

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## A DAY AT POMPEII.

**S**EE Naples and die!" The old Italian saying seemed no longer hyperbole to me, as our steamer gently pulsed its way across the bay whose waters are bluer than the turquoise sky which broods above them with the warm azure of eternal May, dreamlike, gentle, gracious. But who can describe Naples and its bay? Not I, at least. I could only look, and look, and look, as if my very soul were turned into eyes. It is a succession of æsthetic joys from the coming into the bay, to that point back on the hills, whence, looking over the red-tiled roofs of the city, across the bay with its anchored shipping, its shores lined with villages buried in luxuriant foliage, orange-trees, and vineyards, to where Vesuvius rises grand and royal in its hazy purple, the smoke from its crater curling languidly into the calm morning air, the whole gilded by the level beams of the sun, one beholds a scene never to be forgotten.

It was Pompeii, however, that well-preserved record of a vanished day and a dead race, that I had come to visit. I had read about it, dreamed of it, made the seeing of it the ambition of my youth; and now, though Naples tempted me to linger with its orange-gardens, its music, its venerable buildings, its reminiscences, I resisted the fascination.

Through the American consul I obtained a permit as "artist-photographer" to enter

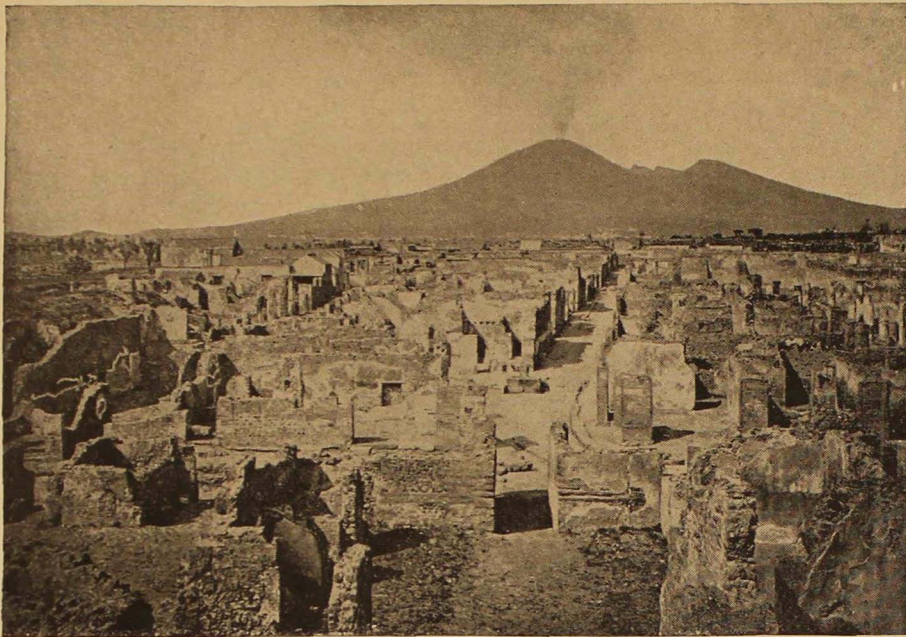
Pompeii and to photograph as many subjects as seemed proper in my judgment; a privilege not accorded to every chance tourist. On a glorious morning I boarded the seven o'clock train for Pompeii. A man forward blew a horn, there was a shrill whistle from the locomotive, and we moved off.

We stopped every few moments, and it seemed one continuous town from Naples to Pompeii, fifteen miles southeast. The railroad follows the bay till it nears Mt. Vesuvius, then turns around its base and you find yourself at Pompeii. My first view was rather disheartening. Pompeii, it seemed, was no more than piles of dirt, stones, lava, and ashes, taken from the excavations. At the station where one is deposited are three hotels and one or two other edifices. The hotels are provided with excellent *cafés*, and I went into one and ordered the usual Continental breakfast



CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.





POMPEII, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

of coffee and bread and butter, and was delightfully served. For a good cup of coffee commend me to Naples; its equal I have never tasted elsewhere. Offering to pay the attendant he waved it off and said: "You come for lunch; pay then." This insured my return to his *café*.

After breakfast I passed over the roadway to the entrance to Pompeii, presented my permit, received a ticket that I deposited in the box, passed through the turnstile, and was taken in charge by an English-speaking guide. Beyond the gate the way is along a gravel walk, past several flowerbeds where there is some pretension to landscape gardening, generally absent in most Italian cities, then through a vaulted passageway of ancient origin, perhaps seventy feet long and twenty wide, to the museum, in which there is not much to detain one. From the museum you enter Pompeii itself and first begin to realize that you are actually upon its soil.

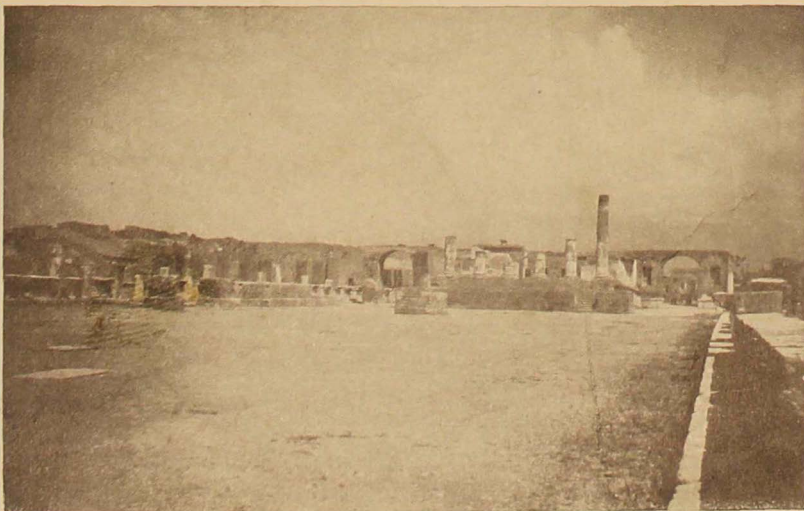
The Basilica, an oblong edifice with its façade towards the Forum, is the first visited. This was used as a market, and also as a law court; the vast floor-space is studded with broken-off columns,—Pompeii abounds in columns,—which are mute witnesses to its former grandeur, and at the end is an elevated tribune. Adjoining this are the impressive remains of the Temple of Apollo, which stands in the center of a court, and is approached by thirteen steps. Ascend-

ing these I felt that first exquisite thrill of awe, wonder, and admiration, which I had longed for, but for which one so often longs in vain,—the partial realization, at least, of that glorious past whose ghosts alone now inhabit the scene.

The view from this point is one never to be forgotten. A weird and desolate, yet withal a beautiful, panorama shows you Pompeii, the city of ruins, lying before you with Vesuvius in the distance, hazy as ever, sending its calm pillar of vapor into the mid-air. The feelings of awe are succeeded by wonder and astonishment as closer inspection of the ruins discloses the skill of that time; one sees often conveniences and appliances equal in construction and ingenuity to those of a similar kind in use today, and naturally asks himself, "What have we been doing during all these centuries?" I



CAVE CANEM. MOSAIC FROM THE "HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET."



THE FORUM, LOOKING TOWARD THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

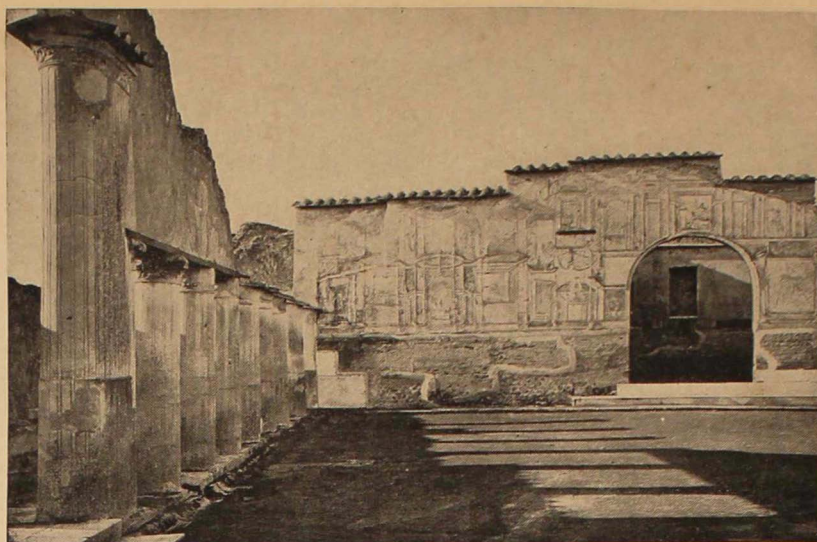
learned that only about one-half of Pompeii has thus far been excavated, and that at the present rate of progress it will require at least sixty years longer to unearth the whole. Only about six or eight thousand dollars a year are expended on the work.

The streets of Pompeii are seldom more than twenty-four feet wide, mostly straight from end to end. Indeed, this ancient town is quite American in the rectangularity of its plan. The pavement is, however, quite un-American in its solidity, consisting of large, polygonal blocks of lava, set so firmly that after eighteen centuries the roadways are as sound as when laid. The crossways are slightly raised above the level of the streets, and the nipping of the horses' feet and the impact of the chariot wheels are plainly visible.

Curiously enough, the Pompeian public fountains (and there are many of them, still in good



condition, ornamented with an intermingling of fine sculpture and grotesque masques) were fed from lead pipes which might worry a modern manufacturer to reproduce. Moreover, the houses received their liberal supply of water through pipes of the same metal. I saw many "cut-offs" constructed on thoroughly modern principles. Another point that surprised me was that the major part of the houses are of brick, very similar to that in use today; though the bricks themselves are longer and thinner. The well-preserved stairways lead from the ground floors to the second, and possibly third, stories. The corners and pillars are commonly of carved stone. The Pompeian shopkeepers understood the art of signs quite as well as we do. Above an apothecary's door, for instance, is a pair of huge snakes twisted into innumerable coils; and the colors are as fresh as when first painted. Shops are to be seen everywhere, and show that much business was transacted in Pompeii. There were no windows on the streets, the life being concentrated in the interiors of their houses; and they often presented to the street a blank



STABIAN BATHS.

was the *impluvium*, or reservoir for rain-water. This was lined with marble and surrounded by a mosaic border. The design varied in the different rooms, there being a border and a centerpiece, usually in black and white. In the largest houses there was another court adjacent, called, from the columns supporting the roof, the *peristylum*, in the center of which was an aquarium and fountain, or a flower-garden.

The front portion of the house was devoted to intercourse with the outer world, and it was here the patron received his friends and transacted his business. The rest of the house was destined solely for the use of the family. The decoration of the rooms was in keeping with the purpose for which they were used, being elaborate or simple, as the means permitted; the main color used for background, whether in a plain panel or an elaborate design, was red. Almost all of the frescos and other articles of value have been taken to Naples and given permanent places in the *Museo Nazionale* for their better preservation.

One could linger in Pompeii not a day, nor a week, nor yet a month, but a year, and still come away unsatisfied. For it is the history of an age, and every stone is a page, every edifice a volume, and the whole ruin a solemn education, whereby man may learn at once the glory and the



COLUMNS AND STAIRWAY IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

wall, which was decorated in gay colors, principally red and yellow, with paintings and frescos.

The houses vary greatly in size, according to the situation, or means and taste of their owners. The chief peculiarity was the interior court, into which all of the rooms opened. The houses of the well-to-do were entered from the street by a vestibule; thence passing through a passage to the inner court, upon which the windows, doors, and corridors of the house opened, very like the Egyptian residence of today. The floors of the vestibules were made beautiful with the most artistic mosaics in various designs of beasts and birds and legends, most commonly "Salve." One of the most famous of these mosaics, now preserved in the National Museum at Naples, was taken from "The House of the Tragic Poet." It represents a fierce dog straining at his leash, with the inscription beneath, "*Cave Canem*,"—"Beware of the dog."

The roofs sloped inwardly, and had an opening in the center, which gave light and air to the house. In the center

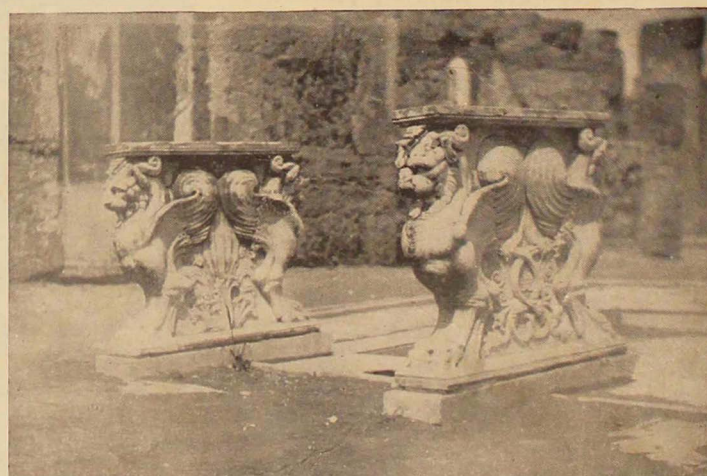
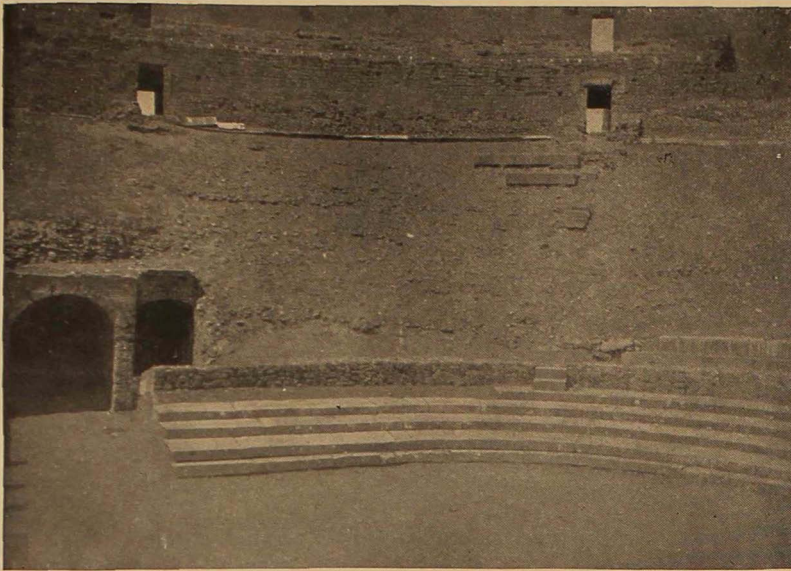


TABLE SUPPORTS IN THE HOUSE OF CORNELIUS RUFUS.

futility of all human effort. There is a fascination in the place which takes hold of one's mind like some grand, sorrowful symphony. You look at these buildings, once occupied by the great, the gay, and the beautiful, and you seem





GREAT OR UNCOVERED THEATER.

to feel the magnetism of all that careless, happy, joyous race, while the vast mountain smoking in the distance warns you with what a mere puff of its breath all this life and happiness and beauty were blotted out.

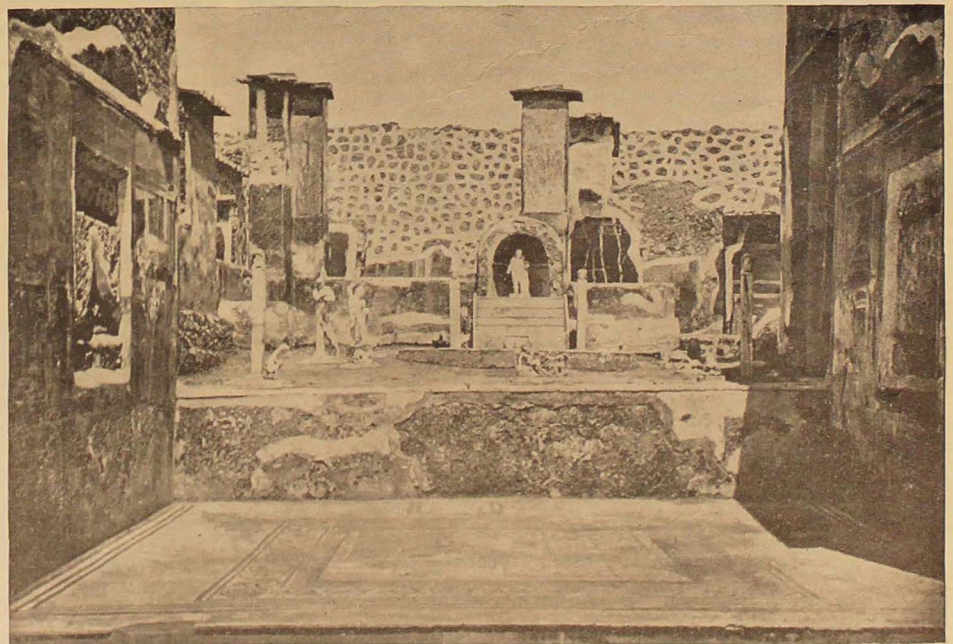
Leaving the Temple of Apollo, the Forum is next on our route, and I give a view looking towards the Temple of Jupiter. This temple is the most imposing and grand in Pompeii, as well as the largest. It is approached by fifteen steps, and is one hundred and eighteen feet in length. From this elevation one of the finest panoramas of Pompeii and surroundings is seen. Apertures in the floor admit light into the underground chambers, where are piled the usual terra-cotta or earthenware vessels; and I had a look through every "hole" I found. One was filled with water,—apparently a well, few of which are to be seen, for the town had a system of waterworks. In the immediate vicinity of the Forum are the chief temples, public buildings, and theaters, and every step teems with interest.

Pompeii was the city of romance and beauty; it is quite natural, therefore, that one of her loveliest temples—just west of the Forum—should have been dedicated to Venus, the goddess of love and loveliness. Even these solitary columns, one Ionic, the other, beyond, a fluted Corinthian, show, at least as far as a hint may show, how beautiful the perfect edifice must have been. The piece of marble fastened about half-way up bears an inscription in Roman, or Romanized-Gothic, capitals, and their execution is perfect. The illustration of the Temple of Venus gives an idea of some of the best-preserved stairways and columns, as well as fragments of columns.

The dissipation of the rich youth of both sexes was one that in our rapid civilization we can hardly understand. Bathing with us is a mere matter of cleanliness; but your Pompeian spent three parts of the day in the *thermæ*, or warm baths. The Stabian Baths, north of the Forum, even in their ruinous state are among the noblest remains of the ancient city. They are the largest as well as the oldest build-

ings of their kind in Pompeii. The rear wall, ornamented with reliefs in stucco, its fine Roman archway and serrated top, is in excellent preservation. The spacious court is flanked by rows of beautiful columns in two sizes. The first chamber to the left was a dressing-room, and traces of presses and niches in the walls for the bathers' clothing are plainly seen. There was a shallow basin for the timid or the lazy to soak themselves in, and a swimming-pool for the more energetic or those initiated in natation. There were baths for women even more luxurious in their appointments than those set apart for men, and also many single baths. The water for the hot baths was heated by stoves and conveyed by pipes to the baths proper. The floors and walls were double and of beautifully polished marbles, and the vaulted hall stuccoed, and, as in most such buildings in Pompeii, superbly ornamented with relief designs.

From the baths we entered the house of Cornelius Rufus, who must have been one of Pompeii's wealthy citizens. In the vestibule is a mosaic design of dogs attacking a wild boar, surrounded by a border of Greek design. On the walls were frescos, but the finest have been taken to Naples. Passing into the court I saw two table-supports of marble representing elaborately carved, winged griffins. Next these is a fountain, or basin, cut out of solid marble, with sides in relief, and a marble bust inscribed "C. Cornelio Rufo." Into each of the small rooms I went to inspect the frescos and mosaics. The colors of the frescos, especially the red, are bright and fresh on all of the walls. One of the mosaic floors represented a puzzle, and the guide asked me to trace with a stick my way out from the center; but I couldn't do it until shown.



HOUSE OF MARCUS LUCRETIUS.

The great, or tragic, theater, the next point visited, is a large, uncovered amphitheater in a bad state of preservation,—perhaps from the fact that it was not entirely buried. It is situated on rising ground so that the main floor of the interior is on a level with the surrounding streets, and can be entered through passageways. It is overrun with weeds, and Nature is gradually taking it back unto herself. A few tiers of the seats, which once held five thousand spectators,





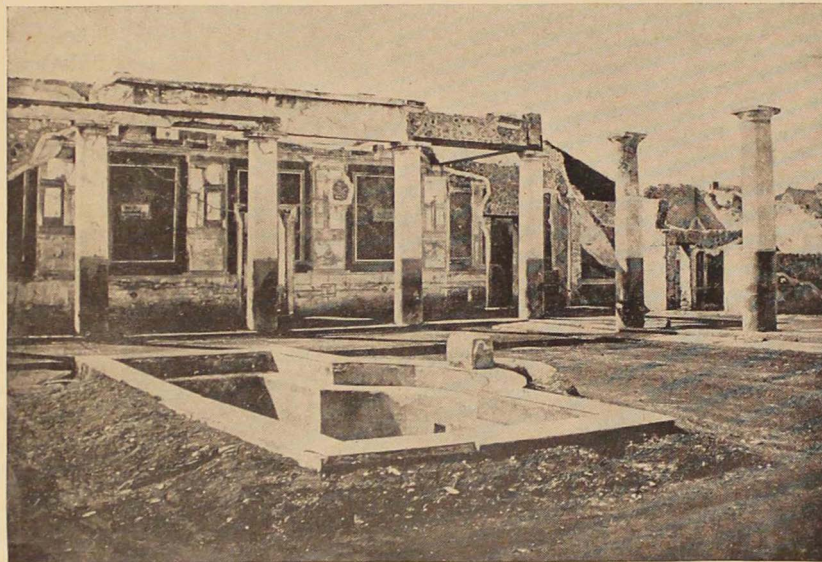
HOUSE OF SALLUST.

still remain. The denuded wall with its openings, like a skull with its eyeless orbits, its hollow arched doorways, and its general air of decay, is one of the saddest commentaries upon human pleasure the world has to show. The smaller theater, adjoining, called the Odeum, was covered, and seated only fifteen hundred people.

I now told the guide that I was tired of going by rote, and that I wished him to take me hither and thither, out of the beaten path, and he went immediately to the house of Marcus Lucretius, which is kept locked on account of the many portable and small articles it contains. The house had been fitted up regardless of expense, and also of taste, as though the owner had come suddenly into riches and had tried to

outshine his neighbors. In the foreground is seen the mosaic floor; on the side wall will be noticed panels from which the mosaics have been removed and sent to Naples. Around the panels, as well as much of the wall-plaster, can be seen cement used to protect the edges. This shows the method now used to protect the plasterings and mosaics.

Visiting the House of the Faun next, I found it one of the largest and handsomest in Pompeii, even in its ruin, a magnificent work of architecture. In the center of the *peristylum*, known by the marble pillars, there is a reservoir for rain-water, which was often also an aquarium, surrounded by a marble coping. On the walls can be seen indistinctly the usual decorations of red panels, with borders and center-pieces. These designs comprised everything,—dancing-girls, Follies, Venuses, birds, fishes, animals, fruits, and flowers. Even landscapes were worked in.



HOUSE OF THE FAUN.

The House of Sallust always attracts, from the association of the Latin school-books used in our college-days. It is well worth a visit, and the illustration gives a clear idea of the paved street, the curbing, the sidewalk, and masonry. Opening on the street is the usual shop with its counter, or table, made of marble put together much like a patchwork quilt. The varieties used were many. In the table are seen openings of different sizes used as measures. The liquid, or whatever was measured, was poured into one of these, and let off through a valve opening in the bottom, into a vessel placed beneath. This peculiar kind of table is seen in a great many houses; though many, as in the case of the restaurant, omitted the openings. The building continued beyond the rear wall shown and opened into another court.

The House of the Tragic Poet (Glaucus), so called, though no one has the vaguest idea who the occupant was or what was his occupation, is a beautiful relic, one of the most beautiful in the city. Roofless and dismantled as it is, the

crudest imagination could scarcely want the emotional faculty to restore it to its pristine loveliness. In his "Last

Days of Pompeii," Bulwer sets this stage with many admirable figures, chief among whom are Glaucus, Ione, Arbaces, and Nydia; though, in truth, we have no idea who was the owner of this superb habitation, nor whether he was a poet, a dramatist, or even a lover of art. We can only judge that his tastes must have been æsthetic from the character of his residence. He has left us no record, either of himself or of his doings in his brief day, and his house remains like an old tombstone from whose surface the

wind and rain have worn away the legend.

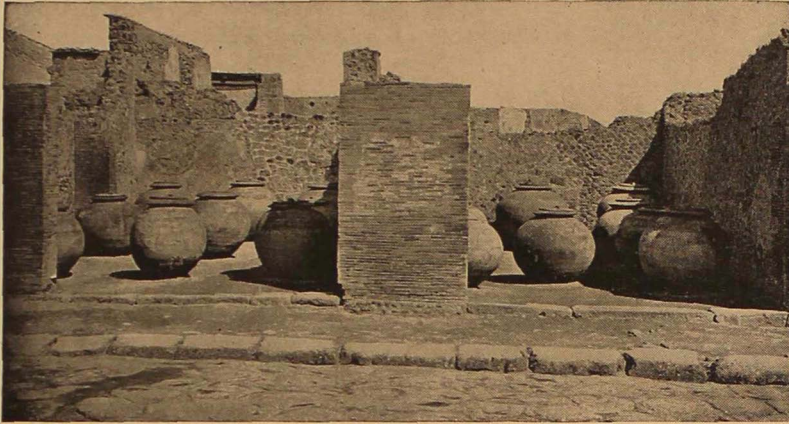
The Shop of the Oil Merchant is a mere wreck as a build-



HOUSE OF GLAUCUS, "THE TRAGIC POET."



ing; but its interest resides in the rows of jars which formerly contained oil, and which still stand in their original positions. The kind of bricks used in Pompeii is plainly seen in this illustration. The Bakeshop shows, even in its ruin, the mill and the primitive methods for the preparation of grain. It seems, in many instances, at least, that the



SHOP OF THE OIL MERCHANT.

baker was also a miller, and ground the meal, or grain, which he afterward baked into bread in his ovens. The House of the Soapmaker, where copper kettles are set in brick with furnace underneath, is especially interesting from the fact that the kettles seem as good as new.

By this time I began to grow tired, and the guide and I sat down upon one of the corner fountains, and in answer to a query as to the last eruption of Vesuvius he replied:

"Well, sir, we had our last scare in 1891. It began to look in January as though the old furnace was getting too full for comfort, and was going to pitch things out; but it was not till June that it went to work. The vapor rose in a great white mass and spread out like a mushroom, and columns of dense black smoke and vivid flames belched forth. The liquid lava burst through ever so many fissures, and looked like fountains of fiery red water with low jets of molten rock.

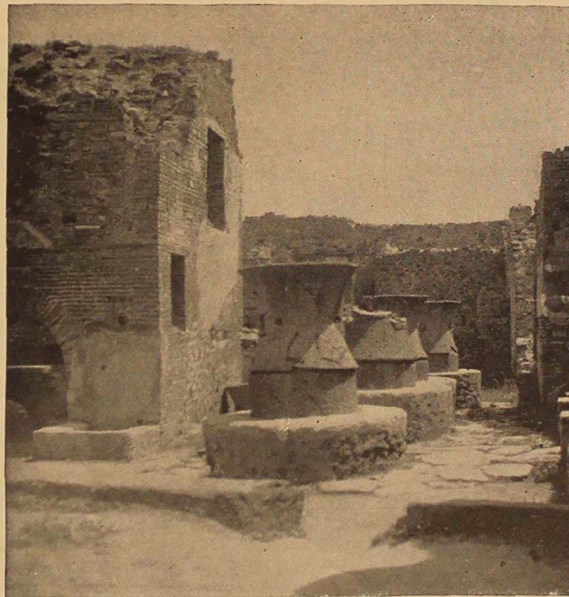
"You see, with every eruption, sir, the shape of the crater changes. The two cones look very different, too, according to the place you see them from. The lower cone, called Monte Somma, was the crater which sent destruction upon Pompeii; and when the Government built the observatory upon one of its ridges many years ago, it overlooked a deep valley,—my father can remember it well; but now the streams of lava have almost filled it. I have seen a great change in it myself. In 1872 we all thought our time had come. That was the most fearful eruption of Vesuvius that any man living can remember. Oh, sir, it was a magnificent spectacle! In the middle of the night there was a fearful roar like the most terrific thunder; from a new mouth the molten lava poured in torrents, wrapped in clouds of boiling smoke, ashes, and red-hot stones. It was

on April 26 that it began, very suddenly, and the noise was like thunder all the time. At night the whole great mountain appeared to sweat fire. The lava flowed in steady streams, like rivers of fire, from many fissures, while columns of smoke, ashes, and red-hot scoria and rocks were hurled violently from the cone, rising over five thousand feet in the air. For several days after, the air was so thick with ashes in Naples that it was too dark to see to read. When it had settled it lay several inches deep in the streets, like fine black sand."

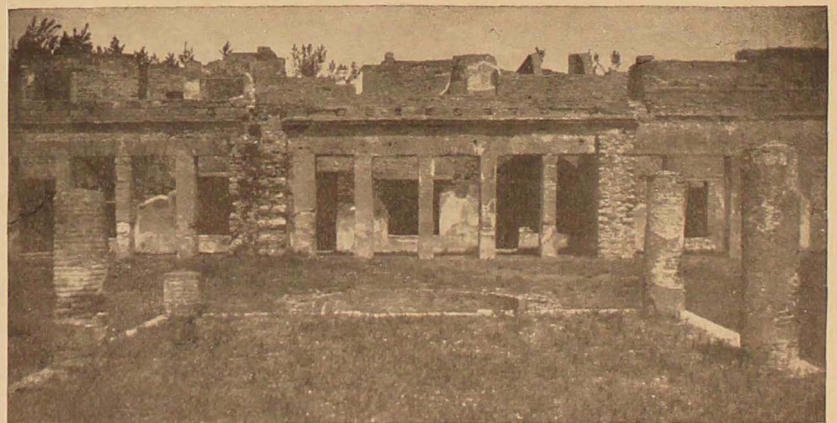
I went out for lunch, and refilled my camera in a dark room belonging to a "tintyper," who took my picture in front of a Pompeiian background. Returning to the ruins, I roamed alone and whithersoever I liked, enjoying a permission granted only to artists. I wended my way across the Forum, over to the houses of Glaucus and Sallust, going into every ruin I came to, "upstairs and downstairs and into my lady's chamber." I saw odd mosaics and frescos, queer rooms, kitchens, laundries, bathing establishments, underground passages, and so on, until my head whirled trying to fix them in mind. Down one stairway I found

myself in the House of Pansa, who was one of the richest men in Pompeii. His house, though little more than a ruin, retains even in decay the evidences of great splendor. It contained everything the rich owner could wish.

The Street of the Tombs is both charming and interesting from the tombs and monuments, which border both sides, and the vast circular seats which remind us that the living, then as now, must have lingered here. These artistic benches, which Alma Tadema's brush has made familiar to the world, are from eight to ten feet long, and the inscriptions, which run their entire length, have proved of great value to students and antiquaries. Many of the tombs are in an excellent state of preservation, and the ornamentation is rarely beautiful.



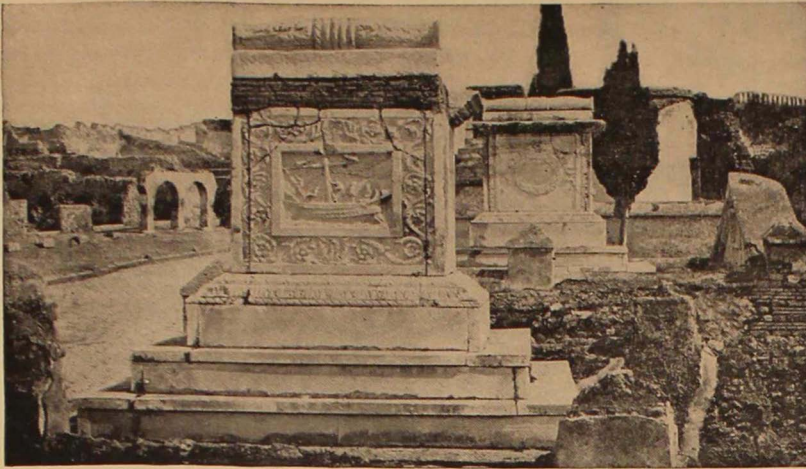
THE BAKESHOP.



HOUSE OF PANSA.

Accidentally I strolled into the House of the Bear, and I was perfectly delighted to find a beautiful fountain of mosaic, of rich design in pink, blue, red, white, and other colors, bordered around with shells. I had seen several





STREET OF THE TOMBS.

before, but this excelled all the others. The colors are bright and beautiful, and harmonize perfectly.

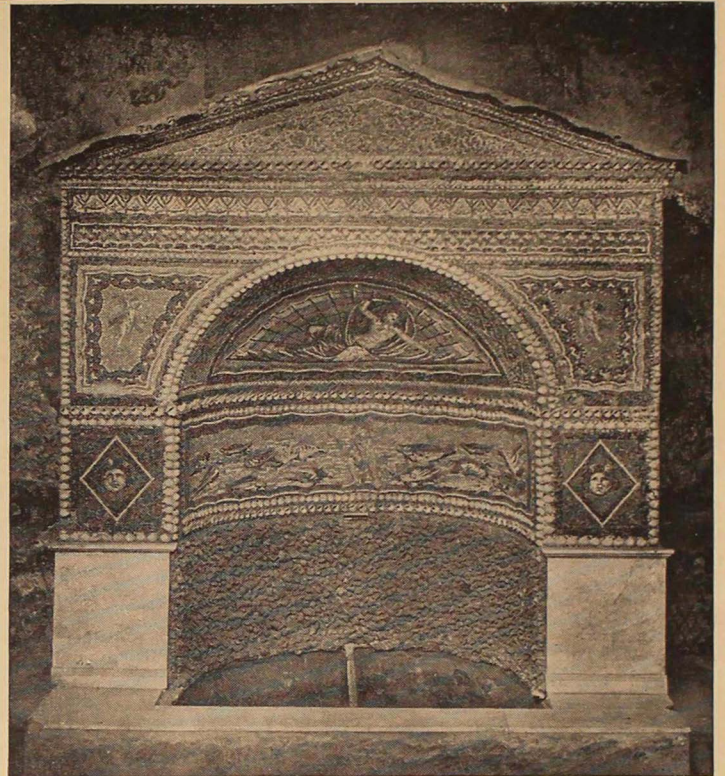
Although I had by no means seen all of Pompeii, my feet were growing weary and the setting sun warned me to turn my face towards Naples. I went leisurely at first, managing to lose myself two or three times before I found the exit, and as I passed through the Forum I once more ascended the Temple of Jupiter for a farewell look at Pompeii. It well repaid me. To the north was Vesuvius, hazy as ever, with white vapor curling upward into a faultless sky of such blue as is seen nowhere else; and to the west, a golden sunset which rendered the lights and shadows among the old ruins enchantingly beautiful. It was an impressive farewell, all that I could have desired; and to keep me attuned to the spirit of the day, warning me of its slumberous power, from the train I could smell the sulphurous fumes of Vesuvius' vapor.

A visit to the *Musco Nazionale* in Naples is a natural sequel to seeing Pompeii, for the Government has taken infinite pains to preserve in its spacious rooms not only every valuable "find," but also hundreds of objects and fragments, of marble, glass, bronze, terra cotta, mosaic, and fresco, which, taken as a whole, make up a vivid and eloquent history which needs no interpreter, for eyes speak the same language.

The subjects of frescos were as varied as in these days, and, fortunately, were taken even more from daily life, giving us a perfect picture of the people as they lived and moved about their homes. The large illustration of the fresco "La Fumeta"—the fumigator—shows one of these

household scenes. The maid is building a smoke in the *atrium*, or center court, beneath the plants and vines, to free them from their insect pests; and even today, in Italy, people do the same thing. The Pompeian artist in fresco and mosaic also introduced domestic animals, horses, dogs, cats, sheep, and cattle, as frequently as the artist of the present century. There is a bewildering collection of statuary and fragments of architectural ornaments, and of bronzes, ornamental as well as useful; tables, low, wide bedsteads, lamps in endless variety,—indeed everything about a house; locks, hinges, escutcheons, door plates, and tools of every description.

Very many marble tablets, containing inscriptions in a perfect state of preservation, have been brought together; and these give much of the history of Pom-




MOSAIC FOUNTAIN. HOUSE OF THE BEAR.

peii's inhabitants. 'Tis a question if from any modern city, passing through a like experience, as much could be recovered which would throw light upon its buried past.

E. J. DAVISON.

## THE NEWSBOYS OF NEW YORK.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

UR grandsires a generation or so past knew little or nothing of newsboys, for they were not numerous until war times. Now, in every large city they are counted by thousands, and in New York by tens of thousands. I have good reason to believe the majority of them are not the homeless waifs our popular literature on the subject would have us suppose; they have homes, and in some instances quite comfortable ones.

A typical case is that of the Tarbox family. The father, a steady workingman, is employed in a cracker bakery down-

town; the mother sells papers at one of the ferries, the eldest son at a stand near the entrance to a station of the "L" road (all these stands are owned by syndicates, which employ men to attend them), and three younger boys, with the rather remarkable names John James, James John, and John John, are newsboys. These names, by the way, are their Christian names, by which they are known to the teacher of the night-school they attend; but they have several others still more remarkable. Upon their beat, or the locality where they sell their papers, they are known to their com-





"SAY, MISTER, DON'T YOU WANT SUMTHIN' SOFT TO FALL DOWN ON?"

other, a little fellow, shouted, "He's goin' to do de high kick and tumble act! I seen him in de pantermine;" and in the kindness of his heart he held out a number of papers.

"Say, mister, don't you want sumthin' soft to fall down on?"

This was too much.

"You little fiends!" shouted the supposed actor, crimson with mortification and anger, "you'll see what I'll do!"

He tried to stop and turn upon them. His hat flew off, and, alas! those treacherous roller-skates! his feet shot from under him, flew high in air, and he incontinently sat down,—sat down with the force and emphasis of a pile-driver upon his glossy, brand-new silk hat, which, having been caught in such a way that the air inside could not escape, burst with a noise like a small cannon. Professionally speaking, it was a great hit. The boys, naturally enough thinking it a performance for their especial benefit, were wild with delight.

panions as "Nosey," "Bugle," and "Snoot;" and at home they are called, for no earthly reason that I can discover, "Winney," "Wonny," and "Wibs."

The origin of the nicknames given them by their newsboy associates is as plain as the rather prominent noses on their faces; and I learned on interviewing their mother that her husband was very proud of the name John. It was his own, and had been in his family for several generations. The deaths of his first two children, also called John, did not discourage him; on the contrary, determined to miss no chance of retaining the cherished patronymic in his family, he thereafter gave the name John to all male children born to him, or, as he himself expressed it, "John with variations."

My first acquaintance with the "gang" of which the Tar-boxes are members was brought about by a pair of roller-skates. A neighbor and an acquaintance of mine, who happens to bear a striking likeness to a well-known popular actor, became desirous of learning their use, and essayed a first effort on the asphalt pavement in front of the rooms he occupied. He had scarcely begun his rather eccentric gyrations, when he was discovered by one of the three Johns, who immediately hailed his companions.

"Say, fellers, here's de bloke what does de fancy down to de t' eater at Union Square goin' troo his comic biz outdoors. Won't cost a nickel to see him, come on!"

Of course the newsboys needed no further invitation; nor did they stand upon the order of their coming, but came at once, charging in from a side-street like a small troop of cavalry.

"Less all set down like it was a real show, and not let on to notice him," said one; but an-

Fired with ambition to imitate it, they had somehow come into possession of a silk hat, rather the worse for wear, but encountered an almost insurmountable obstacle, the want of a pair of roller-skates,—an obstacle which seemed at last on the point of being overcome in a manner I so thoroughly disapproved of that I made it my immediate business to interfere, for I had witnessed the whole transaction unseen by the parties engaged in it. A boy upon roller-skates was gliding skillfully and gracefully back and forth upon the pavement before my window. He was a nice boy, well groomed and neatly dressed. He had perfect command of himself, and could go leisurely along or fly noiselessly past as swift as the wind. It would have been a hard matter to catch him on foot. All at once he was hailed by a small boy; it was John John.



"RELIEVING HIM OF HIS SKATES."



"YOU'SE NO CALL TO SELL PAPERS ON OUR BLOCK."



"Say, mister, don't ye want to buy a dorg? I got a rat-and-tan tarrier I'll guv ye fur thim there skates o' yourn. He's a holy terror! can w'ip any dorg twict his weight."



"THE STRANGER PUT ON HIS COAT AND THE CHAMPION BEGAN TO STRIP."

The nice boy was wary; he did not so much as glance at his interlocutor, and might have been stone deaf for any heed he seemed to pay to his words. Evidently the attempt to throw him off his guard by negotiation was a failure. But John John was not discouraged; he bided his opportunity, and as the owner of the skates, having skated some distance up the block on a reconnoitering expedition, turned and came opposite my window at his best pace, evidently making for his own door a few houses beyond, the rascally little newsboy, who had been lying in wait, dashed before him and threw himself flat on the pavement. Of course, the nice boy fell over him, and, equally as a matter of course, the gang rushed from some hiding-place near at hand and "held him up," or, more properly speaking, held him "down," while summarily relieving him of his skates. On my appearance they took to instant flight, carrying the skates with them.

Knowing something of these boys, and especially of the Tarbox boys, I took occasion to corral them and give them a talking to; as a result of which, perhaps, the skates were left at my door, together with a note which, as it is something of a curiosity, I will allow the reader to peruse. It began properly with the address and date, and then proceeded:

"DERE CUR"

"He got all the gud tings wat he didant do nawthin too git thim but bee borned a la de da wid Ritch parreants wile we ant got naw theng And got too wuk too git it. We oenley borred The scates to git on too dat hat Tric see ande He

didant go widot (without?) some cuss he is Got plenty moar

"Truly use

THE BOYS ON THE BLOCK.

"T. S. Dere Cur ples Give him his Scaits ples ecuse bad riting"

The home of the Tarboxes, albeit consisting of but three rooms in a tenement-house on First Avenue, is clean, decent, and by no means an unattractive one, indeed a rather exceptional specimen of its class. Many parents in the same district, and elsewhere, evading the school law, keep their children in the street selling papers to add to the family earnings. There are, however, a considerable number of "Arabs" and "gutter snipes" whose only homes are the streets, the newsboys' lodging-houses, or the cheap hotels, so-called, on the Bowery. Some have no parents or natural guardians; a greater proportion have fled from destitution, drunkenness, neglect, and ill-treatment; and a larger number than are usually supposed are simply runaways, lads who rebel against family discipline, the restraints of school, or the routine of respectability, and become outcasts for the sake of the fun, the freedom, and the adventure which



AN ITEM OF INTEREST.

a life in the street promises. One of the latter class, who had stolen his way on the New York Central from Buffalo, attempted to sell his papers on the block pre-empted by the company of newsboys of whom mention has been made. This is, in the unwritten code of the newsboys, a grave offense; for the more thickly peopled parts of the city are parcelled out by the newsboys, who are obliged to keep pretty strictly to the beat allotted to each particular company, or gang, of which they are members. Yet, according to the same code, an interloper has a chance, and is given an opportunity to justify his intrusion by fighting and whipping the chosen



BULLYING "DE DANDY DUDE."

champion of the gang. If he can do this, he is not only allowed all privilege common to the company, but may, if





LOVERS OF PICTURES.

he care to do so, become their leader in place of the defeated one.

"Go pick garbage barrels! You've no call to sell papers on our block," said the urchin representing the gang, at the same time placing his open hand against the face of the newcomer and giving him a vigorous push.

This was a challenge not to be disregarded. The stranger put on his jacket and the champion began to strip for a bat-



SCRAMBLING FOR A NICKEL.

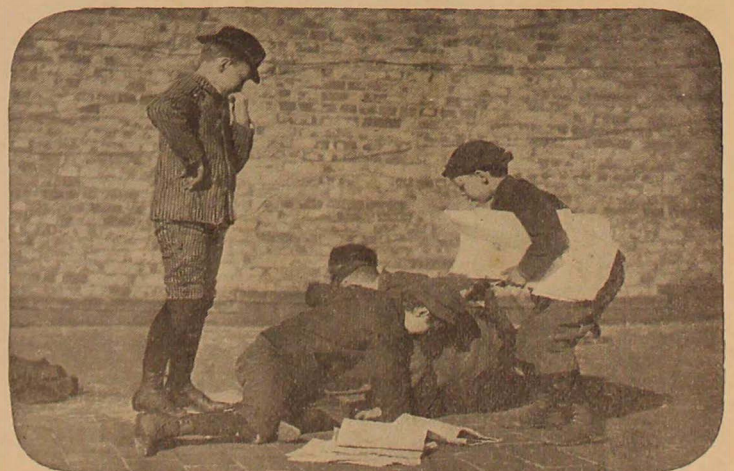
tle. It seems to be a peculiarity of newsboys to pull off their coats if they have them on, or to put them on if they have not, before engaging in a fisticuff. I suppose the idea is to intimidate their opponents by an elaborate preparation before beginning a combat. In this particular instance, however, the affair was nipped in the bud by the intervention of superior powers, represented by myself and a sturdy policeman, or "cop," as the newsboys call him, and the *casus belli* removed by my brother, who offered Chicago, as the stranger called himself, a place as office boy in his studio, which was, perhaps, under the circumstances, not altogether a prudent thing to do.

According to his own account, which I have been at some trouble to verify, he left a perfectly respectable home in Chicago at the early age of seven years (he was now fourteen), and, incredible as it may seem, had been moving on

a "sooterkin", or helper, with two circuses, with several venders of patent medicine, and once with a family of Indians in the Wild West Show. What a fund of experience he must have collected, boy as he is; what material for a biography that should in very truth rival the wildest fiction. Not that it is at all likely that he will ever profit others or himself by making any use of what he has or should have learned. All vicissitudes have by mere repetition become commonplace, and occurrences that would stamp their smallest detail ineffaceably upon the memory of a person of ordinary experience make but little impression upon him and require an effort to recall. He left my brother after remaining with him for a few weeks. When next I heard of him it was as the adopted son of a wealthy hotel-keeper at one of our seaside resorts, from whom, as a matter of course, he soon ran away; and I have not heard of him since, though he is probably wandering aimlessly somewhere about the country.



"I WAS FUST, MISTER."



CRAP SHOOTING.

ever since. He had travelled from one extremity of the Union to the other, and back again, and had sojourned in twenty-three States; had taken a voyage, as scullion, in a vessel bound for Africa, had deserted at Madeira and returned to Boston as a stowaway, had been an inmate of almost every juvenile eleemosynary institution and house of refuge in our country, and had returned home and again run away five different times. He told me he had traveled with professional hypnotists as a subject, with tramps as



Newsboys, like cowboys, heartily despise affectation and good clothes. While a ragged stranger is allowed to pass unmolested or with a "Hail! fellow, well met!" a boy who is noticeable for the fashionable cut and newness of his garments, especially if he seems conscious of his superiority to them on this account, is apt to receive rough usage from newsboys. Those on our street seemed to have a particular animosity to the boy from whom they had taken the skates, until an occasion happened, when, by the latter's intercession, John James was saved from the clutches of a police-



"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT."

man, after which the most friendly relations existed between "de dandy dude," as they called him, and the gang.

The first thing newsboys do after getting a fresh batch of papers is to consult the principal headlines for items of interest to call out in the way of advertising their stock in trade. They are great lovers of pictures, and always examine and often discuss among themselves the relative merit of the illustrations in the last edition. As some well-known customer appears there is a grand rush, and the winner of the race sells a paper. I have never seen any quarreling, but a good-natured discussion often ensues as to who is first, and the matter is referred to the amused purchaser, who sometimes determines the matter by taking a paper and throwing a nickel on the pavement, when there is a grand scramble, in which, I am glad to bear testimony, the smallest and weakest boy in the gang generally gets the coin.

Of late years a game of chance called "crap shooting," in which large dice are cast from the hand along the ground, has done much to introduce the gambling habit among newsboys; but the matter is now taken up by the police, and the practice checked, if not entirely prevented. An Italian game that is played by unclosing momentarily a certain number of fingers on the right hand, which number is guessed at, also a game of chance, is played, but is not a popular one.

The cheerfulness of the newsboys under all circumstances is remarkable; they scoff and jeer at hardships and trouble, and laugh misfortune out of countenance. Woe to anyone who attempts to guy them or make them the objects of his witticisms. He will invariably come out second best in the contest. Nowhere will familiarity so soon breed contempt; and the unfortunate joker who attempts to play with them finds himself hauled and pulled about in every direction, and is glad to escape with a whole skin; or should he attempt violence, he is soon called to account by some passer-by, who invariably takes the part of the boys.

The newsboy learns valuable lessons in his experiences in the streets, lessons the want of which has caused many failures in life. He learns little of books, but a great deal of men. He learns with the utmost thoroughness the

practical side of life; he learns independence, self-reliance, and self-support. Many New York newsboys have risen to positions of trust and honor in the world. Among prominent statesmen of the past who have been newsboys can be found distinguished names; Daniel Manning, Silas Wright, John Kelly, and Thurlow Weed are among these. And of men still alive, ex-Governor Hill, present Senator for New York, ex-Governor Thomas Waller of Connecticut, Lieutenant-Governor W. F. Sheehan of New York, ex-Senator M. C. Murphy of New York, Timothy J. Campbell, and Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan of the second district New York, are not the least. Mr. L. W. Halste, assistant treasurer of the Children's Aid Society, in speaking of ex-Governor Andrew H. Burke of North Dakota, says: "It is now thirty-seven years since I took Governor Burke, with a number of boys from the nursery at Randall's Island, and brought him to the Children's Aid Society. It is remarkable that nearly all the children sent West in the particular company of which Governor Burke was a member, on Aug. 2, 1859, have not only done well, but have risen to places of distinction and trust. One is now cashier of the Citizen's Bank of Indiana; another, after passing through Yale College, went as a missionary to Alaska, where he has been appointed a commissioner; still another married a cousin of his employer, and is now a very successful Methodist minister."

But if the newsboy's life has its comical side, its vicissitudes and romantic successes, it also has its pathos. I recall a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the Kings County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush, a short time since. There was no procession of handsome carriages, only the hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary hack; but the mourning was as sincere as at the largest and most imposing of funerals. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last resting-place; a hundred hearts were touched by grief, a hundred faces were wet with tears. "Only one of them newsboys," said a policeman. Only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city; but no philanthropist was ever



"CALLED TO ACCOUNT BY A PASSER-BY."

kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver, than little Joe Every. Newsboys about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him; all owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe appeared on the streets of New York a few years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes, and pinched lips that always bore a smile. Where he came from no one knew or cared to know. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life for the small lad. Up before four o'clock in the morning, he



worked steadily until late at night. He was misused at first, big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of his beat, but he never complained. The tears that would well up in his eyes were quickly brushed away, and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no one dared play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered, his enemies he forgave. He sometimes had especial good luck; kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought his papers whether they needed them or not. But he was too generous to save even money enough to pay for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he could depend upon enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

At last Joe was missing; no one had seen him since the previous night. Finally he was discovered, sick and helpless, in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman volunteered to take him to the hospital in Flatbush, where he said he had once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. One Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards found him sitting up in his cot, his blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlid.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said, with some difficulty. "I wanted to see you once more. I guess it will be the last time, for I feel awful weak today. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good. Tell the boys—"

But his message was never completed; little Joe was

dead. His last sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan little face had disappeared, but the kindly expression was still there; even in death he smiled.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution, which read as follows:

"Resolved:

"That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, the language on which was expressive, from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

AGED 14.

THE BEST NEWSBOY IN NEW YORK.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed on the coffin of his friend.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

J. CARTER BEARD.

## WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS OF BICYCLING?

INTERESTING and helpful opinions given specially for Demorest's Magazine by Dr. Edward Payson Fowler, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, David Christie Murray, and Dr. Grace Peckham Murray.

### RIDE REGULARLY: DON'T OVER-RIDE.

DR. EDWARD PAYSON FOWLER, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS  
OF THE MICHAUX CLUB.

I WAS a beginner, last fall, but have made rapid progress, and now thoroughly enjoy bicycle riding. There is nothing like it for sport, no matter if a person weighs two hundred pounds.

I have recommended the use of the wheel to a great many of my women patients,—to so many, indeed, that not a few have returned to me to assure me that I am losing my practice on account of this new form of medicine.

I find the bicycle particularly beneficial to women who are afflicted with imaginary ills or with melancholia. It is a means for them to divert their minds from their supposed illness, and, in the end, helps to convince them of the truth that they are really in excellent bodily health. The only danger

I have discovered in the use of the bicycle by women is that they are apt to overstrain; to ride too long, too far, at first. As is often the case with women, they take very little exercise, then, all of a sudden, they mount a wheel and ride far enough to last them a week. The result, of course, in this untrained manner of riding, is anything but beneficial. However, my experience convinces me that the ladies are learning to take their exercise awheel regularly, evenly, and consistently. Of course I do not wish to go on

record as recommending the bicycle without discrimination to all women, for I am very emphatic in my belief that every woman should first consult her physician before adopting the silent steed as a form of exercise. I am willing to say, however, that my faith in the bicycle is boundless, and that it is a cure for many ills if taken in the proper quantities, in the right way, at the right time.

As for the bicycle for men I am sure it is most beneficial, especially to brain-workers. After a long day's work at my desk to which I have supplemented an evening at the same work, I feel, as all brain-workers do after the long tension, like collapsing and lying down to sleep, perhaps not as long as Rip Van Winkle, but anyway for six months. Instead of this, however, I now mount my wheel and go for a spin up the road, with nothing more to engage my mind than the guidance of the steed I am riding. This is wherein it is most helpful for brain-workers: it brings into play every muscle of the body except the muscles and nerves which have been strained all day, thus giving rest to these while the others are exercised.

I think there is much opportunity for improvement in the detail of the construction of the bicycle, especially in the matter of what I might call a hygienic saddle. The proper saddle for health should have a cleft in the center, and I am pleading with the makers of bicycles to recognize the benefits of the saddle I have suggested.

I believe that the time is near when professional and business men, and, for that matter, everybody with an errand to do, will go from place to place atop a bicycle on asphalt pavements.





TESTIMONY OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE, PHYSICIAN, LECTURER AND AUTHOR.

WHEN the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hopes seem hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go for a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking.



I have, myself, ridden the bicycle most during my practice as a physician and during my work in letters. In the morning or the afternoon, before or after work, as the mood o'ertakes me, I mount the wheel and am off for a spin of a few miles up or down the road from my country-place. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle, for I

believe that its use is commonly beneficial and not at all detrimental to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it.

The bicycle craze seems to me to be only in its infancy, for probably in time we shall witness the spectacle of our business men going to their offices mounted on the bicycle, instead of using the tramways.

As for the bicycle being more popular in America than in England, I am rather inclined to believe, from what I have seen in both countries, that its popularity on both sides of the water, among English-speaking people, is a pretty even thing.

AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER AND NOVELIST.

I DO not ride the bicycle myself,—indeed, not because I have not a decided inclination to do so, but because when a man is constantly traveling, day after day, from city to city in these your glorious United States, he has not much opportunity to give attention to the bicycle.



I have noticed that the bicycle craze here in your country has reached a point farther than a fad,—it amounts to a fever. You ride with tremendous earnestness, just as you do everything. But truth obliges me to add that you are two or three years behind France and England in the matter of riding the bicycle, for those countries long ago adopted the wheel, first for pleasure, then

for business, and later on for a combination of both pleasure and business, till now its use may be said to be almost universal.

I am particularly impressed with the popularity which the wheel has acquired among women. I find them in every city riding in the streets, evidently enjoying the exercise and benefiting by it.

I remember Fanny Kemble wrote that the women of the United States appeared to her like so many exotics, so many hothouse flowers reared in an artificial atmosphere. Then she pictured them as pale, drooping shouldered, weak-kneed creatures, passing their time in lounging on divans and nursing dyspepsia. But that was years ago. If Miss Kemble could see your women now, she would behold a new type, the "new woman," physically speaking, in very truth. I have found the American woman of today rosy-cheeked, fully developed, even muscular; in point of healthful appearance she now compares favorably with the English girl. And the most healthful of your women are now riding the

bicycle. I have every reason to believe that among other outdoor sports and exercises which the American women have of late years adopted, the bicycle played, and will continue to play, the most healthful and beneficial part. Hence, to the bicycle, long life! It has become an integral part of modern civilization, and henceforth it will figure largely in medical science.

WHAT A WOMAN PHYSICIAN THINKS.

DR. GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY.

CERTAINLY bicycling cannot injure any healthy young woman so long as she does not over-exert herself. Indeed, any sport which will keep young women out of doors, and give them healthful exercise so that circulation is stimulated, is something which should be favored by everyone. As soon as a young woman has learned to balance herself and to work the pedals without any more thought than she would give to moving her feet in walking, she can then cover long distances without the slightest injury resulting from exertion.

The bicycle is certainly a great boon to young women who cannot afford horses and carriages, for here is a steed which they can purchase at a small price, and keep at a small cost. It has been a source of new vigor to the type-writer and stenographer, and it has given new strength to the school-girl, and fresh courage to the school-teacher. If there is any injury at all to health in bicycling, it is that single danger which is common to all forms of exercise, namely, untrained over-exertion. This seems to be the trouble attendant upon the playing of tennis by young women. For men, any form of exercise, as a rule, does not involve any extra exertion; for men are usually accustomed to constant muscular endeavor, and are, therefore, not so likely to over-strain in the same proportion as women.

Two thirds of our young women, in the matter of muscular endeavor, fall far short of what muscular development should be. The cause of this is undoubtedly the non-adaptability of woman's dress to any great muscular exertion.

In the matter of the hygiene of bicycle riding there is one item in which women have the advantage of men; for women, as a rule, take the proper position when riding, that is, an upright and natural one, while the men lean over in a most unnatural position, which results in almost permanently round shoulders.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

Nature's Refrain.

A SONG OF MAY.

WHAT is the merle reciting  
 'Mid the leaves of the rowan-tree,  
 When the shadows rise from the valley,  
 And the sun leaps out of the sea?  
 And what is the skylark trilling,  
 As he soars in a rosy mist,  
 When the hill-top awakes from dreaming,  
 And by morning is crowned and kissed?

What do the waters murmur,  
 As they throb to the touch of day?  
 And what do the young leaves whisper?  
 And what do the soft winds say?  
 The song of songs they are singing,  
 Wherein our spirits have part:  
 Listen, beloved! all nature  
 Doth echo, "Sweet heart! Sweet heart!"

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.





## The Life and Adventures of the Famous Fighting-Cock Nappy Leon.

COMPILED FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED CHRONICLE.

**N**OW this is the true history of one who made a great stir in his day, albeit told in metaphor and parable. Yet therefrom the wise may draw instruction and grave conclusions, and the fond and foolish a lesson and a warning. Forasmuch as by pride and ambition the angels fell from their high estate, so man, that is but little lower than the sons of heaven, may be utterly overthrown and crushed beneath the pillars of the towering edifice builded by himself with much labor and many pains. Read, then, this story, and take heed of it; for it beareth the text which all those who would soar should con, *videlicet*: They that fly highest, fall lowest; and better the wren's nest under the farmhouse eaves, than the eagle's eyrie on the stony mountain's crest.

More than a century ago, on the picturesque island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, in a certain comfortable barnyard, a fat and handsome hen sat upon a baker's dozen eggs of her own laying. Her husband, *Sieur Bona*, was a cock of quiet, respectable habits, never known to indulge in wordy controversies through the fence-palings, nor in provocative crowings and challenges of his neighbors. Since his marriage to his spouse, *Dame Letitia Bona*, he had not fought a single duel, which, considering the times, was a remarkable circumstance.\*

*Dame Letitia*, I fear, did not yield that respect to her lord and master which he deserved; for often when he came bringing her a particularly juicy worm from the garden, a delicious grub, or some kernels of corn fallen between the bars of the granary, she would requite his attentions by so savage a peck upon the head or so fierce a pluck at his gills that he would be fain to retire with a squall,—whether of physical pain or mental agony, who can say?

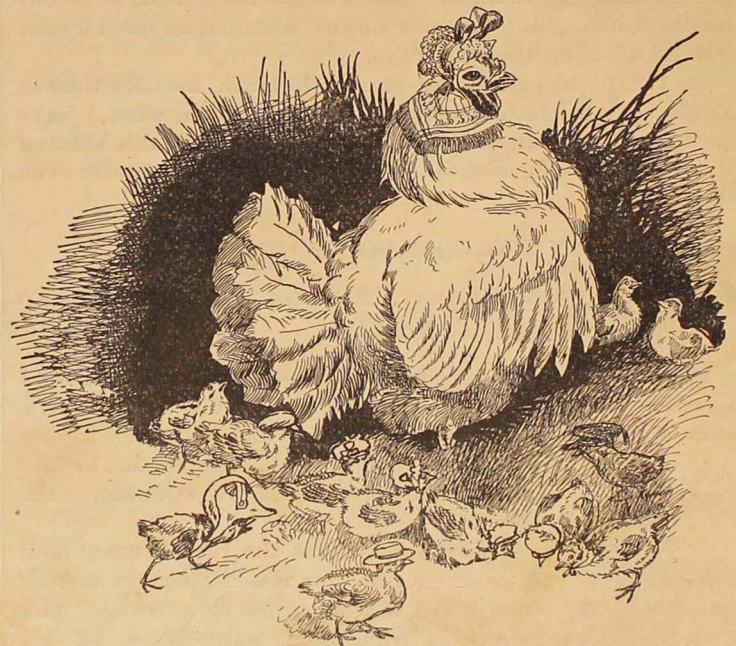
*Dame Letitia Bona* came of ancient fighting stock. There had been famous game-cocks in her family; and, respectable female as she was, when the white cock residing in the adjoining yard would thrust his head between the palings in contemptuous challenge of *Sieur Bona*,—the latter, according to his custom, giving no heed to the bluster of his quarrelsome neighbor,—*Dame Letitia* had been known to send the

blusterer back to his family with a nip in his comb that all his wives—for he was a Turkish cock and kept a harem—had much ado to heal.

It is not to be marveled at, then, that one, at least, of *Dame Letitia's* brood, when hatched, should exhibit the hereditary fighting strain. This little rooster, whom his mother named *Nappy Leon*, after some distant ancestor, fought his brothers before the shell was off his back; and never a day passed but *Dame Letitia* had to rescue one or another of her downy children from the bill of their fiery brother *Nappy*.

As time went on, the young *Nappy* became the tyrant of the barnyard. He fought a dozen pitched battles with cocks of his own age. He pecked the heads of all the goslings, and pulled out the feathers of all the ducklings. One day he even confronted a tough old gander, and it might have gone hard with him had not his father happened along, and, by a judicious mingling of persuasion and flattery, soothed the irritated gander and averted the impending catastrophe.

*Dame Letitia* was secretly very proud of her mettlesome offspring, and by her hints and encouragement did much



DAME LETITIA BONA AND HER CHICKS.

to neutralize the pacific influence of her husband. The *Sieur Bona* would sigh deeply as he saw his wife tenderly preening the ruffled feathers of her favorite after one of his daily battles.

"Ah, wife," he would say, "I fear you are doing very wrong to lend countenance to our son's quarrelsome disposition."

"Nonsense!" she would reply, contemptuously. "He will get on all the better for showing some spirit, as others I could mention should do." This was one of her back-handed buffets, which she knew so well how to deliver. For the *Sieur* was notable in all the barnyards around for his pacific character.

"Perhaps," would be the mild answer, "unless he should get into the soup or fricassée, in the meantime, my dear."

After a while even the doting mother began to be alarmed at the combativeness of her favorite, and sometimes went so far as to administer a peck upon the head of the youthful *Nappy*,—which, as everyone knows, is the ancient form of chastisement among fowls. But *Nappy* had gotten beyond maternal control, and with a "Squawk!" of pain and anger, the spoiled chick would be off to pick up another scuffle

\* NOTE.—Certain philosophers, metaphysicians, and Rosicrucians have proved, to their own satisfaction, at least, that the moon is no more than the mirror of the mundane globe, and that all places, persons, actions, and things are exactly reproduced, in counterfeit presentment, upon the lunar sphere. Hence, if the gracious reader find difficulty in reconciling any of the events of this super-veracious history with his own preconceived ideas, he may take the first limited express to the moon, where he will unquestionably be able to satisfy himself as to the scrupulous truthfulness of every statement here made.



with the red bantam, his particular enemy, or the Black Spanish cockerel, who was just sprouting his spurs, and boldly declared his intention of putting down that presumptuous Nappy some day.

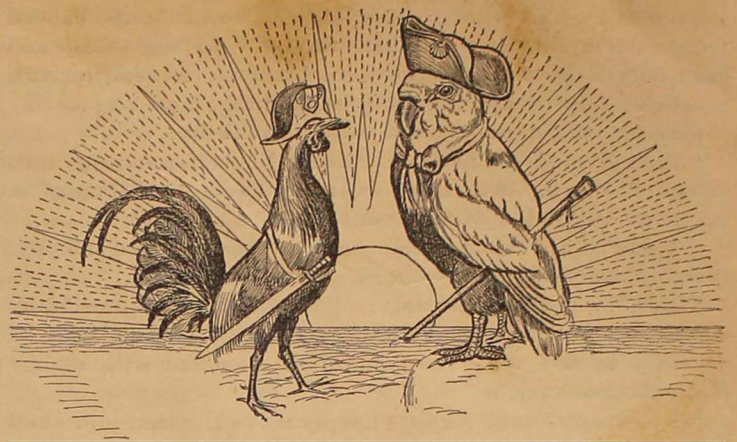
At length the hour came when the young Nappy Leon must leave the paternal roost and seek his fortune in the great world. He had grown to the age and proportions of a fine broiler, and it was time that he should begin to lay the foundations of his future career, unless, indeed, he were to end it prematurely upon the gridiron with garlic and turnips, after the Corsican fashion. His father had determined to send him away to school, where, as he put it, he might win his spurs while getting some sense knocked into that overgrown comb of his.

Dame Letitia shed floods of tears, and there was even a suspicion of moisture upon the venerable beak of the Sieur himself, as he called his son to him and delivered a few last words of advice,—advice undoubtedly suggested by his practical and ambitious spouse.

"My boy," he said, "you are going forth among strangers, from whom you cannot expect the tenderness and consideration you have received from your mother and me. You must hereafter scratch for yourself, and you must be prepared to submit to many restraints and indignities which your proud spirit has hitherto resented. But let two words guide you in your way through life; namely, patience and policy. When you have fully grown your spurs and have learned the art and theory of warfare, then you may bully, domineer, thump, pound, and peck any opponent weaker than yourself. When you meet your match, submit with a good grace. Let him peck your head, let him also pull a few feathers from your wings, all without complaint. He will take you for a coward, and perhaps patronize you. When you find that you are strong enough, then, my son, knock blazes out of him; forget his consideration of you; pull out every feather you can; smash his comb and riddle his gills. If you can kill him with your spurs, so much the better. Success is all. Meanness, treachery, rascality, oppression, all these will redound to your credit if only you succeed. You will have to do with game-cocks, eagles, hawks, crows, swans, ducks, geese, sparrows, wrens, in fact, all the bird world, and it will depend wholly upon your native talent and acquired powers to overcome and bend them to your will. All lies in the two words, as I have told you, patience and policy."

It is not for us to say how these things are managed in the bird world; but the next we hear of the young Nappy he is a graduate from one of the most famous schools of France. For a considerable period he was without occupation or the means of bare livelihood. His father had either fallen into dire financial distress, or, mayhap, into the pot, in the form of a fricassee,—history is dubious at this stage,—but, at all events, Nappy was left to his own devices. He was too proud to ask help of his former schoolmates, too many of whom, indeed, he had alienated by his arrogance and disdain. It is said that, in the extremity of his despair, he was about to deliver himself to a poulterer, thus ending his miseries and privations in the stomach of some gross, unthinking gourmand; whereby one of the world's supreme geniuses would have been digested at the dawn of his career and never more heard of. But there is a fate which guides and protects the great ones, whether of the earth or the moon, man or fowl.

The annals—written in bird-Latin, and often with spluttering quills pulled from the wings of some captive goose—are not easily decipherable, but we gather that while Nappy was wandering about Paris, roosting in trees, and scratching a living out of garbage heaps, an old tutor of his, a parrot of venerable age, and a wise old fowl, met him one day, and learning his situation got him a post in a flock of Gallic



NAPPY MEETS HIS OLD TUTOR.

cocks, Burgundian ravens, Breton geese, and Gascon drakes, together with an infinite number of Parisian loons, gulls, snipe, storks, sparrows, and what not. It appears that a vast number of hawks and crows, many of English breed, had established themselves at a place called Toulon, where they defied the utmost efforts of the French fowls to oust them. Here it was that our hero's military genius first manifested itself.

Now it should be known that the commander of the forces was a certain Major-General Gander, a miserable old rascal, if the truth must be told, one-sided from the loss of a wing, lame from a foot deformed by being frozen, vain and stupid, withal, and convinced that the fate of the whole nation lay in his paddles. Nappy Leon, with the adventurous and unquiet disposition which went so far toward his after success, and also to his ultimate overthrow, being dissatisfied with the slow and fruitless tactics of General Gander, one day flew into an elm-tree which overlooked the enemy's position, and from thence devised a plan for the expulsion of the defenders of Toulon. He laid his scheme before Gander, who hesitated, quacked, hissed, nibbled at his only remaining wing, billed his unlaundersed shirt-front, took a sip from the mud-puddle before which he had established his quarters, pulled out and ate a very large earth-worm, with a profoundly reflective aspect, and—consented.

Nappy Leon proceeded at once to his quarters. Doubtless there might have been observed a haughtier carriage of his head, a more brilliant gleam of his eyes, a loftier poise of his comb, as he summoned his flock for the assault. Be that as it may, he selected his storming party with incredible dispatch. He chose Brienne's "Heavies," uniformed in yellow and black; Thibault's "Whites," in snowy vests and green jackets, every fowl of noble family; De Vergne's "Butchers," shrikes in pearl-tinted coats,—real demons on a charge; and, finally, Chambord's "Sparrows," hardy, reckless little fellows, before whose iron bills even the "Royal Eagles" had more than once taken flight.

We need not pause to describe the event. It will suffice if we say that Nappy, at the head of his gallant flock, swooped down upon the surprised and demoralized foe, and after a short but desperate battle drove them, pell-mell, out of their works, with infinite cluckings, squallings, screechings, and croakings, in a cloud of torn feathers, wings, beaks, gills, combs, and top-knots; in a word, the whole paraphernalia of warlike accoutrement and uniform. Nappy himself had a desperate, though brief, combat with Major Flemish, the commandant. Those who witnessed the struggle declared, afterward, that the sight of it was worthy of a modern Iliad. It was something never to be forgotten, to see those two splendid champions point beaks, then spring into the air, aiming blows at each other with their long, deadly gaffs,



point beaks again, while the flame of implacable hatred flashed from their eyes and burned in their combs and gills, and then once more tilt at each other's breasts. At length, with a skillful feint, Nappy made a quick lunge and his foe lay prostrate, with a gaff-wound through his crop.

"I am slain!" he moaned, raising himself upon one torn wing. "Oh, my dear hen! Oh, my sweet little chicks in far-away Devon! I shall never behold you again!"

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Nappy, bending compassionately over his conquered foe.

"Yes," was the faint reply. "Let me not be plucked by the ruffian fowls of your victorious flock. Let my body be decently buried with the honors of war and with all my feathers about me."

"I promise," said Nappy, deeply moved, "that you shall receive the treatment which a gallant though unfortunate fowl deserves."

"Thanks!" murmured the Major, and expired.

As the result of this engagement, Nappy Leon instantly became famous. Old General Gander nibbled his pinfeathers with envy; but, all the same, his youthful subordinate was raised to the rank of brigadier-general, and was sent into Italy, where the Italian and Austrian crows and kites were beginning to give trouble.

At Monte Notte, Millesimo, the Bridge of Lodi, and Arcole, Nappy and his veteran game-cocks met the Italian



NAPPY LEON'S COMBAT WITH MAJOR FLEMISH.

birds and beat them in fine style. His letter to the Directory was as sententious as Cæsar's. It ran:

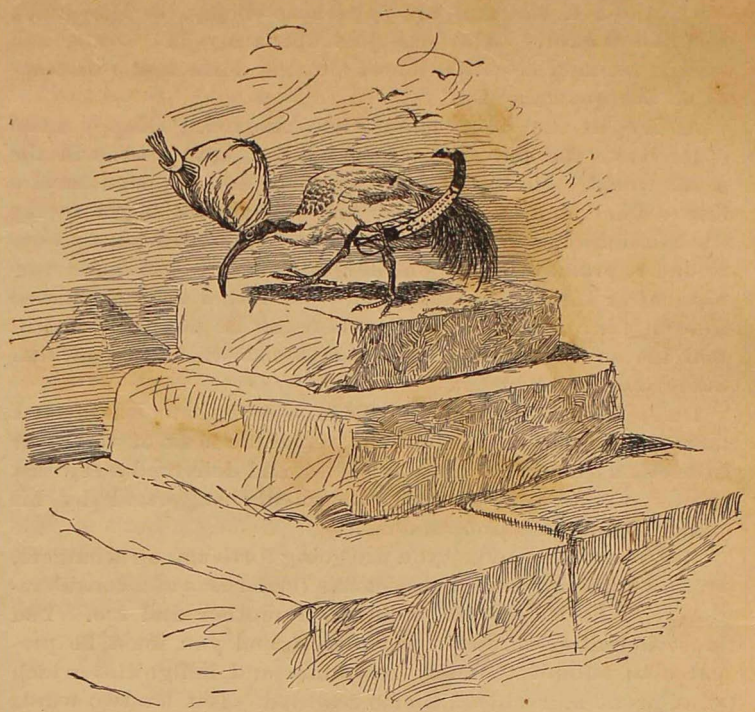
"I have fought four pitched main with the Italian-Austrian flocks. They are plucked."

We cannot, of course, follow in detail the career of this most brilliant bird; at best we can only outline the more remarkable events. We must, therefore, hurry over his expedition to Egypt and the East, where, it is said, he had a scheme to establish an empire for himself, like another Ghenghis Khan. But he speedily became disgusted with the miserable, starved pelicans who would have been his subjects. Besides, the climate did not agree with him. His comb drooped, his tail and wing feathers dropped out, and he contracted a disease of the gizzard from which he never wholly recovered. His high-sounding oration to his flock before the Battle of the Pyramids will always be remembered.

"Fellow fowls, from yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon your deeds."

Which was mere fustian; since only a wretched, ragged, half-famished ibis, which had climbed to the peak of Cheops to be out of reach of the French fowls, glared down upon them, voicing all the curses in the Mohammedan category.

Fortunate it was for Nappy that he escaped the famous English canvas-back Nelson, who chased him to the Nile,



THE IBIS ON THE PYRAMID.

and pounded his ships to splinters in the Bay of Aboukir,—after he and his army had safely disembarked, however. Fortunate, too,—no, I am afraid even we who admire him so sincerely must stigmatize this portion of his career as calculated selfishness and treachery,—that he left his flock to melt away under the merciless sun of the Orient, the baleful climate and the incessant attacks of the pelicans, hawks, and vultures which inhabit the country, returning, himself, secretly and almost alone, to Paris, where through the renown of his victories, skillful puffing, and clever wire-pulling, he was made First Consul.

Thenceforward his course was meteoric. He crossed the Alps to victory, war followed war, battle followed battle, until the world stood aghast. The Austrian eagle,—scorning this petty Corsican game-cock, hatched, one knew not where, from an egg that actually bore no crest, not even of nobility, let alone royalty,—entering into coalition with



NAPPY LEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

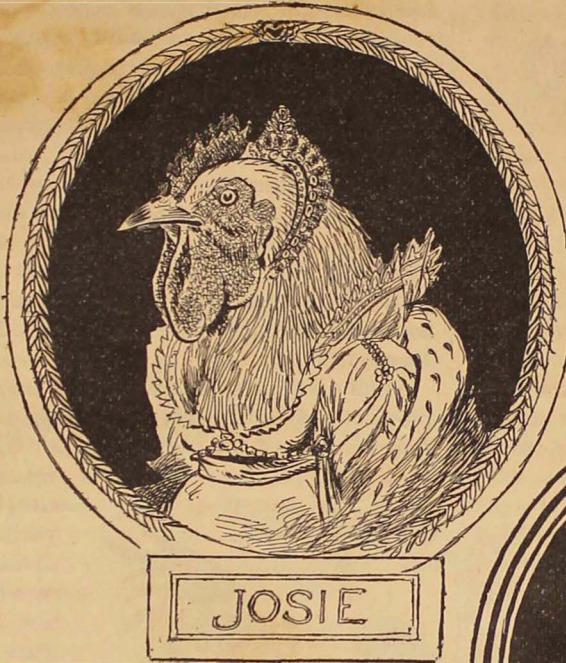
After David's Portrait.



other European birds, declared its intention of stripping every feather off the upstart.

Well, there was a tremendous stripping, indeed; but it was on the other side. There was the terrible main of Marenngo, for example; but it would require a volume to even so much as summarize the battles fought and won by our hero at this middle period of his career. However, we may remark that the Austrian eagle limped off as rapidly as he could to his Hungarian fastnesses,—he could no longer fly,—with nearly every feather pulled out of his wretched body, his beak broken, his wings mere lean and scrawny elbows, his tail a stump, his feet and legs swathed in bandages. The allied fowls were in not much better condition, though they had escaped the brunt of Nappy's beak.

And now Nappy's ambition reached its culmination. He was declared the Emperor Bird of France. On the day of his coronation he stood the foremost cock of all this world. We forgot to say that he had married a very handsome Dominique hen, from one of the islands of the sea. She was called Josie Bo-Harness. The story of this beautiful and unfortunate fowl is a sad one, and the bitter though brilliant fate of the Empress Josie forms even yet the theme of many a henroost tale, and



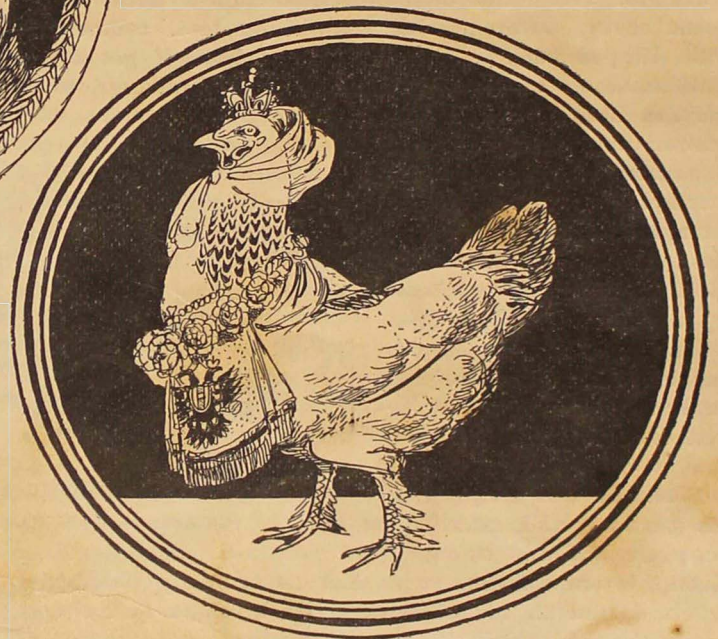
draws tears from susceptible chickens to this hour. There is no question that Emperor Nappy loved her tenderly, but he loved ambition more, or, at any rate, he believed that it was his duty to strengthen his somewhat precarious position. And Josie must have loved him yet more ardently, or she would never have submitted to be sacrificed to Nappy's schemes, and to yield at once her rooster and her crown at the same time.

There was an affecting scene in the barnyard at St. Cloud between Nappy and his hen. Josie was overcome and fainted, while Nappy's beak and gills were wet with tears. Nevertheless he persisted in his design, and the gentle Dominique hen was divorced, and retired into seclusion. Nappy then married the daughter of his old enemy the Austrian eagle. Mamie Lou was a heavy, dumpy fowl, who probably cared nothing for the plebeian Emperor to whom she passively allowed herself to be married; as she would, with equal stolidity, have permitted herself to be united with any boor in her father's domain had he commanded it.

And now, alas! we come to the declining arc of this blazing meteor. He had wearied fortune and his fate overtook him, as it does all, whether men or fowls, who have grown arrogant with success. As the Greek says, "Let them that laugh too much beware of tears." Nappy had long "had it in" for the double-headed Russian eagle. This same Russian bird, swooping down from his northern eyrie, and joining with the Prussian, Austrian, Spanish, and English fowls, had frequently done his futile best to overthrow our hero, but had been glad to flap upon his torn pinions back to his nest, amid the Muscovic ice and snow, where he healed his wounds and grew new pinfeathers.

Led by his evil genius, Nappy Leon resolved to attack the "double-header" in his own dominions. In the meantime, we ought to mention here, Nappy had sent a large flock of fowls into Spain under the command of his Marshal cocks; and for a long period there had been desperate fighting going on between them and the flocks of allied fowls, including a goodly contingent of sturdy English roosters, Scotch pheasants, and Irish moor-cocks. This contingent was in reality the backbone of the allied flock; for though he is a handsome creature and makes a fine showing with his crimson comb, large red-and-white gills, and ebony coat, the Black Spanish is no match for the tough little Gallic or the Yellow British.

These campaigns had cost the lives of thousands and devoured millions of bushels of corn, oats, and other provender. Hence, when Nappy resolved to attack the two-headed eagle in his sub-arctic eyrie, the country was already exhausted of both fowls and food. Scarce a barnyard where there was not weeping for one or more gallant cocks or cockerels, pot-pied, so to say, in a foreign land; scarce a nest, from the osprey's rude edifice to the wren's tiny home, but had lost a father or an elder son. As for the sparrows, those combative rascals got cropfuls of fighting, for once in their lives.

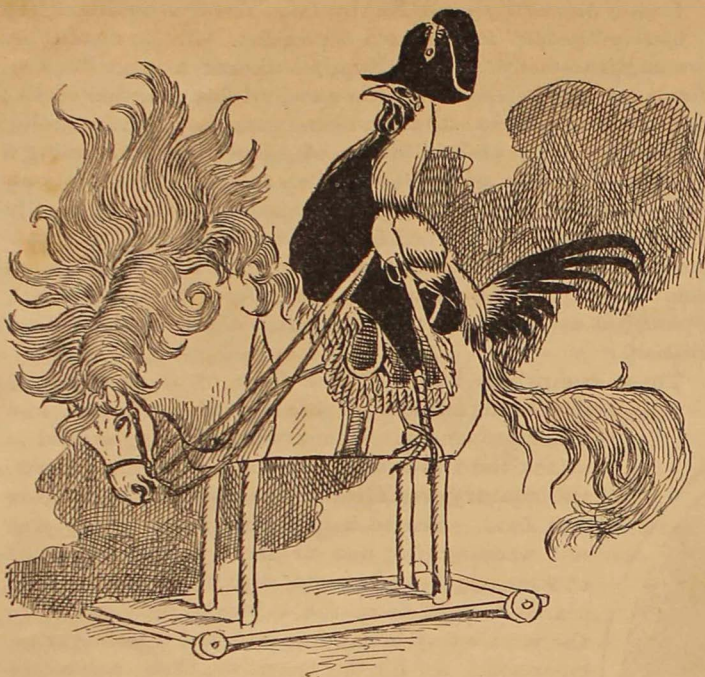


MAMIE LOU.

Yet such was Nappy's power over his subjects that, in a few months, he had collected one of the most splendid flocks that ever went out to suffer and die for the ambitious whim of a rooster puffed, ballooned, and overblown into a veritable bag of vanity and egotism. But the bag was punctured, and collapsed into a most miserable, absurd, ridiculous rag, "a scrap that a dog would scarcely deign to sniff at," a "thing for laughter of the gods, vast and inextinguishable," as we shall shortly see. Alas! that so many gallant fowls should have fallen, plucked, wing-broken, comb-torn, gill-nibbled! Alas! that so many loving gizzards should have known the widow's sorrow, so many little crops the orphan's hunger, because, of the overweening ambition of this one cock!

Everyone shudders when reading the history of that dreadful campaign, the starving, freezing, slaughtering, on those icy plains, the burning of that splendid barnyard, the Kremlin, the awful retreat! Of all that glorious flock that went





NAPPY LEON BEFORE WATERLOO.

forth to wring the double-headed eagle's neck, but a scant covey, tattered, with frost-bitten feet, combs, and gills, limped back to France. Nappy himself got to the Parisian roost and endeavored, by noisy crowings, to re-establish himself in the estimation of his indignant and exhausted fowls; but the attempt was futile. Every barnyard, every tree, eyrie, nest, bird-house, and rock-cleft in Europe united against him. It is said that even the Ottoman empire furnished a flock of turkeys eager to avenge his early invasion of Egypt and Palestine.

Well, he was stripped of his power and rank, his scepter and his crown. Even his empress-hen, who had never really loved him, deserted him in his distress. His brothers and sisters, whom he had made kings and queens, and established over his conquered territories, were either pecked on the head and sent adrift with plucked wings and tattered tails, or, recognizing that he had only used them as the tools of his ambition, "went back on him," and joined the victors.

Nappy abdicated. He could do nothing else if he wished to save his life; for he knew that he must otherwise "get it," to use a bit of slang frequently in Nappy's mouth in his halcyon days, "where the hen got the axe," *i.e.*, in the neck.

The allied fowls decided that he should be exiled to the little island of Elba; but the towering gizzard of Nappy Leon could not long be confined to so small a barnyard. One day he escaped from the palings. His wings had been clipped, it is true; but he had good friends outside, and they scratched secretly, persistently, indefatigably. With a few faithful Gallic cocks, a score of Corsican hawks, a covey of Sardinian pheasants, a dozen strong-billed Gascon sparrows, he reached the shores of France.

It was a dramatic scene when, attended by his scant fol-

lowing, he first encountered the flocks sent against him by the doting old goose who had been placed upon the throne by the allies after Nappy's abdication of the imperial scepter. He paused and looked at them, calmly, coldly, though his crop seemed bursting with emotion.

"Roosters of the Sixth Flock," he said, "do you recognize your Emperor-Cock?"

They halted, stared, trembled, and burst into a shout loud enough to rend the welkin.

"Live, Emperor Nappy! Live our Nappy! We will follow you to the death!"

"Thanks, my brave roosters!" replied Nappy, with emotion. "Fall in, roosters of the Sixth Flock! March!"

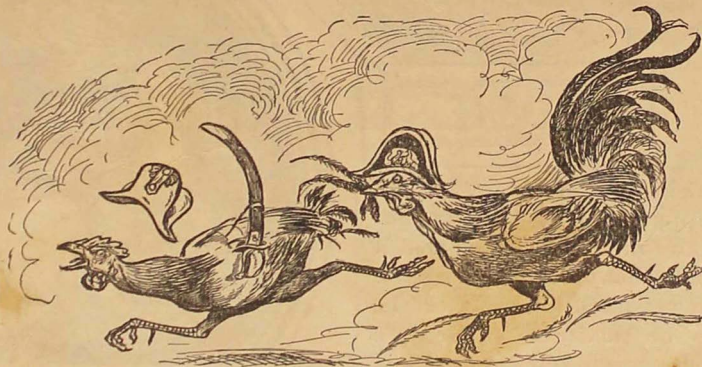
Then followed one hundred days that will remain famous for all time. Barnyards were emptied; roosts sent forth their youngest broilers; birds of all breeds contributed their quota; France was literally stripped of its fowls. But why should we pause over this painful passage in our hero's history? He led his flock to Belgium, pecked the enemy to pieces at Quatre Bras, and then, alas! and alas! met that great English game-cock Wellington and his British fowls at Waterloo, and was plucked of almost every feather upon his body. Yet there was a period in that memorable main when the English rooster felt that his own comb and gills were in danger; for Nappy had not forgotten his ancient mode of fighting, and, even in his extremity, was still Nappy.

Well, Nappy's flock was pecked and pounded all to pieces, was scattered, squalling and screeching, to the four corners of the earth. Nappy himself—but why should

we continue this mournful recital? Sent to a desert barnyard, on a far-distant island of the sea, he pined away the remnant of his life, nibbling his feathers, stalking around his narrow domain, feebly crowing and dreaming over again the vast dreams which erstwhile had kept the world in a ferment.

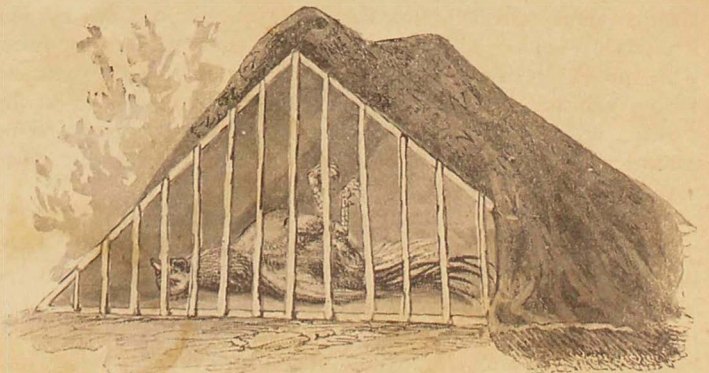
Peace to his feathers! He was a wonderful fowl in his time; but his life illustrates the great truth

that, bird or man, if we fly high, we may fall low. Better, then, the wise mediocrity, where peace and safety lie.



THE ENGLISH COCK WELLINGTON PLUCKING NAPPY.

C. L. HILDRETH.



AMBITION has but one reward for all:  
A little power, a little transient fame,  
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.

WILLIAM WINTER.



## How to Play the Piano Without a Teacher.

### III.

**T**HERE is a very ancient tale, probably as old as the *Gesta Romanorum*, which recites that a certain youth was promised great wealth if he would consent to pick up the pebbles which lay upon the road he was to travel. He went bravely forward and was careful to secure every pebble on the path for a considerable distance. But, at length, his pouch grew heavy with these common stones, and his back was weary with stooping. "They have fooled me," he said, "and I shall throw these worthless pebbles away." At that moment, however, an old man appeared beside the path. "Pause, reckless youth," said he. "Cast not away that which thou hast gathered with so much toil, but continue bravely to the close. Thou shalt there receive thy reward." So the youth toiled on collecting the pebbles, until at length he reached the steps of a beautiful temple, when he threw down his bag, and lo! all the pebbles were pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds.

This ancient fable teaches a profound truth to every student of the piano. He must go on collecting mere pebbles for days and weeks; but if he have been faithful in his toil, in the end, as he mounts the peristyle of the beautiful temple of art, he will find his pebbles transformed to rich gems.

The first efforts of the beginner must be directed to securing independence, flexibility, and steadiness in the fingers. Correct technical habits are the foundation of all good playing, and not the greatest genius ever born can escape this drill. There are dozens of wrong ways of practicing, but only one right way; and the reward of doing it the right way is that every half-hour's practice shows progress.

The first exercises should be very simple ones, and many times repeated; for it is repetition that makes an impression, and what you are striving for is to teach your fingers such habits of movement that they can act involuntarily. While you are trying to attain facility you must also cultivate your ear and listen to the tones you produce; try to make them as "singing" as possible, and connect them perfectly. You are thus cultivating your ear and your attention at the same time with your fingers.

Begin your practice every day with exercises like Nos. 34 and 36 in Richardson's method, in which one or two notes are held while the other fingers are in motion. The object is to give independence to the fingers, especially the weak third and fourth. Confine your study to one bar only, play very slowly, and repeat every measure many times. The simpler the movements at this stage the better, for the fingers demand your whole attention till you can control the third and fourth as easily as the thumb and first finger. The fingers which hold notes must be firm, but not stiff, and the whole hand, held in position as illustrated in the April number, motionless, but not rigid, and the wrist flexible. From ten to twenty minutes a day given to this exercise for the first week should enable the pupil to master it perfectly; after which five minutes a day is sufficient time to devote to it.

For other five-finger exercises, to which you should devote about twenty minutes, select something simple, like the first two bars of Nos. 17 and 18 in Richardson, and practice them first very slowly, as if written in half-notes, playing one note to a second of time; in this way you can listen to the tone produced. Hold each note firmly, for if the pressure relaxes, the tone weakens; then lift the finger quickly, as the next note is struck, so the tones exactly meet, but do not overlap. This is the *legato* touch, the most difficult to acquire both in singing and playing, but the most important.

If you put your mind on it you can comprehend it and master it in a few weeks. Indifferent teachers ignore the subject, and it is possible to work laboriously through all the exercises of a discouragingly thick instruction-book, or even to play many years, without acquiring a *legato* touch.

When you can play the exercise slowly without an error, practice it twice as fast, as if written in quarter-notes; if you cannot do it smoothly, return to the slower *tempo*, and work up to the faster as soon as you can, increasing from that to eighth notes and to sixteenth. The first bars of the simplest exercise—No. 17—practiced in this way are preparatory to the trill, which is one of the most beautiful ornaments in music.

As you become familiar with the different keys, play these finger exercises in them, changing the key every day. When you can play these exercises with varying degrees of velocity and without an error, you can take up something like No. 30 in Richardson's, which gives a greater variety of movement. If you have followed the directions given, and drilled your fingers carefully, you will find you can play this with a degree of facility from the first, and you will begin to enjoy the fruits of good and faithful work.

Don't chafe at being confined to so few exercises, to so little variety. Success is always the result of concentrated effort, and you will find when you have mastered a dozen exercises in a book that you can play all the others. When the foundation is laid well, the upward progress is delightfully rapid.

As soon as you can play the scales of C and G, with their relative minors, smoothly, without halting or stumbling, take up D and A and practice them in the same manner, slowly, and accurately in time. If you stumble, go back to the keynote and begin again. This is the only way to cure stuttering. By any other method you practice faults, and will stumble again in the same place; for with the singular perversity of human nature, bad habits are more easily acquired than good ones, and very hard to overcome.

In beginning it will be well to practice each hand separately; but as soon as both hands have learned the way thoroughly, and every finger comes down upon its appointed key on time, without hesitation, and brings forth a clear, ringing tone, use the hands together, an octave apart, and practice in parallel motion, as illustrated in Demorest's for April. Do not indulge in the slightest attempt to play them quickly till you are able to play them slowly, with mechanical accuracy in a perfect *legato* touch, as described above. This touch is the foundation of all musical expression, and can only be acquired by playing so slowly that you can listen to the tone produced; the ear will soon grow so acute that it will prove a mentor to the fingers, and detect the slightest error when they are playing with some degree of velocity.

Read the excellent directions for the practice of the scales in Plaidy's Technical Studies, or those on page 58 of Richardson's Method. Indeed, whatever method you have, read and digest all the directions for practice. There is an admirable little pamphlet upon "How To Practice," by Mme. A. M. Pupin, which contains most valuable hints and directions, and conscientiously followed is more valuable to the piano student than lessons from an inferior teacher.

When you know all the scales—please don't say "taken," as if it were a dose!—you can begin to play them in contrary motion, and in thirds, sixths, and tenths. From the first you must be careful to play them in perfect time, and as you gain some facility, change the time, and mark the accent well; *par exemple*, play them first in common time, with two groups of eighth or sixteenth notes, giving a strong accent to the first note of the first group, and a slighter one to that of the second group; then change to  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,



or waltz, time, and accent the first of every three notes. You will by this time have become familiar with all arrangements of time, and must recognize the importance of accent, upon which all the rhythm of a piece depends. Music without rhythm would be like hearing "The Charge of the Light Brigade" recited in a monotone, without pause or change of voice.

Practicing the scales with a strong accent will stimulate the interest, cultivate the sense of rhythm, and prove an impetus to the fingers. You should devote a half-hour daily to scale practice, playing not less than two,—a major and its relative minor,—nor more than four, every day. This will result in much greater gain to the fingers than if you tried to practice them all in succession. About once a fortnight you may vary the programme by playing them all from C back to C, by the progression of fifths, without stopping.

Arrived at this stage of progress you should study the chords and *arpeggios* of the different keys, and practice them in connection with the scales. The *legato* touch must be preserved here, too, so care must be exercised in *arpeggio* practice in passing the thumb under the fingers. Some excellent exercises for developing a *legato* touch are given in the Mason System; and the first nine of these, given in the Appendix to Richardson's, will be found valuable, as also the directions for their practice. In fingering extended passages it will be absolutely necessary, in order to maintain a *legato* touch, to be able to exchange the fingers on a key without striking it a second time. In very many of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" this fingering is indispensable, as also in much of Beethoven's and Mozart's music.

A dictionary of musical terms sufficiently extensive for all practical purposes is usually found in every method for the piano, and you should study the signs and abbreviations till you can recognize their significance at once. As soon as you are tolerably familiar with them and know your notes well, you can give from twenty minutes to a half-hour daily to sight-reading. At first select very simple *études*, or pieces, and play them at such a *tempo*—no matter how slow—as you can maintain to the end. Do not stutter—stuttering in playing is as bad as in talking—nor stop to correct an error, unless you return to the beginning. You will gradually progress to more difficult things; but always choose something so within your ability that you could play it well with a little practice. It is your eyes and presence of mind and confidence you are cultivating in sight-reading, and you will gain nothing from too difficult music. Avail yourself of every opportunity to play accompaniments for the voice or other instruments, and duet playing is also very helpful.

Avoid discursive and broken-up or interrupted study,—the taking-up of one piece one day and another the next. Months, even years, of time are wasted in this way; the hours thus spent being of no value whatever. Endeavor so to grade your work that you will proceed from one difficulty to another, every exercise forming a stepping-stone to another. The perfect mastery of one even simple exercise advances you more than a careless and smattering familiarity with a dozen of greater difficulty.

In practicing a piece, read it through first to obtain a general idea of it; note all scale passages and upon what degree or note they begin; your fingering of the passage will be the same as for the scale in that key. Select that fingering for all passages which will best connect the tones in a pure *legato* unless it is marked to be played otherwise. The most difficult passages will require much more practice than others, consequently the measures containing them must be repeated many, many times. You must adopt the same principles to conquer a difficult passage that you did to master your first

exercises,—practice so slowly that an error is impossible, and repeat till facility comes. If you woo the difficulty in that way it is sure to yield. It will often be necessary to repeat two or three measures six, eight, or even ten, times, always ending upon the first note of the fourth measure. Test your progress from time to time by connecting these passages with the adjoining ones, being very careful, however, not to hurry the time in playing the simpler parts.

Facility in committing music to memory varies greatly in different people, according to their quickness of ear, and the attention they give when practicing. A knowledge of harmony greatly assists the memory; but if it is impossible to study it, all piano students should familiarize themselves with the tonic and dominant seventh chords of every key, with their inversions. With this knowledge you can analyze your *études* and pieces; practicing ceases to be a purely mechanical process, the mind also is interested, imagination is stimulated, and memory is at work without realizing that a task has been imposed upon it. Every piece studied in this way becomes something added to your real possessions. Instead of being a mechanical jingler who can never play unless you carry your notes with you, you will be a musician with your music in your head; and the pleasure derived from the consciousness of this power well repays a much greater effort.

The young player is very apt to fall into bad habits in the use of the pedals, especially the damper, or extension pedal,—don't call it the "loud" pedal! In practicing exercises it is absolutely necessary that the pedals be untouched, and very simple and easy pieces will gain nothing by their use. The extension pedal is a mechanical contrivance to aid in overcoming mechanical difficulties, and must be resorted to only for that purpose. In extended passages it is sometimes necessary to hold a melody note with the pedal till the next is struck: for instance, G above middle C must be connected by the right hand with C, the eleventh tone above it; to do this, immediately *after* striking G you press down the extension pedal, but you must release it the instant *before* you strike the C *in alt*. If you do not release it before C be struck you will hear the G also, the tones overlapping instead of just connecting. When the pedal is used to sustain chords, you must lift it every time the harmony changes, otherwise your playing will be jumbled and most discordant. It is better never to touch the pedal than to misuse it so that different harmonies mingle together in maddening confusion.

The foundation once well laid, there is no limit to the pleasure that lies before the piano student. New treasures are continually opened to you, and your progress will be limited only by the time at your disposal and the faithfulness of your work. Have a definite study-plan always before you, and leave sight-reading and practice of pieces till the last,—just as one takes sweets after the solids for dinner. Never let your work become desultory and aimless; besides some technical difficulty set your fingers to master, have in hand, as a *bonne bouche* to finish work, some musical treasure in which your mind delights.

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### A Fragment.

DEATH is that honored messenger who brings  
The proof of God's remembrance. In his hand  
He bears an invitation from the King.  
They only weep who wait the summons hence.  
Those glad souls basking in the light of God  
Forget that tears and sin e'er dimmed their sight.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.



## Turning the Tables.



H, dear! I just wish I were dead, I do!" said Mrs. Harry Lynn, and sob after sob shook her slight form as she reclined on a couch in her cosy parlor. Suddenly she heard the click of the key in the lock, and before she could efface the traces of her tears she was held close to her husband's breast, while he kissed away the tears and inquired anxiously as to their cause.

"Oh, nothing at all, Harry dear," she said, "only one of my nervous spells. Don't mind me; I must hasten and get your dinner."

She made a brave effort, choked back the tears, and soon summoned him to their evening meal. There was but little conversation during the dinner hour, and after it was over Harry took his departure on the plea of business, as he could not endure the sight of his wife's tear-stained face. He rushed down the street like a whirlwind, his cheeks hot with indignation. What could be the matter? What right had she to be in tears? Was he not a model Benedict? Did he not provide her with every comfort, and even luxuries? Did any other image for one moment replace that of his beautiful wife?

At last, weary and footsore, he found himself a long distance from home, and hailing a car was soon back in his own domicile. His wife greeted him with loving caresses, but the sad look was still in her eyes.

"This has been a long evening, Harry," she said, "I hope business will not take you from me again very soon."

Gravely drawing her to his side he replied:

"Grace, I wish you would tell me what you were crying about when I came home. I think I have the right to know."

"I suppose you have, Harry, but it is so foolish I am ashamed to tell you; you will laugh at me."

"Nothing can be foolish that causes my wife unhappiness," said he, gently; "I have done everything in my power to make you happy."

These last words brought the tears to her eyes, and her mind went back to the time when he asked her to be his wife. It was considered a fortunate thing for her to marry handsome Harry Lynn, the confidential clerk of Reynold & Co., who, it was rumored, would become before many years a partner in the great concern. His generous, kindly disposition, and agreeable, polished manners had won him many friends. Yes, he had been kind, and her tears had been caused more by his thoughtlessness than by any intended wrong. Yes, she would tell him, even though he did laugh at her. So after a moment's hesitation she said,

"I will tell you what troubles me; it is money."

His face lightened, and with a merry laugh he gathered her in his arms, saying:

"Why, is that all, little woman? You know you have only to ask for it whenever you want it. All I have is yours, myself included."

The sad look did not leave her face, as she replied:

"That is it,—the asking. Oh, Harry, you cannot realize how hard it is for me to ask you for every cent I have, and to have you question me what I intend to do with it, and require from me a strict account of all that I spend. You see, I never did such a thing till I was married, for my parents died before I can remember, and left enough for my support till I began teaching—"

"Now, Grace, it is sheer nonsense for you to feel like this," he interrupted, with an impatient air, "for I am willing that you should have everything you desire, if it is within reason."

"Yes, I know, dear; but sometimes what seems perfectly

reasonable to me does not to you. I know you mean to be generous, and I do not suffer for anything; but it is this feeling of dependence that is so hard to bear. Sometimes I have thought I would take in sewing and earn a little money that would seem like my very own; but I knew it would offend you."

"Offend? Well, I guess it would! My wife take in sewing! I don't think I deserve this, Grace," he responded, with an injured air.

"I am sorry if I have said anything to make you feel hurt, Harry," she continued. "I know you are the very best husband in the world."

"Now that's sensible, little woman," said he, "and let us worry no more about it. Everything I have is yours; only I happen to be the one who earns the money, and, being a business man, I like to have everything about our house-keeping carried on in a business-like fashion, so I keep a strict account of all our expenses, and that is the reason I question you about the way you spend money."

"Well, Harry," she answered, with a sigh, "let us say no more about it. It is impossible for you to understand without being situated just as I am."

"Very well, let this end the matter. I am sure I would be willing to change places with you."

Her face brightened and a gleam of mischief came into her eyes.

"Harry, I take you at your word. Will you, for one week, place yourself in just the situation that I am in with regard to money matters? Then you will understand better how I feel."

"Oh, yes; that is the easiest thing in the world," he replied, with an indulgent smile. "Shall we begin tomorrow?"

"Yes; tomorrow night hand over your week's salary to me, and you must promise not to draw any money from the bank, but ask me for every cent you have for one week."

"All right, it is a bargain," said he.

On Saturday night Harry gave her his week's salary, as he had promised. The newsboy on the street awoke him the next morning crying, "Sunday World! Horrible accident at Battle Creek!" He sprang out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and was nearly at the door when he suddenly thought of his penniless condition. What should he do? He didn't know where his wife had put the money, so he must ask. In a sheepish tone he said,

"Say, Grace, just give me five cents to buy a World."

"Harry, I don't see what you want to waste money on that trashy paper for."

This was a keen thrust, for he well remembered that he had used almost the same language when she had asked him to renew the subscription to her magazine.

"Well, never mind," he answered, "let me squander five cents on one this morning. Come, hurry! don't keep the boy waiting."

She leisurely took out her purse, slowly counted out five pennies and dropped them into his hand.

His next lesson in dependence was learned on the way to church. Owing to the crowded condition of the car he had to sit some distance from his wife. When the conductor came to collect the fare he felt in his pocket, and then, with a shame-faced look, pointed to his wife, who smiled mischievously as she paid his fare. The rest of the day passed uneventfully.

On Monday morning Grace took out her purse with a business-like air.

"Now let me see how much you will need," she said, slowly. "Fifty cents ought to buy you a nice luncheon, and



you will need twenty cents for car fare." Then she gravely handed him seventy-five cents.

"Well,—er,—er,—but Grace," he stammered, "isn't that rather a short allowance? There might be extras."

"No; I cannot think of anything else you will need, and you work hard for your money and ought not to spend it foolishly."

He said no more, but hurried away, half wishing that the week were over before it had fairly begun.

The busy morning quickly passed, and his keen appetite reminded him that it was luncheon time. On the way to the lunch-room he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for years. With a hearty clasp of the hand and a glad ring in his voice he cried,

"Jack, old boy! I am so glad to see you!"

His first thought was that he would invite him to luncheon; but a cold sweat stood on his brow as he thought of the small sum of money he had in his pocket. After a short chat he left his friend on the plea of an important engagement, and walked several blocks to reach another restaurant. Jack took another route, but emerged from a street just in time to see Harry enter the eating-house.

"How stingy Harry has grown," he soliloquized; "and he used to be such a generous fellow. I believe that 'engagement' was only a bluff to get rid of me."

Harry took up the bill of fare, scanned it carelessly, then gave the order to the waiter; but, to his horror, he found he had ordered a seventy-five cent dinner when he had only fifty cents to pay for it. He dashed wildly after the waiter, and gasping for breath said,

"Waiter,—er,—er,—I want sausage instead of that chicken." With a vexed expression he thought, "Hang it all! I did want that chicken."

On the way back to the store a new style of cravat in the window of a clothing-house met his eye. "That's a pretty necktie," said he to himself, "I believe I'll invest." He went in, examined the neckties, and was about to say he would take one, when he suddenly turned and left the bewildered clerk, muttering, "What a fool I am!—trying to buy a necktie with only ten cents in my pocket."

The afternoon was drawing to a close when his friend Tom rushed in.

"Harry, old boy," he cried, excitedly, "just lend me a V, will you? I am in an awful scrape,—left my money in my other suit, and Madge expects me to take her to the theater tonight and I haven't time to go home. You know I would do as much for you, any time."

"I am so sorry, Tom," replied Harry, "but, to tell the truth, I have only ten cents in my pocket, just enough to pay my fare home."

Tom marched off with an offended air, muttering angrily to himself:

"Deuce take him! I believe he was afraid I wouldn't pay it. I shall never ask a favor of him again."

When Harry reached home that evening his wife noticed his dejection, but he was non-committal regarding the cause. The next morning he said, with an apologetic air:

"Say, Grace, I saw such a pretty necktie yesterday, I believe I will get it. It was only fifty cents."

She did not reply, but went to the drawer where his neckties were, and slowly counted them. Then she said in a surprised tone of voice,

"Why, Harry, I don't see what you want of any more neckties; you have twelve now. And then to pay fifty cents for one!—I am sure you can get a very nice one for twenty-five."

"But, Grace, this is a later style," said he.

"Well, if you must have it, all right. Let me see; you will need just one dollar and twenty cents."

Tuesday morning passed unmarked by any special event. Harry bought the coveted necktie during his noon hour, and then hurried back to his work. He knew from the crowd collected in one of the rooms that something unusual had happened, and he heard exclamations such as, "Poor little thing!" "Only support of her sick mother," and the like. Pushing his way through, a touching sight met his gaze. A pretty little cash-girl, whom he had often noticed on account of her modest and ladylike demeanor, was lying on a bed which the clerks had made of their wraps, and the doctor was bending over her. While hurrying to answer one of the impatient calls of the clerks she had slipped down the stairs and broken her ankle.

"A bad fracture," said the doctor, gravely. The tears were running down her cheeks, and she exclaimed in tones of anguish:

"Oh, my poor mother! what will she do? She will starve!"

A kind-hearted clerk was passing a hat through the crowd, which contributed generously. She came to Harry and said, with a winning smile,

"Oh, Mr. Lynn, I know you will give something to this poor child."

"I—I would so much like to," stammered he, "but—but I am a little short today and have only enough money to pay my fare home."

Looks of contempt followed him, and such exclamations as "That's a likely story!" "He always carries money with him!" "If I were getting the salary he is!" were heard. His sensitive and generous nature was deeply wounded by these remarks, and this little incident so unnerved him that he made an error that resulted in a considerable loss to the house.

Before going home, he was summoned to a conference with the senior partner. With a stern, yet kindly voice he said:

"Harry, you are as dear to me as an own son would be, and far more than I regret the loss of money that your blunder has caused us do I regret the loss of my confidence in you. I think you must have some secret trouble, for you do not act like yourself,—you who are usually so wide awake to the interests of our house. I fear you are risking your money in some unwise speculations, and are trying to get rich too fast; for I was near when you refused to contribute to the fund for the little cash-girl. We have given her a leave of absence with salary. Always be humane, my boy; it pays in this world, and the next."

During this speech Harry's face was a study. Mortification and self-loathing were written there, and he said with an effort:

"For reasons that I cannot explain, I did not have the money today to give to the little girl as I should like to have done; and as I read the looks of contempt on the faces of those around me it so unnerved me that I could not fix my mind on my work."

The old man grasped the hand of the younger one and said, heartily,

"Harry, my boy, pardon me. I have misjudged you."

When he reached home that night, instead of the usual abundant repast, there was nothing on the table but graham bread and milk. He looked at his wife in amazement, and said,

"Why, Grace, what does this mean? Is this all that you have to eat?"

"Yes, Harry, I was reading today that the wheat from which this bread is made contains all the elements necessary for the support of life, and I thought with milk to make it slip down easily, we might get along very nicely. It is all that I want tonight."

"Confound it, Grace!" said he, angrily, "this is carrying



your ideas of economy too far. I will go down to the restaurant and get my dinner." He started for the door, but recollected suddenly that he had no money; and rather than ask her for any, seated himself at the table and forced down the bread and milk, of which he was not particularly fond. He took refuge behind his newspaper, and maintained a gloomy silence all the evening.

The next morning, with a determined look in his eye he said,

"Now, really, Grace, you cut a fellow too short. I must have a dollar more today."

"Why, Harry," said she, clinging tightly to her purse, "what for?"

"Oh, thunder! I don't know what for," snapped he. "Give it to me without so many questions."

"Very well, Harry; but I don't see why you need get so angry when you have asked me that question several hundred times since our marriage." He waited to hear no more, but darted out of the house. Her words cut deeply, and he began to understand his wife's tears and to realize the servitude she had been in. He resolved that he would never ask her for another cent, but accept meekly what she gave him. He looked wistfully at the Turkish bath-rooms as he passed, and thought how much good a bath would do him in his nervous condition,—how it would tone up his system and enable him to better perform his work.

Just then he saw Adolphus Smythe, a dudish youth, approaching. He was a fellow whom he actually despised, and one of whom, at any other time, he would not have asked a favor; but so great was his fear of being placed in some embarrassing situation during that day, that he touched him on the shoulder and said, cordially,

"Glad I happened to meet you, Dolph, for I want to ask a favor of you,—lucky for me, but unlucky for you."

Adolphus stared at the unwonted familiarity.

"Why, weally, Hawy, what can I do for you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I just want to borrow a dollar. I have unfortunately left my money at home today."

"Why, weally, Hawy, would be glad to accommodate you, but my exchequer is low."

With a curt "Good morning" Harry hurried on, exclaiming, "Blamed idiot! I know he had it in his pocket all the time."

He reached the store with aching head, but worked heroically all day with set teeth and every nerve strained to the utmost. At six o'clock he joined the great throng of employés and started homeward. He was about to signal a car when he felt in his pocket and found the treasured ten-cent piece was gone! Five miles from home without money, after his hard day's work!

As a mariner wrecked on a desert island watches the last spar of the ship sink beneath the waves, so Harry watched the car vanish from his sight. He gave a long whistle of dismay: "Whew! this is a pretty fix for a fellow to be in!" He tried to think of someone of whom he could borrow, but all his friends were miles away; and beg he would not. After three weary miles he found himself near a street that was one of the most disreputable in the city. He halted a moment to decide upon the best course to take. Should he go through this street, or walk a long distance farther to avoid it? His aching limbs soon led him to decide upon the former course. He picked his way carefully along through the dirt, shuddering at the wretchedness and wickedness that he saw. Reeking odors came from the crazy-looking buildings, and men and women with bloated faces and disheveled hair leered at him from every side. A crowd of street *gamins* soon followed him.

"Hi, Jim, see the dude!" yelled one.

A little Irish boy with a droll-looking face said,

"Say, Moike, I'll bet oi kin knock that gint's hat the furdest."

Mike accepted the challenge, and two stones shot simultaneously through the air. One was well aimed, and hit the silk hat, knocking it off, while the other struck his forehead, inflicting a deep gash. Mike grabbed the hat as it rolled into the gutter, and ran with it. Maddened by the pain, and anxious to recover his hat, Harry gave chase to his tormentor, followed by the rest of the boys shouting in wild glee at the fun. He had almost reached Mike when he fell over a barrel, tearing his clothing on the projecting nails. A sorry-looking object was he. His forehead was black and blue from the bruise he had received, and drops of blood were visible on it. His hat was gone, his hair in a rumpled condition. His patent leathers were covered with mud, and his clothing also. He walked along hurriedly, pondering the situation, and wondering if there were any escape from his sorry plight. On emerging from the street he thought of a little Jewish clothing-store about two blocks away. The Jew bought his stock of Reynold & Co., and had had favors extended to him by that house; Harry thought the clothier would surely help him out of his difficulty. Of his changed appearance he did not think, and supposed the Jew would recognize him. Instead of his usual obsequious mien, Mr. Katzen wore a stern and angry one and shook his head violently, saying,

"No, no, I haf nodings for you."

With an astonished look, Harry said,

"Why, Katzen, don't you know me? I am Mr. Lynn of Reynold & Co., with whom you have often traded."

"You are von pig pummer, dot's vat you are, und I dell you I haf nodings for you."

"But, Katzen," persisted Harry, "you are mistaken. Just let me explain a little. I lost my money and had to walk home, and in coming through — Street, I was attacked by a mob of little Arabs, who threw stones at me. Now if you will let me have a comb and towels for a moment you will know me, and then I would like to get a hat on credit until tomorrow, when I will pay you double what it is worth."

"Vot you say sounds all plauseeble enough, but I haf been vooled too many dimes; und I dell you get out of my blace, or I vill call a boliceman."

Crestfallen and ashamed, Harry turned and left the store. He was yet some distance from home, it was almost nine o'clock, and he felt faint with hunger and weariness. He hurried along, hoping that all would be as oblivious of his identity as the Jew had been. But no; while he was near a street-lamp a handsome carriage rolled by. Seated in it was a beautiful woman, richly dressed, and he saw a startled look pass over her face as she turned and spoke to her husband.

"Confound my luck!" he groaned. "Why should I have met Marie at this time? She will never speak to me again, and will think I am drunk."

This was the bitterest drop in his cup of humiliation,—to have his cousin Marie see him in this condition, for they had been warm friends from his early boyhood days.

The young wife had been looking anxiously for her husband all the evening, and when she heard the familiar step she gave a sigh of relief. She did not wait for him to unlock the door, but opened it hastily and was about to half-smother him with caresses, when the light fell on his face and she started back in horror and amazement.

"Oh, Harry!" gasped she, "what is the matter?"

"'Matter'? Blame it all! It is your keeping me on such a short allowance that has got me into this confounded scrape."



These angry words brought the tears to her eyes, and she said, faintly,

"But,—but, Harry dear, I called you back to get the dollar you wanted this morning."

"Well, you ought to have given it to me without asking what I was going to do with it; but I tell you I am through with this infernal business. I won't endure it another day."

She said no more, but brought dressing-gown and slippers, bathed his bruised head, and helped him make himself presentable. A tempting meal soon put him in good humor, and when he was seated in his easy-chair and his wife resting on a hassock at his feet, he told her the story of his woes.

When he had finished he said:

"Little wife, if you have suffered one tenth part of all the misery that I have endured the past four days, I am very sorry. I have been a brute without knowing it. I realize fully now what unhappiness it must cause a proud, high-spirited woman to be obliged to ask her husband for every cent she has. Now I have a plan that I think will meet your approval. At the end of every week, I will give you one-half of my salary for the expenses of the house, and you may attend to your own bookkeeping. The rest I will keep for my own personal use, investments, insurance, etc. Does this plan please you?"

An upturned face radiant with happiness, and eyes that smiled through the tears, gave all the answer he needed.

HARRIETTE E. RAY.

## How to Catch and Tame Chipmunks.

(For the Children.)

IT is beyond all possibility of denial that the shooting of birds and other small and weakly animals for mere sport is an ignoble occupation, a cruel and unreasonable amusement. If you kill an animal you get nothing for your recklessness but a poor dead body; but take the creature alive and treat it kindly in captivity, and you will find it always, be it bird or beast, beautiful, amusing, and instructive. Its life is full of mystery; its mysterious life is the secret of its beauty and of its interest. It will soon become tame and make you sensibly happier by its novel com-



CHIPMUNK, OR GROUND SQUIRREL.

panionship. Love for pets is a taste which is good to encourage, for it makes us grow thoughtful of others, and inclines the most selfish heart to sympathy.

Of all the smaller quadrupeds of North America there is none better qualified for a place in our households than our lively little woodland friend the chipmunk, or ground-squir-

rel, with its velvet coat of tawny red striped with black and creamy white. He is beautiful in his form and coloring, highly intelligent, very lively in his manners, gentle in disposition, easily tamed and easily kept.

Should anyone wanting a pet desire to be possessed of a chipmunk, I would strongly advise him to go to the woods and catch it himself. There is fun in the catching, and sometimes labor; but the exertion is healthful, and, besides, you will have all the honor both of the catching and taming.

Get up betimes on a fine morning, when brilliant sunshine gives hope for some hours of partial warmth, and after a hearty breakfast hie away to the woodside, to the place which you know the chipmunks frequent. Take only one person with you for company, and speak as low and as little as possible. Don't crack the twigs as you walk; if you do, you will frighten the chipmunks and maybe not see them at all; for their ears are always a-listening, and their eyes on the watch for danger. When you *do* get a sight of the pert little nibbler stretched on a rocky ledge enjoying the sunshine, perched on a tree-stump arranging his fur coat, or gnawing a difficult nut at a tree root, do not hasten your footsteps nor even appear to directly approach him; but bend off your course, as if meaning to pass him a little to left or right, so that, when he scampers to cover, he may not seek out some deep burrow or regular rocky retreat, but just hide away in some chanced-upon hole in which to conceal himself while you are passing. But be sure that you see where he enters, and stop up the door with a stone. Then, in a circle of five or six yards, find, stop up, and mark all openings that might perhaps give him an exit.

Commence to dig at the hole where he entered; and as you advance in your digging and find the burrow's direction leading off to one of the holes that is stopped up and marked, remove the obstruction from that one, and get ready the large bag of strong calico or ticking which you brought with you. Fasten down the mouth of it over the open hole, very securely, with staples of branches or metal, or with heavy stones, or by some other means, so that the imprisoned chipmunk cannot escape from his retreat except by running directly into the bag. Now when your digging has arrived within two feet of where the fastened-down bag marks the exit, you may cease from your labor, and ask your obliging companion to hand you a very thin switch or a weed-stalk, which you will run in at the end of the hole that you dug at, and rattle it vigorously about, to make the alarmed chipmunk bolt out at the other opening, right into the bag waiting there ready to hold him. Out he will run, for a surety. Then pounce on the bag while he struggles for freedom, tie him up safely within it, and carry your prize homeward in triumph, to tame him by gentleness and sympathy and thoughtful kindness, as captives should always be treated.

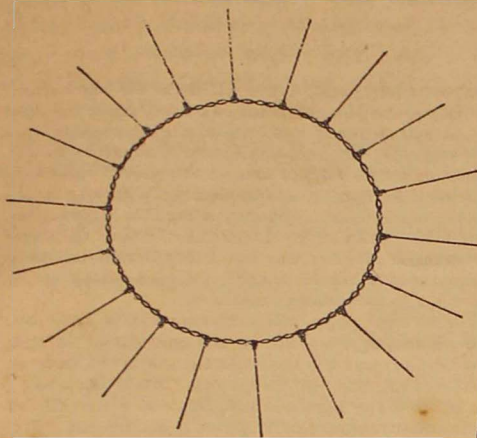
If your hunt should unhappily lead you after one which hides in a stone-heap or woodpile or other difficult refuge, you may, if you have patience sufficient, get him by one of the various traps used for catching rats alive.

In case you should not wish to go to the trouble of digging, or be impatient of waiting for the few days often necessary for the success of ordinary traps, you can, if the day be sunny and the hour early, count on a certainty of still getting the chipmunk by a contrivance which is easily fashioned, according to the following simple directions:

Take a piece of fine wire netting, such as is used for window-screens, at least eighteen inches long and fifteen broad. Cut it into shape, leaving it full breadth at one end, and nine inches wide at the other, so that when rolled into a tube it will have one narrow opening, and go on gradually widening towards the other end. Having rolled it into tubular form, stitch the two sides together with a piece of thread-like wire, taking the stitches in well from the margin, to



prevent raveling. While both ends are still open, take some strong, stiff wire, of the thickness of ordinary cage-wire, and around a double twisted hoop of the same, work on pieces firmly fastened with finer wire, so that the ends, when cut evenly around, may stick out like the rays of a star, about half an inch apart where they are joined to the hoop. Now



WIRED HOOP FOR SMALL END OF TRAP.

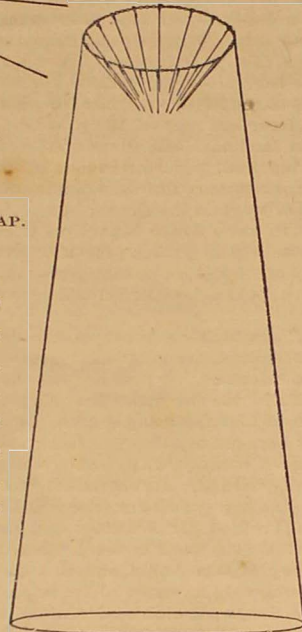
stitch this hoop to the mouth of the narrow end of your tube, and when it is firmly secured there bend inwards the raylike spikes of wire until they all most come together at the points, but yet leaving such an aperture between their converging ends that a mouse might readily pass through. When this is done to your satisfaction, close up the larger end of the tube by fitting a round piece of the netting to it, stitching it in with your wire thread, and your trap is complete.

Now let us see how to use it to catch the chipmunk quickly. The sun is shining bright, so let us go out by the woodside. The trees are all twiggy and bare, and the jutting rocks stand cold and bleak. Look! there in that well-sheltered corner in the lee of two favoring boulders is a chipmunk on the reddish-brown leaves that the wind has gathered together. He sits up on his haunches surveying us. Do you hear that chirp? He is alarmed. There! he has disappeared in his hole, and we cannot dig because of the rocks and roots. Never mind, we will proceed to find and stop up all holes in the neighborhood, just as we would do before digging; but instead of stopping the hole where he entered, we will open it a little round about, so that we may place the small end of the trap within it or up against it, and let the larger end lie out flat on the ground in front. We must be sure to fix it firmly in its place, so that the confined animal cannot escape except by running into the trap.

"Yes," you say, "that is all very well; but how will you make him come out quickly if you don't dig for him?"

He will come out of his own accord; but we shall have to wait, probably not very long, for he wants to enjoy the sunshine, and, besides, we did not chase him, and in fixing the trap made as little disturbance as possible, so that he cannot be very much frightened. Let us go over and lie down behind that cluster of rocks, so that, without being too conspicuous, we may watch the trap for his appearance. It is pretty cold in the wind, but we are well wrapped up. Aha! There he is! See him jumping in the trap! He has passed the well-barbed door through which there is no returning, for the wire-points would stick in his nose and put out his eyes if he tried it. Let us run over and carry him home just as he is. By opening the wire stitching at the larger end we can let him out directly into his cage, and then we can

gather for him some leaves to make his bed with; or perhaps we may get a companion for him if the bright sunshine continue.



COMPLETED TRAP.

gather for him some leaves to make his bed with; or perhaps we may get a companion for him if the bright sunshine continue.

Now that you have your chipmunk, be careful not to treat him at variance with his nature. Remember that while the squirrel lives in the tree-tops, the chipmunk makes his snug little nest in a hole in the ground, and yet has his summer booths and lounging-places outside, in the cosy corners of rock or tree-stump. Let his cage, accordingly, be a home and a lounging-place, and not a fenced-in prison, surrounded on every side by bars. He wants to see, and not be seen too much; so if you wish to please him well, get him a strong, unpainted box of inch-thick common wood, about fifteen inches square on every side. It is well to cover it inside with tin, and let in a piece of wire-netting at the back, near the top, for ventilation. Let the front be of glass fitted to slide out at either end. He will soon find that the box shelters him, and that this glass is a protection; and he will, in consequence, become bolder and tamer when behind it than he would ever dare to be in a cage of open wire.

On the day of his capture give him nothing to eat or to drink but a small tomato or piece of pear, which will be both food and drink. Give him no bed but a few withered leaves, just enough to remind him of the woods, but not sufficient to hide under. If he have anywhere to hide during the first week, he will continue shy and be difficult to tame. Don't attempt to *make* him tame, but gently induce him to become so. Don't alarm him by noise or rapid movement. During the first three days do not touch him except on the very tip of the ear with the nail of your outstretched finger,—tickle his ear, as it were,—and repeat this frequently. He will soon learn, if you always put in your hand with extreme slowness, that your touching him means him no harm. When he allows you to do this without shrinking, rub your finger lightly over the very top of his fur, but not so as to press on the skin.

He will enjoy a little well-sweetened tea if you give him some in a spoon, and when he has finished will show that he liked it by licking the spoon that contained it. Then you may dip your finger in the tea and touch it to his lips, whereupon he will lick your finger also. When he once does this you may joyfully repeat the practice, for your chipmunk is half-tame already. In a week he will let you run in your hand further and tickle him on the breast or beneath the stomach, and after a little even take him on your hand.

When he is thus far tamed, put into his cage a small box of wood, about six inches square, closed up on every side, but with a round hole cut in the front large enough for him to get in through. Then give him leaves to make his bed with, and cotton to line it, and hickory-nuts and acorns and filberts and walnuts, and he will carry every one through the hole into the little box which has now become his bedroom. Whenever he is in there you must not disturb him, but let him regard it as his own perfectly private and unassailable retreat, where he can be all by himself whenever he chooses.

After a time, with doors and windows closed, and when the cat is out for a walk, you can leave the glass drawn aside a few inches, and he will freely come out about your room, but will always run home to his cage at the slightest cause for alarm. Nevertheless, if you be gentle he will take tidbits from your fingers and hunt for the nuts you have hidden away about the corners of the apartment, storing them cunningly under his bed; but you must never annoy him by looking under his bed. Above all, do not covet again the nuts that you gave him, no matter how many he may have in his hoarding. Never be mean,—even with a chipmunk.



## OUR WORKING SISTERS.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 338.)

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

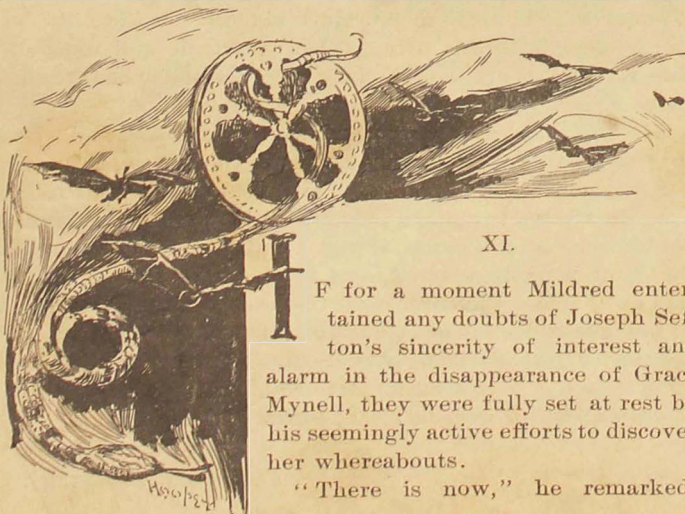
ANGERED by certain youthful indiscretions on the part of his only son, Mr. Duncan disowns and disinherits him; and, dying within a few years after, leaves an only daughter, sole heiress to his large fortune. Mildred Duncan's mother died when she was a baby; and she has been educated under the care of a haughty, worldly, aristocratic aunt, Miss Sedgewick, whose dearest wish, at the opening of the story, is that Mildred shall make a brilliant marriage, and she rather favors the attentions of young Lieutenant Mayhew, of the navy. Mildred meets, at a dinner-party, the Rev. Stephen Eustace, a man earnestly imbued with all the newest thoughts and purposes for the relief of suffering and elevation of humanity,—“a tremendous worker among the poor.” Mildred, expressing her intention to kill time by going to Egypt, is recommended by the young rector to interest herself in her “working sisters;” but she treats the suggestion disdainfully, and parts with Rev. Stephen Eustace without his knowing that the seed has fallen in good soil. Shortly after this Mildred has an unpleasant experience in a Broadway shop, where the inattention of saleswomen detains her seriously, and leads to the reproof and fine of one of the number. In ready sympathy Mildred offers money to the victim of the floor-walker's severity, which is proudly refused. On her way home her horses narrowly escape running over a young woman, who is knocked down and falls under their feet. When a policeman rescues her from her perilous position she is unconscious, and Mildred, recognizing her as the young saleswoman, has her placed in the carriage and takes her to the Duncan mansion.

“A broken arm and complete collapse from fright” results in a serious illness, during which, for several days, the suffering girl is delirious. Mildred watches over her with tender care, and, as soon as she can leave her, goes to the Broadway shop to make inquiries about the girl; little further than her name, Grace Mynell, is known there. Search at her lodgings in the dreariest part of the west side reveals the fact that the girl lived alone in extreme poverty. Mildred learns nothing but good of her from her kind-hearted landlady; she gives up the room, and orders the one “little black box” taken to the house in Gramercy Park. This heart-to-heart touch with suffering and privation rouses Mildred's sympathies and interest where all the eloquence of Rev. Stephen Eustace was powerless. As Grace Mynell rallies from her severe illness, a blank in her memory of the past is discovered. The weakened memory gradually recovers most of the events of the past five years of work in the shops; but it is evident that for brief moments Mildred reminds her of some pain and sorrow preceding these years. Mildred determines to keep Grace Mynell with her, and, her brain teeming with beneficent plans for the relief of working girls, she seeks Rev. Stephen Eustace, and asks his help in giving practical form to them. They determine to start a club which shall develop into a Woman's Palace, a modified form, adapted to the needs of New York working-women, of the famous People's Palace in London. Mildred insists that Grace shall become a permanent member of her household, appoints her her private secretary with a good salary, and energetically proceeds to start her good work.

Mildred's first step is to set apart an afternoon each week for an “at home,” at which she receives her new friends the working-girls, and into this and her other plans Mrs. Gilbert Livingston enters enthusiastically. Late one afternoon, after Mrs. Livingston had left, the butler announced to Mildred that a Mr. Joseph Sefton desired to see her. On according an interview, the man informed her that he was the brother-in-law of her brother Gerald, who had died only seven months previous, leaving an only son, of whom he, Mr. Sefton, was the guardian. He produced papers, duly signed and witnessed, which gave him absolute control over the boy and all properties that might come to him from any source. Mildred recognized her brother's writing, and while Mr. Sefton went to the carriage to bring the boy, it suddenly flashed across her memory that her father, though he had been so bitter against Gerald, had never destroyed his original will leaving the bulk of his property to her brother; consequently the boy was the heir-at-law, and she and her aunt, under the will, were entitled only to small legacies of property which they had already disposed of. Just after the boy was brought in, her aunt and Dr. Beaufort came into the room, and Mildred fainted before she could make an explanation. The unpleasant surprise resulted more seriously for Miss Sedgewick, who suffered an apoplectic seizure, and lay most seriously ill for many days. When she rallied, Dr. Beaufort said the only hope for her recovery lay in perfect care and freedom from anxiety; it was therefore necessary to conceal from her the disastrous consequences to her and Mildred of the arrival of Gerald's son and heir. His guardian, Mr. Sefton, insists that they remain in the Gramercy Square home, and that to all outward appearances there shall be no change; though he himself takes charge of the property and bank accounts, pays wages, bills, etc., and becomes, in fact, master. Mildred, though loath to accept any favors at his hand, yields to the situation on her aunt's account. She drops all club and philanthropical work, of course; after a time she resumes her place in society, and Mr. Sefton gradually makes his appearance with her. He is evidently fearful of recognition by Grace Mynell; but, though she is uneasy in his presence, that blank in her memory prevents anything but a dim, unhappy association with him, and she recalls nothing definite.

Mildred allows an unpleasant misunderstanding to arise between herself and the Reverend Stephen Eustace by making only a partial explanation to him of her changed fortunes, and requesting him to keep it a secret, as the world need not know it. She is, however, growing daily more dissatisfied with her position, and turns over many schemes for relief, feeling sure that in the near future she must become self-supporting. As an apprenticeship she secures a position as saleswoman in a large dry-goods shop, which she resigns after a week's service; but succeeds in reporting regularly for duty during this time without any of the family suspecting the cause of her close occupation. The trials of a shop-girl's life are discussed; and, while considering the trade of typesetting, the hardships and recompenses of this occupation also are fully described. Mildred overhears Master Gerald's nurse chastising him in a cruel manner, interferes, takes the child's part, and with an assumption of quite her old manner of settling household matters demands of Mr. Sefton, who opportunely appears on the scene, that the woman be discharged at once, and, after slight hesitation, he complies with her request.

Mildred's decisive manner regarding this matter resulted in marked changes in the household. She regained her old authority, and Gerald became her special charge. Meanwhile Grace Mynell had grown *distract* in her manner and appeared far from well; but upon being questioned, finally acknowledged that she had felt hurt by Mildred's not confiding more in her, and upon Mildred telling her some of the reasons for her conduct, Grace besought her to go with her and Miss Sedgewick and make a home elsewhere. Mildred attempted to argue with her, but Grace became terribly excited, calling Sefton “an evil genius,” and finally ended with an incoherent effort to recall some elusive memory regarding him; and upon her saying, “He loves you, and would make you his wife,” Mildred became so angered that she left the room. Thereafter Sefton's name was not mentioned between them, until late one afternoon Mildred found Grace waiting for her again to warn her against Sefton; and again she endeavored to remember something about him. Mildred tried to argue with her, when suddenly Sefton appeared before them and Grace slipped away. He had overheard their conversation. Mildred gained Sefton's permission to have Gerald baptized by Dr. Eustace, and on her return from the services a note was handed to her, which proved to be from Grace, stating that she had gone away forever.



XI.

IF for a moment Mildred entertained any doubts of Joseph Sefton's sincerity of interest and alarm in the disappearance of Grace Mynell, they were fully set at rest by his seemingly active efforts to discover her whereabouts.

“There is now,” he remarked,

when the servants had been searchingly, but vainly, questioned, and he and Mildred were left alone in the library, “but one alternative left us.”

“And that is?” she inquired, eagerly.

“The police,” was his slow reply. “Of course they might track her; but the whole unfortunate affair must surely find its way into the newspapers all for little purpose, since the young woman will undoubtedly fulfill her warning to sail for some foreign port, and—”

“That is out of the question,” interrupted Mildred, impatiently.

“She is not a lost dog to be





hunted down by detectives; the publicity would break her heart. Besides, I know her too well to believe she has gone from America, even from New York,—the poor, timid child! No! no! I must find her myself. 'Twas my fault, my injustice and ill-temper that troubled and beset her mind, therefore 'tis my duty to bring her home."

Her voice trembled, for she was on the verge of tears, and to hide her emotion she moved across the room, pushed the heavy curtains aside, and looked out into the stormy night that had followed close on the cold March day. Ghostly clouds of rain and sleet whirled back and forth across the square, driven by the wind, and the street-lamps flickered and burned low. Thinking of the delicate girl, half-sheltered and friendless, wandering somewhere in the loneliness of the great city, Mildred shuddered and clinched her hands, saying, silently:

"I will, I must, find her, if every shop, factory, work-room, and hospital needs be searched. God help me that I reach her not too late."

Her tears came hot and fast at the sight of the little bedroom, empty of its dainty, busy occupant. A jacket, hat, and small hand-bag, with a few articles of clothing, had been taken from the orderly, well-stocked wardrobe. All remained as though she had just stepped out for an airing, soon to return, as

Mildred assured her aunt was the case, when, in feeble fretfulness, she asked for her gentle, faithful attendant.

Of plans for tracing the girl she could at first find none practicable nor commendable. Her conviction remained firm, that having armed herself so slightly for the new life, and ill-provided with money, Grace would undoubtedly seek at once some occupation. To drive about from shop to work-room, making inquiries, would only serve to arouse the suspicions of every one approached and put Grace on her guard against rediscovery. To Sefton's suggestion that she might have left New York, Mildred gave no credence; but one by one, she resolved upon and then discarded schemes for a search. It was in the midst of these earnest cogitations that an idea flashed across her mind: to write a book. The suggestion had come from Stephen Eustace, one day, when, sighing over her unsuccessful project for the palace of industry, he proposed that she should turn her interest in working-women to account by making yet more searching investigations, and preparing a volume full of practical information, a sort of encyclopedia concerning the class to which so large a part of the world's attention is now directed. "Searching investigation," were the words she caught at eagerly. That would take her so easily and naturally into the life she felt Grace must have entered again; surely no one could suspect her true mission, and the business of collecting data would afford full opportunity for close observation. Her spirits rose hopefully, and, sitting at her desk, the great clock on the stairs boomed out the long strokes of midnight before she

laid down her pen, the whole ground-plan of her future actions mapped out on paper.

Down in the library, before the waning fire, Joseph Sefton, too, sat, busy with schemes, and plunged in a dream of happiness.

"And why should I not be happy?" he asked himself.

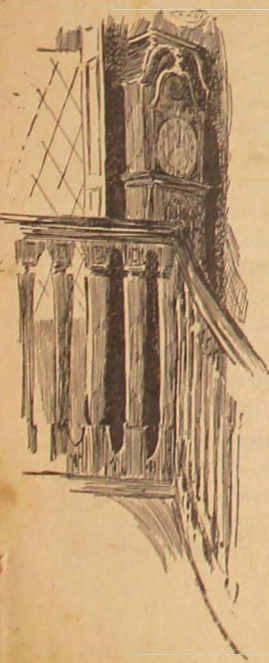
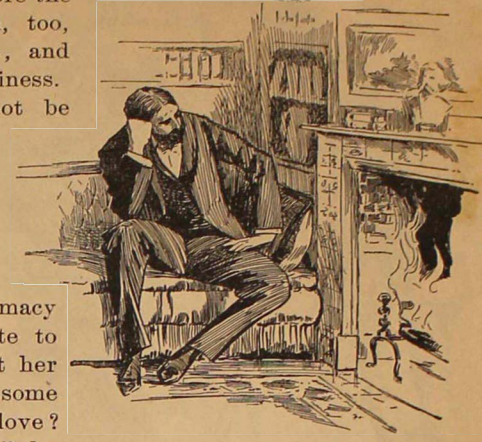
"The good ship Triton, that sails for South America at dawn, tomorrow, carries forever out of my path the one danger that menaced my future. Diplomacy has changed Mildred's hate to friendship; why should not her friendship now deepen into some stronger emotion, even love? Aye, she shall love me!" he cried out, passionately, "for there is nothing I will deny her, no act of humility to which at her word I will not descend, no command I will hesitate to obey. She must, for the boy's sake; and once we are married, ah!" He closed his eyes with a long, quivering sigh and sank back in his seat, like one who sees a vision too splendid to be gazed upon and bows trembling before it.

"Then she will love me," he continued, "for love must inspire love; devotion must call forth tenderness, while——"

A gust of wind swept with a wild cry about the house-corner, testing the heavy windows roughly, as though the hand of a giant were there. Baffled in its attempted entrance, the storm-demon lashed the pane furiously with stinging sleet, and sped on its mad way. With lifted head Sefton listened in alarm. In so heavy a storm as this would the Triton put to sea at dawn with its valuable freight and handful of passengers?—among whom he could see a pale, tearless, silent girl, cowering in the bleak saloon.

"Bah!" He dismissed his fears with a snap of his fingers. "I never failed yet in any of my undertakings, why should I fear now, when happiness is so surely within my grasp?" He turned the lights out and mounted the stairs softly, past the loud-ticking clock, striking one deep, bell-like note, and at Mildred's door he halted, to bend his head a moment as worshipers bow at a sacred shrine. Then he went on to his own room, but not to sleep till the rage of the wind ceased near morning, and the pallid light of coming day whitened at his windows.

The plague of locusts that fell upon Egypt never brought a wilder whirring and clatter than deafened Mildred's ears when she stepped out of the elevator on the floor of a tall, Broadway building where some sixty women or more sat before tiny telegraphic machines. Explanation of her mission in behalf of the book gave her instant access to the operating-room of the famous telegraphic company, and an introduction to a tall, slender





woman whose serious, kindly face instantly announced her a leader in her profession. Miss Oliver proved to be one of the wire-chiefs of the many telegraphic divisions that spread like spider-webs over the country, and resigning for a while her switch-board to an assistant, she offered herself as Mildred's guide and informant. In her quiet, clever way she had much to tell of the women who embrace telegraphy as a profession.

"Rather let us call it a means of bread-winning," she said, with a smile, "since I think it is always necessary, not the love of labor outside the home, nor ambition, that brings women into these callings;

for such, Miss Duncan, you will find is the case in nearly all the industries you investigate. Here are women who have taken up telegraphy as a weapon with which to actually keep the wolf from the door; others who are helping to eke out the family income; and again, a precious minority who will eventually rise to fine positions and support themselves nicely on what they earn. Now I, after eight years of hard practice, have gained one of the good places. The responsibility of it is great. I must be prompt and punctual; but do not think I boast when I say this is a little unusual, for the women about me, who have nearly as long hours and hard work, only receive a half or a fourth the salary I enjoy.

"Thirty-five and forty dollars a month is the regular pay for their really arduous duties, and vacations are taken at the employees' expense. 'Very little,' you say. Well, so it is for work so confining and nerve-distracting; but women, you must remember, are rarely experts. Some of these we have here were originally 'pick up,' or errand, girls, who caught a knowledge of the work from time to time, and when tested and found able to send and receive one hundred and fifty messages per day were put on the pay-roll. Others came from business colleges, night-classes in girls' clubs, from institutions where, nowadays, telegraphy is taught very cheaply. It nearly always requires two years of study and experience before one can ask for a monthly salary of

thirty-five or forty dollars."

"But they look pale and tired," commented Mildred, as she followed Miss Oliver along the lines of low desks

divided by glass partitions. "Cannot some of them do better than this?"

"Ah, yes, indeed; there are women who get the best of prices, easy hours, and every consideration shown them as

expert operators in brokers' offices. Those you will be sure to find unusually intelligent, business-like women, who write swiftly, interpret almost instantaneously, and are thoroughly educated. Their salaries are a hundred dollars and more per month; for, as is the case in all professions, energy

and talent triumph over all difficulties and gain the first rank."

Mildred, however, was scarcely listening; for with eyes alert she watched a tall, fair-haired girl who rose, stretched her weary arms, and moved, with her back still turned, to a water-cooler across the room.

"Would you tell me her name?" she asked Miss Oliver, in a low voice. "She is so like, so very like, someone I used to know?"

"Miss Plummer," responded her guide, readily. "She has been with us two years, and is one of the examples of the ill effects of too prolonged bending over her instrument. Her salary is forty dollars, out of which she helps to support an aged mother, while the young man next her receives sixty, though scarcely a superior operator; but he will take night-work, and, being a man, his nerves are more capable of enduring a long strain."

It had been interesting and instructive, but the two hours spent in investigation brought no clue to Grace, so it was with a heavy heart Mildred rode away uptown in a car. She started in surprise when someone near spoke her name, and looking around she found the rector of St. John's had slipped into a seat beside her. Wholly against her will Mildred blushed deeply, and quickly began to explain the mission that had brought her so far out of the daily path of her life. He listened to her soberly and with absorbing interest.

"And you can think of no cause other than derangement of her mind through weak health, that might have persuaded her to this step?" asked Eustace, when her story was done.

"No, none," she said, quickly, and turned her eyes away from his that he might not with his penetrating, almost stern, gaze read a secret her pride bade her hold closely. He said no more on this point, and seemed to approve the plans developed for the girl's recovery, for Mildred had called a meeting of her girls' club, and each and every one of the five was

pledged to aid in the search for the missing woman.

"And you may rely upon me at any hour or any day," he said, rising to give his seat to an elderly lady and to take his leave. "I shall be upon the lookout myself." And after a few commonplaces he left her a prey to unhappy reflections.

"Have I done right, or ill?" she questioned herself, miserably. "And yet he doubts me, and will until—until the end comes and I can prove that I was not so wrong, after all."

It had required all her tact to break the news of Grace's departure to Miss Sedgewick, who clung all the more closely to her niece in her failing hours; and this with her daily duties and the care of the child left her but little leisure, in which she followed, almost feverishly, from shop to shop, workroom to factory, faint traces she caught or imagined she had of Grace Mynell. Piles of manuscript and books full of notes began to grow in heaps upon her desk, and over them, night after night, she sat, working rapidly, till the gilt clock on the mantelshelf chimed twelve sweet notes.

Following her visit among the telegraphers, it was at Florence O'Brien's suggestion that Mildred turned her attention





next to the sewing-women, where she found, indeed, the darkest side of the working-woman's life. Page after page of her note-book became an interesting record of experiences in sweat-shops, then in the vast sewing-rooms of the wholesale houses that deal in ready-made clothing, and, lastly, in the gas-lighted basements and back rooms of fashionable ladies' tailors' and dressmaker's establishments. In these places she saw what rude blows a tiny steel needle can deal in bent backs, dulled eyes, narrowed chests, hectic and pallid cheeks,—the invariable signatures stamped on the forms and faces bent over long tables heaped with masses of woolen and cotton goods. There, working with might and main from eight in the morning till six in the evening, a woman can complete a fully trimmed dress for a child, and carry away with her one dollar by way of reward.

"But all of them cannot work so rapidly, and there goes on a lively bidding between the workers



to get jobs from the forewomen, who give out the garments to whoever will guarantee to complete them in the shortest time and for the lowest price."



This was volunteered information from little Florence O'Brien, who put a knot in her thread and set to work again on a frock of Gerald's which Mildred had called her in to alter.

"All my knowledge of sewing I picked up at the church sewing-school when I was about fourteen; most of us learn that way, and almost directly we can handle needles at all get at paying work. But I couldn't sew to any profit in those great wholesale places. I needed to make at least a dollar a day, but there were other women who would gladly work for less and could take the jobs out of my hands; besides, the confinement and close air went hard with me, so I went to work for an uptown dressmaker, taking two dollars a week during my apprenticeship. When I became a clever basque-finisher I earned a dollar and a quarter per day; but dressmakers' seasons are short, and they don't always give fixed salaries, but pay by the day or job. At times I could get work, again I could not; so I tried here and there, sometimes for ladies' tailors at as high as two dollars a day. Now I work independently. I go from house to house and get all I can do at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. I could ask higher prices had I had first-class training in the beginning, which is the failing of most sewing-women. Yet I must say there are girls, who, with no more instruction or encouragement than I received, now demand, and obtain, in the regular employ of leading *modistes*, as high as four and five dollars a day, and even more if they are good fitters. That's the bright side of the profession, however; while hundreds and hundreds of all ages and nationalities slave day by day in those overcrowded rooms. Many of them do not yet speak our language freely, so recently are they from Europe; and as they are willing to live in cheaper rooms, on poorer food, and wear plainer clothing than the American-born seamstress, they bring the rate of wages down to the lowest point.

"Then there are times, you know," went on the little needle-woman, pleased to find someone interested in her troubles and her work, "when the big factories close down in the summer, when dressmakers and tailors and families are out of town, and not needing seamstresses."



"Then what do the poor sewing-girls do?" inquired Mildred, quite horror-stricken.

"Oh, they always contrive to make the two ends meet. For some months one summer I worked in a factory at making lay figures on which dresses and corsets are displayed. Again, nearly a hundred of us found employment in the artificial flower and feather establishments. There the pay is very low, the dye grinds into one's hands, the work is done by the day and job, and no one can tell what morning, on arrival, the factory will be found shut up, with a sign out to the effect that all contracts with dealers have been filled, and no more piece-work is to be given out."

Of the truth of these simple statements Mildred could feel no doubt, since her own eyes bore witness to what was so simply told her. It was everywhere a plain case of too many laborers for the harvest, of sharp necessity hurrying half-equipped women into the field where bitter competition cruelly depreciated the value of their honest toil.

Though three weeks had been consumed in these investigations, and March's shrill trumpet-calls were dying to a faint sweet echo in the first bird-notes of April's milder days, Mildred had caught no clue to the whereabouts of Grace Mynell.

"No, I have not lost hope," she answered bravely, when Joseph Sefton courteously inquired at the dinner-table how her search progressed. He half-smiled at her cheerful response that she believed before very long her efforts would be rewarded.

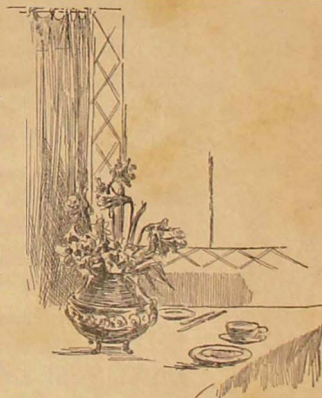
"I had made a vow to myself," she said sadly, "to have her home again before the daffodils blossomed," pointing to a silver bowl filled with the golden flowers that occupied the place of honor on the broad table. They had been Sefton's gift that morning; for apparently their friendship had grown, till now it was his invariable daily custom to lay beside her breakfast-plate a handful of perfect blossoms, which she accepted with the hearty, simple thanks of a friend or sister.

"Let us now extend the hope to the time when the roses blow," he replied, but looked up with an odd expression when she assented, and said, firmly:

"And if by that time my efforts are not rewarded, the whole affair shall be placed in the hands of the police. Mr. Eustace tells me it is the only way."

For an instant a heavy frown rested on Sefton's dark brows, and a quick retort seemed about to spring forth between his set teeth; but it was only for an instant, and a sudden light of determination flashed in his deep-set eyes.

"Do not go just yet," he pleaded, gently, when Mildred rose from the table. "I wish to speak to you in the library, on a matter of business."





A very small matter it proved to be, when she reluctantly complied, and after a slight prefacing he ventured at length to touch upon a subject that since their single dispute regarding it had never been broached between them. Her face, however, brightened to a smile of pure joy when he suggested taking old Hackett and his wife back into the service of the house.

"I can now see," he said, humbly, "that I was wrong and unjust in my actions. Will you help me to rectify the error?"



In an access of delight she held out her hand to him, saying, "How good you are!"

He caught and raised it to his lips, with quick kisses that seemed to burn the white fingers.

"If only you knew how gladly I would lay down my life for you," he said, in a low voice.

"What pretty speeches you can make," she retorted, drawing her hands away quickly and speaking lightly, though her heart beat hard with mingled fear and anger. "But," she added, in a gentler tone, "I am

not asking for a sacrifice of lives; if only I could find the one poor life that has wandered away from me, or pour a little of the oil of contentment into some of the miserable hearts I have seen about me, 'tis all I would ask."

He took a step nearer her, so near, indeed, that the perfume from the violets pinned at the breast of her dainty dinner-gown came to him strong and sweet.

"Stop," he murmured, as she would have retreated. "Listen to me, Mildred, let me help you in your cherished work. I know of all your noble ambitions, and at first I misunderstood your aspirations. You were right, I was wrong. Think, now, what we might do together to further your splendid aims. Let it be a palace for women, as you wish."

"Yes! yes! and then"—Was it possible all her brightest hopes were to be realized, that the dictates of her pride and her silence of pride would be justified?

"And then,—why, then, Mildred," his voice sank to a hoarse whisper, "for what I could do to aid you, I would ask but one reward; that you will be my wife. Ah, do not speak, do not start away with eyes so horrified. I love you, and you must have known it. I have made no disguise. But wait, wait before you repulse me. Think, take time; give me an answer when you choose. Upon my honor I shall not claim a word until you say I may. Think of it for a week, a month, a year, if you like. I have patience."

Out into the hall Mildred pushed, past a maid-servant who offered her a card and stared at her mistress's white face and wide eyes in half affright.

"Say I am not at home," she commanded, mechanically, crushing the bit of pasteboard in her hand and passing on. She wished to be alone, locked in her own room.

(To be continued.)

## A Little Green Spot.



H, so you have come, Di? So glad. Where is Aunt Jo? Not coming? Haven't seen any of my C. O. G's as yet, but presume, of course, that her card is among them, since she will not patronize my 'teas,' at any cost. Yes, this is Mrs. William Jones-Eaton; you have met her, of course, and—Mrs. Peck, let me introduce my cousin, Miss Ostrom. Mrs. Daly, Mrs. LeStrange, my cousin, Miss Ostrom. Dear me, Di!" drawing the girl back again as she completed the introduction of her cousin to the ladies who were receiving with her, "such a jam and crush! I am tired to death standing here all the afternoon, rattling off these nothings to people I don't care a rap about. But, in affairs of this kind, it's 'do or die,' you know, and I am 'doing' to the best of my ability. However," brightening up at the thought, "there are lots of really nice people here this afternoon, and that fact in itself is enough to repay me for all my fatigue. Now what do you suppose is that silly Percy's latest eccentricity? He has made me invite David Smith here for my tea this afternoon, and, as a result, he stands over there at this moment, in the doorway, looking the very picture of abject misery. His countenance is as lugubrious as though he were gazing upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, instead of seeing some of New York's nicest people. Dearie me! what *shall* I do with him? Do, for pity's sake, dear, go over and say something pleasant to the boy, to make him feel at his ease. I can't understand Percy's object in dragging him into society as he does, for it is painfully evident that he doesn't fit in it at all. But for some reason he wants me to be nice to David, poor and insignificant as he is, and to please him I am doing all I—Ah, *how-do-you-do*, Mrs. Vanderbilt? So glad to see you!"

Thus released, Diana Ostrom gladly availed herself of the opportunity of leaving the side of her voluble cousin, and made her way as best she could, through the crush of handsomely gowned and bonneted women, to where Percy's protégé was standing, near the doorway leading into the tea-room. She had met him a number of times and had been interested in him, for he was educated and clever and unlike the other men of her acquaintance. He had arrived in New York from the West about two months previous, and under his friend's patronage was wearily enduring a round of social gayety in which he had no heart. He had not "taken" well, and Percy secretly acknowledged this to himself, but persevered in his attempts to make a society man of the shy Westerner, greatly to the chagrin of that "social struggler" his wife.

David had many things against his social success; for, in addition to his shyness, he was too honest to learn to like the falseness and sham of the life about him. He was also decidedly homely, his thick red hair having a way of falling over his forehead in a most unbecoming fashion, albeit that forehead was broad and intellectual-looking. His face was rugged in outline, but the complexion was fine and white, despite the few unmistakable freckles which had done their utmost to destroy his one natural beauty. The eyes were gray and honest, but had an uncomfortable habit of looking one directly and intently in the face when the owner was addressing, or being addressed by, anyone. A heavy red moustache concealed a mouth which, though large, was finely cut, and expressive of both tenderness and resolution.

Diana noted all these points afresh as she dodged or twisted between or collided with the crush of people standing in her path. She noted also, as she approached him, the faultlessness of his linen, and then, with a half-smile of pity, the unfashionable coat which hung so gracelessly upon his tall, raw-boned figure. He was not looking in her direction at the time, but was gazing abstractedly at the sea of

LOVE, only Love, can guide the creature  
Up to the father-fount of nature;  
What were the soul did Love forsake her?  
Love guides the mortal to the maker.

SCHILLER.



people who politely pushed and jostled past him. As she saw his helpless attitude, Diana was reminded of a pebble which each wave of the restless tide rolled in its ceaseless activity and unconcern.

"You are speculating, as usual, upon this absurd method of passing one's existence," she said, smilingly, as she stood beside him at last.

He turned with a start at the sound of her voice, and a deep flush spread over his face. His eyes sought hers with an eager gladness in their welcome.

"Yes; and, as usual, you at once read my thoughts, Miss Ostrom," he said, recovering himself. "Why is it? Is it because my countenance is so ingenuous? Or is it that your powers of perception are so abnormally developed?"

"Oh, of course," she retorted, "now that you have given me the opportunity, I am going to say that it is all due to the latter," and she glanced archly up into his face; but her glance wavered as she encountered the keen, bright gaze of the gray eyes looking into hers. "You could not expect a woman to lose a possible bit of flattery, could you?"

He smiled gravely. "Some women, no—perhaps. But you—" He paused, and a feeling of embarrassment came over her. The fellow was always so terribly in earnest in these idle moments which they spent together. He had a way of making her feel in earnest, also, despite her efforts to the contrary.

She accepted a cup of chocolate from a waiter who offered it in passing, and began to stir its contents carelessly. Her beautiful face was somewhat shaded by the broad-brimmed hat that she wore, and she bent her head a trifle over her cup to avoid the gaze of those unpleasantly keen eyes. Born coquette that she was, she realized that she was becoming involved in the earnestness of this man with whose feelings she had sought to play.

"You are such a provoking fellow," she said at last, with a pretty touch of petulance in her manner, "you insist upon breaking off in the most aggravating places in your sentences, and come to a dead pause just when one's interest is at its height. Your conversation fills one with the breathless expectancy of which one is conscious when brought to that sudden standstill in an interesting serial story by the inexorable 'to be continued in our next.' It's a dreadfully bad habit of yours, Mr. Smith. You see how you have managed to rouse my curiosity, now, don't you?" she added, her dark eyes peering at him roguishly over the edge of her cup.

"You are chaffing me, and do not care to hear what I was about to say to you," he said slowly, and yet eagerly, but with all a Westerner's bluntness.

"Oh, no," with a soft laugh and surprised upraising of dainty brows, "of course I do not. I have not been fishing and fishing for it in the most barefaced manner for the last ten minutes, have I? It is you who are chaffing me. Anyway," with a charming pout, "I don't believe it's worth all my trouble, after all."

"No, perhaps not; but you shall be the judge. I was about to say that a woman courted as you are must be satiated with compliments, so that one coming from me, at any time, would seem tame indeed."

"And pray, why so?" Her voice was grave and sweet; she had resigned her empty cup to his hand, and was looking anywhere but at him.

"Because I am the least of all those who would be most to you."

The earnestness of his words was unmistakable, and she started. Away down in that hidden sanctuary of her soul they echoed softly and sweetly, with the subdued joyousness of ringing bells; but she made no reply, perhaps deeming silence best. Her eyes, straying over the heads intervening between her and that part of the room where her

cousin was still visible, receiving the coming or speeding the departing guests with undiminished gush and smiles, paused as they rested upon the form of a distinguished-looking man who was at that moment bending over the hand of his hostess in greeting.

There was something *blasé* about the gentleman, despite his polished manners and the air of high-breeding which characterized him, and, as she regarded him, an odd shiver of fear and repulsion chilled the girl to the very soul. A shamed blush dyed her cheeks for an instant as she realized that it was to this man—this much-sought-after peer of the English realm—the gossip of her world had allotted her future. She knew from the little confidential air with which Laura whispered a word or two to him, and from the eager, searching glance with which he immediately scanned the room, that her cousin was at that moment speaking of her. Involuntarily she shrank a little closer to her companion, who saw the action and wondered at it; but the next instant she had recovered herself so gayly and gracefully that he could not but doubt the evidence of his eyes.

Just at that moment Percy Ostrom was seen approaching them. He was Diana's staunchest friend and admirer, and watched over the welfare of the girl with tireless vigilance. He was a great, blundering, good-hearted fellow, who had realized a fortune in a lucky venture in stocks, and was doing his awkward best to aid his wife in the somewhat shaky foothold she had gained in New York's moneyed circles. His eyes brightened as he caught sight of Diana and her companion, and he shook hands effusively. The world might say what it liked about Diana Ostrom and her heartlessness; but he had known and loved her from a boy, and knew that not all the years of her mother's worldly training had been sufficient to cast a blight upon that one spot of living green hidden away in the depths of the girl's hardening heart. Just what his scheme could be in bringing together so frequently two such utterly dissimilar people as David Smith and Diana Ostrom would have been difficult to tell; but the fact remained that he never lost an opportunity of bringing his two favorites into closer intimacy.

As Diana stood, half-listening to the conversation between the two men, which had immediately ensued upon the meeting, she was reminded of this peculiarity of Percy's by his repeated attempts to draw her into the more personal turns which the conversation now and then assumed. She chatted and laughed with some of the ladies who paused in passing, for a word with her, but, throughout the time, was conscious of a vague longing to be something more to this red-headed *protégé* of Percy's than a mere beautiful woman, created by nature and molded by fashion to be admired or adored at a distance.

"Because I am the least of those who would be most to you." She smiled half-sadly as she recalled the words. They had been uttered to her so often during the two years since her entrance into society that they had lost their full significance to her, like a sweet song too often heard. Poor David! It was the same old story,—a careless kindness and pity which had brought forth such painful results to the recipient. He loved her. She knew that now, for a fact, where before she had only half-suspected it. And yet, oddly enough, she was not sorry for this result of her handiwork, as she had been in other cases. She was strangely glad, and almost happy, in the knowledge of the love her smiles had warmed to life within his heart.

As she dwelt upon this thought, something sweet and genuine glowed in her own heart and sent the bright blood to her face; but the next instant she was recalled to herself and the present by the recollection of her mother's cold, steely eyes, and the icy tone in which she had wound up a long discussion with her daughter in her room that afternoon.



"It is useless to refer to the years I have spent in training you to fill the high position in society which now awaits you through the offer of Earl Chester, but perhaps some latent spark of pride may induce you to think twice before you allow the prize to slip through your fingers, and you see some other woman snatch the coronet which you choose to throw away. What is it to you whether you love him or not, when once you are a countess? Love is for silly shop-girls, who have no other thoughts with which to fill their empty heads. But for you!"—

Al, yes, for *her!* What mattered it? Why nurse this foolish, ardent longing for her woman's rightful heritage of love? Why lose this social triumph in the futile hope of satisfying her soul's hunger with something deeper and higher than the world could give? Why wait in secret patience for the phantom lover who might never be more than a phantom, and who, perhaps, had already passed her by? Strange thoughts and fancies these, to be found in the heart of a worldling at a fashionable afternoon-tea! The girl was conscious of their incongruity, and suppressed a smile of bitterness as she turned and greeted the nobleman at her elbow.

Percy was annoyed at this addition to their cosy corner, but was too prudent to show it. He watched the face of his young cousin with shrewd, troubled eyes, trying to fathom her feeling for this man whom he distrusted. But she was so gay and bright in her manner toward him that it was impossible to draw any conclusions from it. He was bitterly opposed to her prospective engagement to the earl, and was incessantly working against its more powerful advocates by throwing any obstacle in the way which chance or stratagem provided. A happy thought struck him, and with seeming bluntness he broke in upon the whispered conversation of the earl, thereby drawing upon himself an icy stare of surprise from that gentleman, between whom and himself the relations were at all times strained.

"A painting?" said Diana, brightly, "of course I will go;" and with almost feverish haste she slipped her hand within the arm her cousin offered.

Turning to the two gentlemen, Percy included them in his invitation, and, upon their acceptance, made his way toward the door, they following him. Taking advantage of a temporary separation from them, Percy whispered, hurriedly:

"Don't do it, Di, don't! For the sake of the dear old days when we were happy, unworldly children together, don't throw away your womanhood upon that worthless scamp."

The girl shrunk away from him as though he had struck her.

"Why do you refer to those days, here and now?" she asked, in a low, fierce tone of despair. "It is too late; he has asked me to marry him, and awaits my answer. I—don't care what becomes of me! There is no truth nor goodness anywhere, and I am tired of trying to keep my heart from hardening. It doesn't pay. A woman with a heart has no place in fashionable society, and that is where *my* life lines are set. Oh! why can I not kill my heart and be satisfied with what he offers me!"

She had broken off with a choking sob, and Percy's kind heart was ready to burst with sympathy for her. He pressed her arm reassuringly to his side.

"Hush; be calm, dear. They have come up to us again. If you could only hold out against your mother until I can obtain those confounded letters from abroad, to prove his worthlessness to her, I'll be able to save you yet."

"Mamma knows how worthless he is," the girl broke in, bitterly, "but his coronet has dazzled her eyes. I doubt if the letters could affect her."

"Courage, Di," and he patted her hand affectionately. "Keep the little spot green a while longer, and I—"

"Don't speak to me in that tone, Percy," she said, imploringly. "I am all unstrung today, and cannot endure it."

"You've had a generous dose of Aunt Jo, I'll bet a hat. Well, we'll say no more about it. Here is the room, and now for the painting. What do you think of that, my lord?"

The four had entered a small room adjoining a larger one, and they now paused before a painting which rested upon an easel. As he spoke, Mr. Ostrom drew a piece of thick, soft veiling from its face, and stepped aside, watching their faces expectantly. The murmured delight of his guests seemed to please him greatly, and his eyes grew misty as they rested upon the sweet face of the little child which smiled at him from the canvas.

"It's my boy," he said, proudly, and yet in a sad and reverent tone, for death had robbed him of all save this sweet semblance of his treasure. "What do you think of it, Di?" he added, abruptly, to hide that huskiness in his throat.

The girl looked up with a tremulous smile on her lips.

"It is so like him that it hurts me," she said, softly. "How often I have held him in my arms in—in—the old days, and felt his little cheek pressed lovingly against mine! Oh, how like him it is, Percy!"

"Yes, Dupuy has done wonders from that old photograph. By the way, my lord, apropos of the subject which you and I were discussing the other day, I want to show you some etchings which I have in the other room, and which my wife's father values at two thousand dollars apiece." Thus speaking, he linked his arm familiarly through that of the inwardly fuming nobleman, and without more ado led him from the room.

Together again, and—alone! Did either of the two, standing there before that painting, realize it? If so, it was the man who rejoiced at the situation, for the girl was standing entranced before the face that had been the dearest thing in the world to her, and she had forgotten all else. Bitter sweet memories of the days, long since dead, when she was a happy, careless girl, with no thought of social triumphs or heartless, envious struggles for supremacy, crowded in upon her brain and filled her heart to overflowing. Two tears brimmed over her eyes and fell with a tiny splash upon the small gloved hands she had locked before her. They were the first tears anyone had ever seen Diana Ostrom shed; and as the young man caught sight of them he drew his breath sharply.

"Don't do that, Miss Ostrom," he said, huskily, "do not shed a tear, I cannot bear it."

She felt his sympathy, and unconsciously raised her eyes to smile away the effect of her irrepressible grief, but failed. In the softened light of the room his red hair had lost some of its redness, and that passionate light in his eyes had lent a noble dignity to his rugged face and form. She was powerfully swayed by it, and averted her face in some confusion to hide the rising color in her cheeks.

At these signs of her agitation the young fellow's love for her broke all bounds. He caught the gloved hands in his, and kissed them wildly, passionately, where the tear-drops had left that telltale stain.

"One instant, until I tell you how I love you!" he cried, hoarsely,— "one instant in which to live in the madness of my love for you, and then you can send me, scorned, from your presence. No, what folly! there is no measure for my love for you. How could I try to tell you! It is boundless!—it stretches from far back in the past, when our souls were first placed in these forms of ours, and will reach to all eternity! Oh, Diana, one word, one look, and I will go!"

He had insensibly drawn her nearer to him, and was holding her hands against his breast, covered with one of his own with a closeness of pressure that told more of the strength of his love than his rapid, low-breathed words had done. It was too late for her to draw those fine distinctions between an earldom and this man's worldly insignificance,



for what weighed a kingdom now against the surpassing sweetness of the honest love upon which her soul could feed itself and no longer suffer from hunger's pains?

"What shall I say to you?" she whispered, at last, with a love-light in her eyes. "You foolish boy, do you not know that you have fallen in love with a cold-hearted, ambitious woman of the world?"

"Don't call yourself names, Di," said a voice from the doorway, where Percy stood, alone, too crazy with triumph at the scene within to regard himself as in any way superfluous. "David would never confess our little scheme to you; but I know he'll free me from my promise so that I can tell you the truth. Why, bless your soul! Di, we've palmed him off as a poor beggar from the West, when he is, in reality, a soft-hearted millionaire, who chose to win the love of my worldly cousin for himself alone, instead of for his millions. I wouldn't have dared to do it, Di, honestly I wouldn't; but I staked everything on the fact of that little green spot in your heart, my darling, and, thank God! I have won."

EVE ERSKINE BRANT.

### Society Fads.

**N**O greater bore finds himself more frequently registered in the black books of our modern society-women than old Father Time. Unlike the average active Americans, our modish maids and matrons are so often called upon to endure more of his silent, solid company than they wish for, that their minds are ever busy with devices for filling out the empty hours of overlong days. When social gayeties halt in their fast and furious measure, a system of vigorous self-improvement is inaugurated. Just now many idle hands, needing some piquant amusement and mischief, are creating great *divertissement* with painters' palettes, brushes, and spreads of canvas. A year ago it was music that occupied the attention of these pretty, lazy Dorothy Dumps, and harps and violins, mandolins and guitars, were strummed at all hours by more or less gifted fingers. The painter's art is for the moment in the ascendency. Everyone may not paint, of course; but anyone can look well with a palette on thumb, with curly locks in graceful disarray, and enshrouded in a vast Holland apron. The artists' workshops have never been so fashionable before, nor art galleries so well attended. The very choicest of the spring entertaining is done in studios jointly shared and paid for by two or three of these amateur artists. The effort is to be most unconventional in dress, to make familiar use of cant phrases, and to exhibit with the utmost gravity one's own daubs, that are sure to lean very much to the school of rank impressionism. Some of the studios, indeed, the nicest of them, are very choice retreats for an afternoon cup of tea, where several pretty hostesses are sure to be found arrayed, in Turkish, Greek, or Russian costumes, the windows a bower of plants, the conversation much less dull than one hears in handsome drawing-rooms, while the tea-cakes, lemonade, and sandwiches are of a quality no truly hard-working artist could afford to pay for. For the nonce, however, everybody is pleased and amused with the simple little masquerade, and by next autumn art will have been all forgotten in recollection of Summer's frivolities and in anticipation of new features for a winter to come.

WHEN a group of carriages—private turnouts or unpretending cabs—are this month drawn up before a church door whence an awning extends, every coachman on every box

will be sure to wear a handsome *boutonnière* in his button-hole. This is provided by the person who has arrived in the carriage; for word has gone forth to the effect that whoever now rides to a wedding must show an appropriate badge of the festive occasion. Only the bride's footman and coachman wear white favors; and these, for the headstalls of the horses, the bridles, and for the buttonholes of the coachman's and footman's coats, are white flowers, or white satin. The Jehus of the guests can wear any other color, and roses are regarded as in excellent form. One small pink or red rose is in eminently good taste if it has a graceful backing of greenery. A couple of carnations is considered quite correct, and corn-flowers share the honors with daffodils and forget-me-nots. *En passant*, it is well to remark that wedding-cake boxes are now very splendid souvenirs, given when all one's acquaintances are invited to the church ceremony, but only a limited number of friends and relatives to the reception. Big silver fleurs-de-lis, washed in gold, with the entwined initials of the contracting parties enameled on the tops, were used at one very splendid nuptial function. Less costly, but more effective, are round porcelain *bonbonnière* boxes, with the heads of the bride and groom photographed on the lids. The porcelain boxes, round, square, oblong, and three-cornered, are very much used when ornamented with appropriate painted patterns. Not so dear as either of these devices are little square baskets woven of perfumed white-wood or of gilded and silvered withes. These are tied with satin ribbons, and have little silvered gouge-spoons slipped under the satin straps.

A FOREIGN nobleman, for whose opinion on etiquette and the higher amenities of fashionable life the modish folk of New York feel a profound respect, has been heard to remark that, though fascinating in many ways, our pretty American women lack very sadly that repose of manner which marks the caste to which all rich, pretty, and smart women strive to belong, the thoroughly aristocratic.

"American women," says this eminent censor of high breeding, "gesticulate too much, they laugh too much, are too restless when seated, too uneasy when standing, and altogether, when animated, are calculated to throw a sensitive person into a hard attack of sympathetic fidgets." So much of this is true, and so deep an impression has the frank criticism made on the women of New York, at least, that few of them one meets but are vigorously studying what the nobleman calls "repose."

"To seem at rest," says one of the best exponents of this new doctrine of social conduct, "seat yourself carefully and at ease. Smile a good deal if you wish and are amused; but laugh rarely, and then in a modulated tone. Try to move your head about with graceful poising, but for the most part let your hands lie easily in your lap, and try to make it a rule to do everything slowly. American women are nervous instead of graceful, jerk from one thing to another, and so mar the best effects of good gowns and fair faces." Under this imported regulation one finds hostesses pouring tea with a deliberation that is positively restful to a weary soul; dancing no longer is a fast and furious rush of feet; and the last nights at the opera the pretty women in their boxes did not appear to be conversing so much in a wild sign language with gymnastic arm and head movements, as in the low, sweet voices with which nature has so kindly blessed the majority.

"A VULGAR display of mawkish affection" used to be the unkind comment that came so often from kindly folk at the sight of women kissing in public. 'Tis odd enough, but since her Majesty Queen Fashion has announced that she not only approves, but recommends, kissing in public, no



one hears on any hand the old sneer at the affectionate demonstration. 'Tis the fashion now to kiss one's hostess when calling, to kiss one's guests—women guests, of course—who arrive for an informal cup of the best Oriental brew or for a stately dinner-party. Give the salute lightly, like the touch of a butterfly's wing, just in the center of the cheek; give it the soft sound of swaying silk draperies or falling rose-petals, holding one hand of the woman you kiss. Only salute relatives on the lips; older women kiss young girls on the brow. On the street it is perfectly proper to kiss a woman through your veil; or very prettily the kiss is given by lifting the gauze a bit and pressing a little kiss on your companion's chin, just below her lip.

THE choicest secrets of the feminine heart are ordinarily considered too big almost for one ear of a good friend to hold, yet there are some things no woman ever tells. She does not, at least, reveal what she wears in her locket. Of course she carries a locket; a popular and pretty actress who came from England during the winter brought over the locket habit. She imitated it from the Empress of all the Russias, who, by a mere thread of a gold chain, wears, hung about her neck, a flat, dull gold locket, heart-shaped, and holding—what? The Empress only knows. Just at present hundreds of pretty throats in New York wear similar golden or silver charms, and some are worn on a bangle or a watch-chain. Of course everybody suspects the lockets of holding somebody's hair, a brown or blonde or black curl,—of course, not a feminine curl,—or in place of the curl a picture,—and equally of course not another woman's picture,—but nobody has yet been found who could give any trustworthy evidence as to the locket's contents; for though a woman will, if properly approached, tell everything else she calls a secret, the inside of her locket remains always an inscrutable mystery.

Some of these lockets are very splendid trinkets, with pearls and diamonds imbedded in their gold backs, forming the owner's name; some of them are perfectly round, and vary in size from the circumference of a Mexican dollar to a United States one-dollar gold-piece. A few are crescent and star shaped, oblong and square, but they are all thin, all perfectly smooth on the surface, that they may not chafe the tender skin of the wearer's neck or arm, and all contain some precious object. There have been occasions when lockets have been specially ordered from the jeweler so that when the particular precious object was inserted the little case might be sealed up and not even the owner herself could again, unless by filing, open it.

MADAME LA MODE.

### Plants For Shady Places Out of Doors.

IN most yards and gardens there are places out of reach of the sun, and one is often puzzled to know what to plant there. Experience has shown that sun-loving plants will not succeed there. They may live, but they will not flourish, and not often can a blossom be coaxed from them. The question therefore comes up, What shall I plant in the shady places?

One of the very best plants I know of for such a location is the lily of the valley. It is a plant that prefers shade to full sunshine. It has the threefold merit of being beautiful, fragrant, and a very early bloomer. It likes a light, loamy soil, well drained, and, once established, is reasonably sure to increase in size and beauty with age. Every garden should have a bed of this lovely flower to cut from in spring;

therefore, if you have a shady corner, plant a few roots of the lily of the valley in it, and it will be sure to afford you great pleasure, year after year.

Another very desirable plant for a shady place is the double violet. I have a corner filled with this plant, where the sun seldom penetrates, and for weeks, each season, it is the most attractive part of the garden. It is true that the flowers are not showy; they hide among the leaves in such a shy fashion that quite often you would not suspect there were any there, were it not for the sweet, subtle odors which the wind brings you as it blows over them. But brush the leaves apart, and lo! blossoms everywhere; and for days and days you can gather handfuls of them without missing any. A violet-bed is a necessity in every well-ordered garden. Be very sure that you have one, even if it be small. Violets are held in esteem by the flower-lover because of quality rather than quantity.

I have found *dicentra spectabilis*—sometimes catalogued as *dyletra*—a very satisfactory plant to grow in shade. Give it a light, rich soil, and keep the grass away from it, and it will become a strong and vigorous plant in two or three years, sending up a great number of flower-stalks three and four feet in length, thickly set with beautiful, fern-like foliage, and tipped with charming, heart-shaped, pendent flowers of frosty white and delicate rose-color. Because of the peculiar shape of the flowers it is popularly known as "bleeding heart." We have few early-flowering plants more beautiful than this. It is entirely hardy. For cutting, it is extremely valuable. Nothing can surpass in grace its curving sprays of flowers dropped into vases with flaring mouths, with a few bits of their own foliage added to give relief and contrast of color.

The iris is another plant that does well in a shady place. It likes a good deal of moisture in the air; and a place sheltered from the sun is always more or less humid as to atmosphere, in the early part of the season, and the effects of dew and rain last longer there than elsewhere. The iris will flourish luxuriantly in entire shade if it has the right kind of soil to grow in, and the bed is not shut in by shrubbery or other plants so closely that there is not a free circulation of air. The soil should be loamy, with considerable fibrous matter mixed in, and provision should be made for good drainage in spring. This plant likes a moist soil during the summer, but it is injured by having much water about its roots in spring. Its rich and delicate colors seem to develop most satisfactorily away from the sun, being frost-like in texture, yet wonderfully deep in tone.

The pansy is a lover of shade, and, like the iris, it takes on a depth and richness of color that one would hardly think it possible to obtain without the assistance of sunshine. In a shady place the flowers will not only be much larger than those grown under full exposure to the sun, but they will last longer. But do not make the mistake of planting this flower in a place where the air is not free to come and go at will. In such a place, especially if there is much shade, the plants often fail to do well. The pansy will stand severely cold weather quite satisfactorily, but a close covering of litter, or snow, will do it great injury, and quite often kill it. It smothers if it cannot have all the fresh air it wants in winter, and it will not do well in summer unless it has a free sweep of air about the bed in which it grows.

The trilliums are charming native flowers for shady locations. You will find them in the woods where the sun does not strike, and in the fence-corners, where they are hidden so completely that it is like playing hide-and-seek to ferret them out. If you can give them a soil similar to that in which they grow in their native haunts, you can succeed perfectly with them in the garden, and you will find them charming things to have there.



Probably no plants will give more satisfaction, all through the season, than ferns. They make up in beauty of foliage for their want of flowers. If the place in which you plant them be well shaded, you can grow not only the strong, robust sorts, but the dainty little maidenhair, and the fern corner will be to you like a bit of the forest. It will afford you material to cut from for vases and bouquets, and you will wonder how you ever got along without it, and why everyone does not have a fern bed. But in order to successfully grow this plant you must be sure to give it a soil like that in which it is found growing in the woods, deep, rich, and spongy with leaf-mold and fibrous matter. It is always a good plan to bring soil for your plants from the places where you obtain them. In gathering ferns for the garden do not make the mistake of getting large ones, as many persons do because they want immediate effect. Such plants almost always lose their large fronds shortly after planting, and the old roots are not as likely to grow as young ones are. Select small plants, and take them up with a good deal of earth about them. In this way it is possible to transplant them without checking them much, if any.

Caladiums and cannas can be made use of for shady beds. The canna will not flower well in shade, but its luxuriant foliage will take on a tenderer, richer green than it will have in sun, and by its use you can secure a tropical effect that is very pleasing.

Fuchsias in pots are excellent plants for putting here and there where they will have the benefit of good foliage as a background against which to display their pretty flowers. They do much better in shade than in sunshine.

Myosotis, or forget-me-not, is a charming, shade-loving plant. It is a low grower, and should be given a place near the path, or in front of large plants, if one wants it where it can be seen to good effect. Its star-like blue flowers are always admired; and, if cut frequently and not allowed to go to seed, it can be kept in bloom for a long time.

Digitalis, or foxglove, is a hardy perennial plant of stately growth, good for prominent places in a shady border.

Among the vines adapted for use in shady locations, we have nothing better than the native clematis *flamula*, with its profuse clusters of starry white flowers. Indeed, it is one of the finest of all climbers. It may not be showy in the sense of color, but its airy sprays of bloom have a charm for all who love beauty for beauty's sake. I often think if I were required to make a choice among vines, and could have but one, it should be this. It is a rapid grower, entirely hardy, and beautiful at all times. The new white variety, clematis *paniculata grandiflora*, has larger flowers with broader petals, and is therefore more noticeable; but it is really not so charming in dainty beauty and graceful habit as the variety spoken of above. Nothing can be finer for use in large vases, in combination with other flowers, than long sprays or branches of this clematis. They trail about the vase, and dispose themselves on table, bracket, or shelf, in the most artistic manner, without any assistance. They cannot be ungraceful.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE winter is over and gone at last,  
The days of snow and cold are past,  
Over the field the flowers appear,  
It is the Spirit's voice we hear.  
The singing of birds,  
A warbling band,  
And the Spirit's voice!  
The voice of the truth is heard in our land.

BISHOP COXE.

## Common Errors in Speech.

ANY fairly educated people violate every day of their lives a nice distinction in the use of adverbs and adjectives. This occurs with such verbs as *appear*, *feel*, *look*, and *shine*, which, according to their meaning, are either modified by the one or completed by the other. When the verb expresses a quality in the subject it must be completed by an adjective; as, Dorothy is ill and *looks* very *bad*; Marguerite *looked* *beautiful* last night; these were both qualities that marked their appearance, not manner of action; but, the little girl *looked* *shyly* around the room (manner of using her eyes). If you are sick you undoubtedly *feel* *bad*; but the diffident, overgrown boy *feels* around *awkwardly* for a chair, and you may *feel* a loss *keenly*. It is just as correct to say you *seemed* *confusedly* as you *felt* *badly*.

The sun *shines* *bright*, expresses a quality in its illuminating power; but it *shines* *brightly* down upon the tree-tops, describes the manner in which the rays fall upon the tree. The violets *smell* very *sweet*; but perhaps the odor does not penetrate to the adjoining room, and you may *smell* it *faintly* there. The first example expresses a quality of sweetness in the violets; the last, your manner of exercising the sense of smell.

Many people who, referring to a country they have passed through, say it *appeared* *charming*, will, in the next breath, speaking of a pretty girl, say she *appeared* *charmingly*. A reason for this illogical blunder it is impossible to discover, but it is a well-known fact that the really ignorant do not misuse adverbs so frequently as those imperfectly educated persons who strive to speak correctly, and, not analyzing the construction, "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." An invariable rule by which to test the use of an adjective or an adverb is this: if the sentence will answer the question "How?" the former is needed; if "In what way?" the latter. Examples: *How* did she *appear*? She *appeared* *charming*. *In what way* did he *look* at you? He *looked* at me *approvingly*.

In comparing two things, one may be *smaller* or *larger* than the other, but cannot be *the smallest*. The superlative should be used only when comparing three or more persons or things, yet we frequently hear persons in speaking of two sisters refer to one as *the eldest*. Say *the elder*, *the sweeter*, *the shorter*, and *the larger*, in comparing the qualities of two persons or objects.

Don't "choore" the last syllable of words ending in *ture*, that should be distinctly enunciated, giving the pure long sound to the *ū* as when we speak the name of that vowel, thus: literature, *lit'ēr-ā-tūr*; nature, *nā'tūr*; not *lit'er-ā-choore* or *nā'chūre*. If you do not ride the *bī'sīk-l* (bicycle) it is to be hoped that you are going to learn, and that you will not call it your *bī'sī-kl*.

There is a general misunderstanding about the correct pronunciation of the French word which describes a watered surface; as an adjective it has the acute accent on the final *é* and is pronounced *mōär'ā*; thus we speak of *mōiré* ribbons; but in referring to the fabric which has been submitted to the process of watering the noun is used, and the fabric is correctly called *moire*,—*mōär*. Yet in most shops where you ask for it the person who waits upon you kindly corrects you and offers you *mōär'ies* or *mōr'e'ies*.

Below will be found the key\* to pronunciation given with previous articles on this topic; and those who are interested in the subject are urged to familiarize both eye and ear with the nice distinctions in the different vowel sounds.

\* *ā* as in fate; *ă*, fat; *â*, care; *â*, ask; *ä*, father; *ē*, me; *ë*, met; *ē*, her; *i*, pine; *i*, pin; *ō*, note; *ö*, not; *o*, for; *öö*, mood; *oo*, foot; *ü*, use; *û*, us; *û*, fur; *ş* like *z*; sibilant *s* as in list.



## Our Girls.

### Aunt Sue.

HERE comes the postman. I wonder if he will bring us anything?" said a bright-looking girl who was sitting with her three sisters at the window of a comfortable-looking house in the little town of Woodbury.

"I hope he will bring a letter from mamma," said Tad, a girl of fourteen, the baby of the family.

"Why, she only went away yesterday!" exclaimed TrixeY.

"Wouldn't it be fun," said Floss, "if some real jolly person should come and stay with us while papa and mamma are away?"

"Girls, he is bringing us a letter! Run to the door, Tad," cried Mame.

Tad returned, reading the address. "It is for papa; but he said we should open his mail."

Mame reached for the letter, tore open the envelope, and sat staring at the contents.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tad.

"Oh!" gasped Mame, "it is from Aunt Sue, and she is coming to stay two weeks!"

"The saints defend us!" groaned Floss.

"What have we done?" moaned Tad.

"Nothing to deserve this," replied TrixeY. "The punishment doesn't 'fit the crime,' in this case."

"I know," wailed Tad, "that she will teach Polly a lot of dreadful words; for the dear little thing tries to say everything she hears." Tad's parrot was the pet of the family, and she did not wish to have her spoiled.

"Yes," agreed TrixeY, "Polly will be an apt scholar; and by the time she graduates under Aunt Sue's guidance she will be fully equipped to teach a Sunday-school class, or do any other good work."

"Floss," said Mame, "this is the jolly person for whom you have just been wishing; but I suppose we will have to be resigned, and prepare for the war."

TrixeY jumped on a chair, assumed a tragic attitude, and began: "Young ladies, we are on the eve of a great battle. I commission Lieutenant Mame and Sergeant Tad to go downtown and buy the deadly weapons,—Winchester rifles, Gatling guns, and—and—"

"Dynamite," suggested Tad.

"Never fear," interposed Floss, "she will bring the dynamite with her, and administer it; *we* shall just have to explode at proper intervals, as we always do when she is here."

"TrixeY, you will have to go to meet her," said Mame.

"What a delightful prospect," replied TrixeY,—"the long ride with her in a closed cab. How I shall enjoy the little pleasantries she so often indulges in! But what will we do with her when she gets here?—for papa is not here to manage her."

"Don't worry," comforted Floss, "she will do the managing."

The subject of all this commotion was a step-sister of Mr. Glenn, who swooped down upon them once a year and destroyed the peace of the household by her arrogant, quarrelsome, disagreeable manner. She generally came in the winter, and TrixeY spoke of her visits as their "annual blizzard;" but Tad said it was more like an earthquake, for she turned everything upside down.

TrixeY was getting ready to go to the five o'clock train, when she heard a rumble of wheels and saw the familiar

form of Aunt Sue step from a cab and walk up to the front door.

"Do go and let her in," cried Floss. "Don't you hear her pounding the panels out?"

"Let her batter away; it will perhaps be one less blow on our poor, unoffending heads," answered TrixeY as she walked leisurely to the door.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Sue."

"Huh! It's a wonder you condescended to open the door. Go out there and carry in my bundles!" and she stalked into the house, not noticing TrixeY's outstretched hand. "Where in the name of peace is your mother? Gadding 'round again, I'll warrant."

Floss' eyes flashed.

"You know very well, Aunt Sue, that mamma very seldom leaves home; but we girls have persuaded her to go with papa on his trip to the East. She has gone to visit Aunt Anna, whom she has not seen for four years."

"Well, I'll make myself at home just the same. Now get me some supper,—quick!" "Theresa,"—this to Tad,— "don't stand and stare at me. Will you never learn to be ladylike?" "Mary Ann," she said to Mame, "I'm astonished that you allow these girls to idle about in this manner." She then turned around and spied Polly standing in the corner.

"Oh, you horrid thing!" she said, as she struck at Polly with her umbrella.

"Horrid thing!" echoed Polly, wickedly, as she flew at Aunt Sue and tried to pick a feather off her bonnet. Tad interfered and put Polly in her cage; but Aunt Sue kept up a constant stream of bitter, scathing remarks until bedtime.

She retired early, and the girls met in the pleasant library to comfort one another and to have a little visit with dear Aunt Bess, their mother's sister, who lived on the same street, and who had promised Mrs. Glenn to look after the girls during her absence. After talking awhile about Aunt Sue's visit, Aunt Bess said:

"Now, girls, I have something to propose to you: I wish you would promise me that you will try to make this visit a pleasant one to Aunt Sue, and a profitable one to yourselves. I know that she is overbearing and quarrelsome, and her words have a bitter sting; but will you not try and count her good qualities?"

"How long will you give us to reckon them up?" interposed TrixeY, as she grasped a pencil.

Aunt Bess smiled as she continued:

"You know, dear, it has been said that if there is but *one* good trait in a person's character, we should look at that and shut out all the rest. Can you not interest her in your beautiful flowers, TrixeY?"

"Why, auntie, I tried that last year; and she doesn't know a lily from a gridiron, nor a pansy from a coffee-pot."

"I believe Aunt Bess is right," said Mame. "Let us promise that we will say nothing sharp or unkind to Aunt Sue while she is here; no matter what she says, we will either give a pleasant answer or be silent."

"In other words," commented the irrepressible TrixeY, "we will give her a surprise party."

The four girls consented, and it was decided that they would begin the next morning and try to do everything to please Aunt Sue, even if they had to deny themselves every pleasure while she was there.

The regular breakfast-hour was seven o'clock; but at five the next morning Aunt Sue began to call loudly for someone to come and make a fire in her room, and she declared she must have breakfast at six. Mame and TrixeY meekly answered the summons, cooked the breakfast, called the other girls, and instituted a new order of things. This seemed to



surprise Aunt Sue, as she fully expected to meet with opposition. The next four days the girls kept heaping coals of fire on her head; for every bitter word they gave her a sweet one, or when they could not do that they kept silent, or suddenly left the room,—“To avoid an explosion,” Trixey said.

“It was almost more than I could bear,” said Floss, one morning, to Aunt Bess, “when she talked so cruelly about dear mamma, who has always been so patient with her.”

“But, my dear,” interrupted Trixey, “you acted beautifully! I was proud of you. Why, aunty, you should have seen her! Her face took on all the colors of the rainbow, in rapid succession, and just as she was turning a beautiful violet she looked up with a sweet smile and said, ‘Were you speaking to me, Aunt Sue?’ And then, when she left the room in a great hurry, Aunt Sue looked after her in amazement. She was a little disappointed that she was cheated out of a quarrel, but she only said, ‘Isn’t Floss well this morning?’”

“Just think of it, Aunt Bess!” cried Floss, “she makes us cook sauerkraut and onions every day!”

“And she is going to have us all vaccinated,” whined Tad. “And she tells us three times a day how old Mr. Snodgrass brought up his children.”

“Who is he?” inquired Aunt Bess.

“Oh, he is the old parson in whose church she has snored once a week for twenty years,” replied Trixey.

Aunt Bess laughed until the tears came. “Poor Aunt Sue!” she said, “there must be something wrong with her digestion!”

Polly pursued a far different course; she had not entered into the agreement to control her temper or to be good to Aunt Sue. She flew at her in a great rage every time she entered the dining-room, screaming, “Horrid thing! horrid thing! You’re a pack of fools! you’re a pack of fools!” For it did not take her long to pick up Aunt Sue’s little epithets. One morning she pounced down upon Aunt Sue as she was eating breakfast, tore one of the ribbon bows from her cap, and flew to her cage with it; and when Tad locked her in she kept on screaming, and twisted her head around so often to look at Aunt Sue that Trixey said she was in danger of bringing on curvature of the spine. After Aunt Sue had finished breakfast she walked toward the cage with heroic steadfastness, resolved to be revenged on “that bird,” or perish in the attempt. Tad frustrated her plans, however, by running out of the room with Polly.

About a week after Aunt Sue’s arrival the girls received an invitation to attend a party, and at dinner they were discussing the old, old question, “What shall we wear?” Aunt Sue seemed in an unusually bad humor that day, and when she heard of this “fool party,” as she called it, she poured forth a perfect volley of abuse and sarcasm; but receiving no answer from the girls she flounced out of the room in high dudgeon. The girls looked at each other in silence for a minute; then Floss said:

“I’m afraid we have overrated our ability or the material we have to work upon; for she certainly is worse than ever today. What good will it do her to deprive us of the pleasure of going to the only party to which we have been invited this winter?”

“Well,” decided Mame, “we will not give up now. We have promised to be good to her as long as she stays, and we will show her that we respect her wishes, by staying at home.”

“Yes, we’ll stay at home,” sighed Trixey. “As Glory McQuirk says, ‘There’s lots of good times goin’, but *we’re* not in ‘em.’”

Aunt Sue was sitting in the room when some gay young companions of the girls called for them to go to the party.

“Are you not ready?” asked one.

“Come!” cried another, “we’ll be late if you do not hurry.”

“We are not going,” said Trixey, quietly.

“‘Not going!’ You surely are joking!”

“No,” said Mame, “we have decided to stay at home this evening.”

After they had gone Mame asked Tad to read something to them.

“Aunt Sue, what would you like to hear?” she inquired.

“Just suit yourselves; anything will do for me,” she replied, meekly.

The ice about the old lady’s heart seemed to be melting under the genial rays of the sun of kindness. She was ill at ease, and could not listen to the pleasant story Tad was reading. She retired early, but could not sleep; her dormant conscience was aroused. She repeated over and over again: “They have stayed at home for my sake; they have deprived themselves of this pleasure for me; and I have not given them a kind word since I have been here.” It seemed that every unkind word she had spoken came up before her and stared her in the face, until she cried out: “I will ask their pardon; I will show them that I am not entirely destitute of feeling; I will try and atone for the way I have always treated them.” And with these good resolutions in her mind she fell asleep.

The girls occupied their mother’s room, downstairs, while she was gone. They retired at ten o’clock and slept soundly until about two in the morning, when they were aroused by a noise outside of the window.

“Hark!” cried Mame, “what was that?”

“Fire! fire!” shouted a boy who was passing and had discovered that the inside of the house was in flames.

“Girls! girls! wake up! The house is on fire!” called Mame, as she jumped out of bed. They saw the light, but could not locate it for a minute.

“I believe it is upstairs in Aunt Sue’s room!” exclaimed Trixey, as she darted through the door into the hall.

They discovered, to their horror, fire broken out in two places in the upper hall. The four girls ran up the back stairs and through the hall until they came to a little blaze in front of Aunt Sue’s door. The smoke that poured from her room almost suffocated them; but they did not stop until they were inside.

“Aunt Sue! Aunt Sue! you must get up! The house is on fire!” cried Mame, as she shook her violently. They tried repeatedly to arouse her, but she would only open her eyes in a dazed sort of way, without making an effort to move. The girls talked and frantically urged her to get up, but without avail. She opened her eyes once and said,

“I am not worthy of this, girls, leave me and save your own lives.”

“We will *never* leave you!” cried Trixey.

They realized that prompt action alone would save Aunt Sue, as she was completely bewildered and could not recover from it.

“We will have to carry her downstairs,” decided Trixey. So they wrapped a blanket around her, pinned another one over her head and face, and lifted her from the bed.

By this time the heat was almost intolerable, and the faces of the girls were black with smoke; but they never for a moment thought of deserting Aunt Sue. They half-carried, half-dragged her across the room. As they worked the blaze was rising higher and higher, and there was no way of escape but to go through the fire. They picked up their burden and went as fast as their heavy load would allow, through the flames, barefooted, and in their night-gowns.

When they reached the back part of the hall they dropped their burden and themselves on the floor, utterly exhausted



and overcome by the heat and smoke, and here the firemen found them when they arrived a few minutes later. They carried them down the street to Aunt Bess's home. Mame and Floss were but slightly scratched and scorched; but Trixey and Tad were badly burned. The family doctor was sent for, and was busy bandaging the burned hands and feet when Aunt Sue recovered from her bewilderment and cried out:

"Oh, let me go to them! Let me do something for my dear girls! They have risked their lives for me!"

When she saw Trixey's white face as she lay almost unconscious, the enormity of her crime of unkindness toward them overcame her, and she dropped on her knees and cried out, "O Lord! spare the lives of these dear girls, and I will serve Thee forever!" And this was the first real prayer Aunt Sue had ever uttered.

Aunt Bess, Mame, Floss, and Aunt Sue were all kept busy that night caring for the two suffering ones. Tad suffered severely with her burned feet, but lay perfectly quiet and white as a ghost, while Trixey raved in delirium, calling for someone to come and put out the fire.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is so hot!—so hot! I'm choking! But, girls, we must not leave Aunt Sue; we must save her!"

How these words burned into Aunt Sue's heart; nothing could induce her to go to bed. "I will at least sit beside them and watch," she said.

Towards morning, when the patients were quiet, Aunt

Bess, Mame, and Floss sat in their chairs dozing, but sleep would not come to Aunt Sue's eyes; she was looking into the past, and she now realized how unpleasant she had made life for all about her.

In the morning Trixey opened her eyes and called to Aunt Bess to bring her a drink of water; but Aunt Sue was the first to answer the call, and all day she anticipated every wish of the two girls. In the evening she sat down beside Trixey and reverently touched the bandaged hands and arms.

"Dear hands!" she said, "they will always carry the marks of your devotion to unworthy Aunt Sue; but if you will forgive me I will try and atone for my past unkindness."

Trixey opened her eyes in wonder. It required some time for her to adjust her mind to the idea that Aunt Sue was sitting beside her, asking her pardon.

"Dear Aunt Sue," she murmured, "I am sorry I was not *always* good to you. I know I have tried your patience a good many times, but that is all past now, and I will tell papa and mamma, when they come tonight, how faithfully you have waited upon me and how kind you have been to-day."

"Tell them also," whispered Aunt Sue, "that I lost my ugly disposition in the fire."

"Yes," added fun-loving Trixey, "and I lost my bangs, and Polly lost her tail-feathers."

LESLIE S. GLENN.

## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### The Traveler's Conveniences.

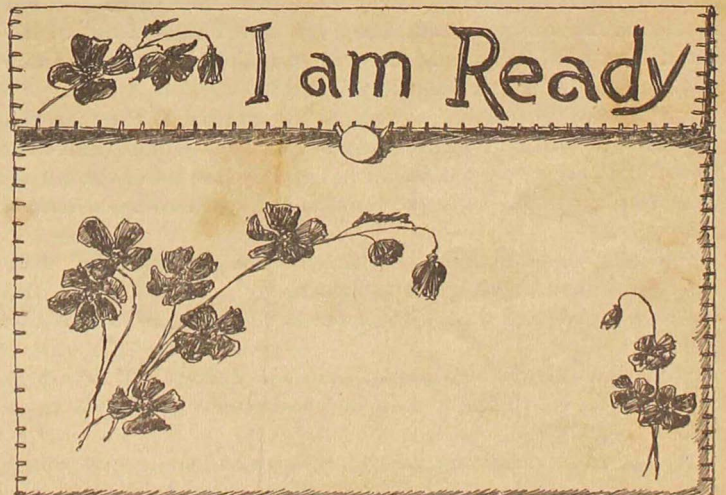
**T**HE comfort of a long journey, either by land or water, is greatly enhanced if the traveler is well provided with conveniences for the orderly arrangement of her belongings, or for those emergencies which may happen to the best-regulated minds and bodies and their clothing.

Many people have so great horror of increasing their impedimenta that they cut down their hand-luggage to the barest necessities, and in consequence are entirely unprepared to face even a change in the weather; a delay in the journey causing them to be on the road overnight would prove a positive hardship; and as for such minor disasters as a torn gown, a ripped glove, or a loosened shoe-button,—why! a pin must be used to hide the rent, the finger must yawn, and the shoe gap untidily.

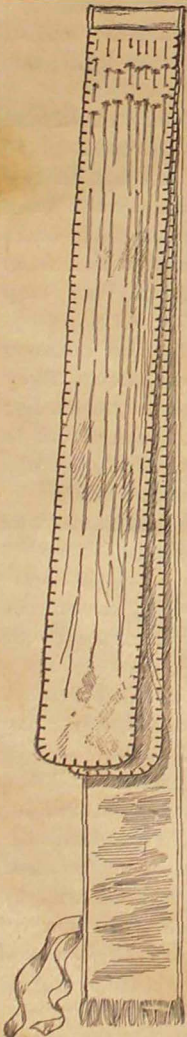
The writer is one of those who care more for comfort than for a little trouble; and though she never burdens herself with "a big box, little box, handbox, and bundle," she yet contrives to be provided against the chances and mischances which any day's journey may bring.

Of course, with all the traveler's belongings, compactness and orderliness of arrangement are a *sine qua non*. The

threaded-needle case dispenses with carrying several spools of silk and thread, and furnishes for instant use, to take the stitch in time that saves nine, a fine or a coarse needle threaded with any colored silk or thread which may be wanted. A strip of two-inch ribbon about three-quarters of a yard long is needed for this, and two strips of cashmere or fine flannel nearly the same width and somewhat shorter. Fringe out one end of the ribbon, and sew the other, in neat overhanded stitches, around a piece of cardboard the same width and two and a half inches long. The strips of cashmere are finished in coarse button-hole stitches with floss or embroidery silk the color of the ribbon, and sewed firmly at the upper end to the ribbon-covered card. Thread the needles for the under leaf with black silk, coarse and fine, stout



WASH-RAG BAG.



THREADED-NEEDLE CASE.



black linen thread, and two or three numbers of white cotton. For those in the upper leaf use colored silks and fine threads to match your gowns, gloves, etc. The long ends of silk and cotton being run through the cashmere are kept smoothly without possibility of snarling. When the whole is rolled up compactly and tied with the narrow ribbons, it is but little larger than the piece of cardboard around which it is wound, and which keeps the needles from bending.

A wash-rag is indispensable in traveling; but there is never any place to pack a damp one, so a waterproof-lined bag for it is a great convenience. Pongee and coarse linen, either colored or unbleached, are suitable fabrics, and any pretty floral design can be etched or embroidered upon it. Five inches by four is a good size for the bag when closed, and it must be lined with fine, light-weight rubber-cloth or with oil-silk. It is a good design also for a soap-bag, for which purpose it should be made smaller, and must be lined with oil-silk, because soap quickly destroys rubber. Another convenient bag for the same purpose differs from this only in shape and finish at the top. It should be four inches wide by six and a half long, and provided with draw-strings at the top to close it. Some

Dresden flowerets in natural colors, lined with India silk, and tied with ribbons to match. College colors form good combinations, and natural pongee with cherry or pale blue is effective. The case is made just the size of one of the papers of assorted pins containing both black and white pins of various sizes. The ribbon which closes the flap passes round the case and through the paper of pins at the bottom, holding it in place.

High laced or buttoned boots may become a positive affliction during a long journey on a hot day, and the tired feet will be most grate-

ful if released from confinement and given a pair of easy slippers or low shoes. If you pass the night in a sleeping-car they are really indispensable, for it is a physical impossibility to take off or put on a pair of boots in the cramped space of the berth.

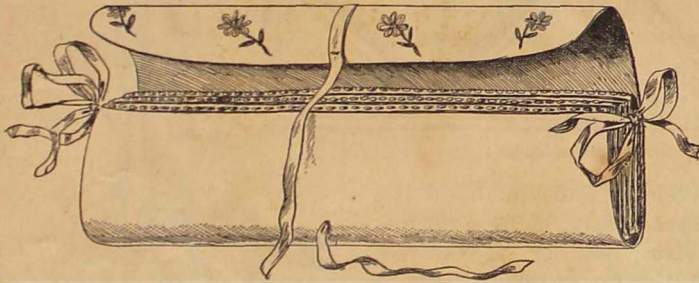
The slipper-cases can be made of fine white or coarse colored linens, and also of pongee. The former are dainty enough for ball slippers, and not commended for a long journey as the usage would be too hard. They are etched or embroidered in floral designs in natural colors, and the linen ones are unlined; those of pongee may be lined if desired. They should be about five inches wide when made, and a little longer than the slippers. These are also good models for brush-and-comb bags and for the hand mirror; but will be found more convenient for these if furnished with a drawstring instead of closing with a flap.

For a sea-voyage it is absolutely necessary that one have one's small belongings so arranged that the inherent depravity of inanimate objects be restrained, else one's patience will never stand the strain. There are moments when a search for anything is a moral, as well as physical, impossibility. The stateroom-bag hung beside one's berth or back of it has pockets enough so that everything can be in its own proper place.

To make this convenient bag a square of linen twenty-seven inches wide is required; fold it together cornerwise, and cut it in two on the bias, which forms the lower edge. Bind the two straight edges of each piece with tape; then lay the two pieces together, pinning firmly so they will not slip, and stitch twice to form the large center pocket, which



EMERGENCY CASE.

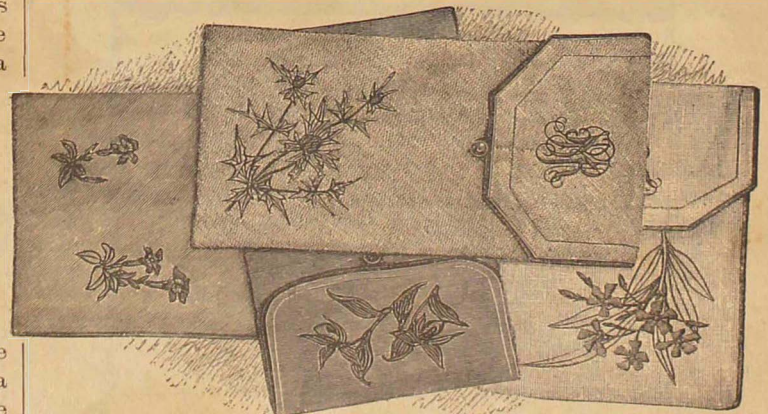


PIN-CASE.

people prefer this style because it is often convenient to hang the bag up by the strings.

An emergency-case is the best thing ever devised for carrying bottles, whose innate preference for tumbling down or standing on their heads when packed, every traveler has suffered from. The disposition also of the glycerine bottle to exchange places with the camphor, and the ammonia to be where you put the violet-water, is well-known. A little case of this kind can contain just those household panaceas and lotions to which you may be addicted. We are all such creatures of whims and fancies that one person's specific is another's poison, and *vice versa*; so the contents will vary for different persons. A convenient size for this is fourteen inches long by eleven broad when finished, a two-inch pocket being turned up on the lower flap. Pongee or coarse linen is a suitable and serviceable fabric, and the edges are simply bound with silk braid stitched on. The center is stiffened with a piece of heavy cardboard, and a band of inch-wide silk elastic is stitched to it to hold the bottles in place. The loops should be fitted exactly to the bottles, and be a little tight in order to hold them securely. Loops of silk braid and pearl buttons fasten the flaps together. The pocket is just the place for a mustard leaf, a bit of fine old linen, and a few flaxseeds to chase cinders out of the eyes.

The little pin-case is made of pongee, embroidered with



BAGS FOR SHOES, BRUSH AND COMB, MIRROR, ETC.

is seven inches wide; next, fold in the middle so the two lines of stitching come together, turn the under parts back out of your way, and stitch the outer sides together three and three-quarter inches from the first stitching. The next pockets are formed by stitching the under to the outer side



again, and to get this line it is best to lay all the folds for the remaining pockets; take every piece and divide it in three equal portions, folding back upon itself so the bound line will form a zigzag. You will then see that the first creases in the under part form the sides, and that you must stitch them on the line of the second crease to the line of the first crease in the outer part; now lay the outer parts together, and stitch on the line of their second and last crease. Bind the sides and bottom with tape, and sew curtain rings on the three upper corners, by which to hang the bag. Blue jeans would also be nice for this, and all the art linens. If you have yard-wide material you can make a larger bag, with more pockets, dividing it in four folds after the first stitching, instead of three. This bag will be found a comfort, also, when away on a summer outing, whether in camping or when stowed away in one of the seven-by-ten cells which many summer hotels advertising "all the comforts of home" provide for their suffering guests.

Still another convenient and very dainty bag is one of fine and sheer white linen to hold the bit of fancy-work which many women keep ready to pick up at odd moments on hotel piazzas, steamer decks, etc. A yard of linen, which is to be hemstitched all around, is needed, and a conventional design of chrysanthemums is etched upon it with gold-colored silk. Threads are drawn three inches from the ends for a space of half an inch, the edges of which are whipped; the linen is then doubled,

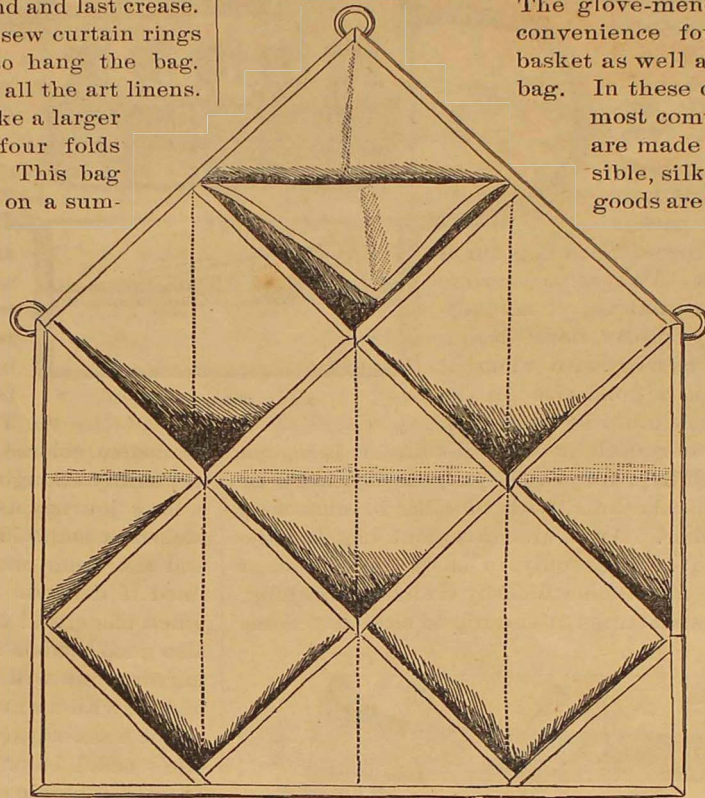
and the sides are sewed together in an open feather-stitch done with gold-colored floss. Where the threads are drawn, ribbons with which to close the bag are laced through and tied on the sides in fluttering bows.

The "stitch-in-time" theory is especially true regarding gloves, and if all the necessary materials are conveniently at hand, the required "stitch" takes very little "time."

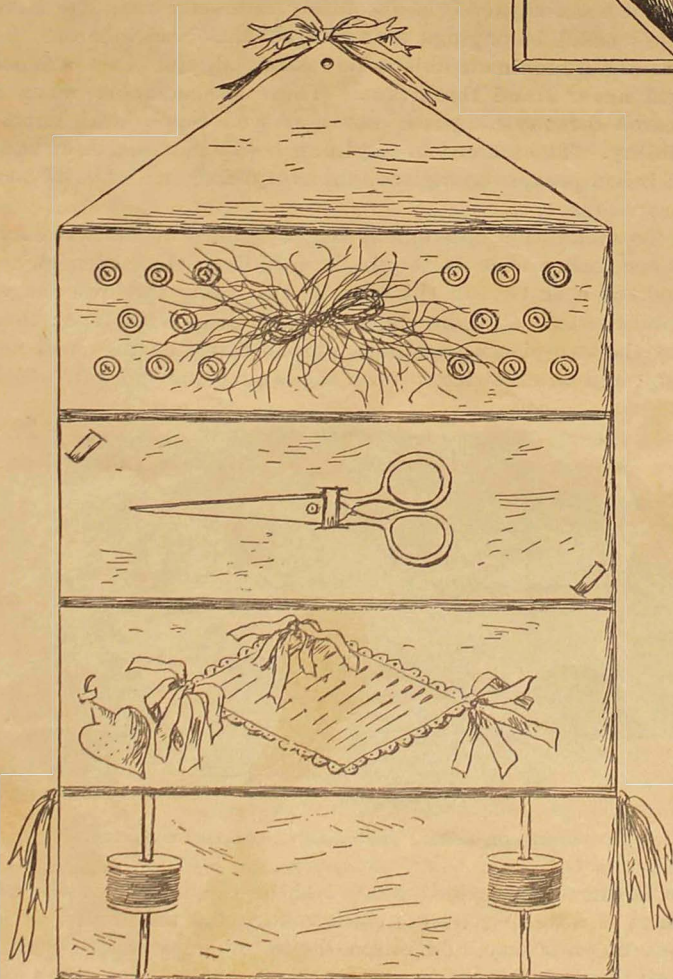
The glove-mender will be found a convenience for the home work-basket as well as for the traveling-bag. In these days when even the most commonplace belongings are made as ornamental as possible, silk, satin, and other rich goods are chosen for these simple contrivances;

but gray or white linen or pongee will serve all practical purposes.

A piece of material measuring ten inches by six will be required for the foundation, and it should be lined or made double, to afford firmness. Cut the upper end pointed, like an



STATEROOM BAG.

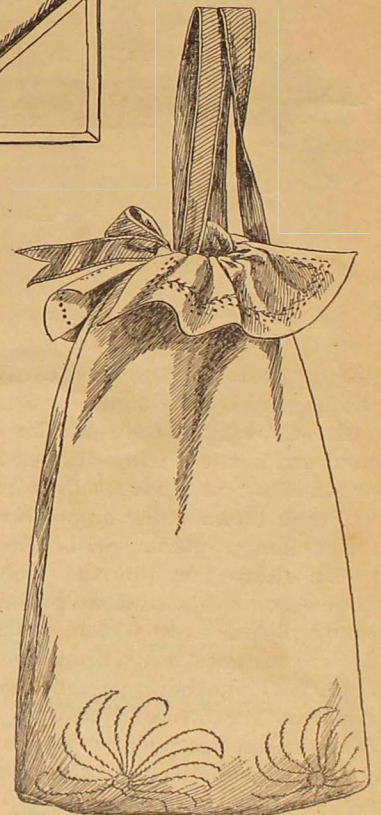


FOR MENDING

GLOVES.

envelope, and finish all the edges neatly, using a narrow ribbon binding, if desired. At the lower end, fasten to the inside, by sewing at the sides and across the bottom, a piece of ribbon or goods two and a quarter inches deep, which will form a pocket for holding fine silks of the colors most suitable for gloves, or one of the multi-colored braids of sewing-silk, in which can be found a match for almost any color or shade; and to the outside of this secure two spools of fine silk—black and tan will be the most generally needed—by running narrow ribbon through the spools and sewing the ends to the pocket. Above this add another pocket of the same size, and

to the outside of it attach a couple of leaves of fine flannel, for needles, and a small emery. Into this compartment can be tucked pieces of kid or silk that will come handy for small patches, which are sometimes necessary at the base of the thumb and elsewhere. Above this, the same space, two and a quarter inches, is devoted to the scissors, which are run through a ribbon strap; and just above this is placed another pocket, for holding glove-



BAG FOR FANCY-WORK.



## What Women Are Doing.

**Mrs. N. M. Richardson** is a practicing attorney in Lincoln, Neb.

**Miss Susanne Adams** is another American girl who has just made a successful *début* at the Grand Opera House, Paris.

**The Princess of Wales** has a tea service consisting of sixty pieces, and every piece has upon it a photograph taken by the Princess in Scotland.

**Dr. Helen Webster**, of Wellesley College, is the only woman who has ever earned the title of doctor of philosophy. She went to Germany and literally won it by hard, unremitting labor.

**Mrs. Scott**, the widow of Judge Lucien Scott, of Leavenworth, Kansas, manages her own ranch in Texas, where she owns 260,000 acres of land, all fenced in, over which six or seven thousand cattle are browsing.

**The Daughters of the Revolution**, organized four years ago at Washington by a few women, now has 7,000 members. It makes a cult of American history and traditions, and is interested particularly in the story of the women of the Revolution.

**Mills College girls**, California, have a "Tramping Club." One condition of membership is the ability to walk ten miles. They go out once a fortnight, sketching and making natural history collections. They wear blouse waists, and skirts reaching to the tops of their shoes.

**Lady Florence Dixie** is the president of "The British Ladies' Football Club," which was founded last year by its present secretary and captain, Miss Nettie Honeyball. The members wear divided skirts of blue serge, resembling knickerbockers, and the teams are distinguished by wearing blouses of pale blue or of cardinal red.

**Miss Beatrice Harraden**, the authoress of "Ships that Pass in the Night," is busily engaged upon a new work dealing exclusively with English life. Like Bret Harte in his early days, Miss Harraden, with a wisdom of the heart, has known how to discover and lay bare ore under a hard and varied surface. Dr. Conan Doyle included her name in a recent article among the twelve most promising young writers of the day.

**Miss Mary A. Proctor**, daughter of the late Professor Richard A. Proctor, is following in the footsteps of her distinguished father by popularizing science, and though a young woman, has already won a high reputation as a writer and lecturer. Miss Proctor presents the latest discoveries in astronomical science in language so simple as to be readily understood by all, and so full of picturesque description that everyone is charmed.

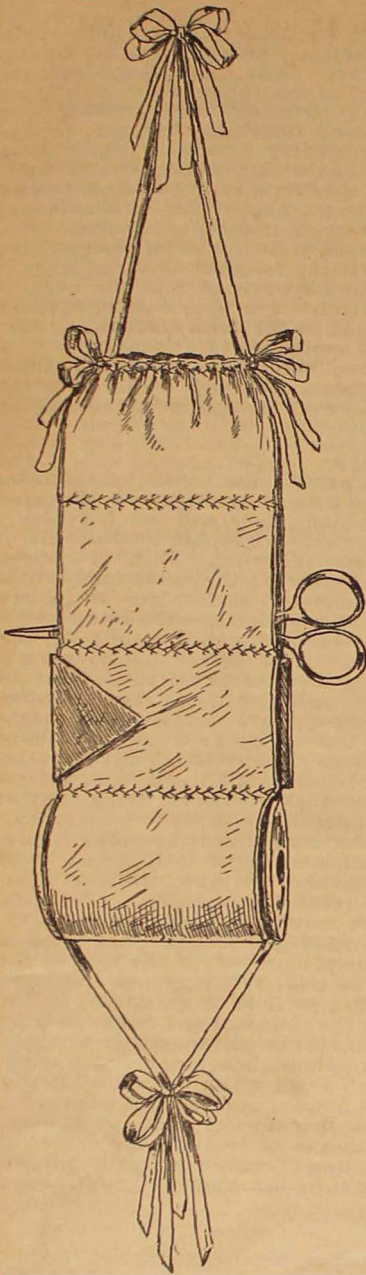
**Miss Elizabeth Dawes** has just received the degree of Doctor of Literature at the London University, being the first woman to win this honor. Miss Dawes is an Englishwoman, and won a scholarship at Girton when so young that the college authorities rejected her; she was, however, admitted the following year. She was for a short time Professor of Greek and German at Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia.

**Bishop Potter's daughters** were all educated with a view to doing at least one thing well. One girl became an expert pianist, another is an artist, and a third has trained herself to the duties of secretary. She not only answers her busy father's letters, but receives callers, answers all questions, which pour in by the hundreds upon a man in his position, arranges appointments, and fulfils all the duties of an expert office woman, relieving her father from much care.

**Tadzu Sugiye** is the name of a Japanese young woman who has been studying in Wellesley College for three years, and who is now teaching in Osaka, in a Christian school for girls. "I teach," she says, "three classes in Chinese literature, two in English, one in the history of Japanese literature and one in botany. Besides, I have to correct the Japanese compositions produced from the classes, and to give a lecture each week on the Japanese rhetoric. Added to all these, I have to give lessons in Yankee cookery. Though we are so busy in our daily work, we are yet bold enough to spend the rest of our time in editing a quarterly magazine, and we have just published the first number of this."

buttons, which has its use indicated by tiny white, black, and smoked-pearl buttons sewed on the outside, as on a card, while in the middle a skein composed of white cotton and black and tan-colored silks, cut in quarter-yard lengths and braided, is run through a strap similar to that which holds the scissors. This may be finished at top and bottom with bows, and suspended in any convenient place, when not folded.

The shoe-findings bag is a comforting convenience at home as well as when traveling, in the hour of need,—and inevitably of hurry, as well,—when the elusive shoe-button breaks from its moorings in revolt at the persistent force of the button-hook to establish it where it will do most good, and betakes itself to unknown regions, when temper and time—and perhaps the train—would be lost in searching for it. With this "friend in need" suspended from the rack which in a well-appointed dressing-room holds the glove and shoe hooks, or hanging from the side of the bureau, one may always rise superior to the loss of a shoe-button, and supply the deficiency without the delay of getting together, from box and work-basket



A SHOE-FINDINGS BAG.

and forgotten places, the necessary materials.

A half-yard of two-inch ribbon of your favorite color will make this dainty little trifle. Fold the ribbon across in the middle, and slip in a spool of strong black linen thread, mark a line to show the depth of pocket needed to hold the spool so it cannot slip out, and join the ribbon by a row of narrow feather-stitching. About an inch and a half above, make another row of feather-stitching, and slip into this pocket a flannel-covered card, with a point of ribbon on the end to pull it out by, filled with short, large-eyed shoe-button needles. An inch and a half above make another row of stitching, and in this case fix a loop in which to fasten a pair of small scissors. The remainder of the ribbon is to be overcast together at the sides, the ends are to be turned in to form a narrow frill, and a casing made through which "baby" ribbon can be run for a draw-string, allowing enough length for bows at the sides. In this tiny bag the buttons will find a home. Put narrow ribbon at the top to suspend it by, and run a piece through the lower case and tie it in a bow.



# The World's Progress.

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

## A Sea Preserve.

The United States has designated six armed vessels to form, with the contingent furnished by Great Britain, at least a partial guard over the sealing waters of the Northern Pacific and Behring Sea. The destruction of the innocent and valuable seal has heretofore been something appalling. At the best, how any humane man can deliberately club to death hundreds of mild-eyed animals which may be driven with a straw, and never dream of resenting injury, is hard for the uninitiated to comprehend. But that they should be butchered wholesale, even at a time when, if left to themselves, they would add enormously to the sealer's profits in the time to come, that they should be ruthlessly exterminated for present, without heed of future, gain, is a difficult problem. "Lord help me to forget I am a dangerous animal," was the quaint saying of Grotius as he passed a slaughter-house. Ships of the United States and England will patrol the Behring Sea; and when the seals leave the Arctic region in early spring, to go southward, a distance of seven or eight hundred miles below San Francisco, they will follow to protect them against the ravages of poachers. Then as the animals turn northward again the vessels will keep in their track, reaching, with their furry convoy, the Pribylov Islands in the Behring Sea, somewhere in July. The seals move in vast sea-armies, and their course from and to the Arctic latitudes is a long ellipse. War-ships will be detailed for duty at the sealing grounds should the smaller vessels prove incapable of coping with the robbers.

## A Long Step.

The passage of the Nixon bill in the New York Assembly by a heavy majority is significant, since there is little question that the bill will also pass the Senate. The intent of the bill is to submit to the people of the State the proposition to so amend the Constitution as to include women among the citizens who exercise the right of franchise. While, therefore, the real battle must be fought out at the polls, the fact that the idea of woman's franchise has won recognition in the Legislature of the State is no small triumph. One point is especially to be noted; viz., that the claim of women to the privilege of suffrage, which was not many years ago "a thing for laughter, fliers, and jeers," even with fair-minded men, the veriest Grimaldi that ever grinned fun for an audience, has become a subject of serious and favorable consideration for the people's representatives. It is curious to think that some of the strongest opponents of the idea have been women; and it is more than probable that today it has made far more progress among men than among their wives, daughters, and mothers. And while the great majority of thinking men are now willing at least to see the experiment tried, it is not unlikely that if left to the whole body of women, the trial would be postponed for two or three decades to come. Still, the fact that a large number of persons demand a right which there is no legitimate reason for denying them justifies the granting of that right. It remains to be seen, however, what the verdict of the whole mass of male voters will be when the question is submitted to them at the polls.

## The Antiquity of the Steamboat.

Civilization is no more than a great wheel whose spokes are the centuries, and upon whose tire are nicked the recurring events of human existence. Is it probable that the prehistoric ancients were ignorant of our recent mechanical inventions, when we discover that glass windows, with pulleys and sash-weights, were in use in Pompeii, that swing doors were popular in the Rome of the Emperors, that the Greek philosophers experimented with "electron" machines, which could produce sparks, magnetic attraction in certain metals, and other wonderful phenomena? What, too, are we to understand by Pliny's description of a boat he had seen propelled by wheels which were driven by a pot of hot water, as it seemed to him; though he was not allowed to examine the machinery whereby the boiling pot drove the wheels, which in their turn actuated the paddles at the stern of the vessel? If this was not some crude form of steamboat, what was it? It is time that in the primary grades of education a better knowledge of those essentials which go to the marking of the stages of civilization should be taught. Among such essentials should be the facts that steam was very possibly in use, experimentally no doubt, at a very early period, as a motive power.

## Electric Waiters.

At the forthcoming Amsterdam Exposition there will be exhibited, in practical use, a mechanism which will go far toward extinguishing the guild of waiters. It is a machine which will present the menu to those seated at the tables, from which they may select what they desire for their meal, and by pushing in an electric button, just as one rings a doorbell, they may receive upon the table anything and everything edible or drinkable: a steak hot from the gridiron, flanked with a hissing oyster roast; a soup in the tepid condition proper for a soup; a salad, dressed and spiced as a salad should be; a cup of tea with milk and sugar, if your electric order was such, or coffee, or cocoa. In a word, you will have merely to mark your bill of fare as you have always done; only, instead of waiting for your slow and languid waiter, who serves you when he happens to feel the need of doing so, or guesses that he may obtain a few cents in addition to his wages, you obtain your meal by the cold, mechanical revolution of a wheel, which heads neither man nor waiter. It is said that a meal is thus most excellently served, and that those who have put the system to the practical touch prefer it to the most perfumed and perfect waiter ever trained in the *cafés* of the Rue Richelieu.

## Seismographic Predictions.

It is stated that for some days prior to the terrific earthquakes in Asia which recently swallowed up a town with two thousand inhabitants, besides destroying many lives and much property throughout the whole region, the seismographic instruments of Paris and Berlin displayed great agitation. This, of course, could properly be called a prediction of the earth-tempest, as the barometer furnishes predictions of atmospheric tempests. But at the present, at all events, the predictions are by no means of equal value practically. The barometer has done good service to humanity. When a sea-captain observes that his glass is falling, he knows he is entering a storm circle and makes all snug for bad weather. Unquestionably an incalculable number of lives and a vast amount of property have been saved by means of barometrical forewarnings. But as yet we know so little of the cause, character, or directions of terrestrial disturbances, that we cannot depend upon the seismograph to guard us against the fearful dangers of the earthquake. Those living near or within sight of a volcano find suggestions in its varying moods, but no more than suggestions; for sometimes the sudden cessation of the smoke or a vast outrush of vapor is followed by no observable tremor of the surrounding territory, while at other times either phenomenon may foretell a convulsion. The agitation of the Parisian seismograph may have predicted an earthquake in Paris itself, or some other portion of France, or in Spain or Italy, or indeed, as is amply proved, in any part of the globe; but who is to translate its unknown language and learn from it where, or even when, the peril is to culminate? The fact that the observer on duty at the time saw and recorded from his instrument that a seismic disturbance was occurring, or about to occur, in some quarter of the sphere, is without doubt scientifically interesting. But we shall await with the utmost interest the development of what is so far no more than a newspaper hint, that one of our American investigators has, or at least believes he has, discovered the means of locating the center of the coming disturbance, its direction of movement, and approximate force. If this be true, science has another jewel, and a grand one, to add to its tiara.

## Morocco's Latest Revolution.

Individual human existence is perpetual change, and the law is carried out in the mass. Nations pass through a never-ending succession of mutations, each of which leads in a spiral line to what we believe at least to be advance in civilization, however obscure the tendency may be at the time. The city of Morocco was at one time the capital of an empire that included a large portion of Spain, the islands of the Mediterranean, and the better part of the northern territory of Africa. Yusuf el Tashefu—the spelling of the name is questionable, but it is the best that history gives us—converted the miserable caravansary town of Morocco into a magnificent city in the latter half of the eleventh century, which in less than a century of growth had a population of nearly eight hundred thousand. Within this great city was contained all that then constituted art, science, and literature, and even civilization. For at that period Europe was sunk into its darkest mental dungeon, and men, counted intelligent, were speaking of Saint Plato and Saint Homer, of whom they knew nothing but the bare names, and an English ecclesiastic had for his whole Latin vocabulary "Exorciso te in nomine Deo." But the Saracenic civilization, grand as it seemed, could not last without detriment to the progress of humanity toward that unknown goal, which perhaps, after all, like the boy who sought the splendid carbuncle, we are never to reach but always to strive for. Hence Morocco, after a period of splendid empire, sank by degrees into the dirty and despised town which it now is. Meantime, by gradations almost equal, the twilight regions of Europe mounted to power, culture, and enlightenment, and Europe turned the leaf of history upon Asia and its protégé, Africa. While the recent revolution may arouse sympathy for those who suffer, one looking far enough in advance perceives that even these barbarous *émeutes* which constantly agitate that distracted land have their ultimate uses. Some one or more European powers will have to intervene and compel the Turk to adopt nineteenth-century methods of government, clear out the foul sinks of effete Mohammedanism, do away with slavery, and, in a word, permit progress to enter a territory which for so many



centuries has been sunk in lazy or miserable dreams. The ports of Japan were blown open not so many years ago, and Japan is now one among progressive nations. The same medicine might prove a tonic for Morocco.

#### The Vesuvius and Derelicts.

It is a sign of the times, and a happy one, that a powerful vessel of war should be making herself useful in the service of mankind at large, and devoting her enormous energies rather to the saving of life and property than to its destruction. One of the most dangerous of all obstacles met with at sea, at least in much frequented sections, is the derelict, that is, a vessel which has either been abandoned to float about water-logged and at the will of wind and current, or a vessel that has foundered at such a depth that her spars are liable to thrust holes through the hull of the unwary ship, be she sailer, coaster, or grand transatlantic courier. Many a good vessel has gone down with all on board, her officers and crew never knowing the cause, from the piercing of a sunken mast, or from collision with an abandoned wreck. The work of the Vesuvius in blowing up and pounding into harmless fragments all such worthless but dangerous ruins is much more valuable in the humane sense than aught she will ever do as a war-vessel in destroying lives and smashing ships loaded with human beings. This is indeed progress. Let us fervently hope that such beneficent deeds will alone outwear the career of the gallant little Vesuvius.

#### An Aerial Railway Across Niagara Falls.

A company has been formed, the capital secured, and the privileges obtained, to construct a species of aerial cable-railroad across the very brink of Niagara Falls, and but thirty feet above the tempestuous downcurve of the great cascade. Should the scheme be carried out, and there seems no reason why it should not be, scarcely another engineering feat of this age of engineering marvels will compare with it in daring, ingenuity, and invention. It is proposed to carry a double set of heavy steel cables, each independent of the other, from a tower on the American side to a supporting pier on Goat Island, thence to a tower on the Canadian shore. Along these cables, steel, cage-like cars will run, perforated in the bottom to allow the passengers a perfect view of the tremendous flood of falling waters over which they are riding, so near that they may feel the spray, and yet with as much safety as if upon a surface railway. Each cable, as above stated, is to be independent and capable of supporting ten times the heaviest load of cars and passengers which can be placed upon it. The motive power will be electricity managed from the American side, and the system will be such that the cars can be run, stopped, or started, at a touch of the engineer in his room upon the shore. The plan has been examined by the best authorities on such constructions, and this, unique as it is, has been pronounced as safe as it is brilliant and original.

#### An Artillery Planter.

An English painter devised a clever scheme to plant seeds in ground ordinarily inaccessible to the agriculturist, particularly on abrupt hillsides and the steep slopes of ravines. He used a small cannon charged with a canister of seeds, instead of a canister of grape-shot, his object being the beginning of life instead of its termination. The canister thus fired, burst and scattered the seeds over a wide space of ground. The first experiment was with the seeds of trees upon a previously barren declivity. It was wholly successful, and in a few years a luxuriant growth of trees appeared where there had been only brown earth, stones, and sparse, hungry weeds. There seems no reason why the same device should not be constantly employed, perhaps in the vast grain-fields of the country, whose sowing is an item of very great cost; certainly, at least, in the sowing of trees and the more robust forms of shrubbery. A few hours of such artillery practice, it appears, would re-fertilize any one of the barren mountain-sides of our States, at a small cost, and with incalculable returns in timber profit, as well as climatic benefit, in a very few years, using the seeds of quick-growing but sound-hearted trees. The authorities ought to look into this, at once, and the private individual should experiment also. The fact of the success of the plan seems unquestionable.

#### Another Use for Wood Pulp.

An English inventor has devised yet another use for wood pulp. By chemical processes he converts it into filaments of splendid luster, tough enough to be spun into fabrics of any width or length. The fabric, when woven, has the appearance of the finest silk, and it would seem from many successful experiments, both in dyeing and weaving, that the material produced from the loom resembles in appearance and feeling, color, and, so far as time has thus far permitted the trial, wearing quality, genuine silk. Samples of yarn, furniture fringe and coverings, brocaded silk, handkerchiefs, pongees, sewing silks, etc., in every variety of pattern and shade, have been exhibited, and inspected and handled by experts, who, of course, have only their commercial value in view. It is said that the general opinion of the experts was entirely favorable. These artificial silk fabrics will bear washing without loss of luster, color, or softness. The specific gravity of the artificial material differs but little from that of the genuine article. Of course as the product is the result of chemical and mechanical work in combination, it may require some time to settle what relation it will bear in price to the real work of the worm. Moreover, time must try it, and not a few weeks or months, but enough time to show what its lasting value is.

#### Man Armor.

Yet another design has been offered to save the individual soldier from the death and wounds which he is weaponed and disciplined to inflict upon his opponents. An exhaustive investigation by the officials of the French War Department has satisfied them of the complete efficiency of the chest and body protector constructed of a composition of aluminium and copper which has just been perfected by an ingenious mechanic. It is light enough not to fatigue the soldier, and yet at all long ranges even the latest of the rifle projectiles will not pierce it. At short range it was partially, and in some instances completely, perforated; but at the distances of the modern line of battle, it resisted bullets of the highest penetrative power. While at this stage such a shield would do no more than defend the trunk, and while terrific and speedily mortal wounds may be delivered to the limbs, to say nothing of those which, piercing the skull, cause instantaneous death, since more than eighty per cent. of mortal wounds from bullets are in the trunk, an impenetrable armor for the body, such as this is declared to be by the very high authority of the War Department of France, would do much toward revolutionizing the modern battle-field in the interest of humanity, and in so much advancing the era of peace, too; for it is shown in all modern history that the advance in the effectiveness of defensive and offensive war materials measures the decrease in war itself. All hail! then, to every new war invention, whether protective or destructive, for they lead swiftly to the dawn of peace.

#### The Opera at Home.

The statement is made, apparently on good authority, that Mr. Edison has so improved his kinetoscope, or kinetograph, by later investigation and discovery, that it has become a double marvel, a mechanism whereby we may hear and see at the same time from practically any distance. That is to say, while the actual machine may still be limited in its powers, its theory is such as to require merely the accretions and development of time and further study. By means of this machine, for example, we need not go to the trouble of dressing for the opera, hiring boxes or buying tickets. We can avoid the inclemency of the weather and the journey to and from the house of entertainment, and yet can see the scenery, the acting, and everything on the stage, even hear the solos of the great prima donna or tenor, the choruses, and the ensembles, while seated comfortably in our easy-chairs, clad in our dressing-gowns and wrappers, at home. Doubtless we should not as yet expect the full picture of the stage as we should witness it from the box with the opera-glass; nor should we expect to "catch the delicate splendors" of the voices. But what has been well begun may be well finished, and even if we of this generation should not be permitted to enjoy the full glory of the opera or the play in our own sitting-rooms, we have the promise for our children.

#### The Professional Nurse.

The paths of progress are, for the most part, stony and thorn-set, crossing hill and hollow, mountain and morass, with bruising of feet and tearing of flesh, and crying out for help in the night. But if one pilgrim fall by the way another presses on, and so the goal is reached by the strong soul who counts no cost. It is not many years since the idea of the trained woman nurse involved also the idea of sacrifice. A nun, or woman devoted to religion, might be the attendant of the sick-bed in a public institution; and the poetry and prose of little more than a generation ago found inspiration, oft and again, in the sorrowful heroine, love-lorn or what not, who relinquished all social pleasures to become the servitor of the fevered pillow. That nursing might ever become a paid profession was not suspected. But in these days the spiritual takes on the material; and where the street women and female vagabonds of all sorts were given their choice either to go into the hospital and nurse the sick or pick oakum in the prison or the workhouse, we have now the educated ministrant of the couch of pain. The nurse of to-day is a person dignified with a diploma, and deserving it. She—as often as *he*, by the way—has a very fair knowledge of the more imperative principles of surgery and medicine. She knows how to apply a tourniquet to a ruptured artery, how to check a hemorrhage, how to administer an antidote to poison, whether self-taken with suicidal intent, given with homicidal aim, or swallowed by accident. She can even set a simple fracture, and, in a word, is a very excellent "emergency" surgeon. She has a hand as firm as steel and as light as down. In actual fact she is a better surgeon than many an M.D. whose silver plate stares broadly beneath his bell handle. There are many who still remember the awkward ministrations of "Mag, the Chicken," sentenced to thirty days on the Island, but transformed into a hospital nurse by the imperious mandate of the law. The educated nurse with her diploma, the schools, or branches, for the training of the nurse, are distinct features of the latter decades of the century, though ages ago it was said by a medical writer, that, "there is more in the giving, than in the medicine, more in the treatment than the dose, and more in the nurse's hand than was ever written in books or spoken from the chair." The raising of nurses' training-schools into endowed colleges is an advance which will undoubtedly meet with opposition within the circle, so to say; but there is little question that such wider facilities must come, and shortly, resulting in two things: a higher development of the nurse in the medical curriculum, and a distinct advance in the education of the practitioner.



## Sanitarian.

### Nervousness: How to Avoid It.

**A**TENTION has been called, frequently, within the last few years, to the increase of nervous diseases, especially among women. The increase of nervous troubles among women may be largely accounted for by the fact that women in claiming the right to think failed to consider how many details masculine thinking depends on,—freedom of dress, wholesome appetites, unconscious digestion, fresh air, and good blood flowing freely through a well-formed body. Without these, much thinking develops nervous diseases.

"Nervousness," "nerve force," "nervous energy," "nervous influences," are all rather vague terms used to express we know not what. We know that the nervous system orders, regulates, and connects all parts of the body, but the nervous system itself is an elusive quantity. It is not so very many decades ago that the sinews were regarded as the nervous system. Although we may not be able to analyze it, we do know that it is that part of the body which should be carefully watched, guarded, and nourished. It should be over-exerted and strained as little as possible, for it is the most difficult of all tasks to regulate it when it is out of order.

Nervous diseases result from *overwork* and *under* exercise. Preventive measures may be summed up in two words, physical development; but it is the hardest work in the world to induce people to compel the physical to keep pace with the mental progress. To be able to use the mental without detriment or injury to the physical, one must train the one to sustain the other.

It takes stamina to keep the physical condition up to the mental. Very few persons possess complete nervous control. Lack of nervous control is manifested in restless movements, such as drumming with the fingers, moving the feet, working the muscles of the mouth, etc. If we take a mental review of our friends and acquaintances we shall find that they all have some restless, uneasy habit or movement.

Education of the muscles disciplines the mind. Food, sleep, and exercise are three daily needs; and exercise, like breathing and eating, must be kept going. The two requisites for health-giving exercise are: first, adequate instruction; second, persistence in following it. One might add a third,—a sensible dress in which to exercise.

We want to get all we can out of life. We say we would rather "wear out than rust out." There is no need of wearing out or of growing old before one's time, if one does not use the mental at the expense of the physical.

"A fig for Time!" says Dickens. "Use him well and he's a hearty fellow, and scorns to have you at a disadvantage."

Worry annually kills more people than work, for worry fatigues the nerves; but it is useless to tell people of nervous temperaments not to worry. One should strive, however, to avoid all things that tend to disturb the nerves. Throw away a pen that scratches and a pencil that has a bit of hard lead in its makeup. Discard a needle that "squeaks," and a basin that leaks. Use sharp tools, and wear soft garments. Oil the hinges of the rheumatic door, and fasten the creaking blind. Have your neighbor's dog quietly "anæsthetized" into another and better world, for the law will shield the nervous man from the irritating nuisance of a barking dog. These may seem but trifles; but such trifles

irritate the nerves as much as a piece of woolen does a raw sore. Charles Lamb, that quiet, inoffensive man, said that a carpenter's hammer in a warm summer noon would fret him into more than a midsummer madness.

Avoid monotony. A man once gave as an excuse for committing suicide that the necessity of rising every morning, making his toilet, and retiring every night, had rendered life tedious to him. This may not be an exaggerated statement. Not long ago it was observed that deaths were more frequent among the draught-horses that went back and forth along a certain road leading out of London, than in any other locality. On investigation it was found that the road was on a dead level, with nothing to break the monotony of the way. There is no doubt that street-car horses suffer from a similar infliction. Men and animals, both, need something besides a dead level.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the great nerve-restorer, sleep. Sleep is the rest of the brain as well as of the body, but one fact in regard to sleep is often overlooked; that is, that people of nervous temperaments require less sleep than those who are phlegmatic. Temperament is the same in all conditions of the body; a person whose brain is active, who grasps ideas quickly, and is able to do work speedily, finds that six hours' sleep tends to recuperate the powers more effectually than if prolonged to eight or ten hours. Too much sleep impairs the forces of the brain. Sleep to be restoring must be sound, and to a great extent can be subjected to the rule of habit.

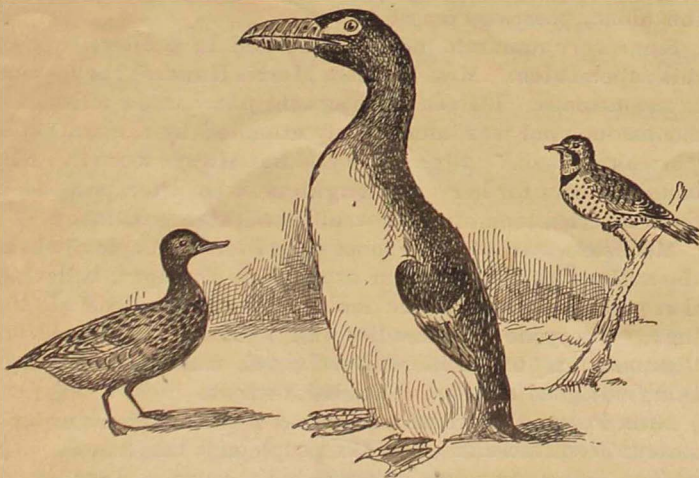
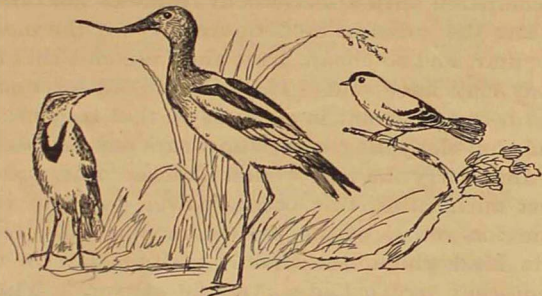
Cold baths are excellent nerve-stimulants. One never takes the same mind out of a bath that he takes into it. If one cannot take a cold plunge, the next best thing is a *douche* of cold water on the spine. For the benefit of those who have never tried it we give directions how it should be taken. Attach a small piece of rubber tubing to the cold-water faucet or to a rubber bag filled with cold water. Slip off the clothing, and sitting on the edge of the bath-tub take the tube in the hand and let the stream of cold water run from the base of the brain to the end of the spine. Repeat the operation three or four times, and follow with a brisk rubbing, using a coarse towel. This is a simple and effective nerve-tonic, and should be taken either at night or in the morning.

To escape nervous troubles, cultivate reposeful habits. When you sit down sit still. Do not start at sudden noises. A noise never harms one, though a long continuation of it might. When a child I once attended a service in a church where there was no carpet. The preacher was rather an eccentric man,—tall, thin, and of a severe and rather forbidding countenance. Long footstools were in the pews, and in the middle of the sermon someone happened to tilt one up, and it fell with a noise that seemed to wake all the echoes that had been slumbering for years in the building. Of course everyone looked round to see where the noise came from. The minister paused. "If the *house* fall, never mind it!" he said, in such stern, commanding tones, that for the rest of the sermon I, at least, gave him my undivided attention. It was a lesson in composure which I have never forgotten.

Control of nervous movements controls the nerves themselves, and the nerves being kept in subjection are less liable to assert themselves as disturbers of the body. Panics are simply nerves gone wild. One can attain to a serenity of manner under any and all circumstances, can arise to that peaceful height that lies beyond emotion, can be "mistress of herself though china fall," and if ever "Mr. Rawjester" should so far forget himself as to "throw a flatiron at one's head," will, like Miss Mix, be able to "retire calmly."



Puzzles.



A STUDY IN AMERICAN BIRDS.

Find out the day of the year represented in the upper picture by correctly naming the birds beneath. The initials of their names give the solution to the puzzle.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Wanderers.
2. An interval in music.
3. A republic in South America.
4. Sharp.
5. Days gone by.

My initials read downwards form the name of some mountains, and my finals, the name of a river.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

- |            |                |              |
|------------|----------------|--------------|
| 1. A LOAD. | 3. Yearly.     | 5. A desert. |
| 2. A link. | 4. A murderer. | 6. A city.   |

My letters read diagonally from left to right form the name of a well-known author.



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

What three gentle humorists are represented in the above illustration.

A FINNISH RIDDLE.

BORN at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

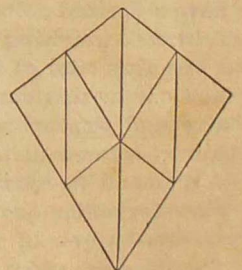
- |                  |                     |               |
|------------------|---------------------|---------------|
| I. Rembrandt.    |                     |               |
| II.              |                     | III.          |
| 1. Tulip,        | 9. Nightshade,      | 1. L a T i n  |
| 2. Poppy,        | 10. Hyacinth,       | 2. T r E n t  |
| 3. Nettle,       | 11. Strawberry,     | 3. t o W e r  |
| 4. Sugarcane,    | 12. Flowering fern, | 4. r a K e s  |
| 5. Tea-plant,    | 13. Ice-plant,      | 5. f i E n d  |
| 6. Peppermint,   | 14. Lizard-tail.    | 6. T o S t i  |
| 7. Prickly pear, | 15. Forget-me-not,  | 7. r o B i n  |
| 8. Rhododendron, | 16. Tobacco-plant.  | 8. b l U n t  |
|                  | TOTAL PROHIBITION.  | 9. B u R n e  |
|                  |                     | 10. m a Y o r |

IV. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

V. g i r l

i d e a  
r e n d  
l a d y  
a d a r  
r y a r d  
d e a g u e  
y a r u l e  
r  
d e e d

VI.



VII. Because they sin till late (scintillate).

VIII. The fingers.



## About Precious Stones.

FOR many years a certain little shop under the Boston Museum has been a Mecca for lovers of rare and precious gems. Longfellow, Henry Ward Beecher, James T. Fields, William Morris Hunt the artist, and many other people, equally renowned, have been frequenters of the spot; and today, whether one wants an almost priceless gem, or merely seeks for information relating to rare or curious stones, the little shop under the Museum still draws the most cultivated people.

William Morris Hunt could always detect colors and shades in gems which his brother-artists could not see at all, and was quite a connoisseur of precious stones. It is related that one day he dropped into the little shop and asked if there were anything new. The dealer showed him a rare piece of chalcedony, remarking, as he did so, "One of the gates of heaven is made of this stone."

"How on earth do *you* know?" asked Hunt.

"Henry Ward Beecher was just in and said so," was the reply. "Now if you know any poor mortals who are not likely to see the gates of heaven, just show them that."

Hunt carried away the chalcedony, and a year later, shortly after his death, his sister, Jane Hunt, had the stone mounted, and has worn it ever since as an amulet.

The cat's-eye is a stone that has recently come into popular favor again. It has always been prized by connoisseurs, and was held in high estimation among the ancients and throughout the East, as an amulet, as it was supposed to enrich the wearer. Apropos of this, it is said that when the Prince of Wales was in India he found himself in debt to the tune of something over a hundred thousand pounds. The Rajah of India, hearing of his difficulties, presented him with a valuable cat's-eye. Whether it immediately enriched the Prince, the story saith not; but upon arriving in England, Parliament granted him the hundred thousand pounds, with which he paid his debts. Although he has a peculiar faculty for running in debt, he is pretty lucky in his "choice of a mother," the Queen having, since then, assumed much larger debts contracted by him. Consequently, whenever Wales has to make a present to anyone, he invariably gives a cat's-eye; and he constantly wears his own, set in a scarf-pin.

Fine specimens of the cat's-eye run in price from one hundred to five thousand dollars. The wonderful play of light in the center, like the peculiar light in a cat's eye, gives the name to this stone.

Diamonds, of course, take the lead in precious stones, being the finest gems yet known, when they are perfect; for, of course, a perfect cat's-eye, ruby, pearl, or other gem is worth more than an imperfect diamond. Formerly, a diamond, to be valuable, must be absolutely without color; but nowadays some diamonds are highly valuable that have a decided color. There is one in London of a distinct ruby red, weighing only three-quarters of a carat, for which a standing offer of two thousand dollars is refused. A very fine one in this country is of a pure gold-color. An exclusive and expensive fashion in ladies' rings is to have a canary-colored diamond set between two pure white ones. A diamond merchant from India came to London some time since for a diamond worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a gem of the first water; while a rough diamond from South Africa was sold in Paris, a year or so ago, for one hundred thousand dollars.

Not long since, a countryman sat by and witnessed the sale of a diamond which brought fifteen hundred dollars. When the customer left, he gave vent to his feelings thus:

"Jerusalem! I didn't suppose the fool lived who'd pay fifteen hundred dollars for one small stone. Why! I've got a farm, thirty miles out, with a house, two barns, and outbuildings; and I'd sell out the whole thing for that money!"

Opals, also, are very much worn. Queen Victoria has a great partiality for opals, and gives them away to all her friends. The opal is a beautiful stone, those from Australia, the blues and greens, especially, being in great demand. The fire-opals, from Mexico, are again used in jewelry, although they are not as valuable as the precious or Oriental opal, which is sometimes sold for ten dollars a carat.

Longfellow's favorites were pearls and the royal purple amethyst,—the kind that comes from Siberia, which is purple by day, but changes to ruby-red by night or in a strong artificial light. The Siberian amethyst is much sought for, and highly prized. The Alexandrite is red by night and green by day. It was discovered by Alexander I. of Russia, and for that reason was named for him, and also because the colors of the czar are red and green.

Pearls are said to have doubled in value within five years. They are immensely popular in Europe, and scarcely less so in America. A single string brings here, sometimes, fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars.

Henry Ward Beecher was very partial to sapphires.

"What is three hundred and twenty-five dollars," he wrote once on sending for a sapphire which he coveted, "compared with a section cut from the heavens?"

But the greatest modern craze is for the moonstone. So popular, and so cheap, have they become, that nearly everybody may have one. There is an old superstition, which has become current in these days, that they bring good luck, and that the young lady who wears one can become engaged to and marry the man of her choice. But, according to the best authorities, this occult power does not belong to the common round, or the perfect, moonstone. There is a certain kind which has what is really a flaw in the stone, an iridescent spot called a "magic mirror." This stone, and this alone, possesses magic power.

Some very romantic incidents are told in connection with this superstition. Mrs. William Morris Hunt set the fashion in moonstones. Fifteen years ago she purchased a talismanic moonstone, and was immediately attended by a remarkable "streak of luck." Since then she has always worn it. She bought others for her two daughters, who after possessing them married men of great wealth and high position.

Moonstones are, for the most part, found in Ceylon, where the natives have worn them as amulets for ages, believing that good genii inhabit the moonstone and ward off all ill-luck. Everyone will readily call to mind the wonderful "moonstone" of Wilkie Collins' novel, which brought anything but good luck to its English owners.

Nora Perry, the gifted writer, has a talismanic moonstone among her possessions. While people may laugh at the idea of there being any magic influence in the stone, and characterize the belief in talismans as silly and heathenish, still, most of us hold a grain of superstition in our innermost hearts, and would not object to possessing a talisman which has stood in such high repute for centuries.

Two school-teachers in Boston had these stones presented them two or three years ago. One of them frankly expressed her delight; and in the course of the year she met her fate in the shape of a wealthy gentleman who married her and gave her a fine house in the best part of the city. The other scoffed at the idea of her moonstone bringing her any good luck, saying it would always be her fate to struggle along as a hard-working, poorly paid teacher. During the following year, her brother, who had just established a



business, prospered wonderfully. Taking her from the school-room he gave her a position with him, the duties of which were easy, while the salary was a munificent one ; and she now lives in comparative ease and luxury. And so we might go on, multiplying these romantic tales of actual happenings to possessors of the real moonstone with a "magic mirror."

The history of gems is most interesting. The earliest record of them is in the Bible, where the gems set in the priest's breast-plates are mentioned. Each of these gems represented a tribe. The Greeks and Homer appear to have been but little acquainted with gems ; but Theophrastus and Pliny gave very fanciful descriptions of them. According to them, precious stones possessed a wonderful influence upon health and beauty, as well as upon riches, honor, and renown. They were called amulets when worn as charms, and were considered in connection with the planets, the twelve constellations, and the seasons of the year ; and a certain gem was worn each month, during which time it was said to possess a peculiar influence over the wearer, for good. These notions have not entirely fallen away with the dark ages, as many intelligent people wear amulets to-day.

An old authority gives the classification according to the months, as follows :

January.....Hyacinth.	July.....Onyx.
February.....Amethyst.	August.....Carnelian.
March.....Jasper.	September.....Chrysolite.
April.....Sapphire.	October.....Beryl.
May.....Agate.	November.....Topaz.
June.....Emerald.	December.....Ruby.

According to another authority the classification is as given below :

January.....Garnet.	July.....Ruby.
February.....Amethyst.	August.....Sardonyx.
March.....Bloodstone.	September.....Chrysolite.
April.....Diamond.	October.....Opal.
May.....Emerald.	November.....Topaz.
June.....Agate.	December.....Turquoise.

Three months are especially favored in the choice of stones, for, in addition to the above, chalcedony or onyx is often chosen for June, the carnelian for July, and chryso-prase or malachite for December.

The twelve apostles were also symbolically represented by gems.

Jasper.....St. Peter.	Chryso-prase.....St. Thaddeus.
Sapphire.....St. Andrew.	Topaz.....St. James the Less.
Chalcedony.....St. James.	Hyacinth.....St. Simeon.
Emerald.....St. John.	Amethyst.....St. Matthias.
Chrysolite.....St. Matthew.	Sardonyx.....St. Philip.
Beryl.....St. Thomas.	Carnelian.....St. Bartholomew.

Curious ideas regarding precious stones have always prevailed in the East. The Persians believe that the spinelle brings joy and protects from bad dreams. The East Indians believe in the efficacy of large diamonds to restore them to their families. The ruby is highly esteemed as a talisman, but must never be shown willingly to friends. The ancients used to carve gems in a great many fanciful ways, but understood little of the modern improved ways of cutting stones. In fact, the cutting of a stone has much to do with its market value, and is an art to be learned only by thorough and artistic study.

Those which are considered by connoisseurs to be real gems are the diamond, sapphire, chrysoberyl, spinelle, emerald, beryl, topaz, zircon, garnet, tourmaline, rubellite, essonite, crocidolite, iolite, quartz, and chrysolite. The rest are considered as semi-precious stones. Modern chemistry has dissolved many strange and some romantic ideas about gems.

A word more for the opal. The idea that this stone

brings bad luck to its owner is a comparatively modern one, and was not held by the ancients. This was their

LEGEND OF THE OPAL.

"Gray years ago, a man lived in the East,  
Who did possess a ring of worth immense,  
From a beloved hand. Opal the stone,  
Which flashed a hundred bright and beauteous hues,  
And had the secret power to make beloved  
Of God, and man, the one  
Who wore it in this faith and confidence."

HELEN M. WINSLOW.



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# Household.

## Hints Concerning Marketing.

### I.

#### MUTTON AND LAMB.

**T**HERE is probably no other department of house-keeping concerning which the young housekeeper starts into the business of her life with so little information as that of marketing. She may have been taught all the niceties of tending a house, furnishing it and caring for it, may even have had some training in the kitchen and have acquired some skill in "baking and brewing;" but rarely ever does she know anything about buying until she has learned by long, and often sad, experience, that half the work of preparing a good meal lies in furnishing proper materials, and that better judgment must be used in selecting them than can be found in the equipment of the ordinary butcher's boy or grocer's clerk.

Marketing of a certain sort is made so easy for us, nowadays, that we are apt to fall into lazy and inefficient ways of doing it. In many places orders can be given by telephone; and where this is not practicable grocers and butchers call at our doors daily to receive our list of things needed for the day. So easy is it that a woman who could not be induced to buy a dress or a hat, or even so much as a ribbon, without a personal inspection of the goods, will order the meat and vegetables upon which life is sustained without inspection and without even inquiry into the sagacity and honesty of the man who makes the selection for her. With her the body is not more than the raiment, and anyone who can drive a butcher's cart has wisdom to decide what sort of food she shall have.

This is not so much on account of willful neglect as of ignorance and deficient training. Wherewithal shall we be clothed? has long been one of the serious problems of life; while What shall we eat? is a question concerning which, in too literal adherence to Scriptural injunction, she has taken no thought. It is no wonder, therefore, that the family marketing is left to get itself done as best it can, since the mistress of the house does not know the difference between good and bad meat before it is cooked, cannot tell whether vegetables are fresh or stale, and has no knowledge of when things are in or out of season, which means simply when they are fit or unfit to be eaten.

Adequate knowledge of such practical matters can be obtained only by observation and experience. The most ignorant housekeeper, if she continue at the work long enough, will unavoidably learn a little something about them through her oft-repeated failures and disappointments in getting what she wants. But many such failures could be avoided if she could begin with some information concerning the details of marketing, and increase this by the knowledge gained by systematic observation and personal inspection. For in this, as well as all other fields of practical work, information that comes through one's own efforts is much more valuable and more quickly acquired than any other.

Personal inspection does not necessarily mean that one shall rely solely on her own judgment whether she has any knowledge of the matter or not. Many butchers are intelligent and honest men, and the novice can be greatly helped by consulting with the one of whom she buys, and by testing the information obtained from him can soon come into a judgment of her own. But the important thing is to

be a novice no longer than you can help it, and to learn to know what you want and how to get it.

Nothing in the way of marketing is so important as the selection of meats. A world of trouble is saved if one is a vegetarian. Meat forms so large a part of the diet of most of us, however, that we need to have exactly the thing we want, not only for hygienic reasons, but in order to tempt the appetite and satisfy the taste.

Mutton and lamb are supposed to be the most easily digested, and consequently the most wholesome, of all meats, and next to beef they are probably more used than any other. The taste for them varies, however, in different parts of the country; in the Western and Middle States they are used comparatively little, in many families not at all, while in the Eastern States they form almost a part of the daily diet.

Some persons profess to dislike the flavor of mutton, thinking that it is necessarily strong; but in every case where it is so investigation will show that the animal has not been properly killed, or has not been hung long enough, or is badly cooked. The meat is really very delicate when it has been handled intelligently; but is, perhaps, more likely than some other kinds to suffer from bad treatment, because mutton, to be good, must be very fat, and fat needs much more careful handling than lean meat.

It is important, then, that one should select the very best butcher, since so much depends upon the care of the meat. An inexperienced person cannot always tell which is the best butcher, but it is safe to infer that the man whom experienced people most patronize is probably the best, and the flavor of the meat will soon disclose whether the choice has been a wise one. At all events, do not try to save a few cents by going to cheap places for meat. It is proper enough to get most things as cheaply as one can, but in the case of things to eat, and particularly perishable things, such as meat, the best quality always commands a good price, and cheapness is to be looked upon with suspicion. Better economize in something else, or eat less meat, than run the risk of putting tainted or innutritious meat on your table.

Mutton, to be healthful and well-flavored, should be from an animal anywhere from two and a half to five years old. Older than five the meat is tough and likely to be strong; younger than two and a half it is scarcely rich enough in flavor for mutton, but still lacks the delicacy of lamb. Lambs are killed when from two to twelve months old, but are best when about six or eight months of age. The flesh has then quite lost the softness which it has when very immature, but still remains juicy and delicate.

On account of the softness and juiciness of lamb it becomes tainted much more easily than mutton, and is, therefore, hung but a short time or not at all, according to the age at which it is killed. Mutton, on the contrary, is not fit to eat until it has been hung in some cool place for at least a week after killing, and in cold weather, or in dry climates, it is better to be hung for two weeks, or as long as it can be without becoming tainted. A good butcher, however, will attend to this.

The lean part of good mutton is a deep, dark red in color, while the fat is clear and white. The lean should be firm in texture, but juicy, and the fat should be hard, scarcely showing any tissue at all. The texture is a very important thing to know about in selecting meat, and it is so pronounced in mutton that, having once observed a good piece, one can hardly fail to distinguish the good from the bad. The quality is sure to be bad if the fat is yellowish or soft, or if the lean is stringy or pale. Lamb, of course, is softer and lighter in color than mutton, but the same general characteristics belong to it: the fat should be firm and white, the lean, juicy and not stringy; and in both lamb and mutton there must be a good proportion of fat.



In butchering mutton it is split down the back and each side is then divided into two parts, called the fore and the hind quarter. Lamb is cut in the same way, the only difference being that lamb is the more delicate meat. The hind quarter is considered the choicest part of the mutton. From it we get the leg, the loin, the ribs, the flank, and the rump piece; from the fore quarter we get the shoulder, the neck, and the brisket, or breast.

The leg is probably the most economical piece in the whole mutton, though it is also one of the highest priced pieces. There is less fat on it than on any other part, less bone in proportion to the meat, and every bit of the lean is good and can be used in several ways. Usually it is roasted; but it may also be boiled, or it may be cut into cutlets and broiled.

The rump piece is the continuation of the leg up to the backbone, and is generally sold as a part of the leg except when only a small leg is wanted. It is then either cut with the loin, or by itself into a small piece for roasting, which can always be recognized by its having on it part of the backbone and tail.

The loin is composed of the seven hindmost ribs, and lies just in front of the leg and rump, and is often sold in one piece with them. It makes an excellent roast for a small family, but is most frequently cut into chops for broiling. The continuation of the loin downward under the animal is called the flank. It is often cut into chops with the loin, forming the long end, which is not very good, but it is also sold by itself, making a thin, skinny-looking piece which may be stewed or braised; but it is really not fit for much but to make soup or broth.

In front of the loin are the rest of the ribs, which join onto the shoulder and are sometimes sold with it for boiling or roasting, but are most often cut into short chops which are excellent for broiling or frying. All chops are either "long" or "short" chops. When they are from the loin and are long they include the flank; when they are from the fore quarter and are long they include the breast. It is more economical to buy them short, though the price is a little higher. "French" chops are simply short chops from the loin or shoulder with the meat trimmed off of the bone for about an inch and a half from the end. One often sees them in good restaurants with this projecting bone wrapped in decorative paper, thus forming a sort of handle to the chop. They are no better than any other chops, but make a rather more ornamental dish.

The shoulder (or fore leg), while not so choice as the leg, is a good piece of meat and is used for boiling or roasting. It has more bone in proportion to the meat than the leg, but the flavor is good, and when properly cooked and dressed it makes a choice dish.

The neck is a scraggy piece of meat which is often used for stews. It is not a nice-looking piece, but is of good flavor. In families where economy is an object it will be found a useful selection, since it can be used for broths and stews or may be chopped after boiling and made into very nice *croquettes*. It is much cheaper than the other parts of the animal.

The brisket, or breast, is that part of the under side of the animal which lies between the neck and the flank. It is used almost exclusively for stewing, but can be made into a pie or any other of the palatable dishes which the clever cook knows how to make out of odd bits of meat.

From lamb we get what the butchers call "lamb fries." They correspond with the sweetbread in a veal. There are two in a lamb, and they are each about the size of a large duck's egg. They are cooked as one would cook sweetbreads or oysters. Lamb's tongue is also a delicate morsel which may be either boiled or pickled.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

## Chat.

A "Cranford Tea" is one of the latest devices for killing time in a novel way, and it was in a Western town that the first one was given. It presupposes a familiarity on the part of the guests with Mrs. Gaskell's quaint and delightful book, for they all play a play, as it were, dressing and acting for the occasion the characters in the book. All these deliciously queer people came together in so characteristic a fashion and acted their parts so well that introductions were unnecessary. They partook of seed-cakes and tea at an early hour, together with other light refreshments of that delicate nature which pleased the elegant economy of Cranford. In this idea may be found suggestions for other teas equally as novel. David and Dora or dear Aunt Betsy Trotwood could gather together all their friends for a "David Copperfield" tea, and Mr. and Mrs. Boffin would be most genial hosts for a "Mutual Friend" tea.

Desserts for Easter luncheons and dinners run many changes upon the symbolical egg. The confectioners furnish many dainty designs of ices; every imaginable toothsome mixture of cream or fruit ice being frozen in egg form. Some are served in individual nests of spun sugar, and others are heaped in baker's dozens in graceful baskets, bowed with ribbons to match the table decorations, the eggs being multi-colored in true Easter fashion. Another decorative dish which can be prepared at home is of *blanc mange*, which can be tinted in various colors with fruit juices and also made with chocolate. In lieu of the regular molds egg-shells can be used, but they are more troublesome, as only a small orifice can be made in the ends through which to fill them.

Lenten Art Exhibitions crowded thick and fast one upon another, and gave busy people more than they could do to keep up in the race with "the madding crowd" and see all the art treasures. The Spring Exhibition of water-colors at the Academy was the most successful one in many years, the pictures being of an unusually high order. There was so much to thoroughly enjoy in them that no one felt satisfied with a single visit. Following closely upon this came an all-too-short exhibition of Edwin A. Abbey's frescoes for the Boston Public Library, shown in the same gallery with a large collection of etchings and paintings and a few bronzes of the celebrated French illustrator Raffaelli. Everyone esteemed it a great privilege to have this opportunity of studying the wonderful frescoes before they are hung in their permanent home. A striking contrast to this earnest work was the caricature exhibition held in the same rooms for the benefit of the West Side Day Nursery. The humorous and satirical pictures and sketches afforded a great deal of amusement, and evinced ready wit and much skill in executing the funniest imaginable conceits. All the fads and abuses of the day, and the mannerisms of certain schools and artists, were delightfully burlesqued; "The Theater Hat" being one tempting subject, while "Trilby" came in for her share of merry jibes. Quite *au sérieux* Mr. Constant Mayer has made a life-size picture of "Trilby"—posed as she sang under Svengali's influence—which was one of the attractions at Knoedler's for a short time. There were many small collections of a single artist's work in the galleries of the different picture-dealers, varying, of course, as to merit, but all of sufficient interest to be worth seeing; the whole making, with the opening of the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and countless studio receptions sandwiched in between, a more than busy artistic season.

The fan has resumed its sway this season, and has been an indispensable adjunct of evening dress. This favorite feminine weapon has been somewhat out for several seasons past, the carrying of it during that time being entirely a matter of caprice. In size the most fashionable fans are either very small or large to the point of unwieldiness. The smartest ostrich-feather fans can scarcely be too large for the fancy of the season, and they are usually chosen in color to match the gown; they are most regal and stately affairs, and properly accompany sumptuous gowns of velvet and brocade. Dainty little Empire fans can hardly be too small. They are charmingly painted on *crêpe* or parchment with Watteau-like pictures, spangled with the irrepressible, all-pervading spangles, and mounted, preferably, with carved ivory, sometimes gilded and inlaid.





# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

### PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 441.

REMEMBER THAT EACH "PATTERN ORDER" ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO BUT ONE PATTERN.

The directions for each pattern named in the Pattern Order is printed on the envelope containing the Pattern, which also bears a special illustration of the design.

The expansion of woman in the matter of gown skirts and sleeves and hat-trimmings grows apace with the advance of the spring months; but the whisper has spread from Paris workshops that the extreme limit has been reached, and we have nothing more to fear. The ridiculous and exaggerated fullness of from six to nine yards round the bottom of the skirt, for anything but diaphanous fabrics, has only to be tried to be discarded by every sensible woman. If you add to this fullness a stiff interlining to extend the rippling folds, and wires to hold them in place, a woman may well hesitate before she sacrifices her strength and ease of motion to confinement in such a cage. One of the greatest disadvantages to be urged against the stiffly interlined skirt is the fact that it so quickly loses its freshness and becomes defaced. In fact, such skirts require a dummy to support them; for the poor, weak, human woman who wears one really needs to sit even more than her more sensibly clad sister, yet the repose of every half-hour leaves its impress on the folds; and after only a few wearings the gown is defaced by ugly sharp creases where rounded flutes should be.

Women who like the stiff appearance given by an interlining should choose for their gowns stiff, firm fabrics; these, when properly cut and hung, will stay in place without interlining, wires, or tacking; and when the wearer sits down she can draw the fullness from beneath her, so the gown will never take on the ugly defacing creases.

All soft, crêpe fabrics should be made up in harmony with their texture; nothing stiffer than a taffeta silk should ever be used to line them, and even that is a concession to present modes. Fortunately, the fullness of skirts prevents all attempts to trim them. A few imported tailor-gowns have self-appliqués in braid-like scroll designs of half-inch bands stitched on the edges with self-colored silk.

Quite the smartest and the favorite cape of the spring for

street wear is of tan-colored cloth trimmed with the self-appliqués. They are usually with double capes, of medium length, and finished at the neck with a wide turn-down collar faced with velvet of a slightly contrasting shade.

For carriage, visiting, and theater wear are very dressy affairs of velvet, perforated cloths, or silks. They are cut in a variety of ways, but the aim of all is to be very full and hang in graceful *godets* entirely around the shoulders. Some of them are mere *collets*, scarce covering the shoulders; but very many just reach the waist-line. They are much trimmed with black lace, rich passementeries, and *chiffon* in ruches and accordion-plaited frills, and the ruffs around the necks of ribbon or *chiffon*—and often of flowers—are as wide and full as the wearer's neck will permit.

There are really very great possibilities in the present modes for artistic effect and individuality, the picturesqueness and frivolity of head and shoulder effects being held in check and gracefully balanced by the dignity of the unbroken lines of the untrimmed skirts and the elegance and beauty of their fabrics. The economist finds in them the widest liberty for combining different stuffs, for her sleeves may match her skirt or her waist or contrast with both, and one handsome skirt may do yeoman's service with the help of two or three fancy waists and a variety of separate accessories.

A dainty touch on new French gowns is the introduction of vests, chemisettes, yokes, collars, and cuffs, of sheer white French lawn or nainsook tucked and plaited and trimmed with many projecting frills of half-inch yellow Valenciennes lace or Chantilly. The cuffs simply fall over the hands in becoming frills and platings like the finish of an undersleeve, the return of which they seem to herald. The vests and yokes are completed with tucked collar-bands laid over white silk or bright ribbon with a ruffle of lace standing up, and either a full bow of lawn in front or cunning little clerical-like tabs, also trimmed with the lace.

An effective gown of black and white silk is completed with an Eton jacket of black *moire*—cut slightly pointed, in front—having a wide collar of white bengaline overlaid with black embroidery, and worn over a full vest of tucked nainsook trimmed with frills of Chantilly.

Our thanks are due Messrs. James McCreery & Co. and Hilton, Hughes, & Co., for courtesies extended.





**A Trim Costume.**

FOR cloth and all the seasonable woolen fabrics this model is especially desirable. It is arranged with the "Madrine" basque and the "Blagdon" skirt; the latter a six-gored model, measuring four and a quarter yards around the bottom, and having *godet* plaits, and the basque a plain round one with the usual seams in the back. The vest may be of the same material as the basque, and the chemisette of another goods; or the vest may be of contrasting goods and a linen or mull chemisette worn with it.

**A Trim Costume.**  
MADRINE BASQUE. BLAGDON SKIRT.

**Ideal Comfort.**

No woman's wardrobe is complete without at least one house-dress in which she may be thoroughly comfortable without appearing *négligée*. This becoming model, the "Windola," fulfills these conditions, and possesses possibilities that give it a wide range of usefulness. The back is in princess shape with a Watteau plait (which may be plaited or gathered), and the outer front extends the whole length from the neck, being held in over a fitted waist-lining by the basque-belt. This is an excellent model for ladies who desire to disguise the figure, as the darts may be omitted from the lining and the front allowed to hang loosely. By the addition of lace and ribbon this may be made as dressy as a house-gown may be desired, and it is



**Ideal Comfort.** WINDOLA HOUSE-GOWN.



exceedingly effective made in India and other light-weight silks, and *crêpon*; while as illustrated it is simple enough for the most practical gown of washable material or challee.

**A Spring Traveling-Gown.**

FRENCH coaching twill, in a becoming shade of blue-gray, is the material of this smart gown. The fabric is a desirable one for spring and summer wear, as it is light in weight and soft. It closely resembles the fine qualities of covert cloth, but being not more than half their weight is much less expensive. It is made in some changeable effects showing bright red or terra cotta threads on close inspection, and in all the

**A Spring Traveling-Gown.**  
BRUNHILDA COAT.  
FARRINGTON CIRCLE SKIRT.

plain mixtures of snuff-brown, tan, steel, and blue-grays, etc. The patterns are the "Farrington" circle skirt and the "Brunhilda" coat. The suit may be finished with simple rows of stitching, or the seams may be strapped, and edges finished with a half-inch bias band of the cloth. These bands for strapping, etc., must be cut with very sharp scissors as the edges are not turned in. The coat is fitted with the usual seams in the back, the skirt having easy but not superabundant fullness, contributed by a plait at each side-form seam and a box-plait at the middle seam, and the fronts have single darts. It may be buttoned at the waist or left loose, and worn with waistcoat and chemisette or with shirt waists. A recent French model for a waistcoat is pointed like last summer's models at the waist, but omits the revers and buttons straight up the front to the throat, where it is finished with a high collar-band. Any close-fitting waist-pattern would do for it; and it is, of course, easier to make than with revers, and dispenses with the linen chemisette. All the fancy waistcoat-cloths and rich silks are suitable materials.



**A Jacket for Spring.**

THE new jackets are much shorter, with only sufficient fullness in the skirts to make them jaunty and not burdensome.

Independent garments of this class are of tan, brown, blue, and some shades of dark red cloth,



**A Jacket for Spring.**  
THE "FAIRFAX."

black taking preference of all, and are simply finished with one row of stitching near the edges. Most are lined with silk; but many have the seams bound and only the sleeves lined. The "Fairfax" is the most popular shape, and is universally becoming.

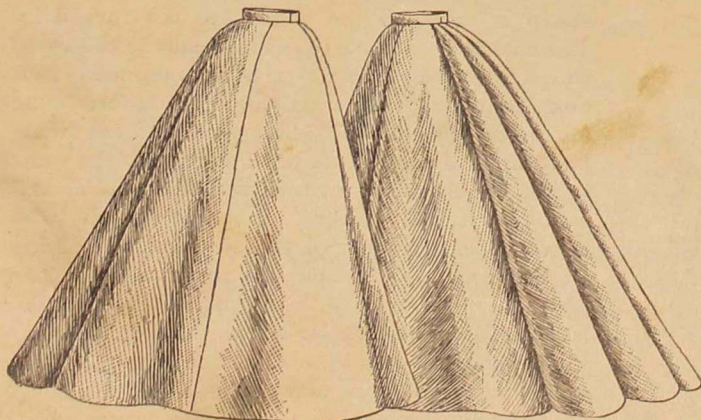
**A Smart Cape.**

THE short cape with voluminous fullness is the popular wrap, and there is hardly any material that can possibly be used for the purpose that is not made into a cape.

Black silk and satin have the preference, with trimmings of jet, lace, velvet, and ribbon. The "Fanita" is a favorite model, with a yoke to which an exceedingly full lower part is attached, falling in *godet* plaits in the middle of the back and in front.



**A Smart Cape.**  
THE "FANITA."



**A Favorite Skirt.**  
THE "DELAVAN."

The one illustrated is made of black silk, the yoke trimmed with jet passementerie and having straps covering the shoulders and finished with rosettes at the ends, back and front, similar rosettes ornamenting the sides of the standing collar. A deep jet fringe trims the front.

**A Favorite Skirt.**

THE "Delavan" is a new eight-gored model of moderate fullness, measuring only about four and a half yards at the foot, which is a width universally liked by conservative women who do not care to tax their energies with the weight of a six or eight yard wide skirt, which is always the reverse of graceful in addition to being burdensome. This is fitted easily about the top, forms three *godet* plaits at the back, and escapes the ground all around, as every skirt intended for street wear should do. It is appropriate for all seasonable goods; and it is altogether a matter of individual taste whether a stiff interlining be used even in the plaits at the back, some of the newest skirts having only a moderately stiff facing about ten inches in depth. There is a disposition to use narrow ruffles and similar trimmings at the foot of skirts of light-weight silks and other summer fabrics, but skirts of woolen gowns are still made plain or trimmed only with flat braids.

**Another Convenient Waist.**

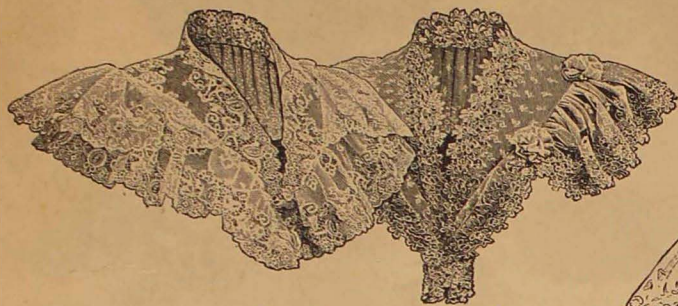
THE ubiquitous separate waist has as many variations as there are persons to wear it, and its simplicity or elaborateness depends on the use to which it is to be put. Blouse effects are still popular both for practical and dressy wear, and the "Olivette" is a good example of a leading style. It is stylishly made in all the soft silks and *chiffons*, and



**Another Convenient Waist.**  
THE "OLIVETTE."



has a full vest of tucked French nainsook, with frill of Valenciennes lace, a tucked collar and frills at the wrist matching. The back is full, and the design is very becoming for slender figures.



No. 1.

No. 2.

Dressy Accessories.

No. 1.—Fichu of butter-colored lace, arranged with a yoke to which are attached two frouces of lace. It is straight across the back, and the neck is finished with a standing collar of the lace.

No. 2.—Fichu of English thread lace, the back shaped like a round yoke from which the frouce hangs very full. Rosettes of pale blue chiffon loop the frouce on the shoulders.

No. 3.—Jabot of pale pink mousseline de soie trimmed with cream-colored Bruges lace and having a cluster of pink roses at the side.

No. 4.—Neck-ruche and jabot of geranium-red chiffon and white plat Val lace. The ruche is entirely of the chiffon, finished with a red and a white rosette in front, and plaited ends of the chiffon ending in rosettes are finished with deep falls of lace.

No. 5.—Collar of bluet satin ribbon, the neck edged with a full ruching of "baby" ribbon of the same color, and the ends finished with full rosettes of the same narrow ribbon. A steel and jet buckle is in front.

No. 6.—Adjustable blouse-waist of cream-white chiffon, to be worn over a plain waist of bright color. It is the same back and front, the yoke and neck-ruche braided with gold, and the bows and belt of velvet ribbon matching the color of the underwaist.

No. 7.—Collar and jabot of accordion-plaited, cream-colored crepe de Chine and Bruges lace.

No. 8.—Collar of absinthe green satin ribbon and black lace. The ribbon forms a plain collar at the back, and a jetted buckle holds three puffs in front, two of ribbon and a center one of lace.

No. 9.—Adjustable vest to wear over any plain waist. It is of pale green mousseline de soie and Duchesse lace, the neck-band of folds of the mousseline trimmed with rosettes of the same.

GARLANDS of lilacs, daisies, forget-me-nots, roses, and violets, arranged with their own foliage, form bretelles on evening corsages and are bunched in huge panaches on the shoulders. It is truly an artificial-flower season.

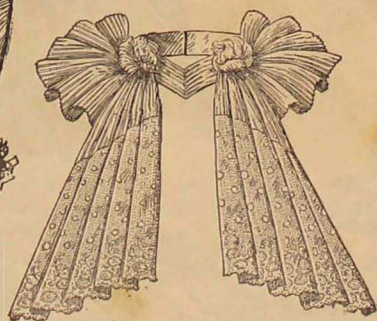


No. 3.

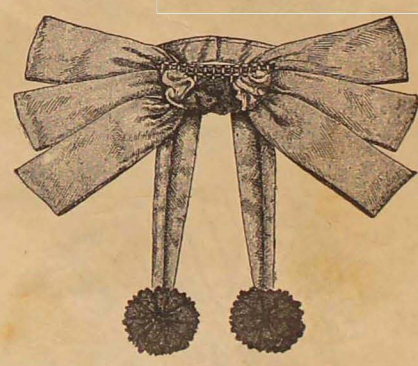
No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.

Spring Millinery.

(See Full Page of Hats and Toques.)

No. 1.—A becoming hat of chestnut straw shot with moss-green, and trimmed all around the brim with dark violets arranged to stand up among their leaves, as if growing. Yellow and deep purplish-crimson roses nod over the crown, and bows of black velvet in front and at the back complete the trimming.

No. 2.—A broad-brimmed, low-crowned mourning-hat of dull black straw, trimmed with a broad bow of black crepon, a single jetted ornament clasping it in front.

No. 3.—A picture hat of fine black chip, trimmed with bunches of nodding ostrich-feathers and large rosettes and cunningly draped folds of turquoise-blue chiffon.

No. 4.—A smart toque of French straw, shaded and shot with brown and green. The sides are trimmed exactly alike with black wings, clusters of green and heliotrope roses, and bows of the new chiné striped and goffered ribbon in shades of golden tan and turquoise-blue. On one side of the front is a Brazilian beetle clasp.

No. 5.—A dainty French toque and cape to

match. Small bows of black velvet and fine black horse-hair wings embroidered with blue and green tinsel form the toque, a large brush aigrette, in colors to match the tinsel, waving over all. The black vel-



No. 6.

vet shoulder-cape is covered with glittering blue and green paillettes, and finished on the edge with frills of knife-plaited black chiffon, a full ruche surrounding the neck.

No. 6.—A becoming little bonnet of fancy black straw, trimmed at the back with an appliqué of cream guipure, and in front with bunches of cowslips and a torsade of petunia ribbon.





SPRING MILLINERY.  
(For Descriptions, see Page 423.)





Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 426.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.



No. 7.—A round hat of fancy tan-colored straw, wreathed round the front of the brim with pale pink roses massed in their foliage, and trimmed at the back with a huge bow of *chiné* ribbon having small blurred flowers scattered over a pale heliotrope ground striped with pink.

No. 8.—This shows trimming for any low-crowned round-hat; the broad bow is at the back, and rosettes of the same ribbon support erect plumes in front.

No. 9.—Trimming of roses and black velvet rosettes with pompons of plaited black lace. The illustration shows a direct front view.

No. 10.—Hat of fancy black straw; the whole crown spreads in irregular flutes over the top of the head, and the only trimming is a bow of black ribbon with a bunch of thistles.

No. 11.—A becoming toque of fancy green and tan straw with split brim which turns away to disclose an erect bow of emerald-green velvet ribbon. There is a soft crown and plaited curtain of cream lace in the back, surmounted by an American Beauty rose with bud and foliage.

## Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive; while for professional dressmakers they are invaluable.

1.—Fancy waist of embroidered batiste and pale green Liberty satin; stock-collar and bows at the waist of pansy velvet matching the toque, which is wreathed with pansies.

2.—Picture hat of shirred *mousseline de soie* trimmed with black plumes.

3.—Realistic design for cuff-links of dead gold set with amethysts.

4.—Round hat with jetted crown and wire brim covered with a ruffle of Brussels point. Bows of green-and-gold changeable ribbon, bunches of cow-slips, and black ostrich-tips complete the hat.

5.—Modish coiffure of waved hair.

6.—Diamond-set cuff-links of Etruscan gold.

7.—Dressy corsage of pink *crépon* with girdle and stock-collar of black velvet, trimmed with bands of mink fur.

8.—Floral brooch set with diamonds and sapphires.

9.—Skirt of dark blue *crépon* and blouse waist of lemon-colored stilettoed silk lined with blue silk.

10.—Carrier-pigeon brooch set with diamonds and pearls.

11.—Skirt of silver-gray *crépon* with waist of rose-colored Liberty satin trimmed with Valenciennes insertion.

12.—Ivy-spray brooch set with emeralds and amethysts.

13.—Spring wrap of black moire with close vest-front of *peau de soie* and trimmed with black-and-white striped satin. Sprays of *bluets* are on the shoulders.

14.—Visiting-gown of lemon-colored *chiné* taffeta combined with petunia-colored satin.

15.—Homé and reception gown of brown faced-cloth, showing through the stilettoed embroidery a lining of *bluet* silk. Iridescent bead passementerie trims the front of the corsage; girdle and stock-collar of *bluet* velvet.

16.—Visiting gown of changeable satin,—mastic, rose, and heliotrope. The front seams of the skirt are sown with steel *paillettes* to correspond with the yoke of embroidered white cloth; tiny frills of narrow Chantilly lace run in vertical lines up the sides of the full fronts, and edge the flaring cuffs of the demi-sleeves.

17.—Black satin shoulder-cape lined with rose-colored brocade trimmed in front with jet passementerie.

18.—Modish coiffure.

19.—Diamond-set crescent brooch.

20.—A becoming modish coiffure; all the hair is waved, and held loosely in a coil on the crown of the head.

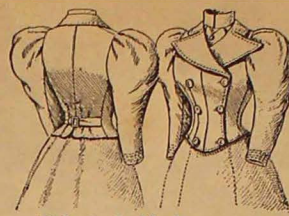
21.—Home gown of olive cashmere, the sleeves and yoke embroidered with conventionalized daisies perforated to show a rose-colored silk lining. Large bows of pink-and-green changeable ribbon trim the front of the corsage and skirt.

22.—Tailor-gown of brown covert cloth.

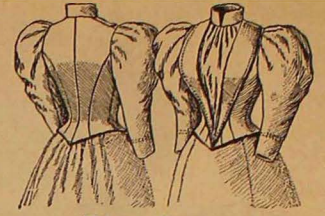
23.—Reception-gown of black *crépon*; yoke of guipure lace, and girdle, stock-collar, and bows of black satin ribbon.

24.—Bridesmaid's gown of silver-gray faille with trimmings of American Beauty satin. Black *chiffon* hat trimmed with black feathers and American Beauty satin.

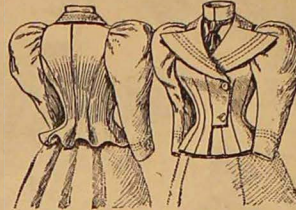
25.—Opal-tinted satin gown embroidered with emerald and heliotrope *paillettes*; yoke and sleeves of emerald velvet.



Blaisdell Basque.



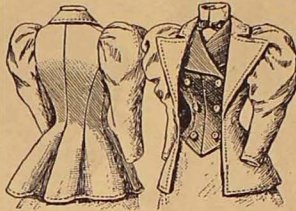
Riga Basque.



Hustache Basque.



Elton Cape.



Trouville Coat.



Brighton Dress.



Hilario Suit.



Truro Dress.



Irmine Dress.



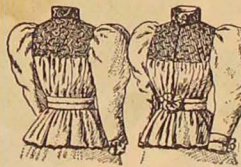
Urquhart Coat.



Mimie Dress.



Ricardo Suit.



Minta Waist.



Manrico Suit.

## Standard Patterns.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. For it should be remembered that one inestimable advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the Magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on its back.

## Fresh Summer Frocks.

Two charming models are given here, for girls from ten to twelve years of age and from four to six. The elder girl's frock is of *écaru* batiste, trimmed with embroidery. The skirt is made of straight breadths, and should measure from





two and a half to three yards around, according to size of child, and also the width of material used; no one would think of tearing a strip off a whole breadth to make the skirt a little narrower, or adding one to widen it. The pattern is the "Blondelle," and includes

lining, and is slightly full in the back at the waist-line; the fronts open with a jacket effect, and disclose a full blouse of perforated silk. The girdle and neck-band are of contrasting ribbon, and should be chosen of the color most becoming to the wearer. Dark blue serge with a blouse front of batiste or pongee would make a neat gown for school or traveling.



**Perfectly Comfortable.**

FOR any purpose, practical or dressy, this pretty little frock—the "Ardelle"—is as charming a model as can be desired. The waist is the same back and front, and the skirt is in straight breadths.

**Perfectly Comfortable.**  
ARDELLE FROCK.

Made in challie and light-weight woollens this makes an ideal dress for spring or cool summer days, and for gingham and other washable fabrics it cannot be excelled. The pattern is in sizes for eight and ten years of age.

**Fresh Summer Frocks.**

THE "BLONDELLE." THE "ISA."

both skirt and waist. There is a fitted lining to hold the fullness of the waist in place, and the back is like the front. The tucked yoke may be of a contrasting fabric or like the frock itself. The girdle and stock-collar are of dark sapphire-blue satin ribbon. Any becoming color to contrast or harmonize with the fabric can be chosen. The model is suited to any of the fancy spring woollens, and to every description of washable fabric, plain or dressy.

The little maid's frock, in sizes from four to six years, is one of the ever popular "Kate Greenaway" models,—the "Isa,"—which are as easy to make as an infant's slip. The frock illustrated is of fine checked gingham, finished around the cuffs, edge of yoke, and neck-band with neat feather-stitching. Dressier gowns of pale-tinted Chambéry's, mulls, or India silks, have yokes and the lower parts of the sleeves made of tucking or all-over embroidery, but even this elaboration adds very little to the work of making. Fine cashmeres, *crépons*, and also the soft checked woollens are pretty made by this model.



**A Stylish Wool Frock.**

ALBERTA WAIST.  
CIRCLE SKIRT.

**A Stylish Wool Frock.**

A NEAT and simple model for either plain or dressy gowns. As illustrated it is made of a fancy striped *crépon*, and is suitable for church wear or afternoon visits. The patterns are the "Circle Skirt"—illustrated and described in Demorest's for August, 1894—and the "Alberta" waist, both in sizes for twelve and fourteen years. The waist has a fitted

The "Vince" is the popular model, and is made in all light and medium-weight cloths, preferably tan, brown,

or blue, either lined with silk, or with bound seams and only the sleeves lined. If a still simpler model be desired, the revers-collar may be omitted. The pattern is in sizes for eight, ten, or twelve years.

**A Convenient Garment.**

WITHOUT doubt the most convenient wrap for a girl is a jacket, and the variety and becomingness of the designs for this season leave nothing to be desired.



**A Convenient Garment.** VINCO JACKET.



## The Crime of Liquor Selling.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

It is a rather curious fact that in this enlightened age, when the arts, sciences, and general literature are receiving so much attention, and people are so actively alive to the various phases of advanced civilization, that there should be so much doubt and diversity of opinion about the nature and effects of so common an article as alcohol. The truth is, that, notwithstanding no other article or product has had such universal, everyday consumption in all the various forms of alcoholic drink, and notwithstanding its use has been tolerated for centuries, its true nature and its ultimate effects on the human system are but little understood by the public generally; so little, indeed, that it is even used as a sacrament, an evidence of a holy consecration, by the Christian Church. This is the most anomalous and contradictory illustration of a perverted public opinion that the world has ever known.

But when we come to consider to what an awful condition the human mind and body are brought by the use of this poison, the misery, the heart-rending and horrible scenes of violence that are instigated by this poison of alcohol, we are struck dumb with wonder and are compelled in shame to ask why this vile concoction of decayed vegetable poison should have any toleration in a civilized community, much less be cherished as a beverage for sensible, intelligent men and women.

But there is a tendency in the human system, which, when encouraged, craves more stimulant than that obtained from ordinary food, and this unnatural excitement or exhilaration being gained through the use of alcohol, its use has become a terrible curse to our whole civilization, so formidable as to make all other evils or causes of a degraded condition of society of little importance when compared to it.

Alcohol is so insidious and so deadly in its character that there is no other article or material in nature that is so well calculated to produce disease, and consequent crime and misery. Its acrid, poisonous nature is also attested by the most eminent scientists as the most virulent poison. One half ounce of pure alcohol taken into the system will paralyze the nerve centers and kill just as surely and as quickly as a stroke of lightning; and the same poison when taken in the form of whisky, beer, wine, brandy, or other alcoholic beverage, is so antagonistic to the vitality of the system that its effects cannot be entirely eliminated even by total abstinence, but will remain in the system, more or less, making it less able to resist attacks of rheumatism, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other dangerous diseases.

But the ruinous results from the use of these poisonous beverages are most prominent in the riotous outrages which are so common in the slums of all our large cities, and in the degradation and misery that are brought into many of our otherwise happy homes all over the land.

Pitiable distress and loss of character, and an awful drain on the resources of labor, are among the many shocking consequences that are always sure to follow the use of alcoholic beverages; and these consequences are so widespread as to make it quite impossible to form an adequate idea of their magnitude or atrocity. Yet we find the whole community so tolerant of and so indifferent to these outrages, that it is quite impossible for a candid mind to realize this insensibility, or fathom the duplicity that can offer a privileged class a right to dispense this poison to the people with legal sanction. This is the most outrageous illustration of moral degradation.

### THE CHARACTER OF THE SALOON.

The saloon is the representative and concentrated essence of moral depravity, made most effective by its insidious enticements appealing to the strongest passion in our nature,

the craving for some stimulant. This unnatural craving, fostered through the temptations offered by the saloon, becomes the most diabolical agency for the destruction of every noble and virtuous sentiment in our civilization, and the most atrocious crimes and outrages that make society an appalling cesspool of human depravity cannot fail to follow. The great question now before the world is, What can be done to save our country from this desolating curse, the saloon? Some saving influence must be put in operation that will stay this onward tide of woe, which, like a destructive avalanche, is now threatening every interest that we hold dear.

### THE NECESSITY FOR ACTIVE THOUGHT.

If only the people could be made to think,—think deeply and effectively on the line of moral ethics! If the claims of a suffering humanity could be made apparent! If some potent word or influence could be brought to bear upon intelligent consciences, accompanied with a demand for a thoughtful consideration that would compass the magnitude and degradation that is caused by the liquor traffic! Then we could gain access to the great reservoir of the people's patriotic aspirations, and would see a tremendous outburst of enthusiastic determination to destroy this terrible scourge and moral pestilence, alcoholic poison.

The awakened power of the people's righteous indignation would sweep onward with such swift annihilation as to make the saloon with all its demoralizing influence fly before this accumulated public condemnation. The awakened conscience of the people would be like an angry blast of a cyclone sweeping all before it; and it is only such a cyclonic outburst of the people's conscientious convictions that can reach this cancerous viper now eating into the vitals of our civilization.

### TEMPERANCE IS NOT PROHIBITION.

If only we could appreciate the power and tendency of the word "Prohibition" to mold and influence the public mind, if only we could realize the advantage which the use of the word "Prohibition" would give to our cause, how it would stimulate and fortify our own convictions, as well as arouse stronger convictions in other minds! We would not be long in coming to the conclusion that the word "temperance" not only fails to express our real sentiments on the great question of the annihilation of the liquor traffic, but that it is often a stumbling-block, a misleading misnomer, a perversion, and its use has a tendency to injure the cause of Prohibition.

### OUR HOMES AND OUR COUNTRY IN DANGER.

WHEN shall the lawlessness of the liquor traffic be dethroned, and our country be delivered from this degradation and these infamous outrages on our most sacred rights? Is it not possible that the community can be awakened to the necessity for an organized opposition to this infamous and cruel desecration of our homes?

### THE POISON OF ALCOHOL.

THE terrible sacrifices and agony that many wives, mothers, and children have to suffer on account of this alluring poison of alcohol cannot be told in words of sufficient import to express all the misery endured.

### WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC DOES.

No crime and desolation, no degradation or destitution from any other cause can equal what the liquor demon brings with its cancerous fangs to eat into the vital energies of the people and curse the world. The enormity of the resulting misery cannot be described by any ordinary modes of expression.



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

# WALL PAPERS

3c. to \$3 Per Roll.

Your choice from an unlimited Variety of Patterns.

Information regarding application of papers, color effect, etc., upon request.

Send 8c. stamps for selection of samples.

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696 Columbus Ave., New York City, N. Y.  
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SAMPLES FREE from the factories not controlled by the Wall Paper Trust, at prices fully 30 per cent. lower than others.

White Blanks that retail at 10c., 4c. a roll.  
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Other grades and borders as low.  
DEALERS write for large books by express and TRADE DISCOUNT  
**KAYSER & ALLMAN,**

The Largest Wall Paper Concern in the U. S.  
932-934 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.  
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100 new special designs for 2 cts. postage. Gold paper 4c. up; without Gold 2c. up; fine Gold Embossed 10 to 12 1/2c. Paper Hangers large outfit, 50 cts. Most liberal terms. It pays to compare our prices.

Anti-Trust  
KEIM Wall Paper Co., 171 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

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## WALL PAPER

3 cts. to 50 cts. a roll. Send 8 cts. for 100 fine samples. \$1 will buy handsome paper and border for a large room.

Paper Hangers' large, complete sample books, \$1.00.

**THOS. J. MYERS, 1206 Market St., Phila., Pa.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



"Ventilated" Cake and Bread Closets.

Will keep your food sweet and free from mould. Address

ENNIS SPECIALTY CO., TROY, N. Y.

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

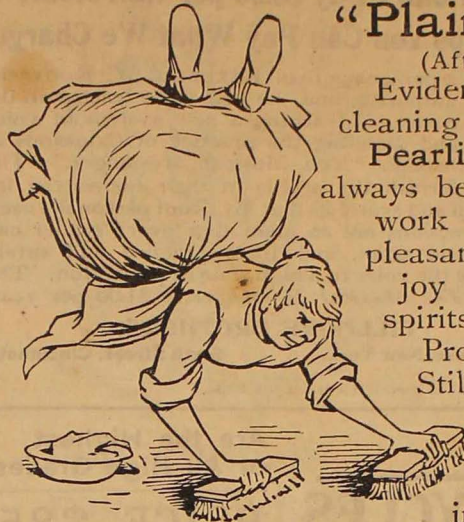
## Correspondence Club.

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

"GRACE."—Gen. Philip Schuyler had five daughters: Angelica, who married John Barker Church; Elizabeth, Gen. Alexander Hamilton; Margaret, Gen. Stephen Van Ransselaer—called the Patroon; Cornelia, Washington Morton; and Catherine, who was twice married, her first husband being Samuel Bayard Malcolm, and her second, James Cochran.

"MRS. W. J. S."—Fresh-water mussels are not generally considered edible, and there are only a few of the salt-water kinds that are esteemed as food.

(Continued on page 430.)



"Plain, but athletic."

(After sketch in New York Truth.)

Evidently the picture of a woman cleaning house for the first time with Pearlina. She finds that what has always been the hardest kind of hard work is now comparatively easy, pleasant, quickly done—and in her joy and enthusiasm and high spirits, she kicks up her heels.

Probably this is an extreme case. Still, it may be there are numbers of women who, when they clean house first with Pearlina, manifest their pleasure in the same way. You don't

hear of it, though. They simply tell you that in all their lives the work of house-cleaning has never been so light, so satisfactory, so soon over, so thoroughly well done.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

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JAMES PYLE, New York.

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

## Mrs. Cleveland's Right Hand

would look like this



if it were encased in the

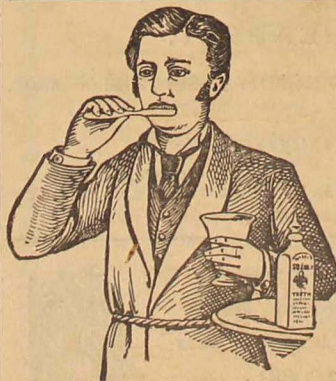
## "Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped" Silk Glove.

NOT ONLY PERFECT-FITTING, BUT ALMOST UNWEAROUTABLE.

A GUARANTEE TICKET in each pair that is good for a new pair FREE in any case where the "Tips" wear out before the gloves.

If your dealer hasn't them, write to Julius Kayser & Co., New York.

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



## PRETTY MOUTHS

should have pretty teeth in them, but it is not unusual to see between rosy lips, teeth discolored and decaying through neglect. This disfiguring defect should be repaired without delay, by using

FRAGRANT

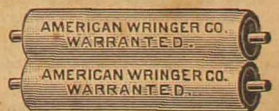
## SOZODONT

which removes every particle of tartar from the teeth, and renders them snowy white. This admirable aid to beauty is PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and exhales a most delightful aroma, and is in every respect preferable to the ordinary tooth pastes and powders.

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

## WRINGING DRY

is impossible unless your wringer has well-made rolls. When you buy a wringer insist on having the **WARRANTED ROLLS** of the AMERICAN WRINGER CO., the largest manufacturers of Wringers and Rolls in the world. \$2,500,000 capital. See our name and warrant stamped on rolls. Books of useful wringer information FREE. Address 99 Chambers Street, New York.



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FREDERIC W. ROOT.

**If You Can't Pay \$5.00 per Half Hour,  
Perhaps You Can Pay What We Charge.**

No less a personage than FREDERIC W. ROOT, the highest authority, and the best voice teacher in the United States, is teaching a new system of voice culture, and directing the practice of thousands of pupils through "The Musical Messenger." The lessons furnish the people in their homes the instruction and exercises that Mr. Root personally uses. The directions are so plain that every reader can understand them, and their practice will surely cultivate the voice to a high state of perfection. The cost of *The Musical Messenger* is \$1.00 per year.

**FILLMORE BROTHERS,**

Bible House, New York.

Sixth Street, Cincinnati.

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



**BICYCLES.**

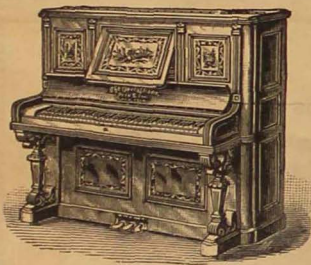
Are the Highest  
of All High Grades.

**PRICE, \$85.**

Do not be misled by unscrupulous dealers. Insist on having the best. Warranted superior to any bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Get our catalogue 'G' free, by mail, before buying. **Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.**

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

**The "OPERA" Piano.**



Established 1850.

A strictly high-grade instrument.  
Sold on easy terms.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue,  
which we send **FREE** to any address.

**PEEK & SON,**

Broadway and 47th Street, - NEW YORK.

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

**Does Your House Need Painting**

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR

**Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,**  
IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

**THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.**

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**

NEW YORK:  
POST OFFICE BOX 3499.

CHICAGO:  
MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE.

BROOKLYN:  
44 TO 50 JAY STREET

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

**"Chautauqua" Desk FREE** WITH A COMBINATION  
BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP.  
MOST POPULAR DESK EVER MADE. SOLID OAK THROUGHOUT, HAND-RUBBED. 5 FEET HIGH,  
2½ FEET WIDE, 10½ INCHES DEEP. THE LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS, "BORAXINE" AND  
"MODJESKA" TOILET ARTICLES, BOUGHT AT RETAIL WOULD  
COST, ----- \$10.00 } YOU GET ALL FOR \$10.00.  
DESK, WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00 }  
WE WILL SEND BOX AND DESK ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT \$10.00.  
IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.  
See Demorest's Magazine, Oct., Nov. and Dec. **THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, NY**



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

**PLAYS** Dialogues, Speakers, for School,  
Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.  
**T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.**

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

**PURCHASING AGENT,** Shopping done free.  
Best references given.

Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 429.)

"AN IGNORANT GIRL."—De Longpré's "Roses" is an oil reproduction, and requires no glass when framed.—The Chautauqua Circle reading would be the very best thing you could undertake, and it is so arranged that you would not find it very difficult; but if the books cost too much, and you have too little time for it, you must do the next best thing.—You ought to read the history of your own country, next that of England, and afterwards of Europe, combining with them biographies of noted men and women,—those who have made history. Short histories are the best to begin with, so you will not be discouraged at the outset. If you enjoy it you will want to read more in detail. Green's "Short History of the English People" is the best English history you can have, and next to this read, if you can, Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." It is impossible to give you an extended scheme for reading without knowing if you have access to a library, or what your opportunities are for obtaining books.—Yes: always look up in the dictionary every word you do not understand. Of course, an 1840 edition of Webster is behind the times; many new words have come into use in the last fifty years, there have been changes in pronunciation, some words have become obsolete, etc.; yet even an old dictionary is better than none.—A help to memory in all serious reading is to keep a notebook at hand and make frequent notes.—Your Strauss Dance Folio is not of much advantage to you in playing on a reed organ.

"Mrs. B. J. D."—It is impossible for us to answer questions like yours by mail.—Have a tailor-gown of covert-cloth, Scotch tweed, cheviot, or serge; any one of the fabrics named is sure to be satisfactory for your purpose, but a good quality of covert-cloth will bear hard and constant service the best of all. Make by model for "A Smart Tailor-Gown" in Demorest's for April. Have some unlined silk waists that can be laundered to wear with the skirt in warm weather, or to change with the waistcoat now.—Get an English walking-hat or a turban of rough straw or chip to match the suit,—gray or tan,—or black if you prefer. Have low shoes of tan-colored ooze calf or gray canvas; piqué gloves may match or be of any of the popular tan, brown, or russet shades. Russet gloves and shoes would look well with a gray suit. A light colored, all-wool *crépon* would be the best choice for your easy house-gown.

"D. A. D."—"Bertha M. Clay" was the *nom de plume* of Charlotte M. Braeme, and she died some years ago; the exact date is not given, and information about her is meager. It is understood at the libraries that a syndicate of writers is publishing stories under her old *nom de plume*.

(Continued on page 431.)

**Ill-Tempered Babies**

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

It is conceded by all wheelmen that some lubricant is needed to prevent wear of chain and sprocket wheel. After much experimenting it has been found that graphite makes the most perfect lubricant, when the right kind is used and properly prepared.

Under the name of graphite lubricant are found compounds of cheap black-lead, stove polish, foundry facings, soapstone, etc. Safety in buying, and the surety of getting the best graphite lubricant made, lie in purchasing of a firm of world-wide reputation and long experience. Such a firm is the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, of Jersey City, N. J. They have mined and manipulated graphite for nearly seventy years, and when called upon by leading wheelmen to furnish a cycle lubricant that would meet the fullest requirements of the cyclist, they selected from their choicest stocks of graphite a brand of graphite of unequalled smoothness, and produced a stick, or solid lubricant, which will not gum or hold dirt and dust, but which will so thoroughly lubricate the chain and sprockets that the wear will be reduced to the slightest degree, and ease of riding and speed greatly increased.



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

(Continued from page 430.)

"M. & S."—"Second-year mourning" depends entirely upon the nearness of relationship with the person for whom mourning is worn. Very probably your question relates to what was formerly called "second mourning," but about which we hear little nowadays. Combinations of black and white and shades of heliotrope and grays are so generally worn that they are no longer considered mourning. Some women when laying aside black change abruptly to colors, but it is better form to gradually lighten the dress, first by laying aside the long veil and leaving off *crépe*,—if it be worn at all; lusterless black silks can be worn trimmed with dull jet, and touches of heliotrope added to the gowns; white gowns with black trimmings are also suitable, and tailor-gowns of dark iron-gray cloth or tweed with black waistcoats or blouses of black and white India silk. Get small bonnets of dull black fancy straw trimmed with plaited *chiffon* and jet, or the little square bonnets of dull jet,—which bend to the shape of the head, and are set far back,—trimmed only with a bunch of dark violets and a big bow of black *crépon* or *chiffon*. Dull black fancy straw or chip is the best choice for round hats, and can be as large or as small as you like; trim them with plaited *chiffon*, gros grain, or *crépon*. Do not use feathers or lace. There is no indication that princess gowns will be worn in the street. They are confined to house and evening wear.

"S. M."—All bulbs like the hyacinth, tulip, and Chinese sacred lily should be allowed to ripen after blooming, and then be given a period of rest. Water them infrequently at first, then not at all; when the foliage becomes yellow and droops, turn the pots down on their sides and thrust them back under the greenhouse shelves, in the dark, or put them in a corner of the cellar, and let them stay for several months. Some people shake the bulbs free from soil, roll them in paper, and pack them in boxes during the resting time; but the bulbs fare as well with one treatment as the other. Bulbs that have been bloomed in water are of no use afterwards, for they will not ripen in that way.

"L. M."—The name of the French president, Faure, is pronounced *Fore*.—A wedding present is not obligatory because you accept an invitation to the wedding. Presents are expected only from intimate friends, though, of course, in the great social world, even formal acquaintances sometimes send them. If you are invited to a small wedding but cannot go, send written regrets, not your card.—The bride should return her calls within two weeks.

(Continued on page 432.)

Miss Anna Gould's traveling-dress was of a deep Prussian blue cloth, called *viens bleu*, and the jacket was lined with red *peau de soie* and cut very short. The skirt was cut very full, and, like all the gowns of the bride's trousseau, was wired at the hem with featherbone.

The four bridesmaids were gowned alike in cream-white broadcloth, trimmed with sable, the wide skirts being lined with cream-white silk, and bordered at the front with a two-inch sable band. Under these bands the skirts were wired with featherbone, insuring perfect curves.—Associated Press Reports.

Many of our readers who have been troubled with round shoulders, weak backs, or contracted chests, will be glad to learn of a most ingenious device in the shape of a brace, recently perfected by the George Frost Company, 551 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

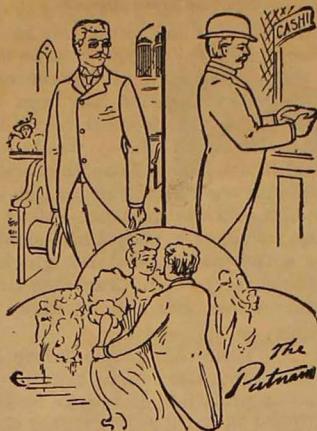
The English Military Brace, as it is called, is not only a shoulder brace, but a body brace, embodying features which are not found in any other brace. It corrects round shoulders, strengthens the back, sides, chest and stomach, and remedies a variety of great and small ills that go to make up the sum of life's discomfort.

Sensible and considerate mothers will easily seize upon it for their growing sons and daughters, as a help to guide them to correct form and carriage, giving them the assistance they so often require.

It may be simply and comfortably adjusted, and imparts a secure, braced-up sensation to the wearer, without discomfort.

Made in all sizes, it is equally suitable to both sexes of any age, and will, we have no doubt, fill a long-felt want.

Note the special offer they make in their advertisement.



FOR CHURCH.  
FOR BUSINESS.  
FOR INFORMALS.

Our \$11.50 English Clay Diagonal Suits, black or grey, are appropriate and will compare in every detail with those the tailors tax you three times as much for. The styles comprise

- Cutaway Frocks—
  - Single-Breasted Sacks—
  - Double-Breasted Sacks—
  - Prince Albert Frocks—
- All the latest fashions.*

Sample pieces of the worsted sent free. Suits shipped C. O. D., privilege of examining before paying. Cash orders filled. If not satisfactory money and express charges returned. Spring Overcoats finely made from same worsted. All sizes, 32 to 50, for \$10.00. Enclose 2c. stamp and we will send our "great wonder" Puzzle and Spring Catalogue.



Our "Combination" Suit,

extra trousers and cap to match, for boys, ages 6 to 15.

Prices—\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$6.50.

Spring styles are ready. The fact that we sold more than 50,000 of these popular outfits speaks louder for their merits than any words we can write. Our variety is larger than ever for this spring's trade. Qualities superior. They are the best outfits in the world.

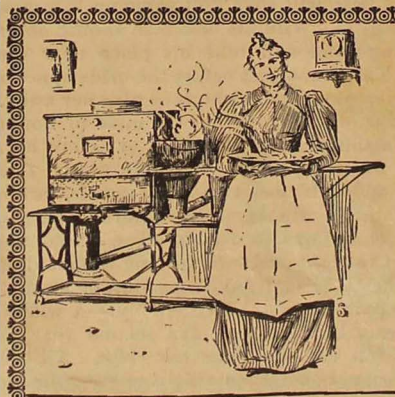
Sample pieces of the fabrics sent free. Combinations sent C. O. D., with privilege of examining before paying. Or, if price of combination in cash is sent, with 60c. additional for postage and registering (age, weight, height of boy, and size of hat), we will forward the outfit and guarantee satisfaction or return the money and charges.

Also ask for samples of confirmation suits, ages 10 to 19.

- Boys' Long Pants Suits, ages, 11 to 19.
- Boys, Long Pants, ages, 12 to 19.
- Boys' Knee Pants, ages, 4 to 15.

Putnam Clothing House, 137 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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



The Difference in Stoves.

With an ordinary stove, the fire goes out when most wanted, or is raging hot when not wanted; with the New Process Stove, the fire is started with a touch—put

out the same way. An ordinary stove smokes, smells, and makes a dirt; the New Process is entirely free from all such faults. With an ordinary stove the fuel bill is often hard to meet; with a New Process it is comparatively but an item. All in all, the New Process is as far ahead of the ordinary stove as the electric light is ahead of the candle. If you want to get better acquainted with this great stove, send for the New Process book—It's free.

THE STANDARD LIGHTING CO.,  
201 Perkins Avenue, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



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

Borax Receipt Book Free 80 pages. For Laundry, Kitchen, Toilet, Bath, Complexion and Hair. 200 ways to use Borax. Send postal. Pacific Coast Borax Co., 269 Dearborn St., Chicago

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



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There are  
Wheels and Wheels

BUT THE

'95

ERIE

IS

"The Wheel."

\$85 = \$100

LIBERAL TERMS TO THE TRADE  
CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Queen City Cycle Co.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

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

saved on a  
**\$25 ROBLEY SPECIAL**

21 Pounds  
75 Dollars

Better  
Bicycles  
can't  
be  
made.

Built for those who do not care to pay a premium for expensive catalogues and elaborate advertisements, that do not add one cent to the actual value of a wheel.

For full information address

MALTBY & ROBLEY, 1 Park Place, New York.

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

1895 High Grade Bicycles



Shipped anywhere C.O.D. Saving you dealers profit.  
\$100 Oakwood " \$62.50  
\$85 'Arlington' " \$45.00  
\$65 " " " \$27.50  
\$20 " " " \$10.90

Latest models, wood or steel rims; pneumatic tires; weight 17 1/2 to 30 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free. Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St. B 51, Chicago

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

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a FAIRY hand TRICYCLE or foot power. CHEAP FOR ALL. FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.



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

CARDS Send 2c. stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and LATEST Styles in Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling CARDS FOR 1895. WE SELL GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. UNION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.

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

(Continued from page 431.)

"JAYHAWKER."—Your letter was too late for an earlier reply.—We can give you no better advice than that contained in all our recent fashion reviews. Repeated mention has been made of black *crépon* as the handsomest fabric for separate skirts to wear with fancy waists.—Satin is much worn; it has been a favorite fabric in light tints for evening wear all winter, and in black for social functions in the daytime.—Most mothers prefer white for all of a baby's first short frocks; sometimes a few delicate-colored gingham are provided for nursery wear. Tan shoes and hose are the best choice, but a good many mothers still use black.

"VIOLET."—Your changeable fabric is pretty and a modish color. Get a fancy taffeta—blue and terra cotta—to go with it, and make by any of the models in March or April numbers that show combinations of different materials. Choose, preferably, a drooping blouse front, if becoming to you, as, except for tailor-made gowns, it is the favorite style.

"ALBETH."—Careful reading of the Correspondence Club would show you that no addresses except of a philanthropic or educational nature are ever given in its columns. We know of no such firm as you ask about.

"Mrs. M. H. B."—A bit of cold bread can be correctly placed beside the plate, but hot breads should not be placed upon the cloth. As you use so much hot bread you would find the individual bread-and-butter plates very convenient. They are in general use now for everything but formal functions. They need not match the rest of the service; the effect is even better if they are unlike it, and they are so small that they can even be handsomer.—Get surah or taffeta silk the color of the embroidered leaf in your black silk to combine with it, and make by the "Fernando" basque or "Edsa" waist in the April number.

"OTISA."—An illustrated article upon wedding ceremonies, decorations, etc., in Demorest's for November, 1892, will give you valuable information.—The groom with his best man should enter the drawing-room and take his place near the officiating clergyman just before the bride appears on the arm of the person who is to give her away. It is a matter of taste whether the maid of honor and bridesmaids precede the bride or follow her. A pretty arrangement is the following: two ushers, maid of honor, two bridesmaids, bride upon her father's arm, then the children, and the procession closed by two ushers.—The attendants should part to right and left, leaving the maid of honor at the bride's left, and all grouping around the bridal pair during the ceremony.—A widow usually wears black during the second year of mourning, but can lay aside her *crépe*. All the dull *crépons*, and lusterless silks are suitable for her use.

"W. M. S."—Demorest's Magazine has nothing whatever to do with the sewing-machine of that name. Write for circulars to the address given on page 384 of the April number of Demorest's; and be sure to enclose your own address, which you did not in writing to us.

(Continued on page 433.)

BOAT BUILDERS and designers of yachts, steam, gas and electric launches, canoes, hunting and row boats, Dughy's, &c. Write for catalogue. Racine Yacht & Boat Works, Racine, Wis. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

7 CENTS PER COPY. SHEET MUSIC! 7c. per copy. 15 copies for \$1. Sold everywhere at 30c. to \$1.00 per copy. Catalogue of 12,000 pieces FREE to any address. F. BREHM, Erie, Pa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BABY CARRIAGES delivered free anywhere in U. S. Why pay dealers' profit? Buy direct from factory; save 60%. Catalogue free. Jos. J. Heidt, 221 W. Madison St., Chicago. Formerly L. G. Spencer. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE MONARCH KING OF ALL CYCLES

SWIFT - HANDSOME - STRONG  
ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.  
Strictly Up to Date in Every Particular

\$85 AND \$100  
FIVE MODELS—LADIES' AND MEN'S. 18 TO 25 POUNDS.  
Elegant 40 Page Catalogue Sent for Postage, or Free at any Agency.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.  
LAKE AND MARLBORO STS. RETAIL SALESROOM:  
FACTORY & MAIN OFFICE. 280 WABASH AVENUE.  
CHICAGO.

Branches | New York, Memphis, Detroit, Salt Lake City, Denver, San Francisco, Portland, Toronto.

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

Strength and Beauty

Combined in the

REMINGTON

BICYCLES

The Standard of  
Excellence . . .



Light, strong and exquisitely finished, with a special regard for the features which lady riders particularly understand and appreciate. The name "Remington," since 1816, has been a synonym for enterprise and reliability. All that science, skill and money could produce are combined to make the 1895 Remington a marvel of cycle building.

Prices, \$100, \$90, \$75 and \$50.  
Handsome Catalogue Free.

REMINGTON ARMS CO.

313 and 315 Broadway

NEW YORK

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

Agents wanted everywhere

SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY

Handsomest, highest grade, fastest, 16 to 22 lbs. Highest Award World's Fair. Overland Cycles, all sizes, \$40 to \$75. Others \$15 up. Cata. free. Estab. 1864. House, Hazard & Co., Mrs., 115 G St., Peoria, Ill.

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

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C.O.D.

Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices without asking one cent in advance. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save deal. \$15.50 Carriage for \$9.25. Profits. Large 11- \$12.00 " " \$5.95. Illustrated catalogue \$5.00 " " \$2.65. Free Address CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West Van Buren Street, B 51, Chicago, Ill.

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



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

(Continued from page 432.)

"S. T. S. B."—We have repeatedly stated that no business addresses can be given in these columns.—Your book-seller can give you the name of a well-known firm who publish plays of every description, and have a catalogue which gives the number of characters, men and women, required in the cast of every play.—The following plays have been acted successfully by amateurs of average ability, and are entertaining and unexceptionable in character: "Pygmalion and Galatea," by W. S. Gilbert, "Still Waters Run Deep," by Charles Reade, "Down by the Sea," author unknown, and "The Wonder;" the last is a picturesque play requiring pretty Spanish costumes and "plays itself."

"Mrs. E. M. C."—Lace or chiffon over silk makes a very dressy commencement-gown. We commend in preference *crépon*, dotted Swiss, or fine India lawn, these being more girlish. The first should have an untrimmed skirt, the last may be trimmed with rows of lace insertion or lace-trimmed ruffles, and the waists should be full blouses, with or without yoke effects, but very full and drooping in front.

"IOWA."—Have an Easter luncheon for the thirty young ladies you wish to entertain in the afternoon. You could seat them at six small tables; decorate with spring flowers, have violets for favors, and use the "lily" card—illustrated in "Home Art," for April—for menus. Arrange with some of your girl friends who have talent in that direction to give two or three recitations and a little music after the luncheon.—A "thimble-party" is another name for a sewing-bee, or an apron-party.

"ALICE BELLE."—President Cleveland's daughter Ruth was born in New York City in Oct., 1890, and Esther was born in the White House at Washington in the autumn of 1893.

Cleanings.

THE COSTUME SHOW.

ONE of the spring events in New York was an interesting costume show held in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association. There were gathered together from many sources, and also specially made for the occasion, rich costumes for both men and women, of the most striking epochs in fashion during the past four or five centuries. But while these were all that was promised and quite interesting in themselves, yet the booths which drew the largest crowds, which were fairly mobbed, indeed, by eager and curious onlookers, were those where were displayed the freshest devices of the modistes' ingenious brains and deft fingers for the embellishment and delight of the present woman. And especially did that all-pervading creature,

(Continued on page 434.)



POINTS ABOUT THE Equipoise Waist.

Stylish and Comfortable! a rare combination! Bones are Removable! without ripping! Best of Material used! making it durable! Hygienic Principle of Support from Shoulders embodied! Recommended by Physicians and Calisthenic Teachers! Popularly endorsed by its constantly increasing sale. SOLD EVERYWHERE BY LEADING MERCHANTS, or mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfactory, will be exchanged or money refunded if returned in perfect order.

Ladies, Style No.	Cut of Neck.	Material.	Description.	Price.	
00	High Neck.	White Twill.	Single in Yoke. Lined in Body.	Whole Back, Without Bones.	\$1.75
601	High Neck and Square Neck.	White Twill.		Whole Back, Boned Front.	2.00
603	Square Neck.	White Twill.	No Lining	Laced in Back.	2.25
603C	Square Neck.	Drab Twill.			2.50
603B	Square Neck.	Fast Black.		Boned Front and Back.	3.00
603V	Extra Low Neck.	White Ventilated.			2.50
603XLN	Low Neck.	Fine White Twill.	3.00		
615	Low Neck.	Pongee Silk.		4.00	
Misses, 611	High and Square Neck.	White Twill. Lined.		Whole Back, Boned.	1.75

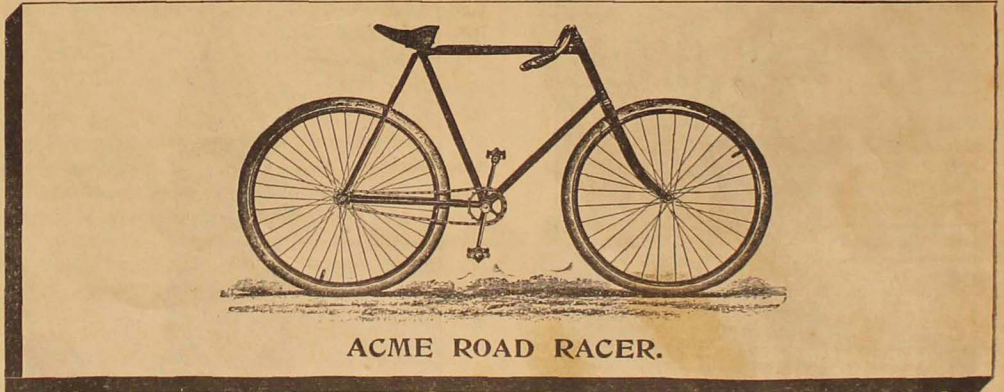
Address, GEORGE FROST COMPANY, 551 Tremont St., Boston.

Give Waist measure OVER DRESS, length UNDER ARM, and STYLE NUMBER. Remit by P. O. Order or draft on N. Y. Further particulars in our book (mailed free), entitled A MODERN HYGIENIC.

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



We Employ Young Men



ACME ROAD RACER.

To distribute our advertisements in part payment for a high grade ACME BICYCLE, which we send them on approval. No work done until the bicycle arrives and proves satisfactory.

YOUNG LADIES employed on the same terms. If boys or girls apply they must be well recommended. Write for particulars.

ACME CYCLE COMPANY, ELKHART, INDIANA.



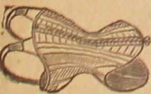
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



RETOUCHERS OF PHOTO-NEGATIVES

Earn Good Wages. Constant demand.—Easily learned.—Stamp for Illus'd Catalog. School of Retouching and Photography, Oberlin, Ohio.

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



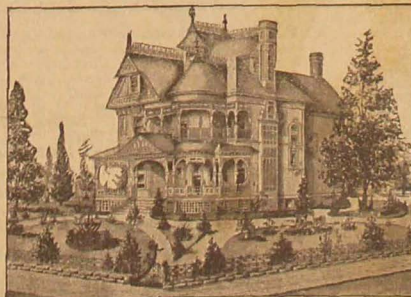
LADIES without previous business experience are making immense sales of Mrs. MCCABE'S CORSETS AND WAISTS. Send for agents' terms. St. Louis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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

COINS

If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps to Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass., for Circular No. 20. A fortune for somebody. Agents wanted. Adv. Dept. G.

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



If you are Going to Build ... a HOME

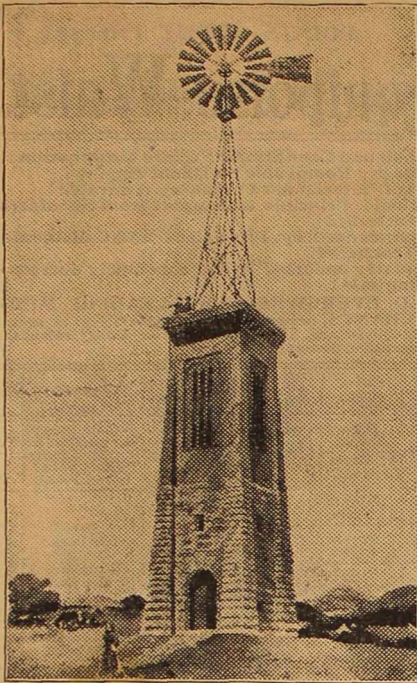
send us your name and address, and state what priced house you want. WE WILL SEND FREE our Beautifully Illustrated Book of Residence Designs entitled "ARTISTIC HOMES." Contains many Beautiful Homes, also designs for laying out your grounds. Inclose two 2c. stamps for mailing, or 25c. for copy of "AMERICAN HOMES," a handsome magazine devoted to planning, building and beautifying the Home (size 11x14 in.). 24 beautiful designs and many other fine illustrations.

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Arch'ts, Knoxville, Tenn.

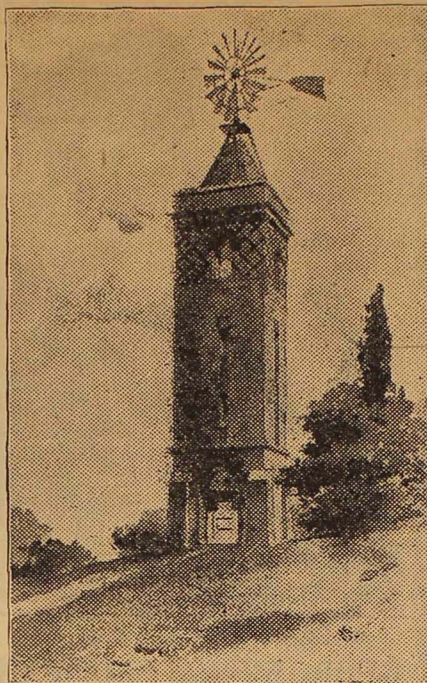
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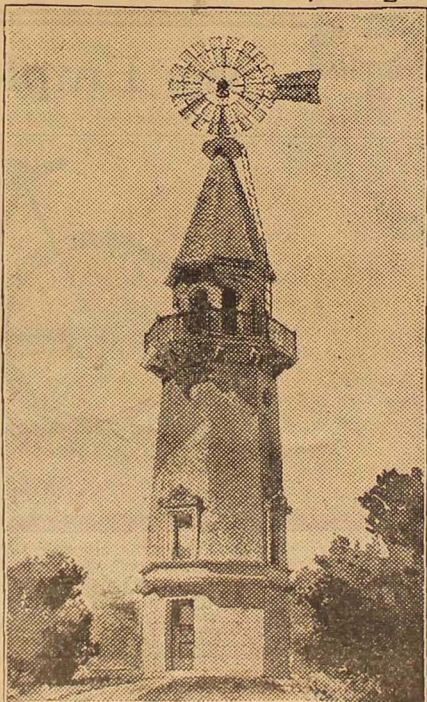


A perfect water supply in country or suburban homes is now easily within the reach of all, and can be had in such an ornamental form as to give an added charm to the landscape. The galvanized steel tank and other new features of the system brought out by the Aermotor Co. this season leave little to be desired. These tanks have tight covers, and do not shrink, leak, rust, give taste to water, nor admit foreign substances. We have twenty branch houses. One is near you. Tell us what you think you want and allow us to submit original plans and estimates. These, at least, will cost you nothing, and an outfit will not cost much.



If you want an electric light plant run by wind power, we have something to offer in that line also. Please bear in mind that the Aermotor Co. originated the manufacture of steel windmills, steel tilting and fixed towers, and steel tanks, and is the only concern that galvanizes all its work after all the cutting, shearing and punching is done, so that every portion of the steel is covered with an indestructible coating of zinc and aluminum. We believe we make more than one-half of the world's supply of windmills. To add to our output one more for your convenience would give us pleasure.

**AERMOTOR CO., Chicago.**



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

**EVERY WOMAN**

Wants **HARTMANN'S W. W.'s.** for Home Use, Traveling, etc.; Invaluable and Indispensable; Soft, Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less than cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; sample, 6 cents.

**HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,**  
56 Broadway, New York.

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

**SPANISH** by native teacher. Pure Castilian accent. Best place in the U. S. to learn Spanish. Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Penmanship by mail. Circ. free. **W. G. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N. Y.

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



**INVALIDS.** If you can't find at **SARGENT'S** what you need in all such things as Rolling, Reclining, Carrying and Commode Chairs, Tricycles, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Tables and invalids' conveniences generally, you may as well give it up. Write, stating just what you want. No charge. Address **Geo. F. Sargent Co.,** 814 Broadway, New York.

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

**MUDGE PATENT PROCESSOR** for canning fruits and vegetables. Endorsed by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, and others. **WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.** **JOHN L. GAUMER CO.,** 1101 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

(Continued from page 433.)

not "the coming woman," but the woman who is here, take unalloyed satisfaction in inspecting the gowns prepared for her use in cycling and golfing. If the question of comfortable and convenient dress for these outdoor pastimes is not satisfactorily solved it will be the fault of the women themselves, for there is sufficient variety in styles to suit everyone.

**SOME CYCLING GOWNS.**

ONE very neat design for cycling gowns dispenses with the knickerbockers, and has trimly fitted leggings of the gown fabric that cover the knees. The short skirt, of strong, firm tweed or lady's cloth, is cut to flare well at the bottom, but has no fullness at the waist; it fits easily around the hips, so there is no possibility of drawing, and in length reaches half-way between the knees and ankles. It is completed with a short coat or a box-plaited round waist over which the skirt belt fastens. It is a modest and graceful suit, and as well adapted to every description of outdoor exercise as to cycling.

Another suit has knickerbockers as well as leggings of the gown fabric,—a tan-colored tweed,—and the silk-lined skirt has an ingenious arrangement of cords by which it can be raised or lengthened. To lessen the weight of the skirt the tweed does not extend within a half-yard of the waist, and in shortening the skirt only the silk is drawn into a tuck. This sham top is concealed by the long-skirted coat which, by various arrangements of buttons, can be fastened snugly to the throat or open to the waist. Yet another very smart suit is of cinnamon brown Donegal tweed. The short, flaring skirt is finished around the bottom with an inch-wide band of leather of the same color, and a belt of the same confines the Norfolk jacket. A becoming round hat with brim of leather and soft crown of the tweed, and leggings and knickerbockers of the same, completes the suit.

**PERIODS OF INFECTION.**

ACCORDING to an exhaustive series of observations, the following are the periods during

(Continued on page 435.)

**WINTER is UNKIND**  
— TO —  
**FAIR FACES.**

Most women have a natural dread of winter—the cold winds and dampness roughens and chaps their skin. Many have gained knowledge by experience and now apply a little

**POZZONI'S**  
**POWDER**

before going out. It protects, softens and beautifies the complexion, and then—it is invisible if it is rightly used.

**HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?**

ALL DRUGGISTS and FANCY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

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



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

HIGHEST QUALITY OF ALL.

# Columbia Bicycles

THE STANDARD FOR ALL.....

HAVE you feasted your eyes upon the beauty and grace of the 1895 Columbias? Have you tested and compared them with all others? Only by such testing can you know how fully the Columbia justifies its proud title of the Standard for the World. And the price is but **\$100**

**POPE MFG. CO.**  
Hartford, Conn.  
BRANCHES:  
BOSTON  
NEW YORK  
CHICAGO  
SAN FRANCISCO  
PROVIDENCE  
BUFFALO

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels and of Hartford's, \$80 \$60, free at any Columbia Agency, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

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

(Continued from page 434.)

which the infection of various diseases may be communicated: Scarlet fever, six weeks from the commencement of the fever. If, however, the squamous, or skin-peeling condition, continues, there is still danger. Chicken-pox, three weeks from the beginning of the disease. Diphtheria, six weeks from commencement, if the sore throat have entirely disappeared; the danger of infection remains during the continuance of throat trouble. Small-pox, generally about six weeks,—certainly if all scabs have fallen. Measles, three weeks, if cough and rash have disappeared. Mumps, three weeks, or less if there is no swelling. Typhus, four weeks after beginning, at which time the fever will have ceased, or death have supervened in most cases. Typhoid, six weeks; the cessation of fever and return toward strength in both typhus and typhoid diseases marking the close of the contagious epoch. Whooping-cough, when the cough has disappeared, commonly six weeks in patients otherwise in good health. The period of infection may be somewhat contracted by care and proper treatment, but children attending school should not in any case return to their classes in shorter periods than those named above, and even then a certificate of safety from a physician should be exacted. These facts are authoritatively declared by the Pennsylvania State Health Board chiefly for the guidance of schools and other public institutions.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The following story from an exchange conveys such a lesson that it should be copied far and wide: A young woman who is a teacher in a mission school was looking around her own particular den, in a boarding-house, with rather a depressed and discouraged feeling. She longed for more of beauty and pleasantness in her surroundings; but her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, a little ragamuffin from her mission school. She was a merry little creature with the true American spirit of independence, and far from being abashed by her unwonted surroundings took everything in with delight. "The pictures, the few articles of bric-à-brac, the mechanism of the cabinet-bed and of the gas-stove, interested her greatly. Then she put out a grimy finger and thumb and picked up from the table an article of bone and chamois skin.

"What's this?"  
"That's a finger-nail polisher."  
"O-h! Well, haven't you just everything! Does a finger-nail polisher go with a furnished room?"  
"It is impossible to reproduce the child's tone of awe and respect; but it was impres-

(Continued on page 436.)

# 4,000,000 Fitted

Four million women are comfortable  
Four million women look well  
Four million women are wearing

Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets

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

Headache, indigestion, office work, no exercise.  
How's Cycling? Jones looks better since riding.  
Knight Special, eh A poem in steel, to be sure.  
Take your money. Here goes for green fields.  
Well, this is exhilaration. Knight makes a good wheel.  
That ride makes me feel like a four-time winner.

**Knights Roadster Full Ball Diamond \$40**  
28-in. Pneumatic  
Catalogue free if you mention this paper. Guaranteed. Sent for approval on receipt \$5. KNIGHT CYCLE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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

High Arm  
**MY HUSBAND** Can't see how you do it.

Warranted Ten Years  
\$60 Kenwood Machine for - \$23.00  
\$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50  
Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00, \$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), **CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 61, Chicago, Ill.**

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

## We HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted.

100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, Saddles, Fly Nets, etc. Send 4c. in stamps, postage on 112 page catalogue.

**ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.,**  
No. 310, \$185.80. W. B. PRATT, Sec'y., Elkhart, Ind.

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

### Teething Made Easy.

A pamphlet of interest and value to every mother of children under five years of age may be had free by addressing The Reynolds Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.

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

## Hides & Skins

Tanned for robes and rugs. Soft, light, moth-proof and odorless. Circular free.

The Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Box 7, Rochester, N. Y.

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

## SHORTHAND

Celebrated PERNIN method. Awarded Medal and Diploma at World's Fair. Simplest and best in the world. Trial lesson FREE. For books and lessons by MAIL, write H. M. PERNIN, Author, DETROIT, MICH.

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

**STAMPS**

100 all dif. Venezuela, Costa Rica, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmann, 2722 Eads Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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

## The Double V Waist

TRADE MARK.

Best Compromise Bodice.

Fit of Corset with Comfort and Flexibility of Waist.  
CLASP OR BUTTON FRONT.  
Materials, Workmanship and Fit Perfect.  
Also, Baby's Children's and Misses'.  
Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated price list.

**The C. N. Chadwick Co.**  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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

## A Quick Meal

A whole meal can be cooked at one time with the **PEERLESS Steam Cooker**, on one burner of a gasoline, oil, gas or cook stove, without mingling flavors. *Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water.* Invaluable in fruit canning. No steam in the house. No odors.

### PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

is endorsed by Marion Harland and other eminent cooking experts. Catalogue free. Agents wanted.

**PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

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

## BROWNIE STAMPS.

More fun than a barrel of monkeys. A complete set of these grotesque little people with everlasting ink pads. With them a boy can make a circus in a minute. To introduce our big Catalogue of 1000 new articles, we send the Brownies postpaid for 10c.

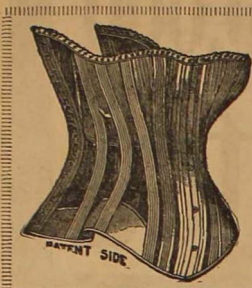
**I. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.**

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



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

# "Armorside" Corset



THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE CENTURY.  
Never breaks down on the sides.

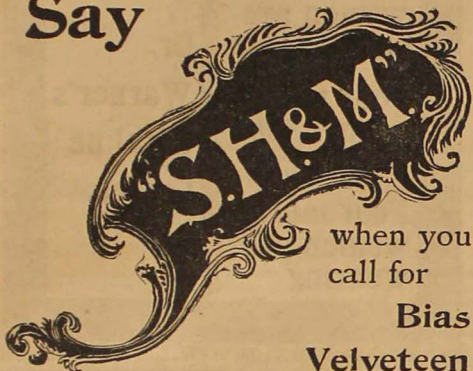
If not in stock at your retailer's, send \$1.00 for a Corset, free by mail, to

FITZPATRICK & SOMERS,  
SOLE AGENTS,

85 Leonard St., N.Y.

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

Say



when you call for

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Then LOOK for the letters "S. H. & M." on the label, and take no substitute.

For sale by all dry goods dealers.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, with Booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10c. in stamps.

Address

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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

## CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLING

For underwear and children's dresses. A most durable trimming. Made of the finest cambric.

NOTE THE DRAWING-THREAD WHICH SAVES THE TROUBLE OF GATHERING



They can be had either with the drawing-thread, as in cut, or already ruffled and banded for sewing on at once.

Our New Illustrated Pattern Book contains many useful hints, and woven samples of the material, with a list of the stores where the goods can be obtained. Free by mail from

J. & J. CASH, 92 Greene Street, N. Y.

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

**WANTED DRESSMAKERS**  
to send for illustrated circular of the LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined. but closes like a seam. Saves time, money and labor. Sample 30 cents. Address, LEONTIN MFG. CO., 4563 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago

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

(Continued from page 435.)

sive enough to inspire the occupant of the furnished room with fresh appreciation of her cozy surroundings."

### MORE ETYMOLOGICAL LORE.

"DEAR," in the affectionate sense, is the old English *déore*, old High German *tiuri*, glorious, distinguished, worthy, costly. "Dear men" were distinguished men. It came to be used in personal address for "esteemed," "valued," rather than loved; but it gradually came to be used in the affectionate sense. The ordinary polite form of "Dear Sir" dates from the seventeenth century.

### MEISSONIER'S "1814."

THE great French artist Meissonier considered no pains too great in his efforts to secure absolute accuracy of detail. When he was painting "1814" he obtained Napoleon's famous overcoat from the Museum where it is kept, and had a garment made, precisely like it. This he put on himself, then mounted a wooden horse on the roof of his studio, and painted in front of a mirror. To get the desired atmospheric effect he worked in this way through a snowstorm.

### A MOUSE'S EAR.

THE outer ear of a mouse is a thin, almost transparent membrane, and recent experiments show that it is highly sensitive to movements of the air which to human ears do not represent sound at all. It is asserted on good authority that mice are sensitive to music, and the stories of their singing have been fully confirmed. They have a pleasant musical note resembling that of the cricket.

### A CALIFORNIA CACTUS.

THE *cereus triangularis*, which in the East is a much-admired hot-house plant,—the blooming of which is heralded abroad that all flower lovers may enjoy the rare spectacle,—is a giant vine in California, growing up over bow-windows, and clambering even to the roof, whence it hangs in great pendent fringes over the eaves. Its growth is so rapid that it blooms in a few months after the cuttings are struck; and it is in flower from July to November. The buds open early in the evening, about five o'clock, and remain open till near ten o'clock in the morning, except on foggy days, when they do not close till the sun

(Continued on page 437.)



### NOTICE

NAME THIS



ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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

## Other Folks' Husbands

speak well of Tokology. Does yours? Perhaps you have not tried it. Mrs. A. W. Phelps, Tillamook, Oregon, writes: "My husband says money could not buy our Tokology if we could not get another."

And W. S. Craig expresses the opinion that "No husband who is considerate of his wife's happiness can afford to be without Tokology."

Prepaid, \$2.75. Send for sample pages and agents' terms. ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 285 Madison St., Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## The difference between Sterling Silver Inlaid



and Sectional Plate is this:—One has silver inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle.

Sectional plate has an extra deposit of silver put on these points.

50% more silver on the HOLMES & EDWARDS brand than on other brands of Standard plate.

Trade Mark, HOLMES & EDWARDS XIV. THE DELSARTE is made of Extra Sectional plate. Price for six Tea Spoons \$1.65. For sale by your Jeweler.

THE Holmes & Edwards Silver Co. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Salesrooms, 2 Maiden Lane (second door from Broadway), N. Y. A complete line of Solid Silver Novelties and Plate to be seen.

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

MUSIC BOX Latest Metal Cylinders. CAP TAL Tunes unlimited. See! Hear it! MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

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

## Mark The Sterling Mark



It stands for silver solidity and everlasting style.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

Union Square, New York City, and Wallingford, Ct.

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



## Warren's Skirt Bone.

A New Thing in Skirt Stiffening. Used also in Revers, Collars and Sleeves, insuring perfect curves. Gives wonderful effects not to be obtained by use of any other material.

Ask your dealer for it, or a 12-yards sample sent postpaid for 65 cents.

WARREN FATHERBONE CO., THREE OAKS, MICHIGAN.

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



SEND For Catalogue of the Musical Instrument you think of buying. Violins repaired by the Cremona System. C. STORY, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its

## BEST & CO



75c.



For this Nainsook Dress. Has pointed yoke of hem-stitched tucks, and one insertion in centre. Full sleeves and neck trimmed with ruffle of fine embroidery. Sizes 6 months to 2 years. A good illustration of the advantage of clothing children where their outfitting is the special business. By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

### Over 700 Illustrations of Things for Children.

There is probably no publication of more interest to mothers who are unable to visit our establishment than our new catalogue. Mailed on receipt of stamps for postage—4 cents.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

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

## YPSILANTI DRESS REFORM UNDERWEAR

The only Sanitary Underwear. Endorsed by physicians throughout the country. This is a good time to become acquainted with the merits of Ypsilanti—for 1895 you will find

### PRICES DOWN.

Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear, and How to Wear It." They are free.

**HAY & TODD MFG. CO.**  
YPSILANTI, MICH.

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

## To Dye or Not to Dye

that is the question: whether it is better to wear that faded, shabby dress and endure the scornful looks of all your well-dressed neighbors, or to purchase a package of **Diamond Dyes** and restore its freshness in another color—**making a new dress for ten cents.**



**Diamond Dyes** are made for home use. Absolutely reliable. Any color.

Sold everywhere. 10 cents a package. Direction Book and 40 samples of colored cloth, free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

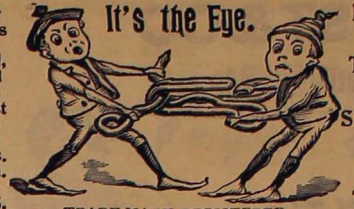
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



INE.

isher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

If your dealer is not supplied, we send sample lots post paid on receipt of 10 cts. per card. Sizes, 3 and 5.



Loops of Thread are Slouchy. Don't Use Them.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.



FRANCIS HOOK and EYE,



This EDGE EYE is better than old kind, and prevents gaping.

EASILY ADJUSTED AND MOVED WHILE FITTING. THE NEATEST SPRING HOOK MADE.

This FLAT SURFACE EYE better than thread loops, and you can hook them yourself.

FRANCIS MFG. CO., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

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



If You Want a Dress that Rain will not Injure

BUY . . .

PLUETTE

the only STORM SERGE guaranteed rain proof. Makes nobby riding habit, bicycle suit, yachting dress, outing or street costume. Beware of other so-called rain proof serges, as they will cockle when wet. See that trade-mark PLUETTE is stamped on goods every five yards, or you will be disappointed. For sale by all first-class retail Dry Goods Houses.

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

A CHANGE TO MAKE MONEY.

I am out of debt, and thanks to the Dish Washer business for it. In the past five weeks I've made over \$500, and I am so thankful that I feel like telling everybody, so that they can be benefited by my experience. Anybody can sell Dish Washers because everybody wants one, especially when it can be got so cheap. I believe that in two years from now every family will have one. You can get full particulars by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa., and you can't help but make money in this business. I believe that I can clear over \$3,000 the coming year, and I am not going to let such an opportunity pass without improvement. We can't expect to succeed without trying. MRS. B.

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



White Enameled Iron Beds

Full size, brass knobs, \$7 and up. Freight paid; no money required in advance. Iron beds are clean, strong, in fashion. Catalogue free. RAISER MFG. CO., 62-64 Clybourn Av., Chicago.

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



WE WILL SELL YOU THE BEST BUGGY

Cart, Harness, Phaeton, Spring Wagon, Surrey or Saddle in the world at lowest wholesale prices. Shipped anywhere to anyone with privilege to examine without asking one cent in advance. All goods fully guaranteed. Send for large illustrated catalogue and testimonials free. Writeto-day address (in full) CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158 West Van Buren Street, B 51, Chicago, Ills.

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



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

# SOAP SENSE

The Complexion Maker  
The Complexion Keeper

Real, honest, pure, unadulterated soap, with the refining, whitening, beautifying juice of the cucumber, delicately perfumed.

## Wrisley's Cucumber Soap

10 CENTS A CAKE

HALF THE PRICE OF OTHER GOOD SOAP. If you can't get it in your town send six 2-cent stamps for a full-sized cake by mail.

ALLEN B. WRISLEY, CHICAGO  
Manufacturers of HIGH-GRADE TOILET SOAPS AND FLORENTINE PERFUMES

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



## L. SHAW, THE LARGEST HUMAN HAIR AND TOILET BAZAAR.

Established 33 Years.  
Elegant Assortment of Ideal Wigs, Waves, Skeleton Bangs, and beautiful Natural Wavy Marie Antoinette Switches. Extract of Turkish Rose Leaves for the Lips and Face; cannot be detected. \$1 and \$1.50 a bottle.

Monte Christo beautifying preparations and Hair Dyes. Book: "How to be Beautiful," mailed free on request. 54 West 14th St., near Sixth Ave., New York.

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



## LINDEN BLOOM SOUVENIR BOOKLET, "How to Choose and use PERFUMES"

By mail 4 cents. Interests and instructs in TOILET CULTURE. New edition for 1895 includes additional recipes for care of complexion; also sample Face Powder free. One ounce Perfume (see cut) 50 cents by mail, or of Druggists.

FOOTE & JENKS, Jackson, Mich.

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

## STITCHNOMORE

The new labor-saver. Tried once, used always. Repairs clothing, dresses, gloves, umbrellas, stockings and all fabrics better than needle and thread, and in one-tenth the time. Send 10c. for package, enough to mend 100 articles. Agents wanted.

STITCHNOMORE CO., 242 Jackson Street, CHICAGO.

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



## GLOVES DYED 2 CTS. FOR

THE PARISIAN KID GLOVE DYE is the only reliable and practical dye suitable for general use. Gloves don't become stiff or gummy, but remain soft, pliable, and look like new; color does not wear off. Box for six pairs gloves sent postpaid with full instructions for 25c. Parisian Glove Co., Box 21, No. 6 Columbus, O. (AGENTS WANTED)

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



## MOTHER and BABE.

An important book, by Mrs. Jenness Miller, for expectant mothers. A booklet of pages sent free. Address Jenness Miller Monthly,

114 1/2 5th Ave., N. Y.

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

## Spice Box.

WORTHLESSNESS OF THE AUTHORITIES.

EWAN EACHAVIEW:—"Now, for instance, there's that word 'lurid.' I suppose you think it means red and fiery."

DOOSEWARE:—"Of course it does."

"Well, look in the dictionary."

(Does so.) "It says 'ghastly, pale, gloomy, dismal.' It's just as I always said. You can't learn anything from a dictionary!" (Slams the book shut.)

How far would a procession of the Presidents of the United States reach if they were placed in a row?—From Washington to Cleveland.

"How do you distinguish an old fowl from a young one?"

"By the teeth."

"Come now, no joking; fowls have no teeth."

"But I have."

HE:—"I love you."

SHE:—"Aunt Hetty says you love yourself better."

HE (frankly):—"I love us both."

"WHAT's that you say, my boy? The teacher says you are as sharp as a needle? Well, probably she meant to compliment you, my boy,—I have no doubt she did,—but remember that needles always go into things with their eyes closed. You don't want to be like that. Now, there's the pin. The pin has a head, you will notice, which prevents it going in too far. Be like the pin, my boy."

SISTER:—"You have told me her name, yet I know no more than I did before. Is she beautiful?"

BROTHER:—"Beautiful? Why, she could make even the present fashions look artistic!"

SHE:—"Was that the silver wedding?"

HE:—"So they announced; but when they come to examine the presents, they will be more likely to call it a silver-plated one."

SMALL BOY:—"Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the lump you gave me."

MOTHER:—"There you are! Where did you drop it?"

SMALL BOY:—"In the coffee."

"I HEAR your son has become an actor. How is he getting on?"

"Very well, indeed. He began as a corpse, and now he has already advanced to the rôle of a ghost."

HUSBAND (breathlessly):—"I am to start on a trip in two hours, and you can go with me if you can get ready."

WIFE:—"Certainly I can. It won't take me more than ten minutes to pack; and that will leave me one hour and fifty minutes to dress."

### HER DEFINITION.

SHE was a little girl, playing with her doll. Some one overheard her saying softly to herself: "Diet! diet! diet!"

"Why, Nellie, what are you saying? You do not know what 'diet' means."

"Yes, I do. It's eating something you don't want because it's good for you."

A CHRONIC bore, when describing an accident in which a man was drowned, said:—"It happened in less time than I take to tell it." "I should fancy so; otherwise the man might have been rescued!" replied a disgusted listener, yawning.

(Continued on page 440.)



## The Finishing Touch

of beauty—just a kiss of Tetlow's

## Gossamer Powder

to lend a velvety softness and a delicate beauty to the skin. Perfectly pure, entirely harmless, absolutely invisible. Popular for 20 years. Be sure and get HENRY TETLOW'S. Price 25c. by mail, or at Druggists. Sample Free.



Henry Tetlow, Cor. 10th & Cherry Sts., Phila.

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

## A WATER-TIGHT Hose

Coupler. The ACME. Saves your fingers. Saves wear on the hose. A tight coupling in one second. For old or new hose. The A & W Hose Band. Quick, effective and needs no tools. One set, 2 Hose Couplers, and 2 Hose Bands, postpaid 30c. Write for circular.



The Adams & Westlake Co., Chicago.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## MEN AND WOMEN TO WORK AT HOME

I pay \$8 to \$16 per week for making crayon portraits; new patented method; any one who can read or write can do the work at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once.

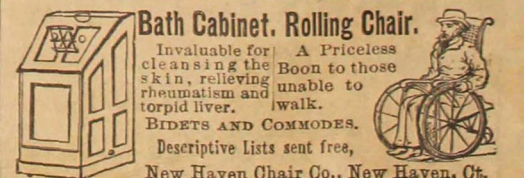
H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## THE ART AMATEUR

Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine

\$1 TRIAL OFFER (Established 1879.) Invaluable to all who desire to make their Homes Beautiful. A year's subscription (\$4) affords a liberal art education. To secure new subscribers we will, for \$1, send 4 numbers (with extra color plates added—2¢ in all). Say whether you carve or embroider; if you paint, say if in oil or in water-color; or on tapestry, or on china. If you want pictures chiefly for framing, state class of subject you prefer. Illustrated catalogue sent for 2-cent stamp.

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



## Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair.

Invaluable for cleansing the skin, relieving rheumatism and torpid liver. A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.

BIDETS AND COMODES. Descriptive Lists sent free, New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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

## BOOKS Standard Authors 10c

REDUCED TO POPULAR BOOK CO., CHICAGO  
New General Catalog Free !!  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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



\$1.47

Perfect Fitting  
Dongola.

You cannot buy this shoe anywhere else at any price. It is made only to our order and sold by us alone. Not a cheap "job" shoe but our reliable and exclusive leader. Worth \$3.00 and we guarantee it to be Dongola, Solid Leather and Perfect Fitting. Sizes 1 to 8; widths C, D, E, EE. Sent prepaid and if not satisfactory we return your money. We own the largest retail Boot and Shoe store in New England, and refer to thousands who buy of us simply because we do not misrepresent our goods. Your order represents you—we treat it accordingly. Your name on a postal will bring you "Shoe Facts" that will save dollars in the family.

MCOAR BROS., 1090 D Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from page 439.)

JONES:—"I understand that you were pretty well off before you were married."

BROWN:—"Yes; but I didn't know it."

"HOP"-PICKING—Choosing your partner for a dance.

WHY would one imagine that guns are human?—Because they kick when the load is too heavy.

A GENTLEMAN went to visit a friend who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. When he had been there about half an hour he looked at the clock and asked if it was right. The lunatic gazed at him with a look of compassion for a minute or so, and then said: "Do you think it would be here if it was right, you lunatic?"

TOUCHING THE FEMININE POCKET QUESTION.



I.

That conceited creature Man went forth with notebook and pencil to take notes of woman's difficulty in finding her pocket, to the end that he might jeer at her in newspaper articles.



II.

He noted, with superior scorn, her agonized



III.

contortions in search of that elusive receptacle; but she did find it at last,

(Continued on page 441.)



OVER 34,000 SOLD.

Distinctly Superior and Up to Date.

Highest Award Columbian Exposition, 1893, for Tone, Touch, Scale, Action, Design, Material, Construction.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS TAKEN.

Delivered, Freight Prepaid, at your house.

Send for Handsome Illustrated Catalogue, FREE.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

174 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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

OUR NEW 1895 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!



An Unparalleled Offer by an Old and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large 20-page, 30-column illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, home decoration, house-keeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only 12 cents in silver or stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Three Months and by each subscriber we will also send Free and postpaid, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, 200 varieties, including Choice Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Finest Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Cyprus Vine, Digitalis, Double Zinnia, Marguerite Carnation, Fairy Queen Godetia, Nugget of Gold Marigold, Striped Petunia, Golden Gate Poppy, Rose of Heaven, Youth of Old Age, etc., etc. Remember twelve cents pays for the Magazine three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and Magazine if you are not satisfied. This offer is reliable. Do not confound it with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. Write to-day. Don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady sending us 12 cents for the above offer, and naming the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas, embracing the very newest and all named varieties, including Countess of Radnor, Dorothy Tennant, Her Majesty, Helen, Lemon Queen, Lottie Eckford, Waverly, Mrs. Sankey, etc. Sweet peas are the most popular and fashionable bouquet flowers now cultivated, and the Eckford Varieties which we offer are the largest, finest and most celebrated known. They grow to a height of 6 feet, and produce for three months a continuous profusion of fragrant blooms of the most brilliant coloring. This packet of seeds is alone worth the price charged for the entire combination. Upon receipt of Thirty-CENTS (our regular subscription price) we will send The Ladies' World for One Year, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and justly celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

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

BARNES' FOOT-POWER MACHINERY.

WORKERS OF WOOD OR METAL,

Without steam power, using outfits of these Machines, can bid lower and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for

Industrial Schools or Home Training.

With them boys can acquire journeymen's trades before they "go for themselves." Price-list free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.

No. 829 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.

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

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP 25c. insures pretty teeth, aromatic breath, healthy mouth and gums. Absolutely no injury to enamel. No soapy taste. At druggists or by mail. Established 25 years. O. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO.

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

WOMEN LIKE TO SEE

Their husbands and sons with a neat and becoming neckdress, but men are slow to adopt improved methods in this respect. Therefore YOU are invited to first examine the



then suggest a trial of them.

They look like linen, and are the only goods that a well-dressed gentleman can wear in place of real linen.

They are not to be washed; all laundry trouble and expense are avoided.

The price of a single "LINENE" Collar is 2 1/2 cts. When once worn, then turned (or reversed), it becomes a fresh new collar. Thus the actual price of one "LINENE" Collar is reduced to 1 1/4 cts.

You will find their use in your family a relief and a pleasure to all.

Dealers sell TEN COLLARS or FIVE PAIRS of CUFFS for 25 CENTS. Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs, postpaid, 6 cents in stamps. State size and style of collars.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.

27 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

77 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK.

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

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



RELIEVES Prickly Heat, Pimples, Blisters, Nettle Rash, Tender Feet, Chafing, etc.

The only powder endorsed by the highest medical authorities. At druggists or by mail for 25c. Send for free sample.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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



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

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

**DURKEE'S**  
**SPICES**  
**SAUCES**  
**EXTRACTS**  
**OF**  
**PERFECT PURITY**  
**AND**  
**EXQUISITE FLAVOR**

**YOUR** **DURKEE'S** **CROCKER**  
**KEEPS** **SALAD** **THEM.**  
**DRESSING**  
NEVER SPOILS  
FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS, ETC.

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

**LeMesurier Artists' Colors**



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price-List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A.A., J. H. Beard, N.A.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.A.

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**  
NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn.  
CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY!**

I have had such splendid success that I can't help writing to you about it. I have not made less than \$5, and some days from \$15 to \$25. I am really elated, and can't see why others do not go into the Dish Washer business at once. I have not canvassed any; sell all my washers at home. They give such good satisfaction that everyone sold helps to sell many others. I believe in a year I can make a profit of Three Thousand Dollars, and attend to my regular business besides. When a Climax Dish Washer can be bought for \$5, every family wants one, and it is very easy selling what everybody wants to buy. For particulars address The Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. I think any lady or gentleman, anywhere, can make from \$5 to \$10 a day. I would like to have your readers try this business, and let us know through your columns how they succeed.

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



**THE IMPROVED HOME TURKO- RUSSIAN FOLDING BATH CABINET.**  
Portable, and can be used in any room. Dry Steam, Vapor Oxygen, Medicated and perfumed Baths. Sure cure for Colds, Rheumatism, etc. Prevents contracting disease. Insures a healthy, clear complexion, and prevents Obesity. Send for descriptive circular. **MAYOR, LANE & CO., 128 White Street, New York,** manufacturers of Douches, Sprays and Bathing Appliances.

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

**LYRACELo**—An Aeolian Harp that fits any window. Four strings and tuning parts complete. By mail for \$1.00. **Acme Toy Co., Jersey City, N. J.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**LADIES** WHO WILL DO WRITING for me at home will make good wages. Reply with self-addressed, stamped envelope.  
**MISS FLORA JONES, South Bend, Indiana**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 440.)



IV.

while that superior creature Man, being suddenly called upon to produce his railway ticket, madly commenced his search. He had seven pockets in his overcoat, five in his coat, five in his waistcoat, and three in his trousers; and he couldn't recollect in which his ticket was, and after searching for fifteen minutes, he had to pay over again.

His mother was making sandwiches of deviled ham. The little fellow came along, and, seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it, regarded it earnestly a while and then said, "Mamma, what is that stuff?" "This?—oh, this is deviled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture, and in an awed voice inquired, "Why, mother, have they killed him?"

A FRENCH lady was learning the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine with some English friends. As the dinner went on, she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance, she declined it, saying, "Ah, thanks, I eat only acquaintances!"

An old man went into a life-insurance office and asked to be insured. The agent asked his age. His reply was ninety-four. "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the agent. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are ninety-four years old." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."

(Continued on page 442.)

**COPCO**  
is the name of a perfect soap for the bath and fine washing. All particular people will like

**COPCO**  
TRADE MARK.

and after a trial will use no other. It is novel in shape, high in quality and low in price. At your dealers.

**The N. K. Fairbank Company,**  
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

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



**Rich, Fine Fur,** long and glossy, which neither pulls out nor breaks. Made from the Russian Kip, closely resembling bear. Animal pattern in one piece. Black felt lining and border, and moth-proof. In fact an elegant rug for a lifetime. Large, 3 x 4 ft., \$5.00. Some very large, 4 x 5 ft., \$6.00. Sent on receipt of price, or C.O.D. on approval. **The Crosby Frislan Fur Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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

**Big offer** in **Honiton-Lace Work.** We send a six-inch Fine Linen Honiton Dolly, with Honiton Lace Braid and silk to work, with printed instructions. Also Perforated Patterns for a Round 20-inch Honiton Centerpiece; others for Dobbies, Mats, Pin-Cushions or Toilet Articles, and our Catalogue of Patterns. We send all, postage paid, for **25c. only**  
**Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass., Box D.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.**

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque~~, 34, 36, ~~38~~, 40 Bust Measure. Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number, \_\_\_\_\_  
Post-Office, \_\_\_\_\_  
County, \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_

**PATTERN ORDER**

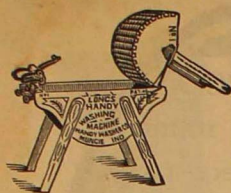
1. Madrine Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	14. Riga Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
2. Olivette Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.	15. Blaisdell Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
3. Windola House-Dress, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.	16. Trouville Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
4. Fairfax Jacket, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.	17. Elton Cape, Medium and Large.
5. Brunhilda Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.	18. Urquhart Coat, 14 and 16 years.
6. Fanita Cape, Medium and Large.	19. Minta Waist, 14 and 16 years.
7. Delavan Skirt, Medium and Large.	20. Irmine Dress, 12 and 14 years.
8. Alberta Waist, 12 and 14 years.	21. Truro Dress, 6 and 8 years.
9. Blondelle Frock, 10 and 12 years.	22. Brighton Dress, 6 and 8 years.
10. Vinco Jacket, 8, 10, and 12 years.	23. Minnie Dress, 2 and 4 years.
11. Ardelie Frock, 8 and 10 years.	24. Manrico Suit, 6 and 8 years.
12. Isa Frock, 4 and 6 years.	25. Hilario Suit, 4 and 6 years.
13. Hustache Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	26. Ricardo Suit, 2 and 4 years.

We do not send patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.



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



**LET US ASK**  
Do your white clothes become yellow? Do they come from the washer-woman with holes in them? Are the buttons broken off, and are they worn out before they should be? Have your washer-woman use a **Handy Washer** and these things will never be. Send 15c. in stamps for our Standard Cook Book, containing over 1,000 receipts. Circulars free. Address **HANDY WASHER CO.**, Muncie, Ind.

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# YOU WANT

**A FIRST-CLASS SEWING-MACHINE,**

Don't you? But don't care to pay the old War-Time Prices. Why not let us send you a

**\$19<sup>50</sup> Demorest**

(guaranteed for ten years), and test it well before paying your money? Write for catalogue and testimonials.

**DEMOREST SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY,**  
155 East Twenty-third Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

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

## New, Rare and Beautiful Plants.

**STROBILANTHES DYERIANUS.** This is the most valuable novelty that has been introduced for years. For bedding is superior to the finest coleus; withstands hot sun and dry weather better.

**SPURGEA "ANTHONY WATERER."** Flowers rich crimson.

**LORD PENZANCE'S** New Hybrid Sweetbrier. A large collection of rare hothouse and greenhouse plants, carefully grown, at low rates; Orchids, etc.

**PELAGONIUMS.** All the European novelties. **RARE AND BEAUTIFUL EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, &c.**

**PÆONIES.** A large collection of the finest in cultivation. Hardy Perennials, Phloxes, Japanese Iris, Roses, Clematis, etc. New and standard Fruits, etc.

Catalogues on application.

**JOHN SAUL, Washington, D. C.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**LONGFELLOW BOOKLET** Entitled: "Poetic Gems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," just published. A collection of Longfellow's most celebrated poems. Original colored cover page, with excellent portrait of the poet. Elegantly bound with silk ribbon. Sent, post-paid, for the marvelously low price of **6 CENTS.** Liberal discount to agents and the trade.  
**M. C. BURKEL, Publisher,**  
479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**PROF. NORTH'S** make the **DEAF** hear. Send stamp for circular. 41 Greenville St., Somerville, Mass.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

# PATTERN ORDER

Good for One Pattern illustrated in any number of

## DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

Published during the last twelve months  
(Excepting for the Designs on the Supplements, for which we do not give Patterns).

If sent, with two cents for return postage,  
Before June 15th, 1895.

Address: **DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,**  
15 East 14th Street, New York.

These patterns are not regular "stock" patterns, but are new and elegant designs upon which special care has been expended. They do not emanate from the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business, but are gotten up new each month, exclusively for this MAGAZINE, and can only be obtained through the "Pattern Orders" contained in each monthly issue, as we do not sell patterns.

## REMEMBER

**TO** Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each "Pattern Order."  
Send your Correct Address in full.  
Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire, by marking, as directed, the printed list on the other side; or if not in this number, then write on the other side the name and size of the pattern desired, which must be selected from a number issued during the last twelve months.  
Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after June 15th, 1895.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from page 441.)

A SUBURBAN paper, reporting a meeting of a Woman's Dress Reform League, says: "Thirty odd women were present."

EDITOR:—"I want an article on the Milk Trust."

REPORTER:—"A sort of curdler?"  
EDITOR:—"Yes; fix it up in your own whey."

CRITICAL (in a modern restaurant):—"How do you like this place?"  
"The proportions are grand, but the portions small."

"Some geographical names are very misleading," observed Northside.

"For instance?" asked Hilltop.  
"Well, you don't find the flower of the human family at Botany Bay."

"I wish the man sitting behind me would quit brushing against my back hair," angrily exclaimed the slim young woman in one of the front rows, addressing the plump young woman by her side.

"It's my long nose, miss," apologized the man behind her, "and I can't shorten it. You'll have to take in your Psyche knot a little."

WALTER DUNLOP, the well-known humorous clergyman of Dumfries, was one day talking to a brother of the cloth, who, in a facetious manner, said: "Well, Walter, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours."

"Man," replied Walter, with a smile, "I never thought before that your heid was sae empty."

A RECENTLY published book on railway systems contains this new version of the old story of an aged lady's first journey by rail. As the train was pitched down an embankment, and she crawled from beneath the wreckage, she asked a passenger:

"Is this Stamford?"  
"No, madam," replied the man, who was pinned down by a piece of timber, "this is not Stamford; this is a catastrophe."

"Oh!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter got off here."

A LADY asked Rabbi Schindler, of Boston, the other day, if Jonah was really swallowed by a whale. His answer, given with a pleasant little accent, was as follows: "I don't know anything about Chonah, and I don't know anything about the whale; it's all the same as Drilby—it's a noffel!"

(Continued on page 443.)



**ONLY PERFECT DEVICE FOR MARKING LINEN.**  
**THE OUTFIT** consists of the Marker, Brush, Bottle of Indelible Ink and a Bone Stylus.  
**Complete, 35 cents. By mail, 40 cents.**  
Agents wanted everywhere.

**THE DEKNATEL CO.,** 196 Elm Street, NEW YORK, U.S.A.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SACENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL STEEL CEILINGS and SIDE WALL FINISH.** Splendidly Adapted for Churches.

Catalogue, prices, and estimates, on application.

**THE PENN IRON ROOFING & COR. CO., Ltd.,**  
Sole Manufacturers,  
28d and Hamilton Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



The "Up-to-Date" Automatic Inkstand has a **PNEUMATIC STOPPER** which works perfectly, prevents evaporation, saves waste. Ink cannot spill.  
No. 2, 50 cents; No. 3, 60 cents, by mail.  
The **PNEUMATIC STOPPER** alone, to fit any inkstand, 25 cents. At your dealers or sent by mail. Send for circular.

**WILSON, SIMPSON & CO.,**  
359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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



Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention **DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE**, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

**JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,** JERSEY CITY, N. J.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the **BEST** at Cargo prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of Premiums given to Club Agents. **Good Income** made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. 14-lb. sample Tea sent on receipt of this advertisement and 15c in stamps. "D."  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

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

## To the Friends of Prohibition.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, 10 Cts.

**THE CONSTITUTION**, a monthly periodical, which will be an eight-page paper and contain logical and entertaining articles.

**THE CONSTITUTION** will be furnished at such rates that individuals, churches, societies and committees will be able, without much effort and at a small expense, to supply their whole neighborhood with just the kind of information that will be calculated to awaken interest and produce results in favor of the Prohibition of the Liquor traffic. The cheapest and most effective missionary work ever inaugurated.

The prices will be as follows:

Single Yearly Subscriptions, 10 cts.  
Ten Subscriptions, one year, 60 cts.  
Twenty Subscriptions, one year, \$1.00.

All sent to separate addresses anywhere in the United States or Canada, post free.

Address  
**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
10 East 14th St., New York



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

(Continued from page 442.)

JIMMY:—"Ain't you awful glad cold weather is come, uncle?"

UNCLE:—"Well, I don't know. Why?"

JIMMY:—"Oh, 'cause mamma said aunt made things hot for you most of the time!"

CHILD of eight (returning from school):—"Mamma, we have been reading of such dreadful times! I should not like to have lived then; and I am sure you would not, for people were tied to a leg of mutton, and, after gunpowder had been put round, they were all blown up!"

MAMMA:—"Are you sure it was not a stake they were tied to?"

CHILD:—"Oh, yes, mamma; it was a steak!"

A HEEDLESS young man was introduced at a reception to an elderly and somewhat peculiar lady whose hobby is the collecting of relics and antiquities of all kinds. After a few minutes' conversation the lady rose to depart, when young Mr. Heedless said, in his airiest manner:

"I am so glad to have met you, Miss B.! I have always been interested in curiosities and antiquities of every sort, and am glad to have met you on that account."

HE (reading paper):—"Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant-girl put some gunpowder in the fire, and she was blown through the roof."

SHE (sympathetically):—"Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice."

A GENTLEMAN who was spending a month in the Highlands went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking his family for a drive. He looked at a vehicle and inquired how many it would hold. The ostler scratched his head thoughtfully, and replied:

"It hauds four generally, but six if they're weel aquant."

"Too much girls!" a very small boy readily replied on being asked how he had enjoyed himself at his first children's party.

OVERHEARD IN A "LITERARY CLUB."

FIRST MEMBER:—"Fancy Jones getting such a berth as that! The man can't write a little bit!"

SECOND MEMBER:—"No; but it is just the man who can't write that is bound to make his mark."

A WOULD-BE smart lawyer asked a witness, an old lady, if she thought people would have teeth in heaven. She said she could not answer that definitely, but she thought they would. One thing was certain, she added: "People would have teeth in the place allotted to the wicked, and she could prove it by Scripture." "How can you prove it?" said the lawyer. "Why," she replied, "the Scripture says the wicked shall be turned into utter darkness, where there shall be 'weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth'; and how could they gnash their teeth if they did not have any?" The attorney did not proceed any further on that line of examination.

SHE had been a widow a year or so, and she was dicking for a tombstone for the departed. "Of course," said the tombstone man, "you want the date of his death on the shaft—the day of the month and the year?"

"Well," sighed the widow, "I suppose other people may like to read them—but I don't need such reminder; they are indelibly engraven on my heart and memory."

"What was the date?" asked the tombstone man.

The widow hesitated, then she turned a riotous scarlet, then she said: "Gracious goodness! I can't remember whether it was January 26 or 27. I'll go home and find out."

Everything used in making Cleveland's Baking Powder is named on the label, information not given by makers of other baking powders.

Cleveland's is a pure cream of tartar powder, is in the first class and first in its class.



Pure

Sure

The leading teachers of cookery and writers on domestic science, as Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Dearborn and Marion Harland, use and recommend Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Our cook book contains four hundred receipts, covering the whole subject from soup to dessert. Mailed free on receipt of stamp and address. Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

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

The Fairy Stove

for heating and cooking with the aid of an ordinary lamp is sent free of postage or other charges, on receipt of twenty-five cents, money or stamps. Agents wanted. The Norris Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O.

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AMBITIOUS WOMEN

Can qualify for situations in Architects' Offices by the home study of *Architecture and Drafting*. Students make rapid progress in learning to DRAW and DESIGN. Twenty Technical Courses. Send for FREE Circular, stating subject you wish to study, to The International Correspondence Schools, SCRANTON, PA.



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



Delicate Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. 10 styles, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail 30 cts. Circulars Free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.

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DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

\$5. PRESS for cards, circulars, &c. Press for printing a small paper \$40.

Saves money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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For over a hundred years

# Pears' Soap

has been like steps leading men and women and children to a higher plane of civilization.

A never ending argument for purity and cleanliness, for better living and higher thoughts.

For Toilet, Nursery and Bath.

There are soaps offered as substitutes for Pears' which are dangerous-- be sure you get

## Pears'.

