seed of a flower received its quickening influences from pollen shed by the stamens of that self-same flower. Later discoveries, however, have proved that the pollen which develops the ovules is, in the majority of cases, brought from some other blossom, and even in many instances from some other plant. The fertilizing dust is wafted to the stigma in two ways—by the wind and by insects. A cursory glance at a flower will tell us in which way its fetching and carrying are done. Those accustomed to depend upon the wind—those which are, in botanical phrase, "wind fertilized"—have no need to attract the attention of passing insects. Hence they are scentless, and have small greenish petals or none. Of this sort are the flowers of rushes, sedges, and grasses, and those of many trees. Some—for instance, the blossoms of the pine tree and those of the arbor vitæ—are so inconspicuous that they can scarcely be detected even by diligent search. Wind-fertilized flowers produce no honey.

On the other hand, those flowers which are in the habit of having pollen brought to them by insects lure their bright-winged visitors by perfume or by a display of

splendid or dainty petals. All those blossoms which catch the eye, those which brighten the garden or deck the meadows with delight, are insect-fertilized. Their sweet scents and conspicuous corollas may be regarded as advertisements to catch the attention of the passing insect and to notify him of the presence of the honey which he is seeking. "Where free lunches are provided," quaintly observes Professor Gray, "some advantage is generally expected from the treat." The blossom gives up its sweets in order that it may receive the fertilizing pollen upon its stigma, and so may be enabled to set its seed.

To change the simile, the insect is, in her humble way, a wage-worker, and receives her pay for fetching and carrying pollen in the drops of honey which she gathers. The bumble-bee, going with business like directness from clover-head to clover-head, gets her velvety body sprinkled thickly with golden dust. In extracting the sweetness which lies deep down in the long purple tubes, she crawls all over the blossom-head and some of the pollen which has adhered to her breast and legs is sure to be deposited upon the stigmas. She has also brushed against the anthers, and taken a fresh supply of the yellow powder with which she will fly to another clover-head. Thus she pays for the honey which she takes, and she and the flower form a mutual benefit society. Deprived of her visits, the purple clover would not set a single seed, for the blossom-tubes are so deep as to be unavailable for the smaller honey-bee. Her proboscis is too short to reach the spot where the honey is stored, and she wisely neglects the purple clover for its white cousin and for other flowers which will better serve her turn. In New Zealand, where the bumble-bee is not a resident, the purple clover has to be freshly sown each year with seed brought from England.

Huxley has proved that there is a direct ratio between the quantity of purple clover in any given section of country and the number of old maids. The demonstration is as follows: Old maids keep cats; cats are enemies to the field-mouse; these mice in turn are the foes of the bumble-bee, for they devour the little store of honey which that thrifty insect lays by for its winter sustenance. Bumble-bees are the pollen-carriers of the purple clover. Hence the more old maids there are in a region, the more plentifully it is stocked with cats; the fewer, therefore, are the field-mice; the greater is the number of the bumble-bees, and the more abundant, in consequence, is the crop of red clover.

Deep-throated flowers, such as petunias and salvias, are indebted for their pollen-carrying to moths and butterflies, which can reach down with their long proboscides much deeper than bees can. Some tropical blossoms with very long and slender tubes are visited and fertilized by humming-birds. Night-blooming flowers are visited by night-flying moths. In order that their insect friends may readily find them in the darkness, such blossoms are always white or pale yellow, and often, as an additional guide, have a strong perfume. The night-blooming cereus is famed for its sweetness. The common evening primrose, which opens at sundown, is sweet-scented, while the diurnal primroses, which blow at dawn, are odorless. In daylight their yellow petals are readily seen by passing insects without the additional lure of perfume.

Some naturalists even contend that a pale, lambent light, a sort of phosphorescent exhalation, hangs over certain night-blooming flowers, a beacon to guide their winged visitors through the thronging shadows. The English naturalist, Grant Allen, is of the opinion that the nocturnal insect's flight toward the lamp and reckless suicide in the flame is traceable to his manner of gathering his food. He is guided to the night-blooming flower chiefly by the glimmering of its white or pale yellow corolla. In

his microscopic brain, or, to speak more strictly, in the knots of nerves which in his organization do duty for a brain, the idea of white and light is hence inextricably associated with the idea of honey. The explanation is ingenious, but altogether fails to account for a similar habit of sea-birds, which will sometimes fly against a light-house lantern with such force as to batter the life out of their bodies. Naturalists may well puzzle their brains in seeking the cause of an instinct so strange. Natural impulses, as a rule, are self-preserving, except that which impels the mother to sacrifice herself for her young, and that is for the preservation of the race. In the urgency with which night-flying insects seek the flame we see that anomaly, an impulse to self-destruction.

Without cross-fertilization, that is to say, unless the stigmas are dusted with pollen brought from the anthers of some other flower, the ovules of many plants will not mature at all. If a branch of mountain laurel is inclosed in gauze, its blossoms will not set a single seed. This is, no doubt, a reason why even the single flowers raised in greenhouses so seldom perfect their fruit. Many of them are exotics, accustomed to be visited and fertilized by tropical insects. The calla lily in its wild state probably has its fetching and carrying done by some South American marsh-fly.

There are some flowers sufficient to themselves—accustomed to mature their seed by the aid of pollen received from their own stamens. In a few sorts, the anthers open and the pistil is fertilized before the bud expands. Generally, however, even in cases where the ovule can be vitalized by pollen of the self-same flower, a more vigorous seed will be produced by the aid of pollen from some other blossom.

It seems at first as if the result of insect visits would be to "mix things up" hopelessly. One would think that poppy pollen would be carried to the rose, rose pollen to the buttercup, and buttercup pollen to the daisy, in "confusion worse confounded." This is guarded against in a variety of ways. The stigma is seldom affected by pollen from a flower of widely differing species. Rose pollen on the lily and poppy pollen on the buttercup produce no vitalizing effect. So wonderfully is the plant organized that in most cases only pollen from a separate flower of the same species can quicken the ovules into life. Plants closely allied, two species of violet, for instance, will occasionally cross, and the resulting hybrid forms are sometimes sorely puzzling to the botanist. Such seldom produce seed, and thus the confusion of types is checked at the outset.

The flower, in its shape, size, and even color, is usually adapted to meet the wants of a limited circle of insect visitors. At the time of its blooming only certain sorts are abroad. Its tube is too deep for some insects and too shallow for others. Some flowers close at dusk, when nocturnal moths and beetles begin to flit; some shut at dawn, when diurnal insects are on the wing.

The insect has also his partialities and preferences. The rose-beetle bestows his attentions exclusively upon the queen of flowers; a bumble-bee in a meadow will go perseveringly from clover head to clover-head, with daisies, wild carrot, and buttercups blooming all about him. The little saffron butterflies show a decided taste for purple thistle-heads, and hover over them in crowds. Wider search in this great field of knowledge will probably show that each species of insect-fertilized flower has its own winged friend, blossom and insect adapted each to each, and mutually dependent.

On the upper petals of a pansy are fine converging lines running down into the throat of the blossom. On the upper petals of the nasturtium are delicate and very dark lines, also running inward and downward. Such markings are found on many flowers, and are called "honey-guides," be-

cause, at the point to which they converge, the hidden sweets of the blossom may be found.

In a flower laid out on a circular pattern, one in which the halves are alike, or nearly so, no matter where a bisecting line is drawn, these honey-guides will be faintly marked or altogether absent. In a rose, a water-lily, or a buttercup we will look for them in vain. An insect, even of the most limited experience, will readily understand that the honey in this case must be called for at the center of the flower. The more lopsided and irregular the shape of the blossom, the more difficult it is for the insect to find the honey, and the more plainly, therefore, these markings appear. The odd mask-shaped flowers of the snap dragon sort owe their beauty, in great measure, to the bright golden dots, or rich dark lines, which indicate the whereabouts of their stored sweets.

In the common garden geranium, a flower but slightly irregular in form, the honey-guides appear as faint dark lines on the two upper petals. In the scented or rose geranium, which is less regular in pattern, they are much more strongly marked, and in the Lady Washington geranium, the most lopsided blossom of the tribe, they appear as broad velvety stripes on the two upper petals, and add greatly to the beauty of the flower.

The butterfly has long figured in Sunday-school books and moral treatises as the type of careless pleasure, and the antipodes of the busy bee. In another train of thought, the bright-winged creature is emblematic of the risen soul. Well might we, blending the two thoughts, hope to be (to quote Kingsley's word) "somewhen" as this happy winged thing.

The flowers, with their sweet scents, bright hues, and stored nectar, fill to the full every capacity for enjoyment in the insect's tiny being. Yet, flitting from blossom to blossom, in summer days which to him are all bliss, doing what he loves best, surrounded by the things which he enjoys most, without weariness, without pain, he lends his tiny aid to the Creator's work. He has his labor, too—a labor done in joy—for God.

E. M. HARDINGE.

The Old Satchel,

OR, HOW ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS CARRIED FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK.

SEVERAL years ago, the Commissioner of Insurance for the State of New York had, upon a certain afternoon, received into his hands the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in cash, which it was absolutely necessary, for some reason, should be in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury in New York city by ten o'clock the following day. The commissioner at first thought of going himself and delivering it to the proper officials; but as it was not convenient for him to do so, he decided to trust the money in the hands of his private secretary, Mr. S., a man every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his superior officer. As the commissioner was giving Mr. S. some special instructions regarding the funds, and about placing in his hands a large-sized office satchel containing the money, it was noticed that there were two or three men, who doubtless understood the import of the mission, standing in and around the office of the commissioner. It was now almost time for the 5 P.M. express train for New York. Mr. S. thought, however, that by hastening his steps somewhat, he would have time to go to his house, make some hasty preparation for his trip, inform his wife of his

intended journey, and bid her adieu. This he did; but before he had left the house, his wife very prudently suggested that, instead of carrying the money in the office-bag, which, being marked "Insurance Dept.," might attract attention, he should place this bag in an old satchel of his own, which was larger, and much the worse for wear. Acting upon this suggestion, he hastened from the door; and as he passed out he noticed a man leaning leisurely against a lamp-post near by. He thought but little of the circumstance, until he saw this same man again on the platform of the car in which he had taken his seat, and evidently designing to take the train for New York, or some way-station beyond Albany. This fact set Mr. S. to thinking. That countenance somehow was familiar; he had seen it before, he was sure, but when or where he could not tell. He was troubled.

Somehow this circumstance seemed to him to betoken evil. At last, considering the matter, he remembered the fact of the men standing near the office as he was about leaving it; and decided that the man seen by the lamp-post and standing on the platform of his car was one of those men. Soon after the train started from Albany, this man, in company with another, took his seat inside the car, and directly opposite the one which Mr. S. occupied. His watchful eye kept track of them and their doings; for he by this time had fully decided in his own mind what were their evil designs. And now what should he do? He felt a great responsibility resting upon him. To appear to be disturbed by the presence of these men would not be wise. To keep close watch and guard over that old satchel, and by that very guardianship attract attention to it, would by no means do. So, though in fact he was greatly worried and distressed, he decided to put on a *nonchalant* air, and appear to give no heed to them or to the trust committed to his care.

The night was cool, and he decided to take a seat by the stove and pretend to drop asleep. So giving the satchel a toss upon the wood-box, as if it was something of no value whatever, he prepared himself for an evening nap, pulling his hat over his eyes, stretching his limbs in a careless way in front toward the stove, and reclining his head on the back of the seat. In this position, though apparently asleep, he was in reality watching those who were watching him. This apparent carelessness on his part seemed to throw the men somewhat off their track, and the hope of Mr. S. was thus to rid himself entirely of their company. He saw, however, that they were still watching him very carefully. With a newspaper before them they pretended to read, but were evidently counseling together as to what should be their next move. Soon one of the men arose from his seat, walked leisurely down the aisle of the car, and then back again, and finally took a seat near the stove, on the edge of the wood-box, where lay the coveted treasure. Before long, Mr. S. awakened from his sleep (?), yawned carelessly, and, seeing the man sitting by the stove, remarked that, as the night was cold, he'd better stir up the fire and put in more wood. The man was only too glad to accede to the request, as, in getting the wood from the box, he had (or probably *made*) occasion to lift the old satchel out of the way; and Mr. S.'s keen eye noticed that as he lifted it, he took the opportunity to feel (as well as the circumstances would admit) its weight, and thus try to determine, if possible, its contents. A somewhat lengthy conversation ensued between Mr. S. and his newly found "friend," and to certain inquiries made, S. said that he was on his way to Philadelphia; that he had been working up in one of the offices in Albany, but "the boss" had discharged him; and, as it was necessary that he should be at work, in some way, in order to support his family, he was hoping, through the influence of an acquaintance there, to get a situation. "By

the way," said Mr. S., "won't you toss me that old satchel? I think my wife put some apples in it for me."

The satchel was tossed and opened; the apples were found and a division of them made, and soon they were (apparently) "hale fellows well met!" whiling away the time as best they could, as the train was slowly making its way toward New York. The night was dark, a cold and dreary rain-storm had set in, and their train, due in New York at 10 P.M., was two hours late; and as the hour of midnight drew on, Mr. S. had many troubled thoughts and queries with himself. "How am I to rid myself of these men? How get that satchel in safety to a hotel? What if there is no carriage in waiting at the depot, on my arrival? What if these men should rob me, possibly take my life in order to accomplish their object? The case is desperate indeed!"

Such were his thoughts as the train reached its destination, and "New York" was announced by the brake-man. On leaving the car these newly made "friends" were careful to keep in company with Mr. S. *and the old satchel!*

As they walked along through the depot, one of the men inquired,

"Where are you going to stop to-night?"

To which Mr. S., in a careless way, replied,

"I don't know. Where *is* a good hotel?"

They answered,

"We are going to one in Chambers Street, and it is a good one!"

"I guess I'll go there too!" replied Mr. S.

By this time the end of the depot building was reached; and there, at that midnight hour, in the pouring rain-storm, stood one single carriage, with its driver by its side.

"What will you charge to take us to the ——— Hotel in Chambers Street?" inquired Mr. S.

"Two dollars," replied the driver.

At this critical moment, determined, then and there, if possible, to rid himself of his pursuers, Mr. S. jumped into the hack, quickly closed the door, and, holding it fast from the inside, halloed to the driver,

"I'll give you TEN DOLLARS to drive me quickly as possible to the Metropolitan Hotel! Hasten for your life!"

The driver, comprehending in some sense the situation of the case, jumped upon his seat, and was just starting, when one of the men outside, angered at the sudden turn of affairs, and determined, if possible, still to obtain the desired booty, made a dash for the satchel through the carriage window, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces. This detained the driver for a few moments, as he thought of the broken window of his carriage, and knew not who would settle the bill.

"Never mind the glass! I'll pay for that! Drive on for your life!" said Mr. S. excitedly.

Thus assured that he should be no loser, the driver put the lash to his horses, and in a short time drew up at the entrance of the hotel. But so weak was Mr. S. from the excitement of the occasion, that he could scarcely move from his seat, though his hotel had been reached, and his pursuers had been baffled in their evil designs. He soon recovered himself, however; settled generously with the driver, registered at the hotel, and was shown to his room. But even there he did not feel safe. He remembered that these men heard him give the driver of the carriage orders to drive him to the "Metropolitan;" and what would prevent their coming to the hotel, finding his name upon the register, and the number of his room, and even then making one more desperate effort to obtain that old satchel? These and similar thoughts, passing quickly through his mind, led him to decide that he could not in safety pass the night there. He at once called at the office, paid for the room he had

ordered, and left the hotel to seek the private house of a friend residing in the city. The wisdom of this course was seen in the fact that only a short time after he left the men did actually call, as Mr. S. learned the next day, and inquire for him; and were told that he had left the hotel, and the night-clerk could not inform them where he could be found. Ringing the door-bell of his friend's house, his summons was soon answered. To his friend he made known at once his situation, and was of course cordially welcomed; and under the shelter of that friendly mansion, he and the old satchel passed safely the balance of the night.

By ten o'clock on the appointed day, he stood within the walls of the Sub-Treasury Building, and delivered up the charge which had caused him so much solicitude and trouble during the last few hours.

When all was over, and his mission ended, he declared to a friend to whom he was relating the experiences of that midnight journey, that he felt *ten years older* than he did the day before; and said he had no desire to be again a special messenger, and intrusted with such responsibilities as were associated, on that journey, with that old satchel.

J. E. W.

A Woman's Motive.

WITH ruddy cheer my hearth is bright;
 Within its gracious glow
 The kitten sleeps; slow fades the light;
 The drowsy clock ticks slow;
 Departing Day looks smiling in
 To see her tasks well done,
 While I, the time beguiling, still
 The needle ply—for one.

I prune my garden roses—
 The wine dark Jacqueminot,
 The fair La France, that closes
 To shut my heart in—so!
 A scanty handful
 (Their bloom is done),
 With care I gather
 For one.

My friends I bring about my board;
 Dear are the faces there,
 The voices dear; the cup is poured
 And music fills the air;
 Too brief the hour so lightly sped,
 Yet when its course is run
 I own that all the feast was spread,
 The songs were sung—for one.

No idler I, unwilling
 The price of life to pay,
 Its golden moments spilling
 And snatching at its day;
 I round the measure,
 Love's labor done,
 All duty pleasure,
 For one!

D. H. R. GOODALE.



PEDESTRIAN CURRICLE.

French Academy, in 1693, had four wheels, and was put in motion by pedals. During the last century the protest against the allegiance to the horse as a motive power became more decided, and further efforts were made toward effecting an escape from its bondage. In 1779 another cumbersome contrivance was exhibited in Paris, made by Blanchard before he devoted his energies to the construction of his aeronautic machines; and since then in various forms, with five, four, three, and two wheels, and propelled by equally varied devices, the velocipede, "the elder and less comely sister of the bicycle," has commanded more or less attention, though "the true type of the velocipede," according to the best authorities, "is, and always has been, a three-wheeled vehicle propelled and directed by both hands and feet."

The rudimentary bicycle, with two wheels placed one before the other, is said to have been discovered by Baron von Drais, of Manheim on the Rhine, who was a landscape gardener of some celebrity,

Some Forerunners of the Bicycle.

THE present and steadily increasing popularity of the "bipedaliferous wheel" renders the accompanying illustrations of special interest, as showing some of the ancestors of the bicycle, that is to its enthusiastic advocates "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and, according to their predictions, promises to be the universally accepted steed of the future.

The idea of propelling a small carriage on wheels by the action of the arms or legs is very old. A machine of this kind, said to have been the invention of one Richard, a physician of Rochelle, and described by a member of the



LADIES' HOBBY.



EVERY MAN ON HIS PERCH, OR GOING TO THE HOBBY FAIR.
 Cruikshank's Caricature on the Velocipede Mania in 1819.



LADY VELOCIPEDISTS IN 1819.

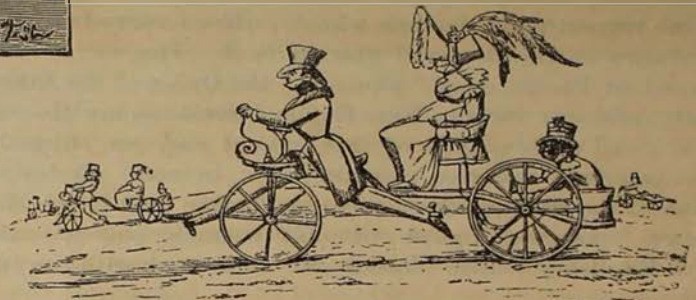
master of the forests of the Grand Duke of Baden, and is reported to have been a man of considerable scientific attainments. He used his device as an aid to walking while about his official duties, propelling the contrivance on level or up grade by thrusting his feet on the ground, while on the down grade he lifted his feet and let it run. This "make-speed" was exhibited in Paris in 1816, became quite popular in France and Germany, and, in 1818, with various improvements, was introduced into England, and patented under the name of the "pedestrian curriole."

The enthusiasm with which it was received rose to a high pitch, and it was known under the names of "dandy-horse" and "hobby-horse." A riding-school was established for practice, and it was probably there that Cruikshank conceived the idea for his amusing caricature, entitled "Every man on his perch, or going to the hobby fair," a reduced copy of which we give herewith. The mania extended even to ladies, who were content to use a modification of the hobby-horse, with the axle bent in the shape of the letter U, and the seat placed on the upper end of one branch, until the introduction of a tricycle for their especial use, called the "Ladies' Hobby," which had pedals connected with the front wheels by levers. The tricycling costume of the fair enthusiasts

of seventy years ago certainly possessed the merit of picturesqueness, but it would hardly meet the ideas or requirements of the modern fair ones who enjoy their constitutional on a latter-day tricycle.

While in the height of its popularity in England, the English bicycle, or improved Draisine, was introduced into New York, where it was received with equal enthusiasm, which quickly spread elsewhere—to Boston, Philadelphia, Troy, and other cities. A riding exhibition was opened in New York near Bowling Green; "hobbies" were ridden in the parks and up and down the Bowery, and a favorite place for speed was the down grade from Chatham Street to the City Hall Park.

The "Caricature of a Sociable," drawn by a contemporary of Cruikshank, ridiculing the craze in England, is quite apropos now when the tandem bicycle is so popular. The gallant in the caricature



CARICATURE OF A SOCIABLE.

naturally expected to do all the work; while at the present day a division of labor is expected, although, according to a recent observant writer, the implied contract

is not always carried out. He says: "The man and woman who go out together on a 'tandem' prate of delightful companionship, but even that has its drawbacks. If the couple are a young man and a younger woman, and if they are in love, he, poor fellow, is bound to do all the pedaling, which means an attack of cramps. If the couple are married, and beyond the honeymoon, the husband is likely to play 'possum,' and make the wife do more than her share of work."



TRICYCLING COSTUME, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

MEN, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay.—O. W. HOLMES.

SUCCESSFUL men live in the age in which they were born; great men in advance of it.—JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Lineage of a Royal Lady.



WHILE it is doubtless true, as the Laureate sings, that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,"

yet honest and praiseworthy pride of birth is too deeply rooted in the human heart to be dislodged by a quip or a couplet. To be proud of one's ancestry, or of a long line of illustrious descent, is sometimes as much the right of the commoner as of him who wears a coronet; for many of England's churls are lineal descendants of serfs who sought shelter under the castle walls of some feudal baron whose heirs still lord it over the ancestral acres. Even in our "new land which is the old," especially in the East, some attention has been paid to the subject of genealogy in recent years; and while we are justly slow to accord homage to an aristocracy based simply on birth, we are prone to look with some respect upon the man whose forbears carved out their fortunes in the new and untried land. The society composed of Pacific coast "pioneers," the Order of the Cincinnati, and our various New England societies are the outward and visible signs of this inward and not altogether un-American pedigree worship; and in some circles the man or the woman whose ancestors "came over in the Mayflower" possesses a patent of nobility second only to that of the Englishry whose forefathers "came over with the Conqueror."

Thus far, by way of introduction to a theme of some interest in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, because of the occurrence of an event unique in history. This is the Jubilee year of "Victoria Alexandrina, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Colonies, and Empress of India," she having reigned fifty years from the date of her accession, June 20th, 1837, though she was not crowned until June 28th, 1838.

We are not concerned with the Queen's Jubilee ceremonies and festivities, but with a matter of popular interest at any time, and possessing especial attractiveness just now—the extremely ancient pedigree of this royal lady. "It is one of the privileges of royalty to be able to trace back its ancestry to a period far more remote than any commoner or peer. No English peer of the realm can go farther back than William the Conqueror, and few even so far, for the sufficient reason that surnames were not introduced into England until about the year 1100, and then only among some few families of exalted rank. But Queen Victoria is able to go back three hundred years beyond that, and trace her descent from Egberht, the first king of England who assumed that title. Furthermore, the queen has in her veins the blood of every dynasty that has ever ruled over England, excepting only the Danish."

In this respect, Victoria is unique among the crowned heads of Europe. Only one of the reigning European monarchies can show so ancient an origin. The "changeless czars" date the founding of their family from the half-mythical Rurik, the leader of a band of Northmen who in 862 A.D. crossed the sea from Sweden and penetrated the country of the Slavs as far as Novgorod, where they established themselves under Rurik's rule.

The house of Hapsburg, to which the present royal family of Austria belongs, first received "a habitation and a name" in 1020, when Bishop Werner of Strasburg founded the Castle of Hapsburg, or Habichtsburg ("Hawk Castle"), in Aargau, Switzerland. Rodolph, Count of Hapsburg, became Archduke of Austria and Emperor of Germany in 1273.

Prussia's ruling race, the Hohenzollern, refers its origin to Thassilo, about 800, who built the castle of Hohenzollern;

but not until 1417 was his descendant, Frederick of Nuremberg, made Elector of Brandenburg.

The Spanish monarchy can trace its lineage back to Pe-layo, Prince of Asturias, who was elected king of that province in 782 A.D. His successors, in the tenth century, became kings of Leon, and since 1388 the eldest son of the King of Spain has borne the title Prince of Asturias—much as the heir-apparent to the throne of England has, for the last five centuries, been named the Prince of Wales. Spain alone, of the reigning royal families of Europe, has an origin antedating that of England's queen.

The dethroned legitimist kings of France trace their lineage back to the Merovingian Pharamond, whose existence is somewhat doubtful. Clodion the Hairy, his supposed son, became king of the Salic Franks in 428, and from this root sprang all the succeeding ruling houses—Carlovingians, Capets, the house of Valois, the house of Bourbon, and the house of Orleans.

But the regal rulers of France and Spain, though glorying in a higher pedigree than the English queen, are inferior to her in this respect—neither in France nor in Spain were the boundaries of the realm constant; the beginnings of both were comparatively limited areas of territory, and the boundaries of both underwent great changes through conquest, revolt, or intermarriage. With England, however, the case has been entirely different. King Egberht, who founded the house of Cerdic, and who reigned 802-837, brought all Britain under his sway. From him Victoria traces an unbroken line of descent; and though civil war and foreign invasion frequently harried the land, the "tight little island" has come down through more than a thousand years intact to its present ruler.

It is a fact not generally known that Victoria is descended from Mary Queen of Scots, from William the Conqueror, from Alfred the Great, and also from the ancient Keltic kings of Scotland. Let us trace the backward steps in this lineage; for in this sort of inquiry we can progress more quickly by turning our faces toward the past.

The Queen is a niece of George IV. and William IV., her father being the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III., who was the son of the Prince of Wales, and through him we get back to George II., George I., and the Electress Sophia. This lady was the daughter of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of James I. of England, and he was the son of Mary Queen of Scots. Mary was the daughter of James V. of Scotland, and his mother was Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England. Both Henry VII. and his wife Elizabeth could trace their descent from Edward III., she being the daughter of Edward IV., whose descent was through Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and Edward, Duke of York, to Edward III. This latter monarch's father was Edward II., whose ancestry goes right up to William the Conqueror, through Edward I., Henry III., John, Henry II., Matilda, and Henry I., the last-named being the son of the Conqueror. In this line we strike the Queen's descent from the Keltic kings of Scotland, for Henry I. married Matilda of Scotland, the daughter of King Malcolm Canmore, the son of the murdered Duncan. These Keltic kings of Scotland boast an almost fabulous lineage, the series of monarchs being carried back as far as the time of Alexander the Great. Fergus I., the first who possesses any claim to verity, flourished 330 B.C., and ruled for twenty-five years. As a matter of fact, however, historians usually begin with Fergus II., who reigned 404 A.D., and who claimed to be the fortieth in descent from Fergus I. Malcolm Canmore was content to trace his descent from Achais, who flourished 787.

Henry II.'s Scottish union is also important, because by it we are able to trace Victoria's ancestry among the Saxon

kings. Matilda's mother was Margaret, daughter of Eadward, son of Eadmund Ironside, who was the son of Aethelred II. The last-named was the son of Eadgar, who was the son of Eadward the Elder, who was the son of Aelfred the Great. Aelfred's father was Arthelwulf, and his grandfather was Egberht, the first English king. Victoria is thus, as outlined above, a scion of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and a lineal descendant of the Tudor kings and of the house of Hanover.


Some of the Queen's ancestors met with violent ends. Eadmund Ironside was murdered, and Eadmund I. was killed in a *mêlée*. Charles I. was beheaded; so was Mary Queen of Scots; James IV. of Scotland was killed in battle; James III. was murdered during a revolt of his subjects; James II. also fell in battle; and James I. was assassinated—all of these belonging to the unlucky house of Stuart. Going back to the Scottish Keltic kings, we find that Malcolm Canmore was killed in battle; Duncan, Kenneth III., and Malcolm I. were murdered; Constantine II. was taken by the Danes and beheaded; and MacAlpine was beheaded by the Picts. Singularly enough, none of Victoria's ancestors among the English line of monarchs, save Edward II., died by violence, and none of her forefathers among the house of Brunswick have been murdered or killed in battle.

Queen Victoria's family name is Guelph. The house of Guelph is an offshoot of the house of Este, whose founder, Count Boniface of Lucca, claimed to have descended from Odoacer, King of Italy. From Boniface sprang Albert Azzo II., Marquess of Italy, and Lord of Este, born about 996, who married Cunegonda, of the House of Guelf, by whom he had Guelf, Duke of Bavaria, the ancestor of the house of Brunswick.

Her relationship, by ties of blood or marriage, to the princes and potentates of the continent is too well known to need extended reference here. By the marriage of Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh she stands very near to the ruling houses of Prussia, Denmark, and Russia; the late Princess Alice married the Duke of Hesse; Princess Helena was espoused by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Prince Arthur is united to Princess Louise of Prussia; the late Prince Leopold took to wife the Princess Helena of Waldeck; and Beatrice, the youngest of her children, is the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

HENRY F. REDDALL.

The New Rector.

T was a pretty parsonage, old, to be sure, but bright and roomy, and such a wealth of greenery on all sides—rose-bushes, lilacs, wisteria-vines, some in bloom—that to unaccustomed eyes it looked a paradise.

Mrs. Arabin was a happy woman as she walked back and forth on the wide, well-shaded veranda. She passed the study window, which was open, and gave one a glimpse of shelves full of party-colored volumes, a crimson portière, and the curly head of Austin, her only son, who was busily writing at a baize-covered desk. Her ambition was satisfied. Her boy had obtained the rectorship of St. Paul, in the thriving town of Rookville. It was his first charge, and he had earned it by self-denial, application to his studies, and hard work. His ability was unquestioned. The Rookville people were charmed with his eloquence, and his pleasant, social ways. The beautiful stone church was crowded Sunday after Sunday.

Some said the new rector was a handsome man; almost everybody admitted that he had a striking-looking face.

"His chin is altogether too square," said Miss Sue Uhland, the alto leader of the double quartet choir, as the family were discussing the new rector at the dinner table. "It's absolutely a defect when he turns his face in profile. If he only wore whiskers, now, just English siders, like papa's, it would change the whole character of his face. He certainly has got the chin of a prize-fighter."

"What do you know about prize-fighters?" asked twelve-year old Fred, laboriously peeling an orange.

"That chin gives force to his sermons," said Mr. Uhland, "and I don't remember ever listening to a better reader. None of your pretty preachers for me."

"I thought his mother perfectly lovely," Mrs. Uhland said. "That suit of iron-gray was so becoming! She is stylish, too, and has a very sweet face. We must call, Sue, this week."

"The girls will all be fighting over him," said Fred, when the rest were silent.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," was Sue's comment, though her cheeks flushed. "Any girl who wants a clergyman is welcome to him. I'd as soon marry a doctor."

Sue Uhland was the only daughter of rich parents, petted and a little spoiled, but, except for an undue estimate of herself as the beauty of Rookville, a pleasant, well-meaning girl. She had been flattered to the top of her bent by friends and dependents, and had no doubt at all as to her power of conquest over this fastidious-looking rector with the musical name. If he did not fall into her net, it would be no fault of hers. She had laid out the whole programme; he was to be a hopeless worshiper at her shrine—as to marrying him! no, never.

In a poor little cottage, on the outskirts of the town, Effie Olds and her grandmother sat at their humble dinner table.

"How did you like the new rector to-day, dear?" asked the elder lady.

"I like his mother so much," said Effie, with enthusiasm, her piquant face sparkling, quite ignoring the subject of her grandmother's query. "She came into the vestibule as we were coming downstairs, and she held out her hand to me. 'I think it was you who sang that sweet solo,' she said; 'thank you, so much!' and there were tears in her eyes. 'I have heard it before from one I loved dearly, who is in heaven, now.' Then she went on to say she knew I was the daughter of Rector Olds, 'and what a shame, my dear, you had to leave that pretty old rectory, where you were born!' It was my turn then, grandy, to grow a little misty about the eyes, for you know I can never hear dear papa spoken of, or the old rectory, but it makes me cry. And it is hard to live anywhere else, after being all one's life in a lovely home like that. But we must not complain; the people have been very kind to us, and this little cottage is really not so bad. It's a great thing not to have any rent to pay. If you were only well, grandy, or if you had what your delicate health needs!"

"Don't worry about that, darling. I am bountifully provided for. Didn't the new rector speak to you, too?"

"Dear me, no; the people kept him at the chancel, just as they used to keep papa, and I wondered if his dinner wasn't getting cold. I think him very good-looking, and his sermons are beautiful."

"Is he as tall as Arthur?" asked the sweet-faced old lady, as she poured the tea from a tiny silver tea-pot.

"Yes, but he's not as handsome as papa; everybody says so. Miss Sue Uhland doesn't seem to like him at all. She is all the time taking his face to pieces, saying his nose is too thin, and his chin too large. Well to be sure, very few of us can bear to be dissected, feature by feature.

But, oh, that dear, lovely mother of his! It seems to me that she looked as mamma did."

"Your mother was a remarkably beautiful woman," said Grandma Olds.

"Well, Mrs. Arabin looks like her. What do you think Sue Uhland asked me to-day?" and Effie leisurely buttered the delicate slice of bread she had cut from a loaf, the product of her own housewifely skill, as she put the question.

She had pretty, shy, brown eyes, this little girl of seventeen, and a bird-like quickness of gesture. Her hair, auburn, with a suggestion of gold, rippled back from a low white brow, and her lips were as red as ripe pomegranates. Nothing could be more bewitching than her smile, setting hidden dimples to dancing and showing a lovely row of milk-white teeth. She was not striking or showy, like Sue Uhland, but her face was sweet and changeful, and she was good to look at.

"What was it?" her grandmother asked, as she rose slowly—for she was lame—and set her chair away.

"They have a great deal of sewing on hand at Mrs. Uhland's spring work, and nearly all plain—a good month's work, Sue says. Miss Singleton, the seamstress, is sick, and Sue's mother thought perhaps I would go and, in a way, take her place. She will give me a dollar and twenty-five cents a day for a month, only think! And, you know, I dearly love to sew; it will put us ahead nicely, and enable me to finish my quarter in music. Once I am competent to teach the piano we shall get along famously."

Effie's grandmother had seated herself in an arm-chair by the window. She looked pained as the girl unfolded this matter.

"I don't like you going like an ordinary seamstress—going out to work—the grandchild and the daughter of such men as your grandfather and your dear father," and she shook her gray head.

"Did ever anybody work harder than they did? particularly grandfather, as a bishop. We can't live on past glory, and bread and butter are very important factors in life. I think you must let me go, grandy. I want to get a little money of my own to put into some fair-work. You know the church will give an entertainment in a few weeks, and I suppose I shall have a table."

"For men to go out in the world and work for their living is all very well; but for a young girl! I don't mind the being alone—but I suppose I must not stand in your way," added the grandmother with a sigh.

So it was settled. Effie was to begin work on the following day, and after putting the house in order, and looking out for her grandmother's comfort, she went over to the Uhlands', who, being the wealthiest people in town, lived in great style.

It was very pleasant there. A large room in which the sun lay all day, shining in a great bay-window, was appropriated to the sewing-machine, Effie, and various members of the family who could spend the time to work. Sometimes Mrs. Uhland made one of the party, and Sue, as long as the novelty pleased her, busied herself in basting or running the machine. One day they were talking of the entertainment to come off in a fortnight.

"I told Mr. Arabin that I knew you would sing for us, that night," said Sue, "and so you can, you must! Do you know you will perhaps have the honor of singing a duet with Mr. Arabin himself? He has a lovely voice and it is well trained. I never saw such an enthusiast in music. I caught him yesterday at the organ. He didn't know I was there, for, bless you, I thought it was Mr. Jacoby, our old organist. I went in to get those Gregorian chants, and there he sat, perfectly absorbed, playing such lovely chords! I never heard such a wonderful performance. He goes far ahead

of the professor. I stole out without getting the book. Of course you'll sing with him!"

"I don't know," said Effie, a little frightened.

"O, yes, you will, and the girls will all be so jealous! Can't you see how some of them are making a dead set at him? He can, I warrant you; the man has eyes in his head, pretty bright ones, too. There's Nelly Moran, gracious! she can't talk of anything else now, perfectly infatuated; and Lily Brown, with her silly little doll face; and Frank Bowen—she's downright wild. By the way, Mr. Arabin never knew you were the daughter of the last rector, till I told him. 'What?' he said, 'that sweet-faced girl who sings soprano?' and directly told his mother.

"How beautifully you blush!" Sue added. "If I only had your fair skin! But one can't have everything."

The rector had called on the Uhlands twice in one week, one call being on church business, and Sue fancied he had paid her particular attention.

"And he said more: that he must know you better—that your voice was pure, and singing in quality—and, oh dear, lots of nice things; so if we arrange for the duet, you must be ready. We're to have a meeting here to-night; how I wish you could stay and help us! We must have cream and cakes, and a few fancy tables, or it wouldn't be a fair, you know. Papa has engaged the best hall in town, opposite the church. It's so kind of Mr. Arabin to help us, don't you think so?"

"Very," said Effie, absently.

"Where is my basket?" Sue asked, a moment after. "Why, there's my ring! how careless of me! Do you know I have lost flesh this summer, and this ring is too large? It was always a little loose: now I shall have to get it altered."

"O how lovely!" said Effie in an ecstasy of admiration. She had always particularly liked diamonds, and this was a very fine one. "I never saw such a beauty."

"Yes, it is one of the prettiest stones I know of," said Miss Uhland; "papa bought it in Paris, last year. It would have cost a hundred dollars and more here, but I think he only paid fifty. I certainly must have it attended to; and shaking the precious gem in the sun till it blazed again, she put it on her finger, turning it round and round. Presently she left the room, and Effie did not see her again till early the next day.

The trifling things told her by Sue had sunk deeply into Effie's heart. It was very kind of the new rector to notice her, she who was as timid as a little hare, and never would have thought of asserting herself. While she was thinking it over and putting it with the sweet words his mother had spoken only the last Sunday, Sue came in.

"Papa is going to New York," she said, "and he can take my ring; hand me my basket, please."

"I think you put it on your finger," said Effie.

"Yes, I know; but didn't I throw it back in the basket again? Here it is; no, that's a button; why, where can it be? Didn't you see me put it back? Of course I did, for it's nowhere to be found."

"I saw you put it on, I am positive," said Effie again. "I don't think—I am quite sure you went out with it."

"Gracious! where is that diamond?" cried Sue, her face flushed. "Papa is in such a hurry; he will laugh at me, and mamma will say it serves me right for being so careless. O, dear, dear, it isn't here at all."

"It was loose, you know; might it not have dropped off somewhere?"

"I did not keep it on, I tell you, I flung it back," said Sue, fretfully, "because something occurred to me; I distinctly remember."

"No, no; you went out with it," Effie persisted.

"Don't tell me that again, Effie Olds," said Sue, angry with herself, and at what she considered Effie's obstinacy. "All is, the ring is gone! Nobody comes in this room besides the family, and—well, I must go and tell papa the ring is lost. I shan't get another in a hurry, like that."

Effie condoled with her, and innocently searched all the work and the baskets through. For days it never occurred to her mind that she might be suspected of taking it; not until she thought she noticed a change in Sue, and, so it seemed to her, other members of the family. Even then she could not admit the terrible suspicion, but it troubled her. Could they think she had taken the ring? The matter preyed upon her spirits. She grew pale and haggard. What if Sue had spoken of it? Her grandmother, noticing her colorless cheeks and preoccupied manner, begged her to come home; and, indeed, so wrought upon by her imagination was she that she fell ill, and did not leave her house for several days.

Meantime preparations went on for the fair. Sue had not been near her, and Effie did not know she had gone to New York for a short visit. When Mrs. Umland heard that Effie was ill she sent word, with the money she owed her, that Miss Singleton was quite recovered, and she should not need her any more; but she must make haste and get well in time for the entertainment—altogether a very cold note, Effie thought.

"Had they found the ring?" she wondered. She would certainly ask Sue on Sunday. But when Sunday came and she tried to speak about it, her tongue seemed glued to the roof of her mouth, and she could say nothing. After service, however, she managed to gather the courage requisite to put the question.

"Did you find your ring?"

"No, indeed; never expect to," was the curt reply. "By the way, Mr. Arabin isn't going to sing—excuse me, I must speak to Mrs. Arabin," and Sue hurried away, leaving Effie shrinking and troubled, quite sure now, in her own mind, that she was suspected.

Sue certainly was changed; she thought everybody was. Glances were cast askance at her, people hurried by her without speaking; at least one of the congregation who had always stopped, seemed to avoid her. What should she do? Nobody spoke to her about taking part in the festival, and the rector's sermons were unusually pointed. Yes, it was plainly to be seen that the news had gone all over the parish, that Sue Umland had lost her diamond ring, and she was charged with taking it.

In the midst of all her distress, the new rector called with his mother. Had they come to watch, to convict her? The pall of her own dark thoughts hung over all this visit. Her constrained demeanor forbade ease either of manner or conversation. She had worked herself almost to a frenzy, not daring to speak to her grandmother about it, when it seemed as if the sweet voice of an angel fell upon her ear in the silence of her own room.

"Did you take the ring?"

"No."

"Then why this cowardly dread? Why this horror of darkness, when no one has ever accused you?"

"I won't torment myself any longer," she said, with a new determination, on the night of the entertainment. "How do I know but the ring has been found?"

There was not a sweeter face than Effie's as she went half reluctantly into the hall, which had been handsomely arrayed for the festival. Flags and flowers decorated the walls, birds sang overhead in beautiful cages, the tables were bright with the gifts of the town's-people.

"Why, Effie Olds, what have you been doing with yourself?" asked one of the young ladies, as she met her at the

door. "Somebody said you were off with it all; and you haven't been near us to help one bit, so we concluded you didn't care about it, and gave your table to Anne Metcalf. To tell you the truth, I don't believe you would have made as good a saleswoman as she, you are so very quiet."

Effie was glad, but hurt; glad that she had no table to tend in her present state of mind, and hurt that they should so easily have taken it for granted that she did not care to help them. In spite of her brave resolution, she was tempted to fly the place a dozen times within the hour.

Suddenly her name was spoken; one and another turned to look at her, just the most natural thing to do.

"Miss Effie, indeed you must sing for us," said the rector's mother. "I am told you don't need the notes; come, everybody is expectant; somebody must do something. It is getting a little dull; won't you try?"

How could she refuse? Effie went toward the platform. The lights, as she looked up, all seemed to resolve themselves into huge diamond rings. The old dread, the old horror came back, and while rendering the second stanza of a charming little ballad everything grew dark before her. She fainted; and life was a blank to her for many days.

At last the fever left her, and reason was restored.

How strange to find herself in the old, familiar rectory, once more in her own cheerful room. She looked at her hands, they were thin and bloodless; her head felt heavy, she could scarcely move. What did it all mean? The memory of the past came back to her, but only of her childhood. This was home, but where were the rest?

"O mother! mother!" she moaned.

"My darling!" said a soft, low voice that thrilled her to the heart, and bending over her—was it that dear mother who went to heaven long years ago come back to her?

"Is it you, mother?" she whispered.

"No, my poor little girl, I am not your mother, but I wish I were. You are very weak; you have been sick ever since the night of the fair. Now you are to be quiet. Your grandmother is here in her own old room, and we have done our very best by you."

"But—I—I want to know—I want to ask——"

"Not a word, now. As if I were really your mother, I command you. Everything depends now upon quiet and perfect rest."

Effie smiled and was silent. It was easy to obey that sweet-voiced woman. She lay quite still, watching the shadows of the swaying vines outside her window play upon the white counterpane. Well she remembered the sparrows that had so often built their nests in the great chestnut-tree, and there the birds were singing their little hearts out, as if to welcome her back again, and swinging in their leafy hammocks as the cool wind swept the smaller branches back and forth. It was so sweet to be in the dear old room again!

A day or two after that she ventured to ask Mrs. Arabin if the ring had been found.

"I am happy to say, yes," was the answer. "We knew all about it," she added. "You revealed your trouble that first week, when you were delirious, and gave us the heart-ache, I can tell you. It was altogether a fancy of your own. Nobody thought that dreadful thing of you. Miss Umland says it never entered her mind that you had taken the ring. She simply gave it up as lost through her own carelessness, and thought no more about it."

"I am so glad she found it," said Effie, drawing a long breath. "Where was it?"

"She did not find it; Mr. Arabin found the ring."

"Where?" Effie asked.

"I am going to tell you. After you were brought into the rectory, there was an auction sale of cake and flowers.

One of the cakes was reserved for the rector, and put in the closet. It had Miss Uhland's name on the tag.

"A few days afterward, while you were still very ill, we had some company. I left you in care of your grandmother, and went downstairs to oversee the table. That cake was put on, carefully cut, but still retaining its shape. When it was distributed, my son, breaking his share, felt something hard, and, looking closer, there was the ring."

"How in the world did it come there?" asked Effie.

"The solution is easy," said Mrs. Arabin. "Miss Uhland says she went into the kitchen to give directions about the cake, and found the cook already mixing it. In her headlong fashion she declared that, as that cake was for the rector, she must have a hand in making it. 'I never thought of the ring,' she said. 'I never think of anything but just the impulse that seizes me; and how the ring got into the dough without my missing it, or the cook finding it, I shall never know. I was positive after that, that I had put the ring in my basket, as I did before.'"

"I can assure you, however," continued Mrs. Arabin, "that Miss Sue did not once suspect you of taking the ring. She was very much grieved over the revelation you unconsciously made; and here she is herself!"

Sue came in radiant, kissed, and almost took Effie in her arms.

"You precious silly little goose," she cried, but her dark eyes were full of tears, "to doubt me for one moment. As if I could have charged the granddaughter of our dear old bishop 'in thought, word, or deed,' with stealing my diamond ring? Why, how could you?"

Effie shook her head; she could not speak, the memory of it all came over her so vividly.

"I wondered what altered you so, why you were so cool and distant, and there you were writing such terrible things against yourself, and no one even dreamed of it. I certainly thought you changed, and tried to remember what I had done to displease you. As for the ring, it didn't once enter my giddy head in connection with the case. Then when the fever came it was all explained; and haven't I suffered since I found out what caused it all? Papa has bought me a special jewel box—I lost the first one—and if ever I am tempted to forget to put that ring in it, I'm going to wear beans in my shoes for penance. I've a great mind to give it to you."

Effie shook her head.

"Well, then, seeing that my miserable thoughtlessness has caused all the wretched trouble, I am going to take you home to stay a long, long time."

"Not yet," said Mrs. Arabin. "Austin declares that she shall not leave the rectory, her old home; that it was cruel to turn her out of it, and if he had known the facts of the case before he came, she and her grandmother should never have left it. The rectory is a large house, quite too spacious for us, and he has arranged for her grandmother's comfort. It would, indeed, be barbarous to send the widow of a bishop and the mother of a clergyman back to that dreary little house on the outskirts of the town. It is requital enough to see that dear old lady enjoy her room, which is almost precisely as she left it. So you see, my dear Miss Uhland, she may come and visit you by and by, but this is her home."

On Effie's return to her old place in the choir, she met with an ovation. There were choice flowers from the organist, the members of the choir, and one even from the sexton. Everybody smiled and congratulated her on her returning health, and she never had sung as she did that day, she was so happy.

"I say, Effie," said Miss Sue Uhland, as they were about to leave the choir seats, "don't forget me and the good old times we have had, when you mount the throne."

"What do you mean?" asked Effie, her soft eyes opening to their widest extent.

"Why, don't you remember that dream you told me the day after the first sermon of our new rector? that you came to the church and it was so crowded that there was no standing-room, but that you seemed to float over the heads of the congregation to the chancel, where Mr. Arabin sat on a throne, and you quietly took your place beside him. Oh, yes, every girl in the parish has given it up," she added, laughing. "I myself yield gracefully."

Effie turned away with a bright blush; she had always wondered over that dream.


At all events, it was very sweet to feel at home once more. The very walls, with their flowering vines, were dear to her. The little porches, the wide veranda, the familiar rooms, all spoke of the dear dead father and mother sleeping in the quaint little graveyard not far away. How much she had missed them all she never dared to say even to herself.

And the blessed old grandmother, with her happy face, declaring that the change had added years to her life, what of her?

"I never spoke of it, deary," she said, one day, "I wouldn't, for your sake; but I felt so cramped in that little place, as if it were a tomb instead of a home. I dreamed of your grandfather last night, that he sat over there in his arm-chair, and a more contented smile I never saw on a human face. I am sure he sees it all, and is satisfied."

So the rectory was to be their home always; for the rector as well as his mother had fallen in love with sweet Effie at first sight, and before another spring came round there was a wedding in the pretty stone church, the strains of the wedding march rang blithely out, and Effie found her rightful place by the side of the new rector.

Miss Comfort's Reparation.

OW Ben Paddock, a handsome, bronze-faced young fellow, "A sailor by calling," as he said, ever found his way to the little inland town where he met Hetty Witherill, is a mystery. He did meet her, however, and fell in love with her, much to the discomfiture of Aunt Comfort Pike, the maternal relative who had "rized Hetty up," so she averred, "to hev nothin' to say to men-critturs," and to live a respectable single life, like herself.

Miss Comfort's name was something of amisonomer, as she had never been much of a comfort to herself or anybody else. She might, indeed, have been more appropriately christened "wet blanket," from the generally dismal and depressing effect she exerted upon every one with whom she came in contact. Nevertheless, Miss Comfort had her good qualities, only they were so securely hidden away under her uncompromising manners and exterior that few had the penetration to discover them.

Her niece, Hetty, was a pretty buxom girl, with plenty of light brown, wavy hair, eyes as blue as flax-flowers, and cheeks as red as the clover-bobs blushing in the long meadow under the bright June sunshine.

Not a few of the young farmers in and around Edgemoad township had succumbed to Hetty's many attractions, but Miss Comfort had invariably frowned on their attentions, and ruthlessly nipped their young affections in the bud. Hetty only laughed at her aunt's frequent declarations that she, Hetty, was destined to remain a spinster, like herself.

"I never saw a man yet I cared two straws for," she would answer, lightly. "When I do—" but she would never finish the sentence.

But at last, when Hetty was twenty-three years of age, and

prettier than she had ever been before, along came Sailor Ben, and fell over head and ears in love with her. Whether Aunt Comfort had grown over-confident from long-continued success, or whether she knowingly risked all danger for the sake of the profit, not being averse to "turn an honest penny" when she could, is a doubtful question. At all events, when Ben Paddock came boldly to the little, unpainted cottage, with its background of straggling orchard-trees, and its little door-yard overgrown with cinnamon roses, Dutch pinks, and tufts of "sparrow-grass," and offered himself as a boarder for the summer months, Aunt Comfort unhesitatingly accepted the offer.

"Three dollars a week was," as she said to Neighbor Cheeseboro, "not to be sneezed at."

And so the handsome, curly-haired young sailor was installed in the "spare room," a bare little chamber under the sloping eaves, furnished simply enough, with a square high-posted bedstead, and an old-fashioned "wash-hand stand" and chest of drawers, which, if they had not "come over in the *Mayflower*," might have done so at least, judging from their ancient and venerable appearance. A stiff-backed wooden chair, a pair of tall brass candlesticks, and a green plaster parrot, by way of ornament, completed the appointments of the room.

Ben seemed very well pleased, however; paid his three dollars a week cheerfully and promptly, and really seemed to gain a sort of foothold in the outskirts of Miss Comfort's stony heart. The chronic frown over her formidable nose had once or twice relaxed quite perceptibly at some of the rollicking stories of adventure related by the young sailor, and there is no telling to what length she might have thawed, in time, had she not, in an unlucky moment, detected the insidious Ben in the very act of making love to pretty Hetty.

To a disinterested observer the picture would have been a charming one: Hetty, seated on the vine-hung porch, her fair head drooping and her face dyed with blushes, while the young man leaned over her, his frank, manly countenance lighted with love and hope. The sun, from the far horizon, sent slanting shafts of crimson through the diamond-shaped lattice-work of the porch, as if in benediction on the happy lovers, while the tall forest-trees by the roadside cast long, level shadows over the door-yard, their interlaced branches forming a checker-work of lights and shadows on the grassy sward.

Were they typical of the lights and shadows to come in the future lives of those two? Perhaps so; but a more direful shadow, for the present, fell over the happy lovers, as Miss Comfort's tall form loomed threateningly over them.

Hetty was banished ignominiously to the unromantic precincts of the summer kitchen, where she giggled and cried alternately as visions of her lover and her aunt chased themselves before her bewildered fancy.

Sailor Ben, looking like a convicted criminal, after a short but incisive lecture from the injured Miss Comfort meekly sought his forfeited chamber, where he packed his few belongings into the shining new valise purchased a month or two before, and, obedient to his landlady's mandates, "took himself off," without even a farewell word to his betrothed; for such Hetty was. In the brief, bright moments preceding the avenger's sudden appearance on the scene, Ben had asked, and Hetty had answered, the one question on which their future lives were to hinge.

Notwithstanding Miss Comfort's momentary triumph, fortune, or fate, or whatever it was, proved too much for her; for, one bright, golden summer morning, when the sun had just peeped smilingly over the adjacent hill-tops, and the Dutch pinks in the little door-yard were looking fresh and bright after their bath of morning dew, Miss Comfort sud-

denly awoke to the fact that her niece's bed had not been occupied during the night; also, that Hetty herself was missing, together with her "Sunday-frock" and "cart-wheel" hat: and the horrible suspicion which flashed over her was further confirmed by a scrawly little note, pinned to the scarlet, tomato-shaped pin-cushion on the wall, and informing Hetty's "deer ant" that her niece had gone away to be married to Ben Paddock, and "hopping her deer ant would forgive her affexionate niece, Hetty Witherell." The shock was a severe one, but Miss Comfort bore it as stoically as a sphinx.

"She'll live to rue this night's work, as shore as my name's Comfort Pike," she informed herself, solemnly.

Then tying a red cotton handkerchief over her head she set forth, pail in hand, to attend to Hetty's work of milking the cows, which were lowing distractedly at the pasture bars. Evidently they were not accustomed to be kept waiting to such an untimely hour, and were impatient to be trampling the long pasture-grass and nipping the crisp daisies and tender thistle-stalks ere the dew was dried.

Miss Comfort proceeded to her unwonted task with the air of a martyr going to the stake, and soon her six-quart milk pail was frothing with the snowy fluid, the bars were let down and put up again, and, after methodically straining away the milk in the cool spring-house, Miss Comfort condescended to prepare her own morning repast, with only a shade more of gloom than was usual in her manner.

Six days later Hetty came back. She was Mrs. Paddock now, she informed her aunt, radiantly. Her husband was at her side, looking more smiling and jolly than ever. But Miss Comfort refused to speak a word to the disobedient couple, and ruthlessly shut the door in their faces; and so Sailor Ben took his little wife to the village hotel for a few days, after which he installed her in a pretty, snug little cottage purchased with his own savings.

Quite a pretentious little cottage it was, too, with a Gothic roof, and cunning little porches jutting out here and there; with tiny bedrooms just where you would least think of looking for bedrooms; with a parlor, a sitting-room, and a library; and last, but far from least, with a comfortable dining-room, a big, roomy kitchen, and a wonderful pantry, almost large enough to cook and eat in.

The grounds, too, were ample, and tastefully laid out, with a pretty shrubberied lawn in front, a neat kitchen-garden at the back, with rows on rows of red Dutch currants, scarlet and black-cap raspberries, and a trellised arbor overrun with Catawba and Martha Washington grapes, besides a huge bed of Captain Jack strawberries.

Ben furnished the cottage comfortably and conveniently, and the young couple went to housekeeping as happy as two turtle-doves. Hetty shed a few tears, to be sure, over her aunt's implacable enmity, but nothing more serious occurred to mar the quiet happiness of the married lovers, until, when over a year had passed away, and when *little* Ben was nearly two months old, a sudden blow fell.

The *Saucy Polly*, of which Ben had been first mate, had been newly repaired and pronounced seaworthy, and was now about to sail on a long voyage to the coast of Spain, and Ben was ordered to report on board forthwith.

Hetty nearly cried her eyes out over the parting, and her sailor husband had hard work to keep his own eyes dry. When he was fairly off and away, however, Miss Comfort so far relented as to pay her niece a visit, ostensibly to condole with her, but really for the sake of getting a glimpse of the wonderful baby. He was a plump, rollicking boy, with his mother's own eyes, and fair, silky brown hair, and Miss Comfort "took to him" greatly. She even trotted him furtively on her knee, and sometimes, when Hetty was out of ear-shot, she so far relaxed from her normal grimness as

to sing "Baby Bunting" and "On the Tree-top," for her grand-nephew's edification.

And so three years rolled away; Sailor Ben coming home at distant intervals, long enough to hug his wife and boy, or to enjoy the comforts of a home for a few days, and then he was off again. But along in the fourth year came another severe blow to poor Hetty. The *Saucy Polly* had sprung a leak and gone to the bottom in Bristol Bay. Every soul on board had perished. The terrible news threw Hetty into a brain fever, from which only Aunt Comfort's tireless nursing saved her.

Pale and sad she went about in her widow's weeds, when new misfortunes assailed her. One day a supercilious-looking stranger arrived at the cottage, in Miss Comfort's absence, and announced himself as Caryl Sylvester, the cousin, and nearest living relative, of Ben Paddock. He demanded proofs of Hetty's marriage, in default of which he claimed possession of the cottage, with all it contained; for Hetty had no proofs to give. She had forgotten the very town in which she had been married, and even the name of the minister who had performed the ceremony. The marriage certificate had been mislaid or lost, and so poor Hetty was robbed of her little home, as well as her good name.

Taking her child by the hand, she walked to her aunt's cottage, and fainted in Miss Comfort's arms. She knew that she had been a wife, as legally wedded as the law could make her, but she could not prove it.

Miss Comfort believed in her, but the neighbors did not scruple to express their doubts. Forgetting how often they had been entertained at the cozy little cottage during the past few years, they were ready to point the finger of scorn at her, and to declare that "they had allus thought Hetty Witherill wa'nt no better'n she *should* be."

Neighbor Cheeseboro and one or two other old friends boldly espoused Hetty's cause, and denounced Caryl Sylvester as a wolf in sheep's clothing, an impostor, and a "vilyun." But the majority of the neighbors, who had been envious of Hetty's former prosperity, now rejoiced in her downfall, and triumphed over her adversity.

Hetty bore patiently the many slights to which she was subjected. For herself, confident in her own innocence, she felt that she could endure anything, but to have her darling child slighted and despised almost broke her heart.

Miss Comfort, who had come nobly to her niece's assistance, seemed really like another person, so kind and patient and tender had she grown; and as for young Ben, she fairly idolized him, and made herself a slave to his slightest whim. She blamed herself uncompromisingly for the position in which Hetty was placed.

"If I'd uv let 'em be married peaceable-like at home here they wouldn't hev been driv to run away," she reflected; "an' then they wouldn't hev been no misdoubts about 'em being married. Yes, 'twas all my doin's, a-gitting her into sich a scrape; but I'll get her *out* of it agin, see if I don't, as sure as my name's Comfort Pike."

As a preliminary step to what she had undertaken, Miss Comfort proceeded to mortgage her little home for three hundred dollars, all she could possibly obtain for it. Her next move was to make a visit to "the city," a distance of forty miles. Quite a formidable journey it seemed to Miss Comfort, but she was not one to flinch from what she considered a duty, and the journey was made.

Hetty wondered vaguely as to what the business was which could take her aunt so far from home, but her heart was too sore to admit of much curiosity, and Miss Comfort, always close-mouthed, kept her own counsel.

Mr. Caryl Sylvester had duly proved his claim to the little cottage, and was now ready to take possession. He had already made some additions to the house, such as building a

conservatory on the south side, throwing out a bay-window in front, and adding two more rooms by way of an "ell." The grounds had also been embellished with various ornamental shrubs and trees, and Mr. Sylvester, with his wife and servants, arrived one morning to enter upon their new possessions.

"If you please, sir," said John, the gardener, who had been in charge of the premises, "there's two gentlemen and two ladies in the parlor a-waiting to see you."

Mr. Sylvester frowned. "Some of the boorish country neighbors, I suppose," he grumbled. "But I'll soon get rid of them." And leaving his haughty wife still seated in the carriage, he hastened up the shell-bordered walk to the house.

He was considerably surprised, on entering the room, to see Hetty and her aunt, with two gentlemen who were strangers to him. Bowing slightly to Hetty, with a disagreeable smile he inquired, coolly:

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Miss Witherill?"

But Hetty, with a new-found dignity, returned coldly:

"My name is not Witherill, sir; I am Mrs. Paddock, as I am prepared to prove."

"Indeed?" Mr. Sylvester elevated his eyebrows incredulously. "You can furnish the missing certificate then, I presume?" he inquired with a sneer.

"I *can*," returned Hetty proudly, "and I can do more. *This*," indicating the dignified, elderly gentleman who was seated on her right, "is the Rev. Mr. Goodale, who performed the ceremony, as he is prepared to convince you. And *this*," motioning to the other gentleman, a shrewd-looking personage, with a legal air, "is my *lawyer*, Mr. Trivet. Mr. Goodale has brought a copy of the certificate, and can produce the witnesses to the marriage, if necessary."

Mr. Sylvester's sneering manner vanished, and he looked crestfallen and chagrined.

"At least I can recover the two thousand dollars I have spent in improving the place," he began, when Lawyer Trivet cut him short.

"You can not recover *one cent*," he asserted, firmly. "Mrs. Paddock did not authorize the 'improvements,' as you call them, and the less you say about them the better it will be for yourself."

Mortified and humiliated, Mr. Caryl Sylvester had no resource but to take a hasty departure.

And so Hetty was vindicated; Miss Comfort had been as good as her word. With the three hundred dollars obtained by mortgaging her home, she had sought out Lawyer Trivet, and enlisted his services on her niece's behalf. The lawyer's success in the case he had undertaken has already been given.

With a thankful heart, Hetty once more took possession of her recovered home. Aunt Comfort, though she could not be persuaded to make her home with her niece, was a frequent and welcome visitor. She came one day, her countenance beaming with mysterious importance.

"Hetty," she began, guardedly, though with a quiver in her voice, "did it ever occur to you that—that—there might be some doubt about Ben—being drowned?"

Hetty started up wildly.

"Aunt, aunt! What have you heard?" she cried excitedly. "Is—is he alive?"

"I believe he *is*," returned Miss Comfort, striving to look composed. "At least he *was*—Ben! Ben! come in *quick*, she's a-goin' to faint!" And in rushed Sailor Ben, more bronzed and bearded than ever, and caught his wife in his arms. Hetty did not faint, though she came very near it, and after little Ben had been kissed and embraced by his new-found papa, the sailor's story was told.

He had not sailed on the *Saucy Polly*, but had been made captain of another vessel bound for Africa. He had written two letters to Hetty, which, owing to adverse circumstances, had never reached their destination. After reaching Africa, Captain Ben had been seized with the "diamond fever," and, with a number of others, had bought a claim in a mine, which had turned out more successfully than they had dared to hope.


Ben was a rich man now, and, to his wife's serene satisfaction, declared his intention of giving up a sea-faring life, and passing the remainder of his days in his own snug home. Of course the mortgage on Aunt Comfort's little home was speedily paid off, and a comfortable income was settled on herself for the remainder of her life.

As for young Ben, he scarcely knew which of the two cottages was his own home, as his time was divided pretty equally between them; and he considers himself the sole owner and protector of his once formidable great-aunt.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

Mme. Demorest.

SOMETHING OF HER LIFE AND WORK.

PON the retirement of Mme. Demorest from active participation in the pattern business, with which her name has been associated for so many years, it has been thought a fitting opportunity to yield to the wishes of a large number of subscribers, and give to them, as was promised in the last number of this magazine, her portrait, and with it some particulars of her useful and honorable life.

Ellen Louise Curtis, afterward Mme. Demorest, was born at Saratoga Springs, November 15, 1825. She was the second of eight children, who are all living, and all healthy, happy, and prosperous. The stock was originally English on the father's side, French and Holland Dutch on the side of the mother. Both belonged to a long-lived race, and the vital force seems to descend from one generation to another, unimpaired. Her father lived to be ninety; her mother is still living, and active, at eighty-two, occupying the homestead where her husband, Mme. Demorest's father, was born.

The family was locally known for the health and fine personality of its members, and Mme. Demorest possessed a bountiful share of these natural gifts. As a girl at the Schuylerville Academy, she is still remembered for her brightness and energy, her beautiful brown eyes, which still retain all their expressive charm, her dark, curling hair, which begins now to show threads of gray, and her fine figure, still straight as a poplar.

It is something over thirty years since Miss Curtis married Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, publisher of this magazine, and united with him in establishing the business of designing and furnishing patterns of the fashions, which afterward assumed proportions of such magnitude. It is impossible to estimate the influence which Mme. Demorest has exercised upon the dress, and through it upon the lives of American women, through thousands of agencies, that have been recognized as authority, not only throughout the United States, but the civilized world. This influence, too, has always and steadfastly been for good. The "Demorest" House took its rise at a time when only French fashions were recognized as having any claim to fashionable consideration; and America, in the world of dress, was not known at all. From a small beginning in Philadelphia a central house in New York grew up, with branches which increased from a dozen

to hundreds, from hundreds to thousands; which established organs, and not only became an acknowledged power, but made American fashions, as such, respected and authoritative.

Whatever the exaggeration, whatever the caprices of the period, the influence of Mme. Demorest, wide and far-reaching, was always on the side of the sensible, the practical, the modest, and the useful. In her own home, and among her employes, Mme. Demorest was at the same time always bright, sympathetic, and helpful. With one woman colleague, the writer, relations were maintained for twenty-seven years, with hardly a difference of opinion, and never a serious disagreement. Her family, consisting of four children, two boys and two girls, show the blended qualities of their parents.


Mme. Demorest is still a handsome woman, with a fine, commanding presence which shows few signs of her upwards of sixty years. Her interests have always been active, her sympathies strong; and they keep her young. She was one of those who assisted to establish Sorosis, the Women's Club of New York, that has recently celebrated its nineteenth anniversary; she was for years its treasurer, or a member of its executive committee. She is Treasurer of the Hospital of the New York Medical College for Women, Chairman of the board of the "Welcome" Lodging-house for Women and Children, and associated with a movement for creating a "Rest" for discharged prisoners, and the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mme. Demorest lives in a beautiful and spacious home in the best part of New York, enjoying her well-earned retirement from business cares. One daughter still remains unmarried, who possesses her mother's eyes, and her capacity for making sunshine in shady places. Many who never saw Mme. Demorest will say, as the writer of this does with all her heart, "God bless her!"

J. J.

Our Girls.

Camp Arcadia.

UNT," says Lina, breaking in upon my idle reverie, all breezy enthusiasm, like a puff of March wind; "aunt, I want to consult you, and get you to countenance a new plan."

Now Lina is my favorite niece, and as much on account of her unvarying sound sense as for her sweet disposition and intelligence. The former attribute is due probably to the early loss of her mother and to the consequent responsibility which devolved upon her in the care of her young sisters. It has perhaps made her graver, more mature than she should be at twenty-one, but that is a more becoming fault than frivolity; and I have found Lina's ideas and plans are well worth listening to, even if not always practicable on sober second thought. So I cheerfully encourage the proposed consultation.

"It's just this," she explains. "I want to devise some way to make the coming summer something unique in the way of healthful benefit and of recreation for the girls. I want them to have three months of entire change, of respite from all brain-work, and of wholesome amusement; and yet not to subject them to any bad influences, or put any nonsense into their heads which will unfit them for study and school restraints in the fall. You know that Julia is sixteen now and Fanny fourteen, and it is much more difficult to plan for them than when they were younger."



Yours Truly
M^{rs}. Demorest

"Yes, I know. You could take them to a big hotel in some fashionable resort where they were under a nurse's care, and the mode of life did them no harm; but now it would be very unadvisable. They are both too observant and too impressionable to be allowed a close inspection of fashionable follies."

"Just what I've been thinking. And such a place as Madge Forster was in last season, when I visited her, is almost as objectionable. It was up at Pine Grove, in the hills; you remember? A big family hotel where half the boarders were half-grown boys and girls from twelve to twenty years old, aggressive and insolent, because of their numbers and their perfect freedom from restraint. The mothers, aunts, and older sisters used to sit gossiping on the piazzas all day, and spend their evenings at cards in the parlor, while their charges came and went at their own will. From seven in the morning until midnight those boys and girls were together, without a shadow of chaperonage, lounging in hammocks in 'the grove,' shut up in the amusement hall—'opera-house,' they called it—off for hours on long tramps or rides, sometimes in couples, again in large parties, but always unmatronized. Why, more than once, I know girls of Julia's age went riding *tête-à-tête* with boys of eighteen or twenty, and were gone from 2 P. M. until eight or nine o'clock: and parties of ten or fifteen would start at 7 P. M. and be gone six and seven hours, while their guardians calmly played euchre and went to bed at ten o'clock. Well, as the natural consequence, those little school-girls began to put on all the airs of grown-up young women in society, got up flirtations, inclined themselves to incipient love-making, and were in such a mental state by the end of the season that it must have taken weeks of school discipline to get them into proper condition to profit by their winter studies. I just made up my mind then that Julia and Fanny should not spend a summer in such a place."

"Well, then, my dear, I suppose you'll have to find a small farm-house where no other boarders are taken, or, at least, but a few grown-up people."

"O auntie! how can you suggest anything so stupid? Why, the dullness of such a place and the lack of companionship and amusements would neutralize all the physical benefit of the change. No, I've been prefacing what I would do by what I will *not*. Now, listen to my plan, and mind you approve of it. It was May Elton suggested it to me. Her brother is a member of a boys' camp which spends every summer on a lake up in New Hampshire. Well, this lake is full of islands, and besides the one which belongs to the boys there are others just as pleasant and convenient, and any one can hire one at a merely nominal price. Some ladies have camped there for two years now, and have been comfortable and contented, as I am sure we shall be if we follow their example."

"But, Lina, won't it be quite as dull as a farm-house, with only us four to amuse each other?"

"Wait a bit, Aunt Ellen. Who said there would be only us four? My idea is to have our two cousins, Lizzie and Flora Howe, and Mary Ward and Meta Lansing. Each of these will bear her share of the expenses, and it won't cost any one of us two-thirds of what she would have to pay at a boarding-house or small hotel."

"But, child, have you considered that camping out is rather a rough life? And then, what about the work? I presume you don't intend taking Bridget and Nora?"

"Indeed, no. There won't be any great amount of work to do. I've been talking to Henry Elton, and he advises that we should have a good platform built, at least a foot above the ground; and on this we will have our waterproof tents, one for each couple. Then we should want a two-roomed

hut, for kitchen and dining-room. Of course, if father and uncle could afford it, it would be nicer to have a plain, rough house—kitchen and dining-room below, and two rooms above, which could be subdivided by curtains or screens. We shouldn't need much furniture, for we should sleep on mattresses on the floor, rolled in our blankets, and we could dispense with bureaus if we had ample washstands with hanging mirrors above them. We shall have to do without wardrobe closets, too; but that won't matter, for our underclothes can be left in our trunks, and as for dresses, we're not going to have many. I want to have a kind of uniform, as the boys do in their camp, and then, when we go for a drive or a tramp over on the mainland, every one will know we are Arcadians."

"Arcadians, Lina?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Our camp is to be Arcadia. The one that has been there two years is Utopia, and, of course, we must have a nice name, too. But about this uniform. Don't you think brown flannel, brightened by touches of red, would be pretty? Made simply, you know: a tucked skirt, with sash drapery about the hips, and a waist laid in pleats down the center of back and front; and red Tam O'Shanter's on our heads. Then we could each have a gay striped awning skirt, and another flannel one, to wear with red, blue, or brown Jerseys; and, to work in, a gingham gown, and also long gingham aprons with high bibs, to slip on, over our other dresses, to do up the afternoon chores."

"Then you propose to work some?"

"Why, of course. We are to cook all the meals, two girls each week, in turn; while two more will keep the house in order. But for the rough work—greasy dish-washing, and scouring up pots and pans, and also for the laundry work, I am going to have a woman. I know of one who goes to our church—a respectable, middle-aged widow, without family, who will be too glad to have a summer in the country, even at very small wages."

"Well, my dear, you've certainly got it thoroughly planned out, and I own it sounds well. Talk to your father and your uncle; and, if they approve, I'll undertake to matronize the party. But I stipulate for a cup of good coffee every morning, and exemption from all housekeeping duties."

After this there were numberless consultations and discussions, and much calculation of ways and means; but in the end Lina's plans were pronounced both practical and sensible: and so the middle of June found us settled on our island, with our party increased by two more of the girls' friends who had begged to join us, who, being nice, well-bred girls, were made welcome. The fathers of all these young women had so approved of our plan that they had been very liberal in providing the means to carry it out, and the result was a neat little cottage, one of those made in sections, which can be set up and taken down at pleasure. Besides a kitchen and little storeroom, there was a small room on the first floor which served as bedroom for the woman who was to do the rough work; and then there was a good-sized room for dining-room and general sitting-room, where we gathered in the evening to write letters, read, and amuse ourselves generally. This room opened on to a wide piazza, with an awning across one end, and a thick screen of morning-glories on the other. Here were a couple of hammocks, the dearest little rocking-chairs, and plenty of cushions. More hammocks and a swing were fastened to the trees and overlooked the beautiful lake. It must be confessed that for a couple of weeks our meals were not all that could be wished, but gradually the young cooks learned by experience, being fortified also by reference to Marion Harland and Miss Parloa. We carried up a plentiful supply of groceries and canned goods; and milk, eggs, and garden

products were brought over from a farm on the mainland. Real New England baked beans, too, were furnished by the farmer's wife, and soon became a favorite dish with all of us.

As for amusements, why, it was all fun, from morning till night, for those young things. Several of them had been to swimming-schools in the city, and they taught the others; and every morning, after the house was in order, there was a merry, laughing group in the water, swimming, diving, floating, and building up a big appetite for early dinner. Then they had their canoes, and a sail-boat large enough for the whole party, including Pluck, the colly, who went everywhere with the Arcadians, and enjoyed himself as much as a dog could. Sometimes there were fishing parties, or tennis over on the mainland; and then we had long walks and gathered great sheaves of ferns and wild-flowers, or we drove to neighboring towns for the school-girl's indispensable candy and soda-water.

Sundays we either walked to the nearest church on shore, or we went over to the boys' camp, where services were held in a beautiful grove, with a great rock for an altar, where the boys had raised a rustic cross, which on Sundays they dressed with wild-flowers, and particularly with golden-rod, their camp flower. Indeed we got quite friendly with Camp C., through Henry Elton; and as they were all well-behaved, gentlemanly lads, from ten to twenty years old, my girls were pleased to visit them, and to have a few of them each week come to tea at Arcadia. They were in charge of a thorough gentleman, and he had others of his kind, college graduates of culture and refinement, to assist him, so there was no nonsense, no inclination to precocious love-making about these boys. The active, outdoor life they led did not foster sentiment, and both Arcadians and Utopians were treated by them like comrades of the same sex. Under such conditions, chaperonage was a mere nominal necessity, and indeed, the breezy unconventionalism of our life almost deluded me into believing that I was a girl too. Often I caught myself thinking with pity of the rocking-chair brigade on hotel piazzas, with their wearisome round of useless fancy-work, and (more or less) spiteful gossip; and I blessed Lina for releasing me from their society. I didn't even demur when my charges coaxed me into a ten-mile drive to the nearest summer hotel, so that they might indulge in a hop. They did this more than once, and the two other camps went also, and sang college songs all the way, and were the merriest imaginable crowd. To sum it all up, we hadn't a dull day in the whole three months, not even when it rained; for on those days (luckily few) we did up our correspondence, read the magazines, played with the kittens; and the girls got up a regular banquet of a dinner, or made a dozen different cakes for tea, and then invited some of the boys to help eat them. And oh, what models of healthful girlhood, brown and rosy, straight-backed and graceful, I carried back to the city in September! each one vowing that never in all her life had there been "such a perfectly lovely, delicious, splendid summer, and we must all be sure to meet again in Arcadia next year."

ELANOR CORBET.

HAD A USE FOR HIM HERSELF.—A lady in the provinces wrote to a clever authoress to beg her to procure a tutor for her sons, one endowed with every imaginable qualification of mind and heart. Her friend replied: "My dear N., I am looking for a tutor such as you have described; but I have not as yet been happy enough to meet him. I still continue my search with unabated zeal, and I promise you that as soon as I have found him I will—marry him!"

At a banquet given to a writer of comedies in honor of his latest work, one of the guests proposed the following toast: "The author's very good health! May he live to be as old as his jokes!"

Sanitarian.

Old Maids.—In the State of Massachusetts alone there are seventy-six thousand more females than males. Were this the only reason, there would have to be some old maids. But some girls do not care to marry; and very often there are reasons, independent of their choice, why they should not or cannot. I venture the opinion that there is not one old maid in a hundred but could have been married, over and again, had she desired.

Henry Ward Beecher said of old maids that they were truly the salt of the earth, and would take the highest seats in heaven. It is the fault of education that an "old maid" is held up to ridicule, and referred to with opprobrium; but surely a woman who remains single because her duty to others demands it is deserving of the highest praise—and scores of cases come to my mind, while thinking of these grand souls, where women have remained unmarried to care for aged parents, or bring up orphaned families; and equally is she to be commended, who, from a sense of duty to herself, does not marry because in the opportunities offered she feels that she cannot realize her ideal of true marriage, and prefers rather to be called an "old maid" than to undergo the misery and loss of self-respect sure to result from an uncongenial union.

But, aside from the question of marriage, all women, of whatever class, should have some avocation whereby they can earn an honest living, if need to do so comes. Nearly all the industries, arts, and professions are now open to them, and those who are wise will choose something for which nature has best fitted them, that they may, whether married or single, rich or poor, grow all their lives in the chosen direction.

Age for Marriage, and What Person to Choose.—If the health of girls is sound, the marriageable age should be from twenty to twenty-five or twenty-six years. If they have been weakened by overstudy or too much physical labor, the forces should have full time to recover their equilibrium before entering upon this ordeal; for the happiness of families is best secured by the sound health of parents.

There are many reasons why relatives should not marry. If the blood on both sides is pure there may be no disastrous result; but if consumption, cancer, erysipelas—or scrofula in any form—can be traced, even so far back as three or four generations, the children of parents related by blood will have especial tendency to disease. These diseases may appear in very different varieties: rarely will they be in the same form as in the parents. There is no treasure so important to transmit to the coming race as pure blood; it always tells, and is a better legacy than gold or titles to nobility. The temperaments of husband and wife should be different: if one has light hair and eyes the other should have dark, and so on. Temperaments are never found absolutely unmixed, but the most strongly marked cases will be qualified by elements belonging to all; therefore great discretion and wisdom are required before fully making up one's mind.

As marriage is the most important act of a woman's life, time to consider it beforehand is of the utmost necessity. Falling in love at first sight is not to be depended upon: it has often wrought untold and incurable evils. Veneration for parents, and a trust in their judgment, will, in most cases, guide in the right direction. A woman is usually safe in selecting a husband who is devoted to his mother and sisters. Charles Lamb said he should believe it a more gallant age than former ones when women did not do most of the hard work, and when the same attention was paid to

age as to youth, to plain as to handsome women—to a woman as a woman, not to a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

A husband or wife should be chosen through the intellect, although it is difficult, and often impossible, to choose one altogether to one's mind; yet, if one can be found who approximates to the standard of character, one in whom trust and respect may well be placed, then love may surely be looked for as the result. It is nature's law. This love grows stronger all the days and years of life; while love at first sight is almost sure to be short-lived, and may leave broken hearts and shattered lives as its result.

Time for Weddings.—June is the month for weddings. Parents who desire nature's aid in decorating wedding feasts should select this month, when blossoms are abundant, the birds' anthem is richer and fuller of melody than at other times, and when the very air thrills with its fullness of ozone, inviting to days of rambling in its freedom. The hills promise glorious views, and the compensation awarded for out-of-door life repays one a thousand fold.

And here let me advise all brides of limited means or trunk-room to omit a dinner or party dress from the *trousseau*, and add one suited for rambling. This—as well as all others—should allow freedom to every muscle, and it should be made of firm and light material. Long afterward, when thinking of the wedding journey, the time spent strolling in the woods, among the flowers, or on the seashore, in this delectable dress, will be remembered as the happiest of all, and fraught with the greatest benefit.

Objects of Marriage.—The true objects of matrimony, and the only ones which should be entertained, are the perfection of existence that comes of such a union, and the establishment of a home in its fullest and truest sense; and no union or home can be perfectly complete without children. It is not at all a frightful thing to settle in life and raise a family of six, or even ten, children; and this idea should be educated out of the minds of those who expect to marry. The women who go through life enjoying their children growing up around them should be an example to those who avoid the responsibilities of married life, and often make of themselves life-long invalids in consequence. There may be diseased or other conditions that should limit the size of families; but if from fear of physical suffering, or love of selfish ease, women refuse the most sacred of cares, how great is their responsibility.

Children a Benefit.—Youth and beauty are desired by mankind, and women should understand that motherhood is a natural condition, and appreciate the fact that the bearing of children tends to keep beauty of form and feature—other things being equal—even increasing it sometimes, and putting old age a long way off. When girls are as willing to understand their own bodies as they are to obtain a so-called ornamental education, this vexed question will be settled by reason, and God's laws will not—as now, in multitudes of cases—be ignored and trodden under foot.

Higher Education Helpful for Mothers.—Some writers maintain that the "higher education of women" is diminishing the family; that by it women are rendered less able to endure the ordeal of motherhood. The facts are the reverse of this. Education should balance the physical and mental natures, rendering to each its due proportion. Then life will not be one-sided, but the proper adjustment of the forces will secure and assure health. I knew a woman who might be almost taken as a model for mothers. She lived in a country town, where her husband was the chief lawyer. He was highly cultured, as was the wife herself, she having been a teacher before her marriage. She had ten children; and almost as soon as each could walk it was instructed to help itself and others.

One maid-of-all-work was kept, to do the heavy labor, while the mother cared for the little ones, and taught them not only to read and write but to assist her in household duties. Until the children reached the age of ten they were so instructed at home, instead of being sent to school. When they began to mingle with children outside, they were not a whit behind the school-taught ones in acquirement. Sickness rarely entered the house, and I never knew of a doctor being called there except at the birth of some of the children; on some of those occasions there was no need of medical help. It was a lovely family, in which strife was unknown. The mother was a regular church-goer, and was frequently seen at social neighborhood gatherings. Her children were always well cared for, warmly clad in plain but good clothing; and, considering the small fry, the house was a wonder of orderliness. Without the higher education establishing the equilibrium, this state of things could not have transpired.

"If we believe, as did Raphael, that nature produces principles, not objects, in their perfection, we shall attach greater value to the instruments she has given us to work with."

Housework.—When the cares of housekeeping come—and it is to be hoped that all who can will have homes of their own—the expenditure of strength at first should be moderate. For those whose hours are not crowded, and who can dispose of time as they desire, it is best to have some unfinished work on hand, beside that which each day brings. It has a depressing effect to feel that everything is completed; the mind needs to look forward to future action. The reading must be selected and classified, as well as the breakfasts and dinners planned. Fashion is now very reasonable in regard to woman's work, and she may again, as in "good old times," put upon her table food prepared by her own hands, and not feel that she has jeopardized her reputation as a lady; in fact, she can, by learning the art of cooking, which is now so popular. know that she is envied by those who have been less diligent.

Yet there are other matters pertaining to the household work equally as important as what we shall eat and drink. In warm weather, young housekeepers must make a daily journey to the cellar to detect foul air; and they should see that proper ventilation is observed here and throughout the dwelling, at all times. Probably there is no more prolific source of disease than poor ventilation; and merely opening windows to admit the air is not by any means all that is implied by proper ventilation. Even a free circulation of air through rooms in which are badly aired beds, neglected carpets, and an accumulation of dust, will not entirely counteract the ill effects sure to arise from these and similar reprehensible short-comings. Children may be taught at an early age to throw back the clothes from the bed, and to hang the night-clothing where it will be thoroughly aired, and the habit will cling to them through life; it should be the duty of older persons to open windows, and otherwise admit air to all sleeping-apartments as soon as they are vacated in the morning. It is on the seemingly trifling matters, which demand the "eternal vigilance" of the house-mother, that the health and happiness of the family depend.

Expectant Motherhood.—Arranging the work of each day with a view to its being healthful and pleasant is of the utmost importance to all, and especially to those who expect to become mothers. If the stomach be sensitive, a cup of tea or coffee in bed is often a good remedy; waiting for an appetite before rising. Eating rare beef and fresh fruit—if they digest well—with little or no bread, will frequently remove this. Oftentimes the skin holds the key to the nausea which so many women suffer with. If bathed once daily in tepid or cold water, as the feelings indicate, much benefit may be received. But the symptom is generally of short duration, and needs no medicine except living out of doors. This is

more easily accomplished in summer, but is just as necessary in all seasons of the year. Persons who live in cities and are not able to have their own conveyances can avail themselves of the street-cars for an airing. The benefits of the fresh air are immediate, and women should be in it for two or three hours daily. There is no time in life when a woman should shut herself up and read or sew most of the time. Walking two or three miles, or even more, a day, for such as have no work which uses the muscles, is necessary. Horseback riding is not advised for women in this condition; but driving is beneficial. Food which the appetite, if healthy, craves, should be eaten slowly without fluids. A happy and contented state of mind is better than all the medicine in the world. In whatever condition placed, women must guard themselves against morbid fancies. Fear must be driven out as the worst enemy to the peace and rest so necessary to the building of a soul.

Variety in Work.—Much is said in regard to the education of the five senses, and a few philosophers and scientists have discussed the sixth. They mean by this, I suppose, the power to balance thought and action, never letting them run into grooves, which sometimes undermines the reason. It is said that insanity is on the increase, and much of it may be attributed to letting the thoughts remain fixed too long on any one object without diversion. To prevent or remedy this, different kinds of work or reading should be ready, so that when any one of them becomes irksome it can easily be changed. There is a general supposition that farmers' wives and daughters are in less danger of losing the healthy balance of reason; but statistics prove that continued drudgery, with little to divert, makes true the contrary. While household work is conceded to be the healthiest in many ways, everyone knows, who understands the real inwardness of the life of a farmer's wife, employed indoors upon the same endless routine, that it is often as disastrous as that of women bound within the nerve-wearing whirl of the city.

Simplicity in Living.—Competition, or strife to outdo those about one, is also a great hindrance to the healthiest and happiest conditions. We see constantly that nature can be remodeled, thereby producing superior objects of their kinds. Almost everything that grows is subject to amendment. Man adjusts the conditions and aids nature in her work, and she always repays him bountifully for his trouble. In the use of its own powers, humanity will find its own further development and happiness. To do this work well requires knowledge of nature's laws, which, though they may sometimes seem capricious, will be found as immutable as the great Law-giver himself. It is to the constant varying of conditions, and not laws, that we must attribute nature's caprices.

If mothers can adjust the conditions in which to develop the immortal souls of human beings, are they not artists, on the highest pinnacle of art? Inasmuch as soul or spirit is superior to that which we call matter, so above all other artists they fill their holy office. They need, for this great work, the environments of sympathy and kindness and love. They need rest and freedom from too much care, although a wisely active life during gestation benefits the offspring.

The power to grow fruit does not give it flavor and sweetness. Something beyond bringing children into the world is required of a mother. She must stand guard over the building of the temple wherein will dwell that new spirit. If she does not use her reason she is no better than the brutes. The gate of gifts is closed at birth, and a mother's influence upon her unborn child, and so upon society, is immeasurably great; but how utterly is this important truth ignored by mankind. The true way to purge the State of political rotteness, to elevate society, to

do away with the need of so many hospitals and insane asylums, of so many almshouses and prisons, is to make women appreciate the great and glorious responsibility of motherhood.

Constitutional tendencies to evil are as great as those of physical disease. Children inherit mental and moral infirmities no less than diseases of the body. The most trifling act of a mother may stamp itself indelibly upon the character of her child, and every thought becomes a chisel to cut for good or ill. On the boundaries of this life embryo forms wait, to receive with the life-force either tendencies that will lead to sin and suffering, or else the power that "makes for righteousness."

MRS. E. G. COOK, M. D.

Chat.

THE Spring Exhibition of the New York Academy of Design was interesting, as showing few eccentric or merely ambitious works and much that was conscientious, thoughtful, and intelligent. There were about fifty women exhibitors out of the whole number, not a large percentage; but then it is gratifying to know that some whose names were formerly familiar have grown into artists whose work is in demand, and who cannot always find time for pictures to be put on exhibition.

Among the artists represented was Miss Dora Wheeler, in a charming "Will o' the Wisp;" Mrs. Susan N. Carter, Miss Fidelia Bridges, whose flower and bird pictures are so well known through the Prang reproductions; Jennie Brownscombe, another clever artist, with a strong feeling for outdoor life; and Mrs. H. A. Loop, who, as well as Miss Bridges, is an Associate Academician. There was a fine portrait of Henry G. Marquand by Munkacsy, and an excellent one of Rev. Robert Collyer, by Mr. Thomas Hicks, N.A., and President of the Artists' Fund Society. Georgine Campbell, who is doing some fine work in the portrait line, sent an admirable likeness of General Grant, and there was a really natural and delightful portrait of an old lady, with embroidered gray gauze fichu upon her black silk dress, which was full of suggestive refinement. Mr. J. Wells Champney exhibited a portrait of a lady, and W. H. Hilliard several clever pictures. Mr. Cropsey appears, and the old and favorite painter of street urchins, J. G. Brown, in characteristic studies. The Academy, during its spring season, is a favorite place for ladies to drop in for an hour during the morning.

A NOBLE GIFT.—Miss Catherine Wolfe crowned the work of a beneficent life by a magnificent gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and through it to the nation at large; for every one comes to New York, some time or other. This gift consists of her celebrated gallery of paintings, containing the famous "Christian Martyr," of Gabriel Max, which was on exhibition during the Loan Exposition of 1876. Munkacsy's "Mont de Pieté," a vivid picture of a great Parisian pawnshop; Hans Makart's "After the Ball;" a Meissonier; a Bouguereau; a Troyon; Jules Bréton's "Pardon," and Knaus's Madonna, or rather his "Holy Family," which embraces the finest picture of the Madonna known. The whole collection is valued at from five to seven hundred thousand dollars, and two hundred thousand dollars in money is added, to furnish proper quarters, in connection with the Museum, in which to display it and preserve it. By this grand bequest, following hard upon the rich gift made by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, from the Stewart collection, of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," the Metropolitan Museum of Art is at once raised to a high position among those modern treasure-houses of the people, and will, doubtless, some day, be one of the best endowed museums, by private liberality, there is in the world.

A COMING PRIMA DONNA.—A year ago a girl sang in New York at several private houses, and even upon one or two public occasions, with singular and almost unexampled success. She was young, not more than fourteen, but possessed a bright, sparkling face, fine eyes, and a figure that promised spirited and harmonious development. Her name was Louise Nicholson; she had

been educated (musically) by her uncle, and was accompanied everywhere by her careful mother.

Louise was called the "miniature Patti;" her voice was phenomenal, her singing of difficult music surprisingly accurate, considering her youth and the limits of her experience. Entertainments were organized for her, and she was sent abroad. She has been studying now under the best teachers about eight months, and the verdict pronounced upon her here by the best informed people has been confirmed. Her first public appearance was made at a grand charity concert given at the "Salle des Fêtes du Cercle de la Méditerranée," at Nice, in behalf of the sufferers by the earthquake. Her success was instantaneous and complete. Her appearance was pronounced "picturesque," her voice marvelous, her dramatic intelligence surprising, and a great future was predicted for her. The audience, composed of the *élite*, among whom were the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leuchtenburg, La Comtesse du Recolot, La Comtesse du Chambrun, and a host of other personages, went wild over the little American, and literally covered her with flowers. Subsequently a great lady gave her a *soirée*, at which all the people of rank and fashion in Nice were present. Mr. Maurice Strakosch is her manager, and he has already concluded an engagement with her which covers seven years of her life—viz., till she is twenty-one—upon the following terms: \$1,200 the first year, \$2,400 the second year, \$4,800 the third year, rising year by year until it becomes \$12,000, when she is twenty. These terms compare greatly to the advantage of the young American prima donna with those paid Christine Nilsson for her first three years. Madame Nilsson's contract for three years was for \$400, \$500, and \$600 per annum. Miss Nicholson has already Italianized her name to that of Nikito; but will not appear upon the boards, except at rare intervals, before making her *début*, in two years, upon the stage of the Italian Opera-House in Paris. In the meantime she is said to really absorb her studies.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION of Columbia College, which took place on the 13th day of April last, was a memorable occasion. The exercises for the day were given at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and consisted of the Processional, from *Lohengrin*; Introductory Address, by Stewart L. Woodford; Prayer; Chorale, "Awake, my Soul," from Wagner; Oration, by Frederick R. Coudert; Easter Hymn (ancient); Poem; March; Conferred Degrees by President Barnard; and the Jubilee Overture of Weber.

Many of the fine private dwellings up-town and in the vicinity of the college, which is on East Forty-ninth Street, were decorated with the colors, white and blue, and filled with fair guests, who waved handkerchiefs and cheered the procession of students and Alumni on their way to the opera-house. In the evening a reception was held in the great vaulted hall which constitutes the library, and which presented a magnificent scene from the gallery which surrounds. The hall was illuminated with colored lights, Cappa's band furnished music, and at the entrance President and Mrs. Barnard, with some members of the faculty and their wives, received the guests.

All the buildings were thrown open, including the museum and famous mineralogical collection, and many took advantage of the opportunity to inspect these treasures. In other portions of the group of halls and schools the students and their lady friends had congregated for dancing, and a handsome collation was supplied to all comers. Every way Columbia marked a great occasion in a fitting and memorable manner.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.—A strong appeal has been made by the friends of the "Hampton Institute," the colored college of Virginia, to provide the institution with a permanent endowment. Hitherto it has derived much of its influence from the personal character and efforts of General S. C. Armstrong, the principal; but his seriously impaired health, and the growing usefulness of the institution in graduating teachers and educated workers for the needs of colored populations, render the question of placing it upon permanent foundations one of serious and timely import. A carpenter shop, a wheelwright and blacksmith shop, a wood-working or cabinet shop, two farms, and the girls' industrial departments are part of the work of the Hampton Institute, which has upward of seven hundred students. Last year the colored students earned four-fifths of the whole cost of board, clothing, and books.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Bandmann, who is now sojourning in Dresden, is the first English actress who has played Lady Teazle on the German stage in German.

Miss Harriet Backer, artist painter, is the first woman elected member of an artistic jury, to officiate at the exhibition of pictures in Bergen, the second city of Norway.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend is editor of the new bi-monthly magazine just started in New Orleans with the title *Art and Letters*. Mrs. Townsend has written some beautiful poems.

The Empress of Germany gives a golden cross to every servant in the Empire who has remained over forty years in her present situation, and whose character is high.

Mrs. Lucretia M. Heywood has been chosen President of the Chicago Women's Club. This organization is devoted to culture and philanthropy, and has more than two hundred members.

Mlle. Privat, an embroiderer, and **Mlle. Cunin**, a dressmaker, have each received a prize of 10,000 francs (\$2,000), at the first distribution of the Prix Barbet-Batifolle, founded by Mme. Barbet-Batifolle, to be awarded yearly to the most virtuous and industrious Paris work-girls.

An Association for Mutual Benefit has just been founded by the women bookkeepers, cashiers, cooks, and other working-women of Paris, to escape from the tyranny of registration offices. Madame Perrin took the chair at a recent meeting.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing has accepted a professorship in Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind., where she will teach household science.

In Austria and Hungary subscriptions have been opened for a women's jubilee present to Queen Victoria. Contributions are received by the consuls, who will hand them over to the wife of the British Ambassador in Vienna.

A new woman's paper has appeared in Norway, which is edited by Miss Krog. It is called *Nylænde*, or *Fresh Fields*, from the title of a poem by the well-known Jonas Lie, which heads the first number.

Miss Gina Krog, one of the leading women in the work for women's rights now going on in Norway, was elected by the Liberal Political Association as the speaker at its celebration of the bi-centennial birthday of Ludvig Holberg, the great author, the "father of the Danish-Norwegian literature."

Mrs. Warren Newcomb, who has given \$100,000 to Tulane University, New Orleans, as a memorial of her daughter, is a native of Kentucky, and a resident of New York. She is well known in New Orleans, having resided there many years. Although the most important, this is by no means the first of her public charities.

Miss Susan Wood, B.Sc., has obtained the teacher's diploma in the art, theory, and history of education, at London University. Only eight men and two women have obtained this diploma since the examination was instituted in 1883—a fact which is looked upon at the university as showing that the need for training is very little recognized by those for whose benefit the diploma was offered.

Mrs. Henry Wood's grave is in Highgate Cemetery, near those of George Eliot, Parepa Rosa, Frederic Maurice, George Vandenhoff, H. Crabb Robinson, Alaric A. Watts, Lord Lyndhurst, and the father, mother, and little daughter of Charles Dickens.

Miss Margaret Howitt, who has been engaged for two years on the life of Overbeck, founded upon the artist's letters, diaries, and other papers confided to her by Mme. Hoffman, Overbeck's adopted daughter, has brought out her completed work in Germany. The lady's English text has been translated by Dr. Binder, of Munich.

The French Senate has just passed a law that in cases of separation between husband and wife, the wife shall be restored to her civil rights without having in future to recur to the "authorization" of her husband. If the Chamber of Deputies confirms this law, a very serious and humiliating disability will be removed.

Mme. Caroline Popp has just completed her fiftieth year as editress of the chief Liberal paper in Flanders—the *Journal de Bruges*. She entered upon her office on the 4th of April, 1837, and has remained at the post (not without many difficulties) for the last fifty years. Thus her editorship is only seven years younger than the independence of Belgium as a State. Mme. Popp has earned some distinction in her native land as a novelist and storyteller. Her *Nathalie* and her *Legends and Tales of Flanders* have been translated into German.

The Empress of Germany has chosen a very beautiful Jubilee present for Queen Victoria. It consists of a magnificent dinner service of royal Saxe porcelain. The tint is a soft jonquil yellow. The whole service consists of 500 pieces; 288 big plates, 120 small ones, 72 dishes, 20 sauce boats, compotiers, etc. The centerpiece consists of a beautiful flower and fruit basket, surmounted by a blue and gold statuette of the Queen; the basket is further ornamented with a number of small medallion portraits of the various members of the royal family.

Mme. Aurelia Cimino Foliero, a Milanese lady, is about to undertake a most praiseworthy work. She intends organizing in the town of Cesena a kind of agricultural institution for poor girls, more especially orphans, from ten to fifteen years old. Her object is to train these to become good women farmers, useful servants, and workwomen. The instruction will be given by an agriculturalist and a woman farmer, well versed in practical knowledge, and the general education will be undertaken by a female teacher.

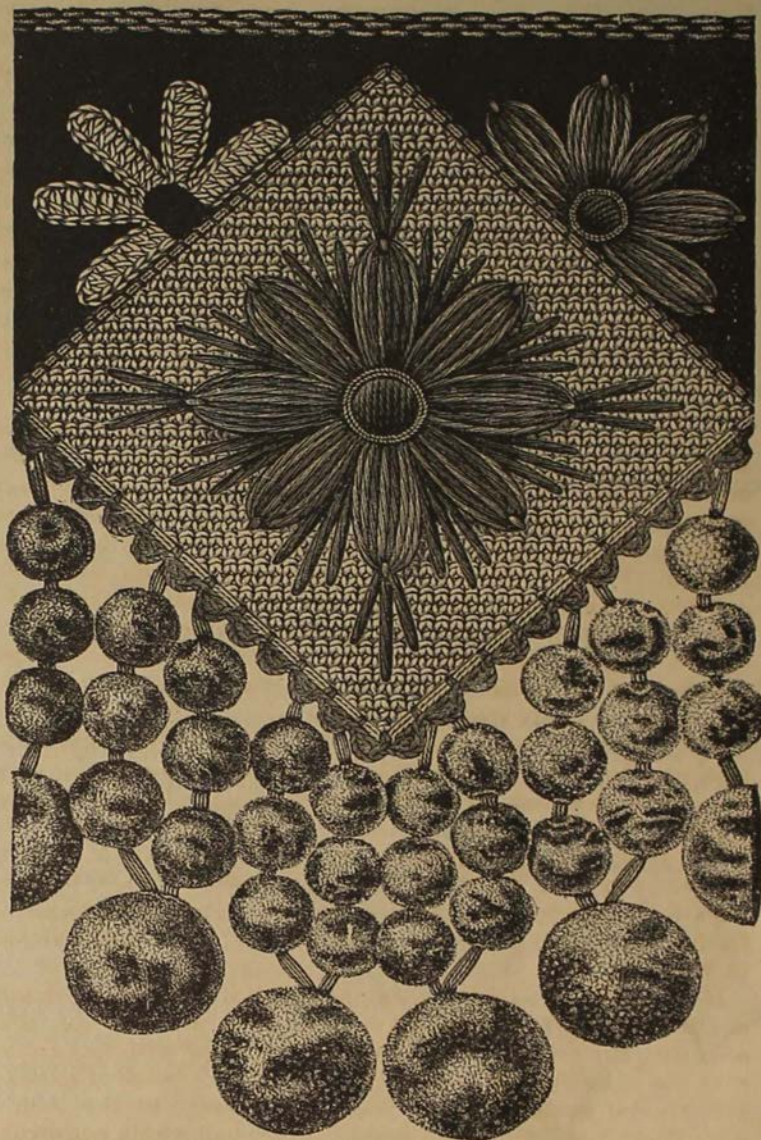
The Frankfurter Zeitung says that the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar has sent to the administrative committee of the "Goethe-Haus," at Frankfort, a series of documents, which will be of great service to them in their "restoration" of the poet's house, or more strictly, of his "Vaterhaus." They were found amongst the collections at Weimar, and consist of a complete set of bills relating to the rebuilding of the house by the poet's father, an account of which is given by his son Wolfgang in the *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. These bills reach as far as the year 1755, and throw the fullest light upon every little detail of the construction of the house, from the color-washing of the ceiling and the hanging of the walls "mit Tapeten," down to the simplest door-latches. The rooms can thus be "restored" to their exact appearance at the time in which Goethe's parents lived in them.

Mme. Suchard de Pressensé is the foundress of an *Atelier-École* for young girls at Paris. Like all private philanthropic enterprises, this excellent organization has grown from small beginnings. Mme. Suchard de Pressensé began her good work unaided, but as its sphere of operation became more extended, she called to her aid a committee of ladies, numbering eight members, of which she is president. At the *Atelier-École* the pupils attend classes for two hours every morning; the rest of the day is devoted to teaching them how to sew, mend, and make dresses. A large kitchen is attached to the establishment, where the girls are taught cooking, washing, ironing, and general household duties. This admirable institution is of incalculable value in preparing and fitting poor girls for earning a livelihood. Mlle. Lerray is the directress of the *Atelier-École* at 220 Avenue du Maine. Its increasing success speaks her praise.

While all the governments of Europe are preparing for war, a protest comes from a meeting of women in Copenhagen, at which was present Madame Bajar, wife of M. Frederick Bajar, Member of Parliament. A resolution was voted, urging the maintenance of peace. Part of it is as follows: "Although we, as women, have small opportunity to work directly for peace, we have the power and the absolute right, as forming the majority of citizens, to protest against official acts which are contrary to our opinions. We therefore entreat all our countrywomen—all mothers, all teachers—to protest with us against war, and especially against that generally-accepted falsehood that it is lawful, indispensable, and natural. We do this in the name of humanity, of the family, morals, and truth. War is an obstacle to industry, education, and all civilizing agencies. It is brutal; it is contrary to every kindly instinct, it prodigally wastes that which is most precious—human life. We demand something better of the nineteenth century."

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Embroidered and Crocheted Border.



THIS style of border can be appropriately used on a table-cover, a mantel lambrequin, a chair, or for almost any purpose where a fringed border would be suitable. The foundation can be velvet, plush, velveteen, serge, felt, cloth, or any other desirable material, the crocheted and embroidered portions of silk or good colored cottons, or even of worsted, and the fringe to correspond. The width, and the combination of colors, can be decided by individual taste.

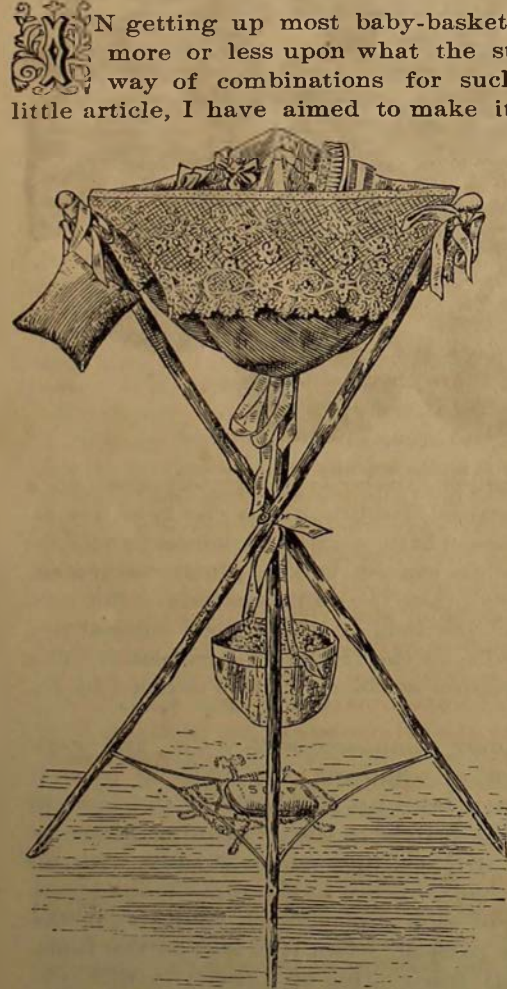
For the crocheted square commence with 3 Ch., and work over a thread of cotton, or whatever your material is, as it raises the work. Always take up the back of the loop in working, and increase a stitch at the beginning of every row until you have 51 stitches, then make 2 rows with no increasings, and after that decrease in the same manner one stitch at the beginning of each row. Work your star in the center according to the pattern, when it is laid on the foundation, and also the half stars. One of these, you will perceive, is crocheted; this is simply as a padding to the embroidery. The crochet for it is * 9 Ch., work 1 treble on the 3d chain, and each of the next 5, 1 DC. on the 1st Ch.; repeat from * 4 times more, and fasten off. The foundation should reach to the bottom of the square, and be cut out to its shape.

The ball fringe may be purchased and sewn round the border, or it may be made and crocheted to the border, as illustrated. If a frame is not at hand to make the balls on, they can be very easily and quickly made on disks of cardboard. Make two disks for each ball, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter for the large ones, and half that size for the smaller, and cut a round hole in the middle of each, measuring about one-third of the diameter. Lay two disks together, tie your worsted or silk through the hole, and then work the disks over and over, as evenly as may be, until the hole is nearly or quite filled up; cut the threads through at the outer edge of the disks, pull the disks apart a little, and *between them* tie the threads firmly with fine cord. Tear away the disks, rub the balls between the hands to give them a round shape, and then cut off any projecting threads.

The required number of balls for each strand can be made on the same cord by using it to tie the threads between the disks, and leaving the necessary space before tying the next ball; or the balls may be made separately, and afterward strung as desired, taking care to tie a knot above and below the center of each ball so that it will not slip on the connecting cord. The upper ends of the strands can then be connected and attached to the edge of the border by a simple crocheted pattern, as in the illustration.

DAME DURDEN.

The Mignon Baby-Basket or Workstand.



IN getting up most baby-baskets, one has to depend more or less upon what the stores can offer in the way of combinations for such. In preparing this little article, I have aimed to make it as simple and inexpensive as possible, and also one in which the father of the house can show his handicraft; otherwise, the assistance of a handy locksmith will be needed. It always seems to me that domestic articles, when prepared by loving hands which spare no pains to express their fondness for the loved ones, possess an intrinsic worth which far surpasses that of things bought, though they may have cost as much again as the home-made. So I have presented here a basket which I hope will be of interest to the father as well as the mother. The beauty of the "Mig-

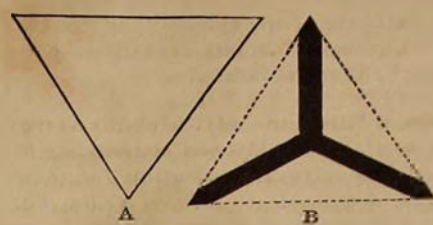
non Basket" is that it is a portable one; that is, it can be folded or closed like an umbrella, and so packed in a trunk suitable for the traveling purposes of the summer months.

The cost is as follows:

3 light canes at 10 cents.....	.30
1 brass triangle.....	.50
$\frac{3}{4}$ surah silk.....	.50
1 yard lace.....	.20
6 yards narrow ribbon at 8 cents.....	.48
Oil-silk.....	.03
1 soap rack.....	.10

\$2.11

Of course more or less expense can be added, just as one is inclined; but the above amount makes a very pretty, neat, and useful basket, which will serve well enough for the time such articles are required.



The basket, as shown in the illustration, is blue with white trimmings, although other contrasts are fully as pretty; as, for instance, cream surah with white trimmings, delicate pink and blue combined, or pink with white, etc. For a brunette baby, a lemon shade trimmed with pearl satin ribbons is extremely effective.

WORKING DIRECTIONS.

The first thing to be made is the tripod from the three canes. If you are living in the country and cannot obtain these readily, then cut three slender limbs, say about thirty-four and one-half inches in length, and as large around as a medium-sized index finger, from some tree, such as the maple or ash. Sand-paper and polish, according to fancy.



Bore, with a small-sized gimlet, a little hole through each cane or stick, just fifteen and one-half inches from the top. It is best to mark your measurements with lead pencil on all sides before beginning the holes, to insure exactness. Now take a piece of sheet brass suitable for filing, the size and shape of which should correspond to illustration A, which is just one inch each way. File out the sides, round and evenly, until you have a brass piece which looks just as illustration B.

Insert these three brass points into the three holes just bored; secure each cane or stick by a little washer, like C, and hammer and flatten down the ends of the brass which come out through the washers until they look like the head of a nail or tack, thus binding the sticks firmly together and yet allowing room to open and close them when necessary. When thus bound together, the measurement around the sticks at the point where bound should not exceed three inches.

Just thirteen and one-half inches below the insertion of this brass piece bore another hole in each stick. These are for the brass triangle to fit into, which is to give the proper support to the tripod. Just the cost of the brass wire here used I am not able to state; but it takes a little over one yard of heavy brass wire, say fully as thick as an ordinary



button-hook. The cost of having such a triangle made at a locksmith's is about fifty cents. It is composed of three pieces of wire, each eleven and one-half inches long, and when completed (as described below), should measure on each side, from tip to tip, twelve inches. The wires are not exactly straight, but bent in to give the shape like illustration D. A piece of the wire, flattened as shown in illustration E, is soldered into each point, or, in other words, serves as a joining for the two pieces of wire that form the angle. These tips should be filed off smoothly, and to the size of the holes just bored in the lower parts of the canes. The measurements here given must be followed exactly, because otherwise the tripod will not take the weight which is to be placed upon it. About one inch from the top of each cane insert a small brass screw-eye, which will be used to support the bag or basket part. You have now completed the tripod, or frame part.

The bag, or basket part, is made in this way: Cut $\frac{5}{8}$ of a yard of surah in two, crosswise, and join it to form a strip just thirty-six inches in length. The piece which comes off the side will be utilized later for pockets and a pin-cushion for the inside of the basket. Join the ends; a felled seam will be neatest for both joinings. Turn down a hem at the top, say about one and a half inches in depth, and sew over the edge of this, where hemmed down, the narrow ribbon (both edges), thus forming a strong casing through which the cord is to pass that secures the bag to the screw-eyes in the canes. On the outside, sew the lace to the upper edge of the hem, and this will serve to hide the stitches made by putting the casing on.

Next draw the bag into shape at the bottom by gathering with strong thread; bring the gathers together as much as possible, and secure them firmly. Cover a large button, about the size of a silver dollar, with a piece of surah, and fasten over these gathers on the inside, thereby giving a neat finish. On the outside, underneath the button, sew a pretty bow made of the narrow ribbon. This will give the effect of drawing the bag together with the ribbon. The bag can be lined, if preferred, and will be much stronger. A contrasting color will be most effective.

To secure the bag to the screw-eyes in the canes, use a heavy *linen twine*, putting it in the casing with a bodkin. Make three holes through the casing and lace, just twelve inches apart. Tie the linen twine through one of the screw-eyes; then run it through the casing, bringing it out through the next hole; pass it through the second eye, and fasten it securely, either by tying a knot, or putting it twice through the eye, before running into the casing again. Do the same at the next eye, run the twine through the casing to the place of beginning, and tie the ends firmly. Place a bow of ribbon on each cane, to cover the knots and also to trim the basket. About three-quarters of a yard of ribbon is needed for each bow. When adjusting the bag, the triangle must be in position; and the twine must be drawn firmly, or the bag will sag.

Make a little oil-silk bag suitable for a small sponge, trim with ribbon, and suspend underneath the large bag just made. Make a pin-cushion about three or four inches long from the pieces of surah, also some little pockets, and secure to the inside of the basket, say about the center of each side of the bag; let the pin cushion be on one side, the pockets on the other, and the last side may be used for the comb, brush, etc., by sewing on a piece of elastic, in width about the same as the ribbon used, and tacking it at intervals, leaving the spaces of the proper size to accommodate the articles. The pin-cushion, if heavy, had better be laid in the lower part of the bag, instead of being sewed to the sides. It might be well to perfume the pin-cushion and pockets by scattering a little sachet powder on the inter-lining.

An excellent powder to be used for the skin of an infant is good, pure starch, prepared in this way: Take about a tea-cupful of well-rolled starch, pour upon this enough superior eau de Cologne to saturate it, allow it to dry, and roll again before sewing into a little bag made of very thin material. This little bag is to be hung on one of the canes, and can easily be slipped off when needed for use. In fact, slips and light articles can be suspended from these canes at any time when the tripod is in its true position.

Resting on the triangle will be seen a little rack. This is intended to hold the soap, although other articles could also be placed there. The comparatively small cost of the basket, and the clear illustrations, we hope will lead those needing such an article to try their hand at what they can do in producing even a still prettier one. It could also be utilized for a lady's work-basket or to hold materials for fancy-work.

C. M. BLYTHE.

A \$50 Prize for Home Work.

IN the January number of this Magazine we offered a prize of \$50 for an article descriptive of a Home Industry which could be turned to profitable account. During the war, the Southern ladies developed a great deal of ingenuity in making substitutes for articles previously purchased at the shops, or sent for from the North. If any one of these methods became a means of earning money, and has added to industrial resources, we should be glad to have it described, and its results given. What very many women need is some source of remunerative employment at home. If any one has thought out, and worked out, such an enterprise or occupation, we should be glad to hear of it, from North, East, South, or West. For the best scheme we offer this prize of FIFTY DOLLARS; and for any such story, intelligently told, which has not been awarded the prize, we will gladly pay the ordinary rates. Articles must be in before June 1, 1887.

A Career.

HE did not work for selfish gain,
 No love of lucre thrilled his heart;
 His fellow man, the spell of art,
 And public good were his domain.
 To serve his friends he suffered pain;
 He valued some things more than gold;
 But when the days, no voice foretold
 Of evil, made life's lesson plain.
 The choir of early praise grew still,
 Contempt was bold, and friendship shy,
 And busy tongues spread calumny,
 His name to defile and do him ill,
 And depths of human nature show
 'Twere worth the whole world not to know.

JOEL BENTON.

Night.

THE curtain of the night, embroidered o'er with stars,
 Drops with its dream-like silence downward through the
 mist,
 Hiding the while away the gateway of the day,
 Arched all about with gold and amethyst.
 It falls the while between the seen and the unseen,
 The heard and the unheard; silence and mirth,
 Whose wings together spread, whose feet together tread,
 The silence of the angels, and the laughter on the hearth.

HELEN A. MANVILLE.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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

The Political Field.

The old parties are breaking up. When the brains are out, the organism they direct ceases to live. The two great historic parties of this country have had their day. The Democratic organization fulfilled its mission in incorporating the theories of Thomas Jefferson into the working constitution of the country. Universal suffrage and equality before the law were the basic ideas of the Jeffersonian democracy. Although the Democratic party never favored either negro suffrage or woman's suffrage, the cardinal principles it advocated lead directly to giving the ballot, not only to the negro, but to women. The Republican party has also fulfilled its mission, which was to free and enfranchise the slave, and to save and reconstruct the Union. But now the time has come for other issues; political programmes move in accord with the wants of our time. The temperance question is now vital. In other countries, religious questions are those that excite the deepest feeling; but in America it is a moral issue that raises the keenest interest. The demand for prohibitory laws against the sale of strong drink is heard in all parts of the country, and when the people get a chance to vote directly on the issue, the advocates of liquor-selling are invariably defeated. The recent vote in Michigan is a case in point. The temperance men carried the election undoubtedly by honest votes, and were nominally defeated only because of the grossest corruption. The returns were tampered with in the large cities, while hundreds of fraudulent votes were imported from Wisconsin and Canada. A remarkable revolution of public feeling has occurred in Texas. The uprising against liquor-selling extends throughout the whole of that great State. Senator Reagan, the author of the Inter-State Commerce law, who only a year ago protested loudly against what he called sumptuary laws, is now an ardent advocate of prohibition by law. Indeed, the success of the temperance movement in the South, among blacks and whites alike, is one of the most remarkable and hopeful signs of the times. It must be confessed that in this matter the Middle and Eastern States lag behind the Western and Southern States.

Other New Issues.

While temperance is the most vital and immediate of the new political questions, there are others coming to the fore which will help to divide the parties. The new Labor organization is scoring tens of thousands of votes in all the large cities. As yet, its policy is undefined. Many of the views put forward by its leaders are impracticable, if not wild and dangerous. But the Labor party is helping to destroy the Democratic organization, as the Prohibition movement is disrupting the Republican party. It is a hopeful sign that the representative of the laborers was overwhelmingly beaten in Chicago because suspected of holding subversive and anarchical opinions. We do not attach very much importance to the appearance of the laboring man in politics, for we do not think it possible to found a great party on class distinctions. Political organizations, to be permanent, must appeal to a wide variety of interests. A nation controlled by the poor alone, or by the rich alone, would not be worth living in. In time it will be found that the parties of the future will embrace all classes within their ranks. Senator John Sherman has been making speeches in the South, in which he outlines a possible programme for a new party. He advocates a high tariff, as a matter of course, from his point of view; but he also suggests what may be called "paternalism" in a modified sense. He would use some of our vast revenues for works of public utility. "Why not," he says, "improve our water-ways and our harbors? Unite the Mississippi with the Lakes by the Hennepin Canal, and build the various other canals needed to connect the Lakes on our northern frontier, so that commerce may be unrestricted between Lake Superior and the Atlantic seaboard." So far, as a nation, we have been jealous of government action in making such improvements as will advance the commercial interests of the country. We have depended on the corporations to build our railroads, and the States and municipalities to construct such works as were needed to advance the business interests of the various localities. It was the State of New York that constructed the Erie Canal, a work of national importance. If Senator Sherman's proposition could be carried out, the Federal government would spend its surplus moneys in works of improvement.

Inter-State Commerce.

Slowly but surely the general government is taking on itself new responsibilities. There are now in Washington, bureaux of

Statistics, of Agriculture, of Education, and a score of others of less importance. None of these were in existence before the war. At the last session a bill was passed authorizing the appointment of a new cabinet officer to look after the interests of agriculture and labor. President Cleveland practically vetoed the measure, but it passed both houses by heavy majorities. The President approved the law appointing an Inter-State Railway Commission, which is the first step towards putting the transportation lines of the country under the control of the Federal Government. Heretofore the great railroad corporations had unchecked power. They could charge what they pleased for freight or fare, and were under no responsibility to the community. They could favor a rich customer and enable him to ruin a competitor in business, and there was no redress for the sufferer by such injustice. But now the nation has declared that all travelers and freighters shall be treated alike; that no favors shall be shown: not only is the public to be protected against the corporations, but the latter are in a measure protected against one another. Of course this Inter-State law is not perfect: but it will be improved in its working, as experience is gained by the commissioners and the public. The numerous bureaux at Washington and this Inter-State Commerce Commission are all indications of the tendency of the government to take on new powers and to be used for the benefit of the community at large.

New Water-ways Projected.

Two thousand years ago an attempt was made to cut a canal through the narrow Isthmus of Corinth which unites northern Greece with the Peloponnesus. But it failed, as well as did subsequent efforts by Julius Cæsar and his successors. But this year will see that work completed by the skill of French engineers. Ships from France or Italy, bound for Athens or Constantinople, will save two days in time by using this canal connecting the Gulf of Corinth with the Ægean Sea. The French have shown great enterprise and skill in this work, as in the Suez and Panama canals. The latter enterprise may be delayed, but we believe it will be eventually completed and will redound more to the credit of France than have the bloody and fruitless wars of Napoleon. The German government is constructing a ship canal between the North and Baltic Seas, from the mouth of the Elbe to Kiel. When completed, it is estimated that full 18,000 ships will yearly use this new canal, saving 237 miles of sailing, and avoiding the perilous waters north of Denmark. The Russian government is improving the natural water-courses of Siberia, by deepening them and digging a short canal between the Obi and Yenisei rivers which are then to be connected with Lake Baikal. These improvements are expected to cost ten million dollars, but they will help greatly the internal commerce of Siberia. Then there are other large enterprises on foot, such as the ship canal to Paris, the great canal between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, another between the Azof and the Black seas. It is also proposed to connect the Mediterranean with the Euphrates river and the Persian Gulf. All over the world these water-way improvements are progressing; but if anything of the kind is proposed in the United States, the cry of "job" is raised, and the Congressmen who vote moneys for them are charged with corruption.

Effect of Seismic Forces.

Professor Huxley, among others, believes that earthquakes are caused by the cooling of the earth's crust. When the globe has parted with a portion of its heat its diameter contracts, hence the upheaval of mountain chains and of coast lines which takes place in the locations where the shrinkage is most marked. Since the earthquake of August last in Charleston, South Carolina, the tides along the coast are at least eight inches lower than ever before, which means that there has been an upheaval of the earth. During the present century the coast line of New Zealand, Chili, and Sweden have been raised by earthquake action. In 1819 there was an earthquake that affected the Delta of the Indus, and all the canals drawn from the Fullalee ceased to run. Everywhere these changes are occurring on the earth's surface, sometimes silently, at other times with violence, as in the Charleston catastrophe. Millions of years from now, when the earth has parted with still more of its heat, the surface of our globe will be seamed with great mountain ranges. Perhaps by that time man will have such command of the forces of nature that he will be able to level the mountains, fill up the deepest caverns and valleys, and so distribute the water as to make the surface of our planet more fertile even than it is to day.

Hindoo Marriage Customs.

In the peninsula of Hindoostan every woman must be married. It is accounted a disgrace to be single, and, to make sure, children of tender age are betrothed to each other. Then, again, the couple are expected to live together, no matter how repulsive the union may be to either of the married parties. A case has just come before the Hindoo courts which throws much light upon that greatest of British dependencies. Ruk Mibhai, a native girl eleven years old, was married to a youth of nineteen. They were parted at the altar, and the girl was taken to a refined home and was carefully educated. In time the husband claimed his wife, but she refused to live with him. He was a coarse, stupid fellow, too poor to support a wife, and moreover a consumptive. The matter was brought before a court, and the judge decided in favor of the wife; but this raised such an outcry among the native population that the highest court in the Indies, presided over by very learned English judges, reversed the decision of the lower court. The native population would not tolerate the idea of a wife having any rights a husband was

bound to respect. No matter what incompatibility there might be, the wife must bear the cross. This was the position of all the Hindoo women, as well as of the men. At last accounts, this particular Hindoo wife was pleading with the authorities to set aside the law in her case. Strong sympathy was felt for her; but it was feared she must submit to what would be almost as cruel a fate as the Suttee. Widows in India have a bitter lot. They cannot marry again, they have no occupations, and they lead dishonored lives. Marriage customs are curious. In India they militate against the woman. In Russia a priest can marry but one wife. If he loses his first consort he can take no other. Hence they cherish their wives, as do the married women of Hindoostan their husbands, for if they lose them they cannot marry again, and life for them is emptied of all its joys.

Good Times Ahead.

All the indications are that prosperity is in store for this country for at least two years to come. It is a curious fact that periods of depression usually last about four years, to be followed by about four years of advancing prices and a more hopeful feeling in trade circles. We had hard times from 1873 to 1877. Prices improved in 1878, and 1879, 1880, and 1881 were "booming" years. The shooting of President Garfield and the failure of the corn crop of 1881 were the beginning of another four years of depression. The times mended in the summer of 1885, and, if the analogy holds good, we may look forward to improving conditions until 1889. There are some unwholesome symptoms just now, such as extravagant land speculation in various parts of the West and Southwest. Indeed, since 1837, there was never so wild a craze as is now prevailing in and near the new western centers of population. Lots, they say, are selling in Kansas City as high as on Broadway, New York, and the craze is showing itself in Denver, St. Paul, Duluth, and other rising Western cities. Even in Southern California there is the wildest kind of speculation now under way, especially near Los Angeles, which is beginning to be known throughout the world as the best sanitarium for consumptives. There is a great deal of activity in real estate in the middle and Atlantic States, but as yet it cannot be said that there is any unwholesome boom. In cycles of speculation, land is about the last thing to go up in value, and when this tendency is manifest, the beginning of the end is approaching; for money sunk in land is not immediately available. But it is idle to anticipate disaster. The United States alone, of all the nations of the earth, is exceptionally prosperous. One reason is because we use silver as a money metal, while it is in great part discarded by the nations of Europe.

America Ahead.

Surely we have reason to felicitate ourselves as a nation. Ours is the only country on earth which is rapidly paying off its national debt, and whose surplus is a constant source of embarrassment. Every other civilized nation has a yearly deficit; it spends more than it receives. Germany alone is somewhat better situated, for it owns its great lines of railways, and has other assets which, if sold, would bring more than its national debt. The extraordinary advantages we have over other nations is profoundly impressing the people of other countries. The following extract from an English financial circular tells its own story: "Without venturing to express an opinion, we may, nevertheless, call attention to a few facts which bear on this point. In less than 20 years the United States have reduced their debt by about £220,000,000. They ended their fiscal year, 1886, with a surplus of about £18,000,000. They added during 1886 to their system of railways 8,600 miles, making in all 130,000 miles, worked by 27,000 locomotives, costing approximately, £1,650,000,000. In 6 years, 1880-1886, the population increased 20 per cent., namely, from 50,000,000 to 61,000,000. In 1885 they raised 357,000,000 bushels of wheat; in 1886 they raised 457,000,000 bushels, an increase of more than 27 per cent., or 100,000,000 bushels. In 1885 their shipping ports received 4,451,663 bales of cotton; in 1886, they received 5,177,235 bales, an increase of more than 11½ per cent., or 725,572 bales. In comparison with these figures the progress of all other countries becomes insignificant." Is it any wonder that the tide of emigration is again setting for our shores? The above figures could be extended. For instance, the metal and mineral products of the United States had a "spot" value of \$430,000,000 as against \$292,000,000 for the mineral products of Great Britain in the same year. The mineral production of this year, it is estimated, will be fully \$500,000,000. We shall build 12,000 miles of new railroads in 1887. Our largest previous year was in 1883, when we built some 8,000 miles of road. Then we are at peace with all the world and have no use for our army, but we think it prudent to have a few ships and big guns to guard our sea coasts against possible complications with other nations. Happy, happy America!

Getting Charts of the Stars.

A Convention of Astronomers recently met in Paris. The most important work it undertook to do was to take photographs of the heavens at night, so as to exactly reproduce every star in the firmament above us. These photographs will be taken from every possible point of the earth's surface. This will occupy fully twelve years. The map will be composed, when completed, of two thousand sheets. It is supposed that it will locate fully

25,000,000 of stars. This will show the location and magnitude of every heavenly body at the close of the nineteenth century. A similar census taken a hundred years from now will show the changes in the heavenly bodies, and throw a world of light on them for the benefit of the future scientists. These photographs are what is called *gelatine-bromure*. The result is far more perfect than if the human eye alone is used to map out the stars. The sensitive photograph not only transcribes more accurately, but can, as it were, see farther into the depths of space. Some thirty years ago, Fitz-James O'Brien, who was subsequently killed in the civil war, published a story based upon the theory that a photographic plate of the moon could be made to reveal all the secrets of that satellite of the earth. He argued, that if we could analyze the photograph, and bring out all its secrets, everything on the moon's surface could be seen as distinctly as though we were only a few feet distant from it. This seemed very wild when written, but the astronomers of all nations assembled at Paris advanced somewhat similar views, and some of them really supposed that we might get a more intimate knowledge of the heavenly bodies, especially their chemical composition, than we ever had before, by means of these sensitive photographic reproductions. How marvelous is the conception that this 25,000,000 of stars, each a sun, with a solar system of its own, does not even begin to tell the extent of the universe we live in. Multiply the 25,000,000 by another twenty-five millions, and still we have not the faintest idea of the *universecellum*. In trying to comprehend the magnitude of the system of suns we live in we are like the minnow in the mountain stream endeavoring to form some conception of the ocean with its world of waters thousands of miles away. Who can think of this subject without being impressed with the remark of the reverend philosopher, who said that the "undevout astronomer is mad."

A Dog College.

It was Napoleon who said that it was "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and to pass from the starry heavens to the world of curs and puppies seems to be a great come-down. But studying the brute creation may be very profitable, as helping to show us the evolution of intelligence in animal life. In London and Vienna, dog colleges have been instituted, where, for a fee, these animals are trained in all manner of tricks, and their intelligence is cultivated systematically, so as to make them a source of much greater amusement to their owners. The modern dog shows what marvelous results come of breeding and training. The question has never been settled as to which of the wild animals the dog traces his remote ancestry. It was probably a variety of wolf. But note the differences which now exist between the various breeds of dogs! Compare the giant Siberian bloodhound with the little household pet which the lady can hold in one hand, the tiny animal scarcely covering her palm. Then note the contrast between the ferocious bulldog and the timid and fleet Italian greyhound. Yet these variations, marvelous as they are, were not the result of any scientific selection, but are due to circumstances, and a kind of natural development. Why not colleges, if you please, for all animals? As far back as ancient Egypt, lions were trained for hunting purposes. In modern times, what marvels are to be seen in the changes produced in the horse! Even more remarkable are the results in breeds of cows, sheep, and the other animals on which men live, or whose wool, hair, or skin is in demand for clothing. The scientists are beginning to study life in all its variations, and it would be well if rich men were to leave bequests to endow institutions that would systematically bring out all the possibilities of the animal creation, which are such a service to the human race in the way of its support, work, and pleasure. Then, may it not eventuate in the human race itself being taken in hand, and so trained as to bring about its best possibilities in the way of beauty and form, intelligence and high moral character?

What the Nations are After.

It looks as though peace may prevail in Europe, for a time at least. But Mr. Edward Dicey publishes an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he predicts the outbreak, at no distant time, of a gigantic war. Each nation is intent upon altering the map of the Old World. How happy are we in this country in not wishing an extension of our territory! There are many reasons why Canada would be a desirable acquisition. It would extend our northern boundaries to the North Pole. The descendants of the English, Scotch, Irish, and French who inhabit the region north of us would make very desirable citizens. Embezzlers and "boodle" aldermen would lose their place of refuge, and there would be no need of reciprocity treaties; while the fishery disputes would at once be settled. Then it would solve railroad and other problems, for one of the embarrassments of the new inter-state railroad law is the independence of the Canadian lines, and their ability to cut rates between our western and eastern centers of population. Then a slice of northern Mexico would give us a splendid mineral region to develop, and would add largely to our national wealth. But desirable as these annexations would be, we have no intention of going to war to bring them about. But in Europe a mighty conflict is impending, though it may not break out until next spring. When it does, an ocean of blood will be shed, and countless millions of treasure wasted.

Household.

Going Into The Country.

It has become the almost universal habit of the cities for families to shut up their pleasant homes, for two or three months at least, in summer, and transport wife, children, and maid, servant to some country farm-house or hotel for the change and rest which is supposed to be needed. Doubtless custom and example have much to do with the breaking up of regular habits of life, and creating seeming necessity; but the generally good influence of country air, a change of diet, and freedom from household cares, upon children and house-mother, cannot be disputed; all that the latter has to consider is how to effect it with as little cost to the permanent interests of the home as possible.

The first thing to be considered is the comfort of the male portion of the family; for it is not wise to leave them too dependent on chance friends and acquaintances.

The second is to provide for the security of that which you leave behind. There are more than thieves that work destruction; and much of the vexation and trouble which housekeepers encounter arises from neglect or want of forecast. A cedar closet is an invaluable appendage of any house: if one has not that, cedar chests will do; but if even these are not available, then one must do the best that is possible with camphor, old sheets, and crash.

The first thing to be done is to brush and put away all woollens and furs that are not to be taken to the country. See that the trunks in which they are to be stored are clean and free from moths; scatter powdered borax over the floor of them; cover this with a sheet of brown wrapping-paper, and then proceed to pack the winter clothing and whatever may prove an attraction for marauders. Furs should be well supplied with camphor, rolled in tissue-paper, and tied down in their own boxes before being packed away in trunks or closets. Cloth dresses, coats, and cloaks should be folded smoothly and separately, camphored thoroughly, and pinned up in old sheets, or large towels, and then have camphor sprinkled between. The small spaces should be filled with the woolen hosiery, gloves, mittens, hoods, comforters, and the like belonging to the family, for one article left out will grow a crop of insects.

The clothing disposed of, the next thing in order is to take care of the bedding. A day should be set apart for the washing of blankets, effected with tepid water, borax, and a tablespoonful of ammonia; soap should never be applied *directly* to woollens of any kind. Make a lather with water and these ingredients, then shave in some curd or castile soap, and stir till melted. Wash the blankets clean, and rinse in clean tepid water with which a mere suspicion of blueing has been mixed. Wring well, and dry in the open air. Fold across, laying sheets of camphorated paper between the folds; pin up in sheets, and put plenty of camphor between each layer. There are those who say that camphor will not preserve from the ravages of moths; the writer knows that it will, if cleanliness and care are used, as well as camphor.

The next thing in order is to procure a quantity of tissue-paper in sheets, and envelop in it all small articles, ornaments, bric-à-brac of china, glass, and the like. Use high clothes baskets to pack these in, and in the top can be put curtains, or portières, after having been well brushed and pinned up in sheets of camphorated paper. When all this has been done, fold newspapers over the top, tie the lids down securely, and have them placed in a corner of the store-room or bath-room.

The house will by this time look pretty well denuded of its habitable features, but the final process will divest it of whatever remains of the homelike in its appearance. There is no need to shroud pictures or mirrors in unused rooms; but there is an imperative necessity for shrouding carpets. More than one lady has returned from her summer's rest to find her parlor carpets devastated by moths, the servants in charge thinking that because rooms were not occupied they did not need sweeping. All danger will be avoided, however, if the carpet is sprinkled upon

its edge with a mixture of powdered camphor and borax, and sheets or a crash cover pinned tightly down over the whole surface.

Silverware and valuable jewelry should be consigned to the safe deposit vaults during the summer, as neither of them are needed, and the less inducements there are offered to the ghoul-like instincts of thieves the better, not to speak of the relief from anxiety and responsibility—an element of infinite value in a summer vacation. Should these little hints be followed, the housekeeper will not only find herself freed from many fears, but lightened of much labor when she returns to her house, which will have suffered no deterioration in her absence. J. J.

The Guest-Chamber.

In these days, when so many people live in flats, and take their meals at hotel restaurants, the guest-chamber, and the old-fashioned, cordial hospitality it implies, are in great danger of being crowded out of the lives of many dwellers in cities. The flat is such an uncomfortable den to abide in, and even the members of your own family are so eternally getting in your way, that the idea of entertaining guests—except for the brief space of a lunch or dinner—seems well-nigh intolerable. Yet even the dwellers in apartment-houses should remember that the pleasure of having one's friends under one's own roof-tree, the warming of the heart, the good fellowship with one's kind that true hospitality brings, are blessings that no one is rich enough to be able to dispense with. An elderly couple, whose children were all married, built a house for themselves at Newport some years ago, and being of a selfish disposition, built their dwelling of such small dimensions that there was no space for a "spare room." Nature, or something, was too strong for these old people, however, and their relatives visited them "just the same" as if elaborate provisions had been made for their accommodation.

If your flat is really too small to admit of a guest-chamber, at least have a turn-up bedstead, or a long old-fashioned sofa, or a wooden folding-bed, so that you may have the means of entertaining intimate friends, who will forgive an improvised bedroom, and perhaps even enjoy the fun and novelty of the thing: that is, if they are good-natured people, and none others should either live in apartment-houses or visit in them. Life under such circumstances is too irritating to be endured by those who have a tendency to nerves; the constant juxtaposition into which you are brought with all the other inmates of the boltless prison, to say nothing of the weariness of your flat neighbors and the dreadful proximity of the never silent door-bell—these are torments which only the serene can endure smilingly.

Granting, then, that in the apartment-house the guest-chamber must exist for the most part in an embryonic form, let us turn to the suburban or country dwelling, where, if anywhere, hospitality ought to be seen in its fullest development. This must be so, in the very nature of things: the comparative quiet and monotony of rural life make the advent of a guest a much more important and delightful occasion than it is to the dweller in a city, who can have his choice of a hundred pleasures and amusements every day in the year. The well-known hospitality and cordiality of the Southern planters have been explained, as the natural result of their living "so far from everybody, and leading such dull existences." The same sort of hospitality used to exist in old-fashioned New England mansions. A friend whose ancestors came from Connecticut tells me that it was the commonest thing in the world—according to family tradition—for his grandfather's wide and roomy kitchen to be filled with wandering Indians and old soldiers who were given a night's shelter—allowed to sleep by the kitchen fire, and sent on their way rejoicing.

Whatever the size of your guest-chamber may be, try to have it as comfortable as possible, and do not subordinate comfort to state and show. For example, the large square pillows that have such an imposing effect, placed upright at the bed's head, and covered, perhaps, with starched and rattling shams, are, to many people, not at all agreeable to sleep upon; they raise the head too high, and a guest should at least be asked if he or she would not prefer smaller pillows. I am glad to say, however, that the towering sham is fast going out of style, and that smaller pillows, laid

flat on the bolster, or even put away in a closet in the daytime, are now considered better form.

Do not be too conservative in the matter of the mattresses on your spare beds. Sleep on them yourself occasionally, to test their softness, for mattresses may present a fine outward appearance, and yet, like some people of the same description, be decidedly uncomfortable to get along with. The spring beds, which have now been brought to a great degree of perfection, are far preferable to either husk mattresses or feather beds for use beneath the hair mattress. To sleep directly next to a feather bed is considered so unhealthy that few people now like to do it. But those who are in the habit of doing so will of course be very cold and uncomfortable on a hair mattress. Be sure to supply plenty of blankets, and also to ask whether your guest does not need more. Chilly people need a great quantity of bed-coverings, and often feel shy about causing trouble by asking for more than has been provided for them.

Be sure that plenty of water is provided, unless your guest-chamber has a dressing-room annexed or is furnished with running water. A bath-tub of some sort should be convenient to every guest's room—a sitz-bath, where there is no set tub.

Plenty of clean towels should hang on the towel-rack, and ought to be renewed every day, during a guest's stay. But pray spare your guest from texts and mottoes, such as, "Wash and be clean," etc. Not long ago, a gentleman who was much given to ablutions begged his wife to take away one of these wretched splashers from his wash-stand. He said he could not stand dictation in crewels every day of his life.

A new brush and comb should stand upon the dressing-table, and a writing-table or desk, fully equipped with writing materials, postage-stamps, etc., will be found a great blessing by many guests. Let there be a few good books on the book-shelf, and a work-basket or drawer, furnished with sewing implements, not forgetting glove-buttons, silks to match different colored gloves and dresses, tape, etc., etc. On the dressing-table, pins and hair-pins, a powder-puff, button-hook, glove-buttoner, and eau de Cologne should be set out, as well as a box of nail implements.

A light stand, equipped with night-light and matches, should be placed beside the bed at night, and if the convenience of your house will at all allow of it, give your guest the choice of breakfasting in her own room, or coming down stairs to breakfast. There is nothing about which people differ more widely than the hour and way in which they take their breakfast. To some the morning is the best part of the day; they like to get up early, eat a hearty breakfast, and begin the business of the day in good season. To others, the morning hours are weary and distasteful, and life does not begin in earnest much before noon; nor is it only those who lead a gay life of party-going who do not feel well in the early part of the day. Some very quiet, sober-going people, even among the working-classes, find "morning a disease." I have known seamstresses who could not eat anything before ten o'clock.

Whatever one's own private views may be, therefore, concerning the beauty and fitness of early rising, one ought to remember that a guest may have very different habits, and may have her whole day destroyed by being obliged to rise at an hour to which she is wholly unaccustomed. Per contra, a guest who is in the habit of breakfasting at eight or nine o'clock finds it hard to wait till twelve, with nothing to eat. A young gentleman who was invited to pay a visit at one of the handsomest châteaux at Newport was thus left to his own devices till noon—the breakfast hour of his host—and he found the long hours of waiting inexpressibly dreary and tedious.

As many people are liable to be hungry between supper and breakfast time, it is only kind to ask a guest if she will not have some light refreshments brought to her room when she retires for the night.

The chambermaid should always leave a tray with ice-water on the table when she arranges the guest-chamber for the night; she should also turn down the bed-clothing, remove the spread, where it is a handsome one, arrange the pillows, etc. In the morning, she should knock and ask whether the guest would like hot water.

If you have no chambermaid, attend yourself to your guest's comfort, and if you do so gracefully, and with the true hospitable spirit, she will find your ministrations much more agreeable

than those of a hired domestic. Lest you may have forgotten something, ask your guest, and ask her cordially, whether there is anything that she would like. For, no matter how thoughtful you are, you cannot always anticipate people's wants, because they are so various. I knew of one English lady, who liked to have tea at four o'clock in the morning; fortunately, she could make it herself in her own room. Another lady of the same nationality was in the habit of bathing in vinegar. Still another visitor at a country-house, a gentleman, had a taste for declaiming aloud, in his own room, future political speeches. You never know how odd people are, till you stay under the same roof with them—nay, perhaps you do not always know then.

A guest-chamber should always be provided with curtains for the windows besides the shades, and with blinds, either outer or inner, unless the curtains are heavy enough to keep out the light. To go from a well-shaded bedroom in a city house, to the glare and light of some country houses, where the early sun pours in through the chinks of the blinds, and the transparent Holland shades in vain endeavor to keep out his violence, poor pale things!—this is a far from agreeable experience; but many of us have been through it, nevertheless. The inside blinds that are now so much in vogue are very good darkeners, and have the advantage of slats that are movable in reality as well as in theory.

Where the floor of a spare-room is covered with matting only, or where it is a parquet or a stained floor, rugs or strips of carpeting, nicely bound, should be placed in front of the bed, bureau, and washstand. Nothing is more disagreeable, to sensitive people, than standing on a cold, carpetless floor while dressing. Be sure that at least one comfortable rocking or easy chair is placed in your guest's apartment, and, especially if the guest is a young lady, be careful to provide good and sufficient lights, on both sides of the dressing table or glass. Gaseliers are now often hung close in front of a mirror, from the ceiling, although branches on either side—i. e., two wall-brackets, either for gas or kerosene lamps—give very good light. If you have no such fixtures, two kerosene lamps or a pair of candles should certainly be provided. To dress by one small oil lamp, perhaps for a grand ball or fête, this is a trial of the flesh.

At New Haven, at the time of the Yale College festivities in winter, all the warm bed-chambers of the hotels are carefully reserved for the young lady guests, who are invited by the collegians, according to the *ou dit*, for the value of their style and the probable elegance of their dress, rather than for their beauty or other charms. The chaperons have to put up with the cold rooms. "Place aux jeunes dames!" should be our American motto; or rather, it should not be, but it is.

F. M. H.

RECEIPTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—Pare and slice the potatoes. Chop one tablespoonful of parsley. Slice half an onion, put it into the frying-pan with the butter, and shake it about over the fire until it is a pale yellow color. Put in the potatoes, shake the pan to prevent burning, and toss the potatoes about to brown them slightly and equally, for five minutes. Sprinkle them with the chopped parsley, season with pepper and salt, and serve hot.

Lemon Dumplings with Lemon Sauce.—Shred one quarter of a pound of suet, and chop it very fine. Grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of one lemon. Mix together the suet, half a pound of bread crumbs, three ounces of sugar, two eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon, and enough milk to moisten these ingredients; divide them into six equal parts; dip six small pudding-bags into boiling water, dust them with flour, tie up a dumpling in each, and drop them into a pot full of boiling water, boil steadily for an hour, keeping the pot covered all the time, or the dumplings may be heavy. When they are done, take them up, turn them out of the cloths, arrange them on a dish, dust them with powdered sugar, and serve them with lemon sauce. To make this, grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of one lemon. Mix together over the fire one ounce each of butter and sugar, until they bubble; stir in half a pint of boiling water, one ounce of sugar, the rind and juice of the lemon, and serve in a sauce-boat with the pudding. Do not let the sauce boil after adding the lemon, or it will be bitter.

Cabinet Pudding with Jelly Sauce.—Pick over, very carefully, one quarter of a pound of dry currants, wash them in the colander

with plenty of cold water, and dry them on a clean towel. Slice some stale bread. Butter a plain pudding-mold, put the bread and currants into it in alternate layers, and pour over them a custard. Set the mold containing the pudding in a saucepan half full of boiling water; cover the saucepan and let the pudding steam an hour.

Jelly Sauce.—Melt one ounce of sugar and a couple of table-spoonfuls of currant jelly over the fire in half a pint of boiling water, and stir into the sauce a teaspoonful of corn-starch dissolved in half a cup of cold water. Let it come to a boil, and it will be ready for use.

Fish Pie.—Boil one quart of potatoes in boiling water and salt. Soak one quart of stale bread in cold water, and wring it dry in a clean towel; season it well with pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cut two pounds of cod-fish in small slices and lay it in cold salted water. When the potatoes are done, peel them, mash them through a colander, and season with pepper and salt. Put the fish and bread in alternate layers in a pudding dish, make a top crust of the potatoes, and bake the pie an hour in a moderate oven.

French Pancakes.—Beat together till smooth, six eggs and half a pound of flour. Melt four ounces of butter, and add it to the batter, with one ounce of sugar and half a pint of milk, and beat till smooth. Put by the tablespoonful into a hot frying-pan, slightly greased, running the batter evenly over the surface of the pan. Fry the pancake a light brown, spread with jelly, roll it up, and serve hot.

Breast of Veal Stuffed.—Make what is called a "pocket" in a three-pound breast of veal, by cutting the flesh of the upper side free from the breast bones, taking care to leave the outer sides of the meat whole, so as to hold the stuffing. Prepare a bed of scraps of vegetables, herbs, and pork in the dripping-pan. Stuff the veal with force-meat, sew it up, lay it on the vegetables, put four ounces of salt pork, cut in thin slices, on the top, season it with a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper, and bake in a moderate oven, about one hour, till thoroughly done. Serve it with a brown gravy, made by rubbing the dripping in the pan together with the vegetables, through a sieve, adding a little boiling water, and seasoning properly.

Jumbles.—Rasp on some good sugar the rinds of two lemons; dry, reduce it to powder, and sift it with as much more sugar as will make up a pound in weight. Mix it with one pound of flour, four well-beaten eggs, and six ounces of warm butter; drop the mixture on buttered tins, and bake the jumbles in a very slow oven from twenty to thirty minutes. They should be pale but perfectly crisp.

Strawberry Blanc-Mange.—Crush slightly with a silver or wooden spoon a quart, measured without their stalks, of fresh and richly flavored strawberries; strew over them eight ounces of powdered sugar, and let them stand for three or four hours; then turn them on to a fine hair sieve reversed, and rub them through it. Melt over a gentle fire two ounces of the best isinglass in a pint of new milk, and sweeten it with four ounces of sugar: strain it through a muslin, and mix it with one pint and one quarter of sweet thick cream; keep these stirred till they are nearly or quite cold, then pour them gradually to the strawberries, whisking them briskly together, and last of all throw in by small portions the strained juice of a fine sound lemon. Mold the blanc-mange, and set it in a very cool place for twelve hours or more before it is served.

Portable Lemonade.—Rasp with a quarter-pound of sugar the rind of a very fine juicy lemon, reduce it to powder and pour on the strained juice of the fruit. Press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water. It will keep for a considerable time.

A Prize of \$25 for Best Bills of Fare, for a Week, for a Family of Five.

A PRIZE of \$25 was offered in the January number of this Magazine for the best bills of fare for one week, for a family of five, whose income is not more than \$1,500 per annum. Of course, the purchasing power of this amount differs in different localities; therefore the question is not so much how to get the *most* out of the average sum, as how to get the *best*, the greatest and most

healthful variety, within the limits—the balanced bill of fare, in which one thing shall assist or atone for the absence of another. In the receipts given for the different dishes, wine and intoxicating liquors of all kinds must be omitted; and if the produce of garden or orchard, dairy or farm, is used, it must be set down at the market prices. It would be necessary for the writers to give their own estimate of the proportion of \$1,500 which a family of five should devote to table expenses. Articles not received after July 1, 1887.

The Fate of Nydia.

(See Page Engraving.)



ROBABLY few readers of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, with its vivid descriptions of that eventful time, have ever quite forgotten the story of Nydia, the blind flower-girl, her sad life, hopeless love, and tragic death, though perhaps the other incidents, striking as they are, have entirely slipped from the memory until recalled by an account of some new exploration or discovery in that fated city. She was so human; her love so unselfish, her devotion so untiring, her instincts so unerring; a child with a woman's capacity to love and suffer. In those last perilous hours, weak, exposed, yet fearless, her very infirmity a blessing in the utter darkness that shrouded the city, she is described as "a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings—of Hope, walking through the valley of the shadow; a very emblem of the soul itself—lone but comforted—amid the dangers and the snares of life!"

To painters and sculptors her story has repeatedly been a source of inspiration—as the poor slave vending her flowers and chanting her plaintive song, or threading her way, with the aid of her staff, through the desolation about her; and the artist whose admirable picture we reproduce has chosen the last sad scene, when peace and rest have come at last, and the bark glides on to safety and happiness, leaving her floating on the now peaceful sea, upheld by the pitying nymph lest she sink too rudely into the cold waters. He has closely followed the text, and the whole sorrowful ending is brought vividly before us:—

"And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; light was about to resume her reign. Yet still, dark, and massive, in the distance lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain.

"There was no shout from the mariners at the dawning light; but there was a low, deep murmur of thankfulness amid these watchers of the long night; and in the feeling that the worst was past, the over-wearied ones turned round and fell placidly to sleep. And the bark drifted calmly onward to its port.

"In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face of Glaucus; she inhaled the deep breath of his heavy slumber, and timidly and sadly she kissed his brow—his lips; she felt for his hand—it was locked in that of Ione; she sighed deeply and her face darkened. Again she kissed his brow, and with her hair wiped from it the damps of night. 'May the gods bless you, Athenian!' she murmured. 'May you be happy with your beloved one! May you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! she is of no further use on earth!'

"She turned away. The balmy air played through her waving tresses. She put them from her face, and raised those eyes—so tender, though so lightless—to the sky, whose soft face she had never seen! 'No, no!' she said, half aloud: 'I cannot endure it; this jealous, exacting love

—it shatters my whole soul in madness! Rest—rest—rest!—there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine!’

“A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash in the waters. Drowsily he looked up; and behind, as the vessel bounded merrily on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves; but it vanished in an instant. The blind Thessalian had passed forever from the living world.”

A Scene in Egypt.

(See Page Engraving.)

A SIMPLE, every-day scene in modern Egypt is illustrated by the quaint group of the full-page engraving bearing the above title.

It is evident that the open window, out of which the bearded Egyptian leans, is situated on an inner court, for the houses, being built with a view to the seclusion of the women, are arranged so that nearly all windows look into such an inclosure, while those opening on the street have latticed balconies, or “*meshrebtychs*,” which conceal the occupants but give them an opportunity to view the street below. The man at the window is, doubtless, the master of the house, giving some final directions to his servant, a sedate fellah, respecting the richly caparisoned donkey.

The donkey occupies a very prominent position in Egypt, being valued not only as a beast but also as a vehicle, as much as a venter’s horse and cart; for the soil of the *Madi-el-Nil* (Valley of the Nile) is for the most part buttery, soft mud or sand, which makes the roads very difficult. The back of some beast of burden, camel, mule, or donkey, is consequently the usual method of transportation; and while these animals are usually well fed, and frequently gorgeous with trappings, if their owners are well-to-do, they are regarded merely as automatons, and made to carry as heavy loads as they can sustain, the back of a donkey being frequently piled three or four feet high with merchandise or produce for market. The donkey is said to bear burdens more cheerfully than the camel, which moans and groans under the excessive loads, and always seems unhappy; yet it is not usual to see the donkey proceed on its way without a great deal of encouragement and more or less beating. The donkey drivers, or leaders, belong to a noteworthy class of modern Egyptians. Our model displays a fine physique, and is an excellent specimen of the *fellâhîn*, or laborers of Egypt, who, although not tall, are a fine race and type, handsome, grave, and courteous in their manners.

We are indebted for this characteristic scene to Alexandre Bida, an artist noted for his remarkable gift in depicting Scriptural subjects, and the life and scenery of Eastern lands. Several of the best specimens of his works are in the Walters Gallery, in Baltimore.

Courage.

It is not he who scales the height
And wins the laurel wreath of Time,
Nor he who breasts the storm at night,
Whose courage is the most sublime.

’Tis he who walks the dreaded aisle,
Without a thought of recompense,
And brightens with his cheery smile
The dark room of the pestilence.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

REMOVAL.

Demorest’s Monthly Magazine,

W. Jennings Demorest, Proprietor and Publisher.

Formerly occupying premises at No. 17 East 14th Street, New York, has removed to No. **15** (the adjoining building). As the Mme. Demorest Pattern Business, still occupying No. 17, is now a stock company, and under entirely different management, special care should be taken to address all communications for the Magazine, of whatever nature, to

DEMOREST’S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
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\$ 40 Bust Measure
other side.

We do not **SELL** patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are only given as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or a subscriber may send a coupon from another number, if the time has not expired.

AMONG the daintiest of the summer toilets are those made of surah, foulard, summer Bengaline, and the various India silks, the manifest preference for which furnishes another evidence of the early return of silks to the popular favor enjoyed by them before woolen fabrics became so fashionable, for even dressy purposes. The most delicate shades of blue, pink, pistache, heliotrope, maize, primrose, and cream, serve as backgrounds for charming sprays of leaves and blooms or detached blossoms, that are exact imitations of nature in color and the most minute particulars. There are lovely tea-roses with nodding heads and half open buds on a pale blue ground; sprays of forget-me-nots and pink roses in posies on a cream ground; and an especially charming India silk has graceful sprays of sweet-pea blossoms, in all the varying tints from pale pink to a deep purple, on a pale sulphur-colored ground.

Lace is the preferred garniture for these lovely fabrics, plat Val, Oriental, Fedora or white Chantilly, the latter being especially effective. The majority of these toilets are made without any other material in combination, and the lace is disposed in jabots and panels, and forms the border for short panier draperies and aprons, the effect being heightened by the addition of any amount of bows and loops of satin-faced velvet ribbon, or faille ribbon with fancy picot edges, sometimes all of the same color, or again of two or three colors or shades combined. The costume made of the sulphur-colored silk, described above, has white Chantilly lace, at least seven inches wide, forming a double jabot down the middle of the front, the lace falling each way, and separated by a golden-brown velvet ribbon about three inches wide, which terminates in a full bow at the foot, falling over the full shell formed where the lace is turned at the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes the lace is used in these double jabots to form panels; and the drapery, which is in all cases voluminous, is caught irregularly to the foundation skirt, and graceful *flot* bows sustain the overlapping plaits, or proceed from the center of a sort of lily-shaped looping. The corsage almost invariably has full fronts, down which the lace is disposed *en jabot* or in a full vest reaching to the bottom of the point; the basque is very short on the hips, and the back describes a short, plaited postilion.

For traveling dresses, light qualities of serge and cloth, made in strict tailor style, remain the first choice, and blue, dark green, dark gray, and a beautiful shade of golden brown are the most fashionable colors. Other costumes for the same purpose, but less severe in style and finish, have the skirt made of the plaid woollens that were described early in the season, and the drapery and basque of a plain woolen of light or medium weight, and of a color that either matches or blends harmoniously with the plaid material. If the plaid is in two or three shades of one color, the plain goods should be of one of the shades; but when the plaid is composed of contrasting colors, plain material of any one of the colors can be selected to go with it. As a rule, the plaid is disposed in very broad box or kilt plaits, and is sometimes made up bias; and the drapery is short, or only medium in length, and looped very high at the sides so as to display the skirt to advantage. These simple costumes are most frequently made without trimming other than collar and cuffs of velvet, preferably of the same color as the basque; but there are more pretentious dresses, intended for short trips, that are made of the finer woolen serges, summer cloth, and cashmere, and trimmed with metallic braids, gold, silver, or bronze. These of course are in solid color—heliotrope or cadet blue with silver braid, brown, dark blue, or dark green with gold braid, etc. A favorite style for these is to have the front and sides of the skirt slashed at intervals of about seven inches, and high enough to meet the short drapery, and the braid, measuring about three inches in width, is secured back of the slashes, and shows narrower as it ascends. Other skirts are laid in broad box-plaits across the front and sides, and the spaces between are covered with the braid disposed perpendicularly. On the corsage, the braid can be used to form a narrow vest, or a row can be inserted on each front, and perhaps down the middle, to match the effect in the skirt. The braid also appears on the lower part of the sleeves, but lapped under the outer material to give the effect of being an undersleeve.

Turbans of English straw, with high crowns and very close brims, are the preferred head-gear for traveling. Trimmings on these are very compact, and consist principally of long-looped bows of faille ribbon, or a plaid sash ribbon in bright colors arranged in a large, handsome bow on the front, or a square of plaided surah, arranged in a sort of *pouf* or full bow, almost conceals the crown: the brim is faced with velvet. In more dressy millinery, there are coquettish and picturesque-looking gypsies, with low crowns, and wide flaring brims that are to be tied

down over the ears, exact reproductions of those worn years ago, than which no style more becoming could be selected for a young, fresh face. These are appropriately trimmed with flowers in sprays and clusters, and usually there are some flowers inside the brim.

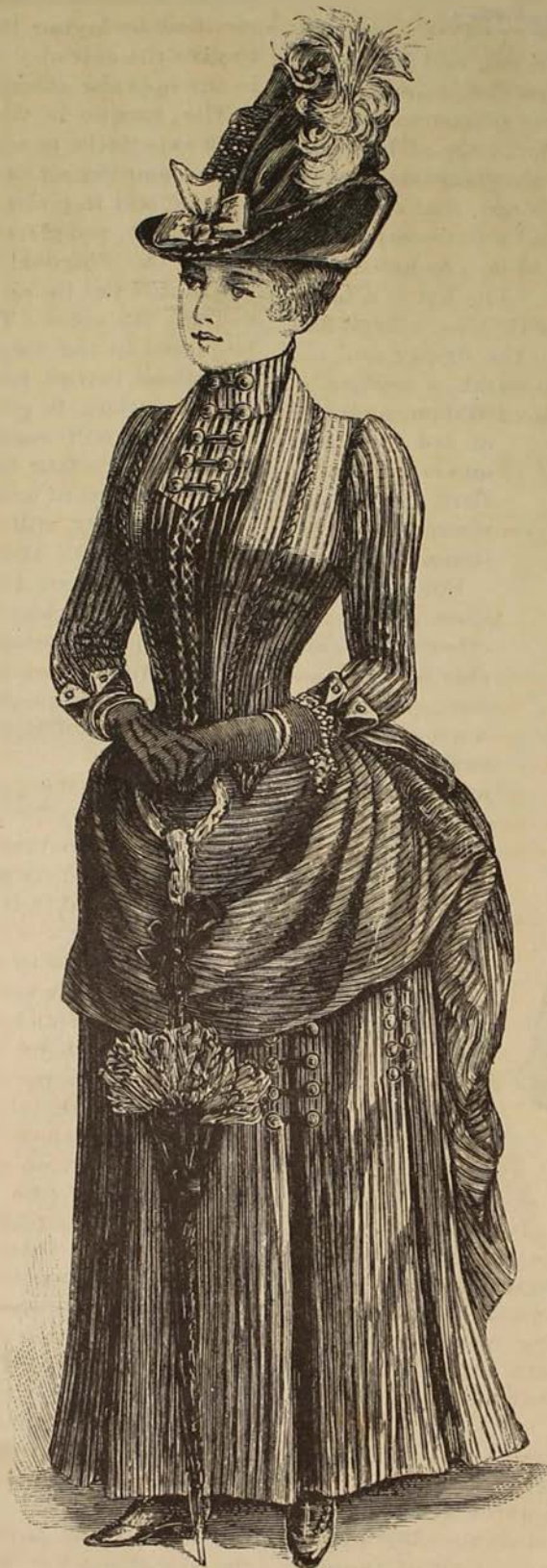
The lightest bonnet yet shown is made of a wire frame covered with puffed tulle, in a similar manner to No. 4 on the page of millinery illustrations, and on this are sewed rows of narrow ribbon, folded once, and forming stripes in any fancied direction. The trimming can be either a cluster of ostrich tips or flowers; placed in front, and the bonnet can be worn with or without strings, which, if used, can be either of ribbon or tulle. A bonnet in a similar style has tiny, shirred tucks of Brussels net between the wires of the frame, which form a sort of miniature ruching. These can be made in all colors: the one described above as striped had pink ribbons and ostrich tips on white tulle, and tulle strings; the second was of currant-colored Brussels net with a most realistic bunch of red currants, in their natural foliage, on the front, and red faille ribbon strings.

The most charming jackets for morning house wear are made of rose-pink, pale blue, or heliotrope surah, in half-fitting shapes of medium length, sometimes with tucks down each front, and sometimes with a plaited vest of white or cream, the plaits only pressed in, not sewed down. The bottom is finished with a hem secured by coral-stitching, in a darker shade, on the outside. Still others have full jabots of plat Val lace down the front, and perhaps a fall on the bottom. The sleeves are usually half flowing, edged with lace, and looped on the inner seam with a bow of ribbon; and a *flot* bow secures the collar.

Jet is used in combination in the newest models for black lace dresses. A handsome one is made of Chantilly net and flouncing of medium width to match, and has a voluminous drapery of the net edged with the flouncing, which is draped so as to show a broad panel on the left side of heavily jetted grenadine. There are jacket fronts of the jet, cut away to display a full vest of the lace, and pointed pieces of jet ornament the outsides of the sleeves, reaching quite to the elbows. The foundation material, black satin *merveilleux*, is entirely hidden by the lace, which

is laid smoothly over it for the basque.

FOR information regarding costumes, shoes, and hosiery, thanks are due to Stern Brothers; for millinery, to James G. Johnson; and for linen dress goods, to James McCutcheon & Co.

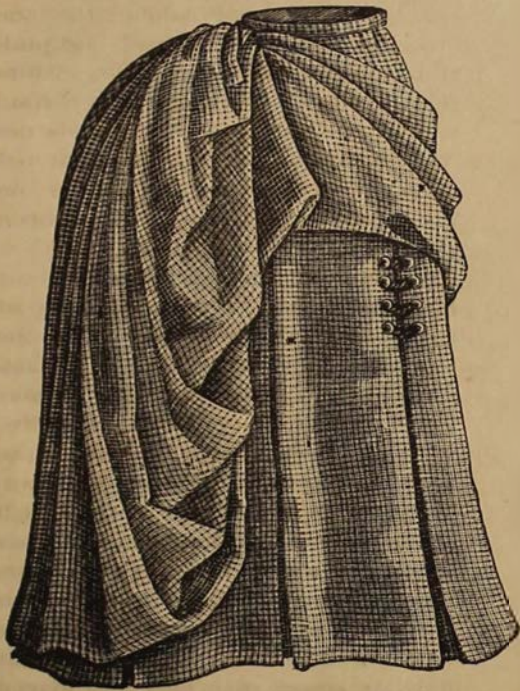


Lady's Walking Costume.
FIAMINA BASQUE. FIAMINA DRAPERY.
(See page 514.)

Illustrated Fashions for Ladies.

Lady's Walking Costume.

TUSSORE silk, with stripes of écreu, old red, and dark blue, is used for this costume: the vest, below the yoke, is made of dark blue surah with feather-stitching of coarse red silk on the edges, instead of buttons; the cuffs are of blue velvet faced with red surah; and the trimming consists of cable cord, in which the three colors are combined, that edges the revers and the bottom of the basque, and a finer cord of the same character connecting the small, blue, crocheted buttons that secure the plaits on the skirt. The hat is a fancy blue and red straw, the brim faced with blue velvet and edged with a cord similar to that on the dress; and the trimming consists of soft loops of blue surah, a *rouleau* on the right side and a bow in front of old-red ribbon, a cluster of red tips, and an écreu aigrette. Écreu gloves complete the costume.



Fiamina Drapery.
(BACK.)

Foulard, Louisine, surah, and other silks suitable for the season; cashmere, nuns'-veiling, summer serge, and other light-weight woolens; satine, Chambery, fine gingham, and similar cotton fabrics, in fact, all seasonable materials of medium weight, that drape gracefully, can be appropriately made after this model, which consists of the "Fiamina"

basque and the "Fiamina" drapery. It would also serve nicely for a traveling costume of beige, gray, brown, or the natural color of the wool; and a costume of cream-white summer serge, or a summer bunting plaided with narrow satin bars, would be altogether charming made in this way with accessories of blue or ruby or dark green velvet, and on the lighter dress, a couple of *flot* bows of faille ribbon to match.

A plain gored skirt, edged with a narrow protective plaiting, is the foundation on which eight box-plaits, like the pattern given with the drapery, are mounted, the plaits laid so that they touch at the top, and placed on the skirt so that they will hide the plaiting at the bottom. Half of the drapery pattern is given. This drapery is in one piece, and the material must be joined where necessary. The placket-hole is left in the middle of the back, but the drapery is closed below it. At the top, the back is to be laid, as indicated by the holes, in four side-plaits turned toward the middle, and forward of this is to be gathered as far as the plaits on the sides, and drawn in to fit the waist. The front is fitted by gores. The lower part of the drapery is to be turned under on the inside so that the respective clusters will match, and pinned

or lightly tacked at these places until the three upward-turned plaits are laid at the side, as indicated. After these plaits are laid, the raw edge of the part turned under can be securely fastened to the underskirt or the drapery, whichever is preferable for the material used. The irregularity imparted to the folded edge by matching the clusters of holes is rectified by laying the plaits at the sides, and is necessary to give the cascaded effect, as illustrated on the back view in the opposite column.

The basque is very simple, the back especially, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch. The vest is to be laid in plaits turned toward the middle, and placed on the lining below the diagonal row of holes; above this the lining is to be faced to form the yoke. The revers is to be placed to the lengthwise row of holes, and turned backward. Half of the pattern is given, and a medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the basque, and three-eighths of a yard additional for the vest.



Fiamina Basque.
(BACK.)

The drapery will require seven and a quarter yards, and the plaiting for the skirt six and three-quarter yards, of goods twenty-four inches wide. The gored underskirt can be made of four and three-quarter yards of lining.

The basque pattern is in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. The drapery pattern is a medium size. For the number and names of the pieces in the patterns, see page 524.

Lady's Home Dress.

A SIMPLE but very stylish dress, made in fine satine with an olive ground on which is a sort of *chiné* pattern, in India colors, disposed in irregular stripes, and trimmed with dark red velvet.

While adapted to all classes of summer fabrics excepting the thinnest, this can be made with equal propriety in heavy winter goods; and it is an excellent model for a simple black silk, with jet used on the basque instead of velvet.

No pattern is furnished for the skirt: it is to be made of straight breadths of goods, and is to measure about four and three-quarter yards in width when completed. In front, eighteen inches on each side are to be laid in a box-plait, as illustrated (the plait, when laid, to be five inches wide on the outside, and the remainder folded under), and back of this the skirt is to be gathered, and the fullness distributed to suit the figure; but the back should be fuller than the sides. It is a good plan to make a gored foundation skirt and tack the side and back seams of the full skirt to it, from the top about half its depth, as this will keep the fullness from falling forward if a large tournure is worn, and the steels can be put in the gored skirt. The skirt will require eight and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide.

The basque—the "Mimosa"—has the inner front faced as far back as the row of holes. The outer front is to be gathered top and bottom, forward of the holes, and is to lap slightly over the edge of the vest. The addition of the revers makes the basque more dressy, but the design is better for some materials without it, especially washable goods. The sleeve is to be gathered, top and bottom, between the holes, and the notch in the top is to be



Mimosa Basque.
(BACK.)

placed to the shoulder-seam. Half of the pattern is given. A medium size will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the basque, and one yard of velvet.

The pattern is furnished in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Zerelda Raglan.

No better design could be selected for a traveling wrap: it is thoroughly protective, graceful, and easily adjusted.

It is equally stylish made in plain cloth, or in cross-barred or striped woollens, or cheviot with almost invisible checks, and there are broad-twilled serges that serve admirably for the purpose. The fashionable colors and designs in these woollens were mentioned in the article on "Spring Wraps" in the April Magazine. None of these goods require lining, but there should be facings of silk or satin in the sleeves and down the fronts; and it is optional with the wearer to have the lining match or contrast with the outer material. There are many striped and plaided surahs and India silks that are very desirable for this purpose.

If intended especially for traveling, pongee can be used; and the tussore woven with a diagonal twill and having hair lines of white on dark-colored grounds, mentioned in the April Magazine, are admirably adapted for the purpose, as they are durable, will shed dust readily, will not wrinkle easily, and last, but not least important, can be procured in becoming colors.

The illustration (see page 516) represents garniture of ribbon, the ends pointed and finished with pompons; but this can be omitted and the garment made up plain, or braid or galloon could be substituted, according to the material.

Half of the pattern is given, and the notches indicate clearly how the parts are to be joined. The row of holes in the back designates the outline for the trimming. An inner belt should be secured at the middle seam of the back and fastened in front. A medium size will require eight yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or about half that quantity of double-width material.

The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Stephanie Mantelet.

SMALL mantles to match costumes are very fashionable this season, and when the dress is to be used for traveling, or similar occasions, such a wrap is often more convenient than a jacket. The illustration (see page 516) represents one made in dark gray serge trimmed with gimp of the same color, which could be used to complete a costume of the same material, or worn independently with various dresses.

There are many light-weight cloths, gray, brown, blue, the whole range of wood and tan shades, and some beautiful dark reds and greens, that could be selected for an independent garment of this style and

trimmed with gimp, coarsely woven braid, or the galloons with loops of narrow braid standing all over the surface. The galloons and garnitures made of mohair braid and filet-work, described in the April number, are especially suitable for this use, and can be obtained in nearly all fashionable colors. A pretty "occasional" wrap is made after this design in white serge trimmed with braid and filet galloon; and another, more showy, is of red broadcloth embellished with red and gilt galloon.

Although this model is particularly desirable for the above-mentioned uses, it can be employed for the various dressy materials that have been described for mantles in previous numbers of the Magazine, especially in the April number. The back and front pieces can be made of velvet, and the shoulder-pieces of jetted grenadine, or rows of lace with jet pendants interspersed, as described in the "Review" in the May number: and as much jet can be used for ornamentation as the wearer may fancy.

Black camels'-hair, which is a favorite material with many ladies for a general wrap, could be trimmed with lace and jetted galloon. For deep mourning the entire mantle, or only the shoulder-pieces, could be covered with crape. Mat jet is more suitable for mourning wear than the brilliant.

Half of the pattern is given. The outer edge of the trimming over the shoulder and on the back is to be placed to the row of holes. A medium

size will require one yard and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five and a half yards of trimming.

The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.



Lady's Home Dress.

MIMOSA BASQUE.

FULL SKIRT.

(See page 514.)



Zerelda Raglan.
(See page 515.)

Linen Dress Goods.

LINEN dress fabrics, cool and fresh for summer wear, are unusually plentiful in their variety of design and color, and not the least of their desirable qualities is that they are in fast colors and will stand washing admirably.

Among the newest goods in this line are the linen gingham, having much the same appearance in the plain piece as the cotton gingham, but much lighter and smoother, and possessing the glossiness peculiar to linen; and the pongee linens, that so closely resemble the fabric for which they are named as to be at a short distance hardly distinguishable from it. The fabric is cotton and linen, twenty-seven inches wide, and costs from 35 to 40 cents per yard according to quality. The plain linen gingham in solid colors are all linen, and in twenty-four inch goods cost 30 cents a yard. The colors shown are blue, in light and dark shades, black, if black may be styled a color, brown, and pink. The latter color, besides being a very popular tint, is charming for morning-dresses in June, when it contrasts so prettily with surrounding greenery.

Combinations are also possible, not only of color but of material, the same material in *damassé* effects being in matching shades with the plain goods. These *damassé* linen gingham are twenty-four inches in width, and cost 40 cents per yard.

Linen gingham, in checks ranging in size from a pin-head to one-eighth of an inch square, are very popular, but are seldom or never made up in combinations, the fancy being for the complete suit or costume of the checked goods.

These come with white in alternation with blue, pink, brown, and black, the latter affording a seasonable mourning fabric, although not necessarily confined to that purpose. They are also in broken plaids in the same combinations of colors. These cost 30 cents a yard, and are twenty-four inches wide.

More dressy than these are the linen grenadines in light blue, pink, old-gold, tan, écru, and natural flax colors, displaying the same open meshes in latticed designs as silk grenadines, and also floral figures interwoven in brocaded effects. These grenadines are made up in combination with a matching color of the plain linen gingham, mentioned above. The figured grenadines are twenty-six inches wide, and may be had in any of the named colors at 35 cents a yard.

But the most charming of all these delightful linen fabrics are the new patterns of linen lawns. Thin and sheer as organdie, but more firm, the fabric leaves nothing to be desired in view of coolness and comfort; while the designs represent exquisite branching sprays of dainty colorings, irregularly disposed on the semi-transparent surface. Sprays in patterns of grasses, berries, and leaves on white, chintz colorings in floral designs, pale tea-roses and green leaves on ivory lawn, and peach-tinted buds and blossoms in *chiné* effects are some of the lovely designs. The favorite heliotrope tint is also seen, in thickly clustered sprays of bloom on white, well covering the surface, or scattered at irregular distances.

These artistic productions have none of the set, decided effects which characterize the patterns of the staple linen lawns, but all show detached sprays or clusters on ivory, pink, white, and cream-tinted lawn, which sells at 40 cents a yard and measures twenty-four inches in width. Staple linen lawns, in white, with set geometrical figures or regularly disposed designs, are the same width, and cost 30 cents a yard. For mourning there are plain black lawns, black-figured white lawns, and white-figured black surfaces, so that every depth and shade of mourning may be attained in these materials. They cost 40 cents per yard. White lawn is always in demand, and supplies a want no other goods can ever satisfactorily fill.



Stephanie Mantelet.
(See page 515.)

Extra Patterns.

If you wish an extra pattern, and have no coupon on hand for which the date has not run out, an extra magazine may be purchased in your neighborhood, and a coupon thus obtained; or you can inclose 23 cents (the price of the magazine and two cents for the postage on pattern) to us, designating in your letter what pattern you wish. We will then cut the coupon out, and send you the magazine and pattern by return mail.

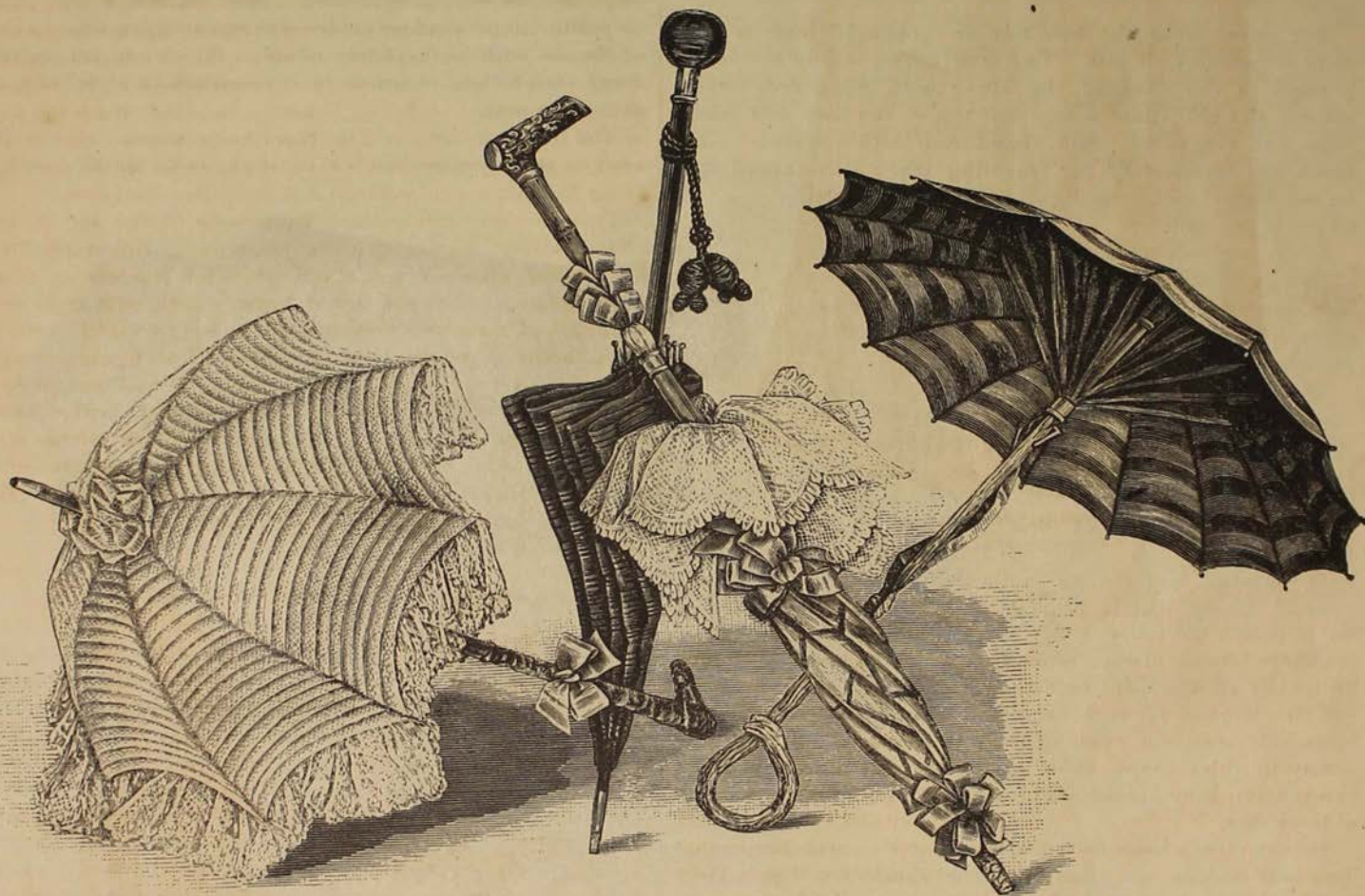
Fashionable Parasols.

No. 1.—A dressy parasol, covered with cream-colored grenadine laid in folds over a lining of rose-colored silk, finished with a full rosette of grenadine around the top, and a full ruffle of Fedora lace on the edge. The stick has a deep handle of whangee root, and is ornamented with a bow of rose-colored ribbon.

No. 2.—A coaching parasol, covered with dark-blue silk striped with red, green, and écreu, the stick of dark wood headed by a ball of dark-blue Dresden china with a floral design in light colors on the top, and ornamented with a cord and pompons in which the colors in the silk are combined.

No. 3.—A charming parasol covered with plaid surah, the ground a pale magnolia tint, and the plaid formed by narrow stripes of pale blue, pink, pistache green, and brown.

methods of arranging these steels, and from two to five are used, according to the height of the person, and the amount of protuberancy desired, and the lengths vary as much as the numbers. In some imported dresses, the lower steel measures one yard in length, and is placed about twelve or fifteen inches from the bottom of the skirt, and there are either three or four above; in others there are only two, of medium length. For those desiring only a moderate tournure the latest and most effective arrangement is as follows: Two steels are required, one measuring twenty-seven and the other thirty inches in length. To accommodate these, two casings are sewed across the back breadth and side gores, commencing twelve inches back on each side from the middle of the front; the upper casing seven inches below the belt in the middle of the back, and eight inches at the ends, and the lower casing just the same distance below the upper



FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

The edge is finished by a deep fall of plat Val lace, and rosettes of satin ribbon, in which the colors in the plaid are combined, ornament the top and side. The bamboo stick has a head of Japanese metal delicately traced, and is ornamented with loops of ribbon matching those on the cover.

No. 4.—A parasol in Japanese shape, the frame gilded, the cover of silk striped with red, gold, and blue, and the whangee stick trimmed with ribbons matching the colors in the cover.

Skirt Steels.

WITH the present style of dress, steels in the back of the skirt are a necessity, and upon their proper adjustment the stylish effect of the tournure depends. There are various

one. After the steels are inserted, the fullness on them is to be pushed back five inches from each end, and secured so that it cannot slip forward; and on the inside of the skirt, where the fullness is secured, tapes are to be sewed—those on one side elastic—to be tied behind the figure to retain the steels at the desired size. In order to have the skirt hang properly with this arrangement, it is necessary that it should be cut two and one-half inches longer in back than in front. The increased length of the steels does not necessarily give an increased size to the tournure; but by sewing the inner tapes back from the ends, the ends of the steels are allowed to rest flatly against the sides of the figure, instead of being curved in and presenting the unsightly appearance with which we had become only too familiar. Above the steels, a pad of horsehair can be added to the skirt, or a separate bustle may be worn.

Summer Stockings and Shoes.

BRILLIANT lisle-thread stockings, in solid, plain colors and black—especially black—are the first choice in hosiery for all ordinary wear, with either boots or low shoes. The fashionable shades of blue, brown, mode, and tan are well represented, and may be worn with low shoes, even in the street, but are not nearly as popular or as appropriate as black for the purpose. Ribbed lisle-thread hosiery finds some purchasers, and fancy designs in color and pattern are occasionally selected for slipper-hose to be worn at home in the morning; yet even here the standard plain colors are preferred. Hose of unbleached lisle-thread are provided for ladies who object to wearing the colored, and there are the heavier Balbriggan, which come cheaper, but are not so pleasant for summer wear. Prices for lisle-thread hosiery, black, unbleached, or in colors, range from 50 cents to \$1.50 per pair.

For street wear, the boot-top, or "booted" hose is a variety sometimes chosen. Two contrasting colors are incorporated in the stocking, the upper half being red, for instance, and all below where the top of the boot will come, blue, and vice versa. Silk-plated hose in this style or plain black are satisfactory for traveling when lisle-thread may be considered rather too light. These cost about 69 cents per pair.

Fancy striped cotton hose in quiet colors are shown in abundance and find many purchasers; but excepting in expensive goods for dressy occasions, the almost invariable rule for all occasions is solid-colored hose.

The striped and plaided designs of our illustration are beautifully woven in colored silks, white on black, pale blue and white stripes with small, embroidered polka dots on black, and floral designs in natural colors, wrought on black, pistache green, blue, old pink, tan, and all the fashionable shades. Many of the designs are very striking, and too pronounced in effect for general dressy wear; indeed, most ladies prefer to match the toilet with a plain silk stocking, which is almost always possible, as the plain silk hose may be had in all shades of fashionable colors at a moderate price (\$2.90 per pair) for such beautiful belongings. Open-work spun-silk hose, for evening wear in summer, are light and pretty in quiet colors, slate, gray, tan, mode, or black; but the pink or blue open-work stocking is no longer a fashionable choice.

Dainty silken hose with insertions of Valenciennes or plat Val lace command a price which, placing them beyond the reach of many, is enough to insure their distinction. All the delicate evening shades, as well as black, and white for bridal toilets, are to be had in silk stockings striped on the instep with white or self-colored lace insertion and silk embroidery, alternating, or a still more dressy style has diamond-shaped insertions surrounded with rich embroidery. Beaded silk stockings are seen in limited variety.

The beauty of the daintily colored or ornamented hose described above is set off by the neat Opera slipper, so long popular for evening wear. Slippers may be worn plain or ornamented with bows on the toe, and sometimes the instep also, the latter secured with an elastic to each side. These ornaments may be bought separate from the slippers and worn at pleasure, or slippers may be purchased already decorated.

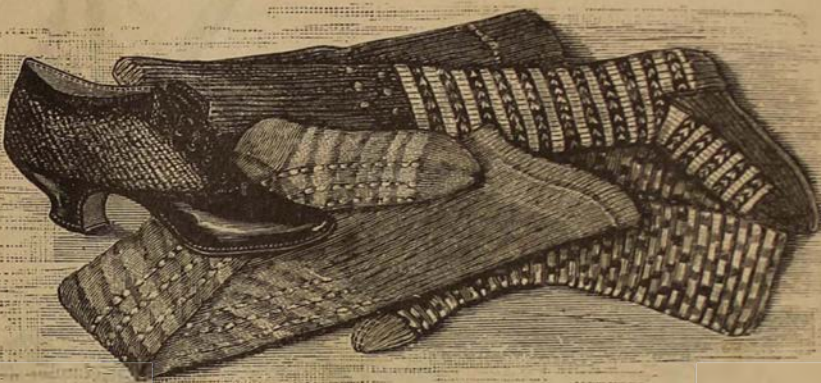
The low shoe for morning wear relegates slippers exclusively to toilet uses and evening dress, and the novelties are so pleasing that the low shoe or Oxford tie will undoubtedly be the most popular style used for promenade

wear during the warm weather. The newest Oxford tie is laced well up on the instep, and has a long vamp, patent-leather tipped toe, a neat modification of the low, common-sense heel, and a wide, hand-sewed, welted sole. All kid, and all patent-leather ties are worn, as well as those with kid back and patent-leather vamp.

Long vamps are a feature of the new summer shoes, also foxings all in one piece, copied from the masculine foot-covering, to which we also owe the favorite patent-leather tips. A novelty in low shoes is presented, with a long, patent-leather vamp, and an undressed kid back in various shades of tan, slate, and mode, as well as black. These shoes are made to imitate slippers, and have the Louis Quinze heel, and a tiny flat bow on the instep, like the slipper ties. Oxford ties of Imperial cloth, vamped with patent-leather, also have Louis Quinze heels.

Various dainty shoes in bronze and black kid are beautifully beaded with jets to match, and colored stones of red or yellow, representing rubies and topazes, are set in a crust of beads with very showy effect. These are for carriage wear with toilets trimmed in corresponding style, and cost \$6.98 per pair.

Kid Oxford ties cost, in hand-made goods, as described above, with patent-leather foxings, etc., \$4.97; and all



Summer Stockings and Shoes.

patent-leather, \$5.48; but medium-priced ties of plain Don-gola goat or French kid may be had at from \$2.73 to \$3.48.

English walking-boots are of kid foxed with patent-leather in one piece, and have medium wide toes, welts, and low heels. The patent-leather tips on the toes detract somewhat from the appearance of length of the vamp, and also add to the dressy effect. Hand-made kid boots, with welted soles, cost about \$5.48; but there are less expensive goods in similar styles. With the exception of the Louis Quinze heels, which appear on the more fanciful designs, the low heel is almost invariable.

Toilet slippers are in similar shapes, and the newest have red backs and heels with patent-leather vamp; these cost \$3.98 per pair; and the plain kid Opera slippers, in bronze, white, or black, \$2.23.

Dressy Aprons.

EITHER of these aprons is easily made, and will furnish a pretty accessory to an afternoon dress at very little expense. They are both of the same dimensions, about twenty-seven inches long by twenty-four wide, including the lace; but the size can be varied to suit individual taste, or to allow of the utilization of materials on hand. Neither is the use of the fabrics described obligatory; but any remnant of pretty material could be employed, and trimmings

chosen to correspond. Plaided and brocaded silk mufflers are particularly nice for the purpose, and, if one prefers, black lace can be used instead of cream or white, or such garniture can be dispensed with, or any other substituted. Feather-stitching or a simple pattern in Kensington stitch will be very effective on some goods, and rows of narrow velvet will form an inexpensive trimming.

No. 1 is made of dark blue surah plaided with red, some of the lower blocks and one row at the side embellished with outline stars worked in gold-colored silk. At the bottom is a band of dark blue silk, and below this a row of antique lace, having the pattern and lower edge outlined with red, blue, and yellow; and the three colors are combined in a coral-stitch that secures the lace to the band. The top is laid in plaits, and furnished with a silk girdle in which the above colors are intermixed.

No. 2 is made of *écru* scrim trimmed with coffee-colored antique lace and insertion, with "baby" ribbon of a bright orange color run through both where they are joined to each other and to the apron. The top is shirred, and is completed by a sash and bow of orange-colored ribbon.

Brides and Bridesmaids.

RICH satin and faille Française of a delicate ivory tint are the preferred materials for fashionable bridal dresses, made with extreme simplicity, the train long and usually untrimmed, the corsage high, with the neck cut out square or in V-shape, and elbow sleeves. Handsome lace, point or Duchesse, and pearl-beaded tulle are used for ornamenting the front and sides of the skirt, to which the garniture is principally confined. The foot of the skirt in front is finished with a full ruching, sometimes of tulle, through which loops of satin or *moiré* ribbon are interspersed, or of lace or the dress material; and sometimes the French fashion is followed of using a garland of orange-blossoms set in lace.

A notable bridal dress is of rich ivory satin, made in the style of the XVI. century, with a long, perfectly plain court train, the front ornamented with three flounces of point lace, each headed by embroidery of pearls and silver, and the foot finished with a garland of orange-blossoms. The pointed bodice is embroidered with pearls and silver, and finished with a high Medici collar, similarly embroidered. Another is of ivory-white faille Française, with square, perfectly plain court train, the front draped with Duchesse lace, over a foot-ruching of tulle and satin loops, and the corsage cut square in the neck and trimmed with ruchings of tulle and ribbon, and sprays of orange-blossoms.

A bridal dress of white gros grain has a beaded tulle front, outlined by nodding plumes of white lilacs, and revers embroidered with pearl beads finish the square neck and ornament the elbow sleeves. Another toilet is of satin and faille Française in combination, the latter material used for the petticoat, the front of which is embroidered with silver, crystal and pearl beads, one side ornamented with a cascade

of satin, from which depend sprays of lily-of-the-valley, and the other side almost covered with a Greek drapery sustained by a Marguerite pocket embroidered to match the tablier. The train is of satin, slightly pointed in shape, and falls over the petticoat. The corsage has the pointed front covered with embroidery like that on the tablier, and is completed by a unique *monture* of lily-of-the-valley, and quillings of satin.

Six is a favorite number for bridesmaids this season. At a recent wedding their dresses were of point d'esprit net, two heliotrope, two corn-color, and two rose-color, made over satin of the same shade; and each carried a basket of flowers similar in color to the dress. They wore charming capotes of point d'esprit lace like their dresses, trimmed with flowers matching those carried in the baskets. These dresses had short skirts, and the drapery was voluminous and sustained by *flot* bows of *moiré* ribbon.

At another wedding the bridesmaids were all dressed alike, and had demi-train skirts of white *crêpe de Chine* over white silk, and pointed corsages of white *moiré* antique, made severely plain, and completed by elbow sleeves. They wore short veils of tulle, and carried, by twos, bouquets of lilacs, apple-blossoms, and daisies. At a wedding

to take place very shortly there will be eight bridesmaids, who will all be dressed alike in white satin veiled with white point d'esprit, the skirts short, and the drapery on one side—the side that will be visible as they walk in couples—held by a Marguerite pocket made of rosebuds, two pink, two yellow, two red, and two white, each finished by a matching fringe of smaller buds and sprays, reaching almost to the foot of the skirt. They will carry handsome feather fans, the gift of the bride, and bouquets of roses matching their pockets, which will be presented by the bridegroom.

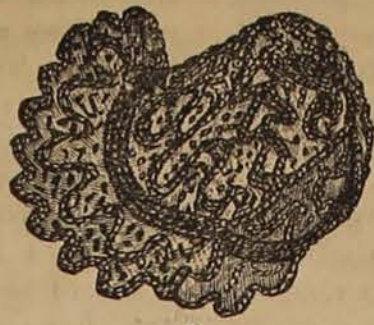
Lovely dresses for bridesmaids are made of the Pompadour Bengalines described in the April number, which forms a pointed basque and graceful drapery over a short skirt almost entirely covered with flounces of Fedora lace, or the newer Pompadour lace, which resembles the silk blond of lang syne, but is in small patterns like the Fedora. Mousquetaire gloves of white undressed kid are preferred for both brides and bridesmaids; but tan-colored gloves, in light shades, are still worn by the latter.



Dressy Aprons.

Two Patterns from One Number

MAY be obtained by sending any two coupons you may have on hand which have not become void by the dates having run out. (See time of becoming void and therefore worthless, on back of coupon.) Two patterns cannot be obtained on one coupon, nor can a coupon be used after it has become void by the date running out. To know just exactly what each pattern is composed of, always refer to the list of pieces contained in each magazine. For this month the list will be found on page 524.



SUMMER MILLINERY.

Summer Millinery.

No. 1.—The frame on which this bonnet is made is very similar in shape to that of No. 7. It is covered with black Marquise lace, which is arranged in a lengthwise puff down the middle of the crown; on the left side is a double wing of solid jet set flatly, and the right side and front are ornamented with a cluster of shaded yellow artemisias set against a high plaiting of lace, and a few loops of pistache-green ribbon. A spray of the flowers is placed so that it shows from the back; and the slightly flared brim is filled in with a full ruching of yellow point d'esprit lace. The strings are pistache green.

No. 2.—An untrimmed bonnet made of amber net embroidered with amber and bronze beads.

No. 3.—A bonnet made of jet beads set very closely, the crown pointed, and the sides divided in sections by narrow insertion. The edge is in deep points, and large beads ornament the front.

No. 4.—A bonnet frame made of wire covered with puffed tulle, that can be used as a foundation for any of the fashionable millinery materials.

No. 5.—A close-fitting bonnet to be worn without strings. The full crown and puffed brim are of brown surah, the right side is ornamented with a large, leaf-shaped ornament made of brown irisé beads, and the left side and front are trimmed with frisé gauze in which brown and amber are combined, and loops of buttercup-yellow faille ribbon.

No. 6.—A poke of fine black straw, with the brim very narrow at the back, and the crown high. The inside of the brim is faced with black velvet, against which is a bow of Charles X. pink ribbon. At the back, three tied bows of black faille ribbon are placed one above the other on the crown; the left side is perfectly plain, and the right side and front are trimmed with two full-blown pink roses (harmonizing in tint with the bow under the brim), set in a handkerchief of black French lace.

No. 7.—A lovely bonnet, made of cherry-colored point d'esprit net, arranged loosely over a light frame, with a full ruching of lace to match across the front above a binding of black vel-



Lottie Dress.



Lottie Dress.
(BACK.)

vet; and the trimming, consisting of full quillings of similar lace, surrounding and partly shading a cluster of shaded red chrysanthemums, and *piquets* of fine jet. There are two pair of strings, one black velvet, and the other red faille ribbon.



Nina Cloak.—(See page 522.)

Illustrated Fashions for Children.

Lottie Dress.

A NEAT little costume, especially suitable for traveling or school wear, made in dark red flannel, with a vest of white cashmere, a sash of very wide, loosely woven red braid having the ends finished with pompons of white wool, and the lower edges of the skirt and sleeves bound with wide, white braid. A Tam o' Shanter cap made of the dress goods and ornamented with embroidered white stars, and a parasol of red foulard dotted with white complete the costume.



Ernest Suit.
(See page 522.)

This model is more appropriately used for woolen and washable fabrics than for dressy materials, although velvet or velveteen and wool combined will make a costume dressy enough for all ordinary purposes, the skirt of the woolen goods, and the jacket of the other. This would be most suitable, however, for cool weather; for present use, it would be better to have it of wool throughout, and an excellent arrangement

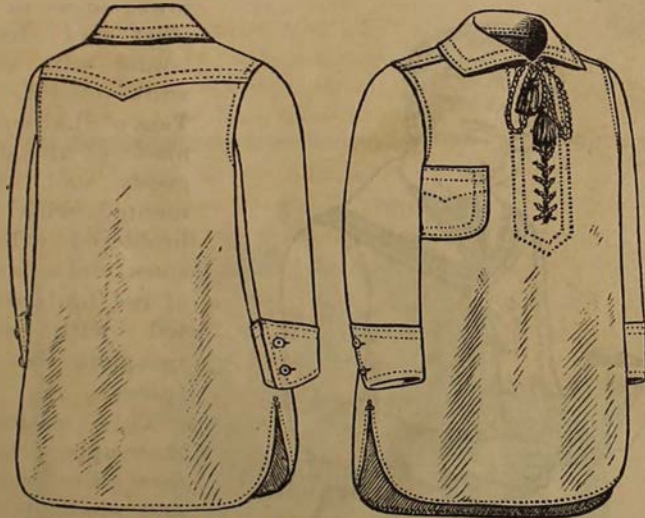
is to have the skirt of plaid, and the jacket of plain goods of one of the colors in the plaid, or one that will harmonize well with it. Surah or any soft silk of still another color could be used for the vest and sash, and for binding the sleeves; a plaid skirt will be best made without any trimming.

A cool and very serviceable dress could be made in this style of blue and white checked linen gingham, with plain blue linen for the vest, collar, sash, and trimming on the skirt and sleeves; and a sailor hat in blue straw trimmed with blue and white would complete the costume nicely.

Half of the pattern is given. The skirt is to be laid in side-plaits, as indicated by the holes, and sewed to a belt or underwaist. The vest is to be laid in lengthwise plaits, according to the holes at the top and bottom, and lapped under the front so that the clusters of holes will match. The size for eight years will require six and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the dress; five-eighths of a yard for the vest; five yards of braid for trimming, and three and a half yards for the sash. The pattern is in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Nina Cloak.

A LIGHT wrap is often a necessity, even in the warmest weather; and one that is loose, consequently easily assumed and removed, is always preferable to a fitted one for a small child. The "Nina" (see page 521) is a charming little



Yachting or Tennis Shirt.

(See page 523.)

model, and for a small child it should reach quite to the ankles. The yoke is deeper than is usual, and might almost be called a very short waist, as it extends under the arms; and the full sleeves impart the quaint effect that is now so fashionable in children's dress.

There is an almost endless variety of light woolen fabrics that can be suitably made after this design. For very small children, white, cream, or delicate tints are preferred, in cashmere, nuns'-veiling, summer serge, and similar materials, and, even for the "wee toddler," velvet of any color but black can be used for the collar and cuffs, although silk or satin could be substituted, and would be cooler; and lace or embroidery would also be appropriate. India silk or pongee makes a nice dust-cloak for riding or traveling, and either is cooler than woolen goods; and Chambéry or gingham, striped or checked, can be used for the same purpose, and will be much less expensive. If warmth is to be



Essie Apron.

(See page 523.)

considered, there are twilled French flannels that come in stripes and bars in colors suitable for small children, blue and pink, cream with either of the preceding, or with red, and in solid colors; and there are delicate grays in flannels and light-weight cloths that would be charming with blue, green, or red velvet collar and cuffs.

The collar, cuffs and yoke require lining; but for the remainder it is a matter of choice. For cold weather of course a lining throughout would be necessary; and this design will be found equally desirable for a winter cloak (for very heavy goods the skirt could be plaited to the yoke); and it can also be used for a dress, if it is opened in the back instead of in front. When used for a dress it is suitably made in any seasonable goods, and can be embellished with any or all the trimming desired; and it can be worn loose, as illustrated, or held in by a sash tied close up to the yoke, with a large bow at the back arranged like that on the "Alice" dress given last month. Embroidered white flouncing will be excellent for the skirt, and the upper part of the flounce could be utilized for the remainder of the garment, or all-over employed for the yoke and cuffs; and there are embroidered flouncings in delicate pink and blue ginghams, baby shades, and also in dark blue embroidered with red, and red worked with blue and white that would be excellent for even quite small children.

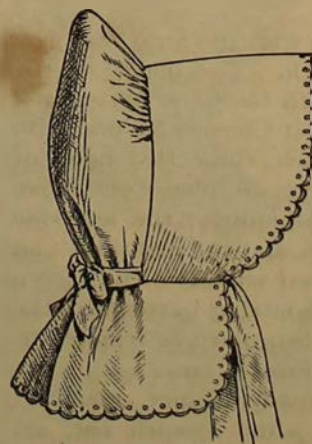
Half of the pattern is given, and the notches indicate clearly how the pieces are to be joined. The size for four years will require four and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet.

The pattern is furnished in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Ernest Suit.

A SAILOR suit made in dark blue twilled flannel, the trousers perfectly plain, the collar and sleeves of the blouse trimmed with black braid, and the chemise almost covered with closely set rows of very narrow braid.

Dark blue is always the favorite color for suits of this style, but dark gray trimmed with black, and the light-weight, mixed cloths in dark shades are worn, and white serge trimmed with blue or white braid—white for little boys—is especially popular this season. Suits in this style, with



Clara Sunbonnet.

(See page 523.)

trousers, are often worn by quite small boys who on other occasions wear kilts. White serge or flannel is very fashionable for these little suits, trimmed either with white or blue braid; but for real service blue is preferred, and may have blue or white braid for trimming. Jersey flannel in white or navy blue is sometimes used for complete sailor suits; but is more frequently employed for the chemisette, or false shirt; and there are jersey webbings striped with blue and white that are especially intended for these chemisettes. For midsummer the trousers can be made of white duck, and the blouse of white or blue flannel, or of striped blue and white percale.

Half of the pattern is given. The bottom of the blouse can either be gathered and sewed to a narrow belt that can be buttoned to the trousers like any other waist, or finished with a hem through which an elastic ribbon can be run to bring it in to the required size. The chemisette is to be lapped under the front so that the holes will match. It is to be sewed to the left front and buttoned to the other. (See page 521.)

The size for eight years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

The pattern is in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Yachting or Tennis Shirt.

FLANNEL shirts made in this style are very popular with gentlemen for negligé use during the warm weather, even though they may not indulge in either yachting or tennis. Navy-blue twilled flannel is the material most usually chosen, with the stitching and the lacing cord and tassels of white, dark or light blue, black or red; but the striped and checked flannels in gray, with blue, pink, red, etc., are newer and quite as serviceable, while delicate colors and white are chosen by the more fastidious, who study effect rather than mere practicality. The use of a different color for the stitching and cord is a matter of fancy.

Half of the pattern is given, in sizes for 14, 15, and 16 inches neck measure. The medium size will require four yards of material twenty-seven inches wide. For the number and names of the pieces in the pattern, see page 524. For illustration, see page 522.

Essie Apron.

No design for an apron could be simpler than this, or a more complete protection for the dress; yet it can be made quite dressy, if desired. It can be of striped or checked or plain white lawn and trimmed with lace or embroidered edging; or some of the small-patterned linen lawns that are so grateful to the touch in warm weather; or of plain white linen with linen lace for garniture, and, with any of these, strings of bright-colored ribbon will be very effective. Even for mere practical uses there is opportunity for the choice of durable materials in pretty colors becoming to the

wearer, that will cost no more, and not require more frequent laundering than those chosen merely because they are strong, and "will not show dirt." There are pink, red, and light and dark blue cottons, that, with a row or two of feather-stitching on the bottom, and a narrow embroidered or lace edging at the neck and armholes, will be quite charming; and when worn over a white dress or one of another color the effect of a guimpe will be produced. The gingham in stripes and checks of delicate colors are admirably adapted for the purpose; and in dressing children it is always desirable, and serves as a sort of education in the niceties of dress, to select pretty and becoming things, especially if the cost is no more, and they are equally suitable for the purpose.

Half of the pattern is given. A narrow casing is to be sewed at the upper edge, back and front, commencing at the hole in each, to accommodate draw-strings. The lace is to be sewed plainly to the neck, and will be sufficiently full when it is drawn in to the required size; but it should be held slightly full for the armholes. The front is to have a casing for draw-strings in a line with the row of holes, and the lace can be tacked over the ribbon and then both fastened over the gathers. Of course the fullness at the neck, and the gathers across the front can be permanently adjusted; but with draw-strings the apron can be as easily ironed as a pocket handkerchief.

For illustration, see page 522. The size for six years will require two and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and two and a half yards of lace.

The pattern is furnished in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see page 524.

Clara Sunbonnet.

EVEN if a "sailor" or other broad-brimmed shade-hat be provided, a sunbonnet is often the more convenient and comfortable head-covering, and is almost indispensable for country use. The one given possesses all the qualifications necessary in such an article: it is comfortable and not unbecoming, furnishes a complete protection

for the face and neck, and is very easy to launder, as a draw-string is used where the crown and cape are joined at the back. White piqué and Marseilles are the favorite materials for the purpose; but heavy linen or any material that will retain stiffness will serve quite as well, and it is by no means essential that it should be white. Pink, blue, or maize Chambéry or gingham will make a very pretty sunbonnet, and the front can be made double and have soft cords stitched between the goods to give the required body to hold the stiffness. A simple edge embroidered in the material is the best finish, as it is more durable than any trimming that could be added. Gray or écru linen, embroidered with brown or red, would be effective; either would wash well, but would not require frequent laundering. White will be best embroidered with white, but a color can be used if preferred; and white embroidery can be



Cyrilla Dress.
(See page 524.)

used on any color, although a contrast will usually be better.

Half of the pattern is given. The top of the crown is to be gathered and drawn in to fit the front. After the crown and cape are joined, a casing is to be sewed on the inside, over the seam, for a draw-string by which it can be brought in to the required size. The bow that is tied over this on the outside can be of ribbon or the same material as the bonnet or strings.

The size for six years will require seven-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide.

The pattern is in sizes for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see the opposite column. For illustration, see page 522.

Cyrilla Dress.

THIS quaint costume—the Cyrilla—is here represented made in white albatross cloth with accessories of dark green velvet ornamented with feather-stitching of gold-colored embroidery silk. The dress is composed of a full skirt made of plain breadths, and a blouse waist with a square yoke back and front, and puffed sleeves; and is completed by a sash of the dress goods tied in a large bow at the back.

It is an excellent model for use at any season of the year, as it can be made in any material, from lace to quite heavy woolens, provided they are pliable. For washable goods it is especially desirable. Striped and checked ginghams can have plain gingham or all-over embroidery for the accessories; embroidery would be very appropriate to use with solid-colored Chambéry and ginghams, and, in fact, with any washable goods. Velvet can be combined with surah, pongee, or any light quality of silk, or the light woolens that are at present so fashionable for children. It is an excellent model for flannel, with the yoke, lower parts of the sleeves, and the skirt trimmed with rows of braid; and, if the waist lining be omitted, it cannot be surpassed as a design for a gymnasium or rowing dress. For the latter purposes it should have no trimming that will add to the weight; rows of feather-stitching in a contrasting color will be found very effective.

There is a plain underwaist given in the pattern, and the outer part is to be gathered and drawn in to fit it. The space at the top of the underwaist, back and front, outlined by the holes, is to be faced to form the yoke. The lower part of the outer pieces is to be gathered and sewed to the lower edge of the underwaist, and the skirt, after being gathered, is to be joined to them with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The row of holes across the sleeve shows where the lower edge of the puff is to be placed. The puff is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes.

For some materials and uses the underwaist can be omitted and the full outer part finished with a belt to which the skirt can be attached; and the close sleeves inside the puffs can also be dispensed with. The sash is made of half the width of the goods.

Half of the pattern is given. The size for eight years will require five yards of material twenty-four inches wide for the dress, one yard and a half additional for the sash, and one yard and three-eighths of velvet.

The pattern is furnished in sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. For the number and names of the pieces, see the opposite column.

PICTURESQUE models for large hats curve upward over the forehead, droop close on the right side, and roll up on the left side to the middle of the back, where the brim is pointed against the crown. Loops of ribbon, falling from the crown, trim such a model prettily.

Corsets

FOR LESS THAN COST.

MME. DEMOREST having retired from the corset business, the stock on hand will be closed out below cost.

This is a chance seldom offered, by which the highest grade corsets can be obtained for very little money.

Be sure and direct your orders to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th Street, N. Y., as the Mme. Demorest Pattern Business is now a stock company, not empowered to use the name of Demorest or Mme. Demorest in connection with corsets.

Money may be sent by postal note, registered letter, postal money-order, check or draft, made payable to W. Jennings Demorest.

The following is a list of the kinds and sizes on hand. A few other sizes are in the stock, but the quantities of each are so small that it would not pay to put them in the list.

	FORMER PRICE, EACH.	WILL BE SOLD FOR.
White French Jean, Short Front, Waist Measures, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 28 inches.	\$3 50	\$1 75
White Satin Jean, Short Front, Waist Measures, 20, 23, 24, and 25 inches.	4 00	2 00
White Satin Jean, Long Front, Waist Measures, 20, 23, 24, and 26 inches.	4 00	2 00
White Coutil, Short Front, Waist Measures, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, and 26 inches.	5 00	2 50
White Coutil, Long Front, Waist Measures, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26 inches.	5 00	2 50
White Jean, Abdominal, Waist Measures, 21, 23, 24, 25, and 26 inches.	4 50	2 25
Abdominal, White Coutil, Waist Measures, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30 and 31 inches.	5 50	2 75
Abdominal, Colored Coutil, Waist Measures, 23, 26, 29, 30, 32, and 33 inches.	5 50	2 75
Misses' Waists, White French Jean, Waist Measures, 21, 22, 23, and 24 inches.	2 00	1 00

Number of Pieces in the Coupon Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT ONLY ONE PATTERN IS ALLOWED FOR EACH COUPON.

Always refer to the list before sending your Coupon for a pattern, that you may know just the number of pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

Fiamina Basque.—Half of the pattern is given in ten pieces. Front, plaited vest, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, and cuff.

Milmosa Basque.—Half of the pattern is given in ten pieces. Plain front, full front, revers, basque piece, side gore, side form, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff.

Zerelda Raglan.—Half of the pattern is given in four pieces. Front, back, sleeve, and collar.

Stephanie Mantelet.—Half of the pattern is given in three pieces. Front, back, and collar.

Fiamina Drapery.—Half of the drapery pattern is given in one piece. The small piece is the pattern for one plait for the underskirt.

Gored Skirt.—Half of the pattern is given in three pieces. Half of front, one side gore, and half of back breadth.

Yachting Shirt.—Half of the pattern is given in five pieces. Front, back, collar, pocket, and sleeve.

Cyrilla Dress.—Half of the pattern is given in nine pieces. Plain front, full front, plain back, full back, collar, puff for sleeve, and two pieces of the sleeve, for the waist, and one-half of the skirt.

Lottie Dress.—Half of the pattern is given in eight pieces. Front, plaited vest, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve, for the jacket, and one-half of the skirt.

Essie Apron.—Half of the pattern is given in two pieces. Front and back.

Nina Cloak.—Half of the pattern is given in seven pieces. Front and back of yoke, front and back of skirt, collar, sleeve, and cuff.

Clara Sunbonnet.—Half of the pattern is given in three pieces. Front, crown, and cape.

Ernest Suit.—Half of the pattern is given in eight pieces. Back and front of one leg of pants, and front, back, chemisette, collar, and two sides of the sleeve, for the blouse.

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 amount of 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.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Would black watered silk outlined in gold thread, and used upon fine black cashmere as collar, cuffs, and panel, be pretty and fashionable? I am tired of velvet, silk and jetted passementerie. Are toques worn this summer? Are pointed-toed shoes, with patent-leather tips, fashionable?
C. J. W."

It would be very handsome and fashionable, though uncommon. Toques made of the material of the dress or ulster are worn for traveling. The toes of shoes are square or round, not pointed. Patent-leather tips are fashionable.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—In fashionable music-rooms, what covers are used for music-stools? When educated people in cities refer to foreign cities, as Paris, Havre, Nice, Strasburg, etc., do they use the foreign pronunciation, saying *Paree*, etc.? Would silk like the inclosed make a pretty summer suit, made up with surah, and a corduroy wrap, or would it look old-fashioned? Would a drab bead vest be entirely inappropriate on such a suit?
LORA."

Velvet or plush is generally used for covering piano stools. There is no arbitrary rule. The correct pronunciation of some names of foreign cities has become as general here as among their own residents. Whatever savors of affectation, such as calling Paris *Paree* among English-speaking people, is vulgarity, and is never done by the educated. Better make up the stripe with plain summer wool; you could put the beaded vest into the wool with perfect propriety, but the silk is not worth much expense.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please inform me as to the best method of cleaning tan-colored, undressed kid gloves; also, how I can freshen a black lace scarf?
IMOGEN."

Undressed kid gloves cannot be successfully cleaned; that is their drawback. There is a preparation by which, when they are stretched upon the hand, dirt can be removed; but great care is required to prevent discoloration. Dip the scarf in strong cold coffee, and press between paper.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Do women, married or single, as young as twenty-three years, wear the long crape veil in mourning for a mother? Should the kilt skirt for a boy four years old reach to his shoe-tops? What colors, in light and dark shades, should one wear who has a red face, and brown eyes and hair?
MRS. C. J."

The long crape veil is quite unnecessary, and is very rarely worn except in the first months of widowhood. Kilt skirts for this age should come just below the knees, and be worn with long hose. You should wear cool colors; gray, old china blue, light or dark green (not medium), cool browns, buff, white and black.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Allow me to state that the address of the Secretary of the Chautauqua Club is Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., instead of Meadville, Pa."

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—In the April Magazine, under the title of 'Cotton Dresses,' you speak of a heavy satine, put up in ten-yard patterns, with parasol and fan to match. Can you get samples of above, or tell me of whom I may get them?
A SUBSCRIBER."

You cannot get samples. The sets are only obtainable in "put up" pattern boxes, and were for sale by Stern Brothers, of West 23d St., N. Y.

CHAUTAUQUAN:—The surah silk would be more suitable for a skirt, and chuddah cloth for a polonaise with part of the silk; or you may arrange it as basque and drapery, after the "Valentia" patterns, in the May number. The invitations to the wedding should be sent to all whom you wish to invite. The young lady should see that all who have any claims should receive an invitation, particularly any friend of her intended husband.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me what curtains to have in a large family room with southeast exposure? The prevailing color is yellow, and it is finished in ash. There are sash curtains at present, but we want drapery over them. Also, what curtains to have in a small east bedroom? The paper and carpet are light blue. How is the name *Du Maurier* pronounced?
NEW SUBSCRIBER."

Curtains of Madras muslin would be suitable, of yellowish tone, with a little mixture of blue and red in the coloring. The same kind would look well in and warm up your east room. *Du Mo-re-a*.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me what would be the most comfortable and appropriate traveling dress for a young lady to wear from Alabama to New York during the month of July? Also, how many and what kind of dresses would make a suitable outfit to wear during the summer months in a Northern city? I have a cream nun's-veiling, a blue albatross, a white lawn and a black camels'-hair dress, the latter trimmed with passementerie. I shall go out in society a good deal.
NANNIE G."

A foulard, Louisine or tussore silk would be the coolest, most comfortable dress. These fabrics were described and prices given in the April Magazine. If these are too expensive, there are finished linens in small checks that are pleasant wear as long as they are new; but the soft silk is more permanently useful. Have it made with a little wrap, and be provided with a thin duster of pongee, tussore, alpaca, or dark checked linen. You are pretty well provided, and we should advise you to wait till you arrive at your destination before adding greatly to your stock. The most useful additions you could make would be two lace dresses; a black over black or lilac, and a cream over white or pale yellow.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—What kind of goods is the inclosed sample? It is for a wedding dress to be worn in June. How shall I have it made? Would it look well made up with lace? If so, how and what kind of lace? How should the neck and sleeves be dressed with such a dress? What kind and color of gloves and hat should be worn with white? How shall I make a brown surah silk? How many yards?
COUNTRY GIRL."

It is rather coarse checked muslin. It would look better trimmed with white embroidery. Make it up in a straight "house-maid" skirt, gathered bodice, with belt and sleeves rather full, and gathered into a cuff below the elbow. Arrange a wide sash of the muslin so that it will form a drapery upon one side, caught with a cluster of white ribbon loops, and the ends in unequal lengths upon the other. *Écru* gloves, and a hat of straw, in the natural color, with white flowers and brown foliage will be suitable for the white dress or the brown surah. Consult illustrated designs in the Magazine for a model for surah and be guided by them. Fifteen to eighteen yards is the average quantify.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me whether trimming like the inclosed sample would be suitable for a black cloth jacket? What kind of wall-paper and inexpensive winter curtains would suit a parlor that has Brussels carpet of a large design in which the most predominant colors are black, orange, and red? Would you paper or paint the ceiling? What color would you advise for painting the mantel and wood-work? What color for the ceiling? The dimensions of the room are fourteen by eighteen feet; height *only* eight feet. Could one buy a frame to make a fancy tambourine? Are plain skirts bound with braid?
MAID OF ATHENS."

The gimp is old-fashioned, and was never good in kind; the jacket would be better untrimmed, if neatly made, lined, and stitched. The paper should be olive in tone, the ceiling gray, with olive, gold, red, and black lines. The wood-work may be painted in two shades of gray, or in dark mahogany tints. Tambourines for decoration can be bought so cheap that it is not worth while to make or keep "frames." The skirt braid is sewed flatly on the inside, projecting only sufficiently below the lower edge to protect it.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Ralph Hoyt wrote the poem 'Old,' the first and second lines of which are:

'By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing.'

'Will you tell me, please, how *Aux Italiens* is pronounced? *CARA*.'
O ze-tol-yong. This is as near as the sound can be reproduced in English.

JENNIE E. R.—We know nothing of the manufacturing company to which you refer.

MRS. F. D.—Your sample is torchon lace, a kind not now used for dress trimming. "Wash" dresses are not now trimmed with lace, especially white lace, but with embroidery, sometimes done on the material.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Will you please inform me as to the conditions under which the prize article on a home industry is to be written?
A. H. C."

The conditions are: The industry shall be one that women can practice at home, that will bring pecuniary compensation, and has been worked out by women themselves. The ordinary known trades and industries would not meet the requirements.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me how a middle-aged widow should dress? One who does not care much for fashion, but does not want to be odd. What is the best dress material for moderate means? How long should the veil be worn? Must the ruching in bonnet, neck, and sleeves be white or black?
WIDOW."

Use solid wool, or combination of silk-and-wool. A crape veil is worn the first year, a *crêpe lisse* veil the second; after that the veil is optional. The ruching is black the first year, no lace; white the second, no lace; and dull jet for trimming, if any. Suitable black materials have been recommended in recent numbers.

EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—What is the expense per year at 'Vassar College?' What gave it the name 'Vassar?' I have an old

black silk which I wish to freshen; there is enough to make a skirt. Shall I combine lace, grenadine, or brocade with it? A SUBSCRIBER."

Six hundred dollars is about the lowest for which a girl can get through the year at Vassar. It was named for the founder, Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Grenadine would be the most suitable.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me what material the inclosed sample is, and if it would be stylish trimmed with velvet, with a long draped overskirt and kilted underskirt. Could you suggest something more suitable? Would a silver or steel passementerie ornament be suitable, and where could I procure one? What is the price? I have one of the new short chains (a Christmas gift) for my watch, but do not quite understand how to wear it. Is the watch tucked inside the basque and the chain and ball left hanging?
Mrs. G."

It is tweed; and would make up very suitably as you propose. You can get such ornaments in the departments for fancy goods of any large dry goods store, and at any price you choose to pay. Such chains are worn exactly as you suggest. Young ladies usually attach a little bunch of loops of terra-cotta or old-gold ribbon to the ring of the watch, making a point of color where the watch is tucked in in the bodice.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me the name of the inclosed sample of goods, and what material would be most suitable to combine with it in making a dress for spring or summer.
Mrs. F. M. T."

It is a kind of poplin, but it has no name; it is only a fancy mixture of silk and wool. It does not need combination, but you might use surah for a full vest, high collar and cuffs, or for revers and side panel.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me the name of the sample of silk inclosed. Would it be suitable to trim only the basque with passementerie, and to make the skirt with a narrow plaiting and long drapery? Do you think a pointed front for an overskirt made of drawn linen, and yoke and sleeves to match, all finished with an edge of embroidery, would be pretty for a dress made of linen sheeting?
G. F. M."

Satin merveilleux. It would look very well indeed made up in the style you suggest, and be less weighty for summer. The linen dress would be very good indeed.

"MERCHANT'S WIFE."—Have your mustard-colored wool dyed brown, and finish with revers, standing collar, and cuffs of brown velvet. Get a brown ball fringe to finish the mantle with. It is not worth much expense, and the color is unwearable as it is.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please give the titles of the English nobility in your next number, from Queen Victoria down, and oblige
Laura G. S."

It would take too much time, and occupy too much space; and could only be given in a way that would be misleading: as there are titles by courtesy, and titles that have been introduced by foreign marriages, the reasons for which could not be explained in a paragraph, and the omission of which would argue something left out.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Please tell me what a young widow should wear the second year of mourning. Would white cotton and nun's-veiling be mourning? I have several white dresses, and would like to wear them. I also have a steel-gray cashmere, trimmed with gray velvet; would it look too much out of place for mourning the second year? What kind of a hat?
L. I."

Certainly not; but there would be no harm in wearing them indoors, with a touch of black, in ribbons or ornaments. The gray cashmere and velvet you had better reserve till fall; and for an outdoor dress confine yourself, at present, to a plain black nun's-veiling and black straw hat, without any touch of color in the trimming.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Inclosed find sample of silk, of which I have six yards. Please tell me what would be suitable to combine with it for summer, and how it should be made; also, how to dress a boy four years old.
A SUBSCRIBER."

You must use either pongee of the écreu shade, or a silk the shade of the stripe. The latter would be easiest to arrange; for you need only get enough of maroon to trim a skirt high upon a lining, and for a solid trimming, in the shape of fine folds upon the back and front of the bodice part of a polonaise, or for a full vest for it, and a slight finish to the sleeves. Flannel sailor suits, whole dresses, plaited down and belted in, and small pants with shirt-waist or linen blouse, are all useful and suitable styles for small boys. An excellent style was illustrated in the May Magazine, and accompanied by suggestions about materials.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—I have a black and white striped summer silk dress that I wish to make over, and I have a quantity of Kursheedt's silk Spanish lace, four inches wide. Would it look well to make a plain skirt, edged with narrow plaiting of the silk, and make the 'Violetta' drapery of 'all-over' lace to match the lace edging? Ought the drapery be hemmed, or edged with the lace edging? How should the basque be made? Should the seams be opened, and a lace basque be cut by it, and seamed with it, or should the lace basque be made separate, and worn over the silk one? I also have a black armure silk: what would be best to combine with it, to freshen it up? It is trimmed with heavy silk guipure lace.
H. A. F."

Your idea for drapery is very good. It may either be finished with lace edging or hemmed. The seams should be opened and the lace sewn into

the seams of the basque, if the latter is covered plain. If the lace is put on full or as drapery then it is not necessary to put it into the seams; only tack it to the basque. Fine camel's-hair or all-silk grenadine would combine well with your armure. The camel's hair would be a little less costly and more useful.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Can you inform me who is the author of the song:

'Under the willow she's laid with care,
Sang a lone mother while weeping;
'Under the willow, with golden hair,
My little one's quietly sleeping.'

Where I can obtain it, and the price?

LILLIAN."

The song was composed by S. Foster. The price is 20 cents. You can probably get it at any music store.

"Miss M. G."—We do not advise the use of Spanish lace to trim the checked summer silk. If you have enough make it up by itself, with black or gray China crape for a vest; if not, put black or gray soft silk or nun's-veiling with it.

"Miss M. T."—Address Miss Dunlevy, 4 West 14th Street (Ladies' Art Association), N. Y. City, in regard to the W. Jennings Demorest scholarship. All the art schools of New York offer scholarships, more or less, but you must make application to discover if they are available, and upon what terms.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Will you kindly tell me if silk like the inclosed sample is now worn? If it is, what can be combined with it to make a neat suit for a lady? The skirt is made with rather narrow ruffles and puffs to the knees, and is perfectly fresh; but the material and style of drapery is undesirable.
COUNTRY WOMAN."

Your sample is the fine soft mixture of black and white silk which used to be known as "silver gray." The only way to utilize it would be to take off the puffs and ruffles, leaving only enough to finish the edge of the skirt, and drape over it a long polonaise of some soft gray material, in the front of which you could insert a plaited skirt of the silk, and to which you could add a silk collar and cuffs made of fine folds of the same.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—At the time *Little Women* was written was Louise M. Alcott the real name of the authoress? If so, what is now her name? Does she (as I am inclined to think) give something of her own experience in her books, especially in *Little Men* and *Joe's Boys*? It seems that to be able to write as she does she must be just such a person as 'Mother Baker.' I fully appreciate her liking for boys.
LOUISE."

Louise M. Alcott was and is the real name of the author of *Little Women*; she has not changed it. It is generally understood that much of her early experience is embodied in her books. She was the gifted daughter of remarkable parents, and a member of a singularly interesting family circle.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—Would it be improper for me to get married ten months after a brother's death? If not, as the wedding would take place in church, in the morning, I would like to wear white; could I? Should bridesmaids wear white also? What would make a nice traveling suit for me? What sort of hat should I wear while traveling?
CONSTANCE K."

There would be no impropriety provided it were a quiet wedding; but the less display you have, under the circumstances, the better. If you wish to wear white, and have bridesmaids, you should be married at home. A church wedding would be out of place unless very simple, with one bridesmaid only, and the bride in a traveling dress. Gray cashmere or Vicuna, trimmed with gray silk, hat to match.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—How long is one supposed to wear deep mourning for a brother? Can I wear a silk bonnet with black suit after eight months? I have a white India linen trimmed with embroidery; would it be out of place to wear it this summer, with black hat, gloves, and belt? Is my handwriting considered good?
IRMA."

Six months. You could wear your silk bonnet and the linen dress with the accessories mentioned. The formation of letters is not bad, and your writing is neat and clear; but it is inexcusably careless to use nine unnecessary capitals in one brief paragraph.

"EDITOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB:—I am to be married, and leave the city almost immediately. Will you kindly suggest a costume suited to a moderate purse, that can be worn both for the ceremony and as a traveling suit? Please include hat, wrap, and gloves. I am of a medium height, a light brunette, have black hair and dark eyes, age twenty-nine years.
NELLIE."

Complete costume of fine gray camel's-hair, with velvet finish, or cashmere trimmed with silk to match, or a shade darker. Hat, gray straw, faced with gray velvet, and trimmed with ribbon and shaded velvet leaves, with a touch of yellow for color, or pale pink. The gloves should be the lighter shade of gray for the ceremony, the darker for traveling. Have a mohair duster with fitted back and "monk" sleeves for traveling, but do not wear it for the ceremony. If you could get a little beaded cape or wrap to match your dress, it would be useful for dressy occasions.



Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D., has published a revised edition of her book entitled "For Mothers and Daughters," and has called the enlarged work "Eutocia." It was of great merit originally, but with the late addition on "Home Treatment," a volume is furnished that should be in the hands of every mother; and especially ought every mother to see that her daughters are informed on a large part of its contents. How much suffering would be prevented if women better understood the laws of health! and it is just this information that Mrs. Cook has succeeded in putting in such a simple form that all may understand and profit by it.

"English Synonyms Discriminated."—A reproduction of an admirable little work by Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin, which does not merely give a list of coincident words, but groups those which have shades of difference in their meaning, thereby enriching, not burdening language.

"Hints on Writing and Speech-Making."—This little book consists of two articles by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, reproduced from the *Atlantic Monthly*. It furnishes in simple, pocket form an invaluable guide to young writers.

"Moral Philosophy."—A valuable contribution to the discussion of ethical questions has been made in this group of twelve lectures, as delivered at Harvard by Professor Andrew H. Peabody, from the point of view of the Christian scholar; and with all the vivid clearness and charm of style of the trained literary man. The book invites extended comment, but we would rather advise those interested to read it and make it their own.

"Forced Acquaintances."—This "book for girls," by Edith Robinson, is no story, is destitute of plot, but is very bright, clever, and interesting, notwithstanding. Its principal characters, two girls, their mother, and brother, have been suddenly deprived of the larger part of their income, and obliged to move from town to the suburbs. Their enforced acquaintance with the practical side of life, their novel experiences, the people they met, are all described in a perfectly natural and original way, with a fund of wit and humor which furnishes the odd and fancy sides to the most disagreeable experiences. A higher use, too, is suggested, without any moralizing, and, altogether, "Forced Acquaintances" may be recommended cordially, as good for summer reading. Ticknor & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

"Shoppell's Modern Houses."—This book contains numerous plans and specifications for dwellings, from the cottage at \$1,200 to the mansion which costs more thousands. The work is a valuable dollar's worth to any one contemplating a home, for it saves the cost of the architect, and furnishes an estimate for the builder. It is published at 191 Broadway.

"The History and Work of the Warner Observatory," at Rochester, N. Y., since its foundation in 1883, has been given in pamphlet form by its director, Lewis Swift, Ph.D., the well-known astronomer. The Observatory is one of the most costly and complete in the country, and has already done good work.

"Lower Merion Lilies and other Poems" have been published in handsome book form by J. B. Lippincott & Company, for the author, Miss Margaret B. Harvey. There are between thirty and forty poems in all, and though in some there is a lack of literary form, yet there is so much that is charming in sentiment and expression, that the occasional absence of finish in technique is easily forgiven. A few lines from "Myrtle and Willow" will give an idea of the style.

*"My heart was like a treasure-house,
So high, so wide, so deep—
That even I could never tell,
How much it had to keep.
I only knew that lower far
Than e'er my touch could reach,
I only knew that higher far
Than measures thought or speech,
Were strange and wondrous riches piled—
But they confused my sight,
And I, with awe and wonder filled,
Shut out the glaring light."*

"Metlakatla."—A curious book will shortly be published, telling the story of a tribe of Indians who had been evicted from their homes in British Columbia under peculiarly trying circumstances. They were savages and cannibals when they were found by the Rev. William Duncan, an English Church missionary, who settled down among them, and succeeded in changing them from brutal animals to a thriving, industrious, orderly and peaceable community. But he taught them on the basis of a natural Christianity, without troubling their heads with points of doctrine, which they did not understand; and when they became prosperous and important enough for the Church of England to recognize their existence, it deposed the Rev. Mr. Duncan, who was father, helper, providence to them, and sent those who would hold them in subjection to take possession of their pleasant homes, and turn Arcadia into purgatory. The people revolted, and have applied to our government for permission to settle in Alaska, but here they have met with an unexpected obstacle. Like England, America forbids the Indian to hold land; they cannot create homes which can be assured to them; they can only be held as wards, and may be dispossessed, as they have been in British Columbia and elsewhere, when they have made a barren spot fruitful enough to tempt any one's cupidity. When Mr. Duncan began his work among these Indians, thirty years ago, they were wild men of the forest; he taught them industries, he won them to gentler habits and modes of life. It seems incredible that Church or State authority should interfere, except to help a work so noble, and to which a life-time had been devoted. But the facts show that any cruelty is possible to power and selfishness. Mr. Henry S. Wellcome tells the story of these poor people in "Metlakatla," which is to be illustrated, and will certainly excite interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Who is "She?"—The author of this interesting novel, Mr. H. Rider Haggard, writes the following letter explaining who and what he meant by "She": "In the first place, an attempt is made to follow the action of the probable effects of immortality working upon the known and ascertained substance of the mortal. This is a subject with a prospective interest for us all. Secondly, the legend is built upon the hypothesis that deep affection is in itself an immortal thing. Therefore, when Ayesha, in the course of ages, grows hard, cynical, and regardless of that which stands between her and her ends, her love yet endures, true and holy, changeless amidst change. Therefore, too, when at last the reward is in her sight, and passion utterly possesses her, it gives her strength to cast away the evil, and (what the reviewer considers inconsistent with her nature) even to do homage to 'the majesty of virtue.' For love is to her a saving grace and a gate of redemption; her hardened nature melts in the heats of passion, and, as has happened to many other worldly-minded people, through the sacred agency of love, she once more became (or at the moment imagined that she would become) what she had been before; disillusion, disappointment, and two thousand wretched years of loneliness had turned her heart to stone. Lastly, it occurred to me that in 'She' herself some readers might find a type of the spirit of intellectual Paganism, or perhaps even of our own modern Agnosticism; of the spirit, at any rate, which looks to earth, and earth alone, for its comfort and rewards. All through the book, although Ayesha's wisdom tells her that there is some ultimate fate appointed for man, which is unconnected with the world, it is to this world only and its passions that she clings. Even in the moment of her awful end, she speaks of a future earthly meeting with the lover whom in the past she had feared to follow into death. When Holly, the Christian, refuses her gift of life, and tells her of his own hopes of immortality, she mocks him. To her, all religion is but 'a subtler form of selfishness and terror for the end.' In the insolence of her strength and loveliness, she lifts herself up against the Omnipotent. Therefore, at the appointed time, she is swept away by 'It,' with every circumstance of 'shame and hideous mockery.' Vengeance, more heavy because more long delayed, strikes her in her proudest part—her beauty; and in her lover's very presence she is made to learn the thing she really is, and what is the end of earthly wisdom and of the loveliness she prized so highly. These were some of the points which occurred to me in connection with Ayesha's character. If any reader of the book is but half as much in love with 'She' as I confess to being, he will understand how necessary I thought her fate to the moral, before I could steel myself to bring her to such an end. It appears, however, that I did not make my purpose sufficiently clear. Knowing that allegory, if obtrusive, is bad art, I was anxious not to bring it too much to the fore, with the result that this side of the story has evidently become almost imperceptible."

Constitutional Prohibition.

BY WM. MCK. GATCHELL.

THE State Election in Michigan which closed April 4th was one which stirred the people of that State to a heat and extent never exceeded and rarely equaled in its history. It was a general State contest, with Supreme Court judges as the leading candidates voted for, and there were four full tickets in the field—Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, and Labor. The enthusiasm of the canvass, however, neither originated in nor was it materially increased by any special partisan effort in favor of the candidates either as a whole or as individuals; but it grew out of the independent question, submitted to popular vote by the Legislature, of the future relations which the State should sustain toward the liquor-traffic. This was embodied in the form of an Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating beverages. The resolution submitting the Amendment was adopted only a little more than a month before the date of the election, and was almost as much of a disappointment as it was a surprise to the Prohibitionists. The Republicans had, indeed, promised to submit, and had the necessary votes in both branches of the Legislature to make good their promise; but two of the Senators positively refused to vote for the resolution, and *one* vote was essential to its adoption in that branch. The Prohibitionists had given up any idea of the resolution going through, when the necessary vote was obtained through the unseating of a Democratic Senator and the seating of his Republican opponent. This, as I have said, occurred but a little more than a month before the date of the "next general election," at which, according to the Constitution, the vote must be taken. The brevity of the campaign undoubtedly added to its warmth, while it certainly prevented so thorough and exhaustive a discussion of the question as its importance demanded, and enabled the quick-witted and experienced politicians of both the old parties, who almost to a man opposed the Amendment, to plan and carry out shameful schemes of bulldozing and fraud, which the Amendment leaders were too slow to discover, too honorable to counter-match, and too inexperienced to expose and thwart.

The Amendment was beaten by a vote of between 3,000 and 4,000, according to the returns as filed with the Board of State Canvassers. Protests, charging frauds in Detroit and elsewhere, which, if allowed, would have thrown out a sufficient number of returns to more than reverse the adverse majority, were promptly filed; but the examination into these charges has been conducted, so far, with so apparent a determination to return a verdict of "No cause of action," that the friends of the Amendment and of the cause everywhere have prepared themselves for an official declaration of its defeat, with the remote and not at all assuring possibility that an appeal to the courts may bring out the disgraceful facts and compel the declaration of the honestly expressed will of the people.

The responsibility for this result, it is universally conceded, rests with the managers and leaders of the Republican Party, National and State, backed by the large foreign vote. On this point I quote from a recent letter written by Mr. A. A. Hopkins, who participated in the campaign, and who, aware of the frauds, was still unaware of the sources of their inspiration until, as he explains, some days after the election:

"So many days have elapsed since my last letter was penned, that I scarce remember all it said. But I'm sure I implied that there must have been some central source of inspiration for the singular unanimity with which Republican leaders and press opposed Michigan's Amendment. Facts learned in New York leave no room for doubt of this, and point to Mr. Blaine and his oracles as that central source.

Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, and ex-Congressman Joy of Michigan could shed some light upon the matter, it is believed; but probably neither will. They were in conference, one day, with Mr. Blaine; the next they each declared that Prohibition must not carry in Michigan. Reid said it editorially; Joy, through Mr. Reid's columns, as interviewed. I wonder if Mr. Reid will send an agent to Detroit, to report election frauds there? I wonder again, if the *Tribune's* righteous wrath will blaze out against bulldozing, and in favor of an honest count, in Michigan as in Mississippi?"

It must be recollected that the Republican State ticket was elected by majorities ranging between 16,000 and 20,000.

Discussing the election from this stand-point of population and citizenship, the editor of the *Weekly Standard*, "the only Democratic paper in Ionia County," declares that it was "a race conflict," and proceeds in an article of a column and a half in length to demonstrate this. We quote:

"An analysis of the vote on the prohibitory Amendment makes some curious revelations. It shows conclusively that nearly all the native Americans in the State voted for Prohibition, and that nearly all the foreigners voted against it. The 'yes' and 'no' ballots were voted in almost exactly the same proportion as the native or foreign element predominated.

"The lower peninsula has 797,496 native born, and 681,241 foreign. The lower peninsula gave a majority for Prohibition. The upper peninsula has only 12,384 native, and 93,584 foreign. That part of Michigan has given an overwhelming majority against Prohibition.

"The forty-eight counties in southern Michigan which gave a majority for Prohibition have 570,062 native, and 268,168 foreign. The twenty-three which voted against it have only 227,434 native, but they have 423,073 foreign. The figures stand thus for the whole State:

YES:	
American born	570,818
Foreign "	268,168

NO:	
American born	239,062
Foreign "	516,634

"Take the six counties giving the highest 'no' vote. They are as follows:

	American.	Foreign.
Wayne.....	42,440	123,204
Saginaw	20,830	41,581
Kent	35,356	37,513
St. Clair.....	9,957	28,449
Macomb.....	11,807	14,856
Bay.....	10,832	23,866
	130,222	269,469

"These are the only counties that gave over 2,000 majority against Prohibition. Two-thirds of their population are born of foreign parents, and only one-third are American. Only one-fourth of the population of Wayne County are born of American parents."

"On the other hand, take the six counties giving the highest Prohibition majorities:

	American.	Foreign.
Van Buren	22,228	3,983
Hillsdale	24,694	3,725
Eaton.....	24,447	3,358
Ionia.....	20,813	6,744
Ingham.....	22,668	7,044
Branch	21,005	3,375
	135,855	28,229

"These counties only contain one-third as much population as the others, *but they have more American population*; the six beer and whisky counties have *nearly ten times as many foreigners* as the six Prohibition counties."

Speaking specifically of the Detroit vote, the editor says:

"Not only is the whisky vote unusually large in these foreign precincts, but in them also have the alleged frauds occurred. Fraud is charged in the fifth and seventh wards of Detroit and also in the thirteenth, which has about the same sort of population. The alleged frauds in Gogebic County have been charged to Bessemer precinct, in Carp Lake township. That township has 72 inhabitants born of American parents, and 1,008 foreigners. These 1,080 men, women and children furnish a basis for 1,900 whisky majority."

Summing up the case in the light of the figures of the returns, the writer concludes :

The foregoing cold facts are gleaned from the census and from the election returns. They show plainly that the Kents and the Duffields have joined the foreigners in their battle with the American people of Michigan as deliberately as Benedict Arnold joined the British, and the "Cosmopolitan" press of Detroit have basely betrayed their own constituents, and corruptly allied themselves with a foreign element that has no conception of nor sympathy with our American system of government. We have invited these foreigners and their posterity to our State. We permit them to vote without even becoming citizens, and here they are standing in solid phalanx in open hostility to Americans and American ideas, while a venal and cowardly daily press abandons Michigan and espouses the side of the invaders. But the American people of Michigan demand Prohibition ; and the Kents, the Duffields, the Detroit daily newspapers, and these foreigners may as well get out of the way.

"In the light of these facts we wonder how much longer *The Free Press* and its wicked partner, the *News*, will champion beer and whisky for these people and abuse the temperance fanatics.' There may be money in their course, but there is very little decency."

The Duffields and the Kents, referred to in the above, are prominent Republicans, Professor Kent being connected with one of the leading State educational institutions. The papers—*Free Press* and *News*—are Democratic organs. The moral is obvious. On this question of the relations of the State toward the liquor-traffic, the prosperity of the managers of both old parties is so allied with the saloon, that they not only break party lines in the support of the system of license which serves to perpetuate it, but they do not hesitate to use both fair and unfair means to induce or compel the rank and file of their respective parties to follow them in this degrading subserviency to a traffic which no sensible independent thinker in Christendom hesitates to condemn, and which is doubly debauching in this country whose free institutions offer such unusual opportunities for the exercise of its baneful and unscrupulous power.

OTHER AMENDMENT CONTESTS.

Prohibitory Amendment contests are already ordered in the States of Texas, Tennessee, Oregon, and West Virginia. The three first named will vote upon the question this fall; West Virginia not until 1888. Texas will vote in August, Tennessee in September, and Oregon in November. The two former are Democratic—Texas overwhelmingly so—and Oregon, Republican. The friends in each of these States anticipate a victory, and vigorous campaigns already are in progress in the two first, while Oregon is preparing to open an energetic educational canvass about the first of August.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has passed, for the first time, a resolution to submit an Amendment to popular vote. It will be two years before this effort can be consummated, and the lapse of time also involves a new Legislature, so that the resolution may be beaten and the submission be delayed. It is not believed, however, that this will be the case, as the Republican managers have shown in Ohio and Michigan how they can please the temperance men by submitting the Amendment, and then satisfy the saloon interest by throwing all their influence against its being carried. Notwithstanding the loss of Ohio and Michigan, however, and the exposure of the trick under which the old parties can virtually be made one in supporting the saloon interest, there is no apparent disheartenment on the part of the advocates of the principle. They show less desire to press the matter of submission as a non-partisan measure, but far greater unanimity and determination in urging the educational agencies and supplementing these with an organization pledged to the destruction of the license system in State and nation through Constitutional enactments, backed by officials selected from the ranks of those thus pledged. There may be fewer State contests in 1888, but that this is

to be the supreme issue of the next presidential battle hardly admits of question, notwithstanding the fact that desperate efforts will be made to force other issues to the front, and no less energetic means used to hide the true one.

To License Crime is Satanic,

BUT to license the greatest curse of one's country is diabolism of the deepest dye.

It goes without saying, that the traffic in alcoholic poisons in the form of whisky, beer, wine, brandy, etc., furnishes a dangerous and certain method to flood the country with crime, disease, misery, and pauperism. If this be true, then the legal sanction of this horrible traffic for a money consideration is a practical denial of the claims of virtue and religion ; the most satanic and traitorous mockery of justice ever perpetrated in a civilized community ; a dastardly and heinous crime against God, home, and humanity, and the very acme of moral depravity.

A High License, therefore, because of its more delusive character, threatens to open a broader vortex of crime and debauchery to engulf the whole country in ruin. The evils of this traffic are so general, and the consequences so terrific, that it demands the strongest condemnation and execration from every friend of virtue and civilization ; and any sanction or license, high or low, or in whatever form, should be resisted and stamped out with all the intensity of our enthusiasm, our moral courage, our patriotic zeal and honest indignation, as the vilest outrage on our common sense, common manhood, and common intelligence.

W. J. D.

Sunday Reading in a Temperance Journal.

As a specimen of the reading which the N. Y. *Tribune* dishes up to its Sunday readers, we clip the following from its issue of Sunday, April 24th. It was headed : "What Public Men Drink." "Straight Whiskey the Favorite." "An Old Bartender's Experience with Guests at a Big Hotel," and the list, it will be seen, is principally made up of Republican statesmen, alive and dead :

"The stocky man with short cropped but bushy gray whiskers, who stood behind the Fifth Avenue Hotel bar for fifteen years, has recently been missed by guests of that house. His name is Francis Moore. He is a Vermonter, and has a good stock farm in that State. Recently he desired to start in business for himself in Twenty-third Street. In his long experience at the Fifth Avenue Hotel he has dealt out liquid rations for many of the noted men of the country. He told a *Tribune* reporter about some of their peculiarities yesterday, saying among other things :

* * * * *
 "General Arthur drank gin straight when he felt the need of a little stimulant. General Grant used to come in occasionally in his last years and drink a bottle of Bass's ale at the bar. General W. T. Sherman has stuck to one brand of whiskey so long that others have come to ask for it as Sherman whiskey. He drinks a good big drink, but not often. General Phil Sheridan takes a square drink of the same beverage and has no use for water. He takes a nip oftener than Sherman. Senator Frank Hiscock likes wine, but takes three fingers of whiskey when he tackles that liquor. His favorite wine is Veuve Cliquot, yellow label. Congressman George West has a steady English pull at Bass's ale. Ex-Congressman Henry G. Burleigh's order is always 'a little sherry,' but it comes quite often. His partner, 'Gus' Cooke, takes the whiskey for the firm. Cooke likes to mix ham and beans between the drinks.

"Though James G. Blaine stopped at the hotel I never saw him at the bar. General Garfield never came to the bar, either. Ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, drank whiskey and Poland water, which he thought was good for his kidneys. His friend, 'Dave' Moffatt, president of the Denver and Rio Grande road, drinks whiskey straight. Senator Gorman came in rarely for rye. William H. Barnum takes gin steadily, and lots of it. The glasses are not big enough for him. William L. Scott, of Erie, asks for 'a little gin fizz—very light.' When President Cleveland was a guest of the hotel we went up brandy to his room—the best in the house. When Roscoe Conkling boarded here his beverage was lemonade. I never saw him take anything stronger. President Hayes wouldn't drink a lemonade for fear it might have been stirred with a spoon that had been in whiskey. The late Governor Reuben E. Fenton was a light drinker, with a liking for light wine and champagne. 'Steve' Dorsey used to drink whiskey in the days when he ran Republican National politics, but brandy suits him now. A peculiar drinker is Uncle John Rice,

the proprietor of the Tremont House, Chicago, who has a taste for 'velvet'—half champagne and half porter.

"'Sheridan Shook likes straight gin and has drunk enough to float a steam-boat. It agrees with him. 'Ed.' Gilmore is one of his pupils. Uncle Rufus Hatch takes about one finger of whiskey. Senator John Sherman is a light man on liquor. He takes a bit of whiskey rarely. General George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, sizes up slightly above a finger when the whiskey is good. The one thing he will not touch is Mexican 'pulque.' 'Bob' Ingersoll's favorite is beer. Lawrence Barrett is a great drinker of whiskey. That is also Edwin Booth's beverage. Guiteau, the assassin, was around the bar during the campaign of 1880. He only drank when he was asked, and then filled up on rye. General Hancock took whiskey, but above all things he liked a bottle of champagne. Hubert O. Thompson was a good treater and took whiskey. Zach Chandler was a drinker of drinkers. He began early in the day and kept it up till he went to bed—whiskey always.'"

THREE bills affecting the liquor-traffic are now pending in the Legislature of New York. The most important, called the Vedder Tax Bill, provides for a heavy graded State tax on all liquor-dealers independent of local license fees. Introduced by Senator Vedder, of Chautauqua County, early in the session, it was not pursued with any force until the death of the Crosby High License Bill. Then, according to current reports, the active gentlemen behind the Crosby measure, represented by Dr. Howard Crosby, Mr. Robert Graham, and Judge Noah Davis, took Mr. Vedder's bill, and, engrafting upon it some features of the defunct High License Bill, gave it their approval, and its author at once pushed it forward. It has, at this writing, passed the Senate, although amended on final passage in two particulars which give rise to serious objections. One of these, which both the temperance people and liquor-dealers criticise with sarcastic severity, is the exemption of "cider" from the list of taxed intoxicants. The other, which provides that the portion of the State taxes secured through the bill shall accrue to the benefit of the section where collected, is attacked by the *N. Y. Tribune* and many of the country Republican Press, who insist that this tax shall go into the State treasury, and be applied to ordinary State purposes. The pertinence of the first objection is apparent. Cider (hard) contains more alcohol than any ordinary fermented liquor, and about the same percentage as the heavier wines. Its exemption seems, therefore, from a political stand-point, as simply a bid for the farmers' support of the bill, while from the temperance side it is held as a premium upon the manufacture and consumption of one of the most objectionable of intoxicants. The amendment which excites the hostility of the *Tribune* is manifestly fair, and the complaint of the editor of the "organ" is as manifestly a bid for the undisguised purchase of country support—not of the bill on its merits, but of the Republican Party. This bill may become a law, as the governor's objections to the High License Bill (with the amendment against which the editor of the *Tribune* protests), it is claimed, are all just. One of the other bills is called the Howe High License Bill, and little is heard of it. It is said to be the last year's Crosby bill, which was much more of a temperance measure than the bill bearing the same title, which the Republican politicians were allowed to manipulate until it was entirely satisfactory to the beer and aristocratic liquor interests, and then passed, only to be vetoed by the governor, and sink into obscurity unlamented by a conscientious voter who understood its provisions. The Howe bill, lacking the energizing approval of the politicians, is not likely to pass. The third important bill is that repealing the mandamus act of last year, which permits any applicant, who may be refused a license by the Board of Excise, to appeal to the courts, which may reverse the decision of the Board. It was a bill dictated by and passed in the interest of the liquor-dealers, and temperance men have universally condemned it. Its repeal, however, is deprecated by every member of our present Board of Excise. This has not been generally discussed; but it is apparent that while it relieves the Board from the exercise of extra-judicial functions, it also gives the Board more freedom in denying applications. From this, it will be seen the fate of the bill is a matter of doubt.

We give prominence to this legislation and proposed legislation in New York State, because of the political importance of the State, and the fact that this legislation virtually comprises the latest—and doubtless the last—modifications and reforms of the *effete* license system.

A TELEGRAM of April 25th, from Harrisonburg, Va., says: "A local option election was held to-day in four of the five districts in this county. The Harrisonburg District gave 244 Prohibition majority, the Ashby District about 800, and the other two districts are claimed by the Prohibitionists."

This is an Associated Press dispatch, and it is but one of the numerous significant signs of the times, which act with double force in advancing the cause. The fact that these items are given national notoriety by the telegraph, and find space in such a percentage of the partisan press, is an educational agency of incalculable potency. The same may be said of the other fact, that these various local (option) contests are recognized as tests of the broad principle of Prohibition as opposed to the license system, by mutual consent.

THE Missouri Legislature recently passed a Sunday law, the author of which is the Mr. Downing who is credited with drafting the High License Bill now under experiment in that State. Referring to the new (for that section) restriction upon the traffic, an Associated Press telegram of March 29th says:

"Governor Marmaduke has signed the Downing Sunday law and now St. Louis saloons, barber-shops, beer-gardens, theaters, base-ball grounds and everything else of a sinful nature, must remain closed on the Sabbath. The greatest consternation prevails over the matter."

The Anglo-Saxon Way.

I TELL you, my friends, that this way of dealing with the question—this utter prohibition and extinction of the traffic—is the Anglo-Saxon way, a way that sturdy race has always had in dealing with great public wrongs. It is a way born in the very gristle and marrow of the race. You may see it all along the track of history for a thousand years. Look at England—look at our parent stock. Why, seven hundred years back in the history of this race in England, those sturdy old barons took that graceless and infamous king of theirs out into the mead, and told him he must stop his tyranny and his lawlessness or they would hurl him from his throne. And the craven John submitted, and signed the great charter—the *Magna Charta* which is now the mighty bulwark of civil liberty in England and America. Come down that stream of English history to the struggle between the Parliament and people of England and the tyrannical kings of the house of Stuart. Hampden and Cromwell, and those other mighty Englishmen of that day, said to their treacherous king, who pleaded his divine right to tyrannize over England, that he must stop his oppressions and his tyranny, and when he refused, and drew the sword, and plunged the nation into war, they fought him, and took him prisoner, tried and condemned him to death, and his royal head rolled from the block in obedience to the stern decree of that great Puritan race.

If we turn to our own history we shall see our fathers of '76 saying to George III. and his ministers across the sea, "You must stop this oppression—this taxation without representation, or we'll stop it for you"—and when the king and ministers refused, they rose in rebellion, threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, declared their independence at Philadelphia, and under that immortal leader whose marble statue crowns your city, whose majestic face and figure I have seen looking down upon you from the serene blue heavens of this beautiful spring day, they fought seven years to lay foundations of liberty and free government in this land. And still true to these great examples, and this great history of the race, the men of our time found a way—this same old way of prohibition—to stop slavery in its career, to kill it and save the Republic.—*Extract from the Speech of HON. CHAS. S. MAY, Baltimore, April 26, 1887.*

"Where is My Pattern?"

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

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

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