

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## In Memoriam.

### William Jennings Demorest.

**F**OR whom these tears?  
For whom these symbols of funereal woe?  
Who is he, full of years,  
That when the Lenten lilies blow  
Puts off the armor that he wears,  
Lays by his toil, and seeks his rest  
Upon the earth's broad mother breast?

**H**e was a knight,  
And wore the spurs he won in many a field  
And many an honorable fight.  
His whole grand life was sworn and sealed  
To justice and to inextinguishable right.  
What cared he for the scorn  
Of petty men?  
He knew that he was born  
To wear and wield  
The liberator's sword, unstained and pure,  
In that best cause which ever shall endure,—  
Renewed again and yet again,—  
The freeing his brother from that somber cell  
Where he and Ignorance together dwell.

**O**h! good gray hairs!  
What monarch's diadem  
Hath honor like to them?  
What emperor bears  
Such laurels as this grand old hero wears?  
What royal treasure, what rich Indian gem  
Hath worth like that exhaustless mine  
Of love, wherefrom he gave  
His dole of mercy to the slave,  
And asked of gratitude no sign?

**E**ven as the glorious Archangel Michael stood  
Triumphant o'er the dragon's brood,  
He crushed the venom'd snake beneath his tread  
And bruised the foul one's head.  
He dared in Heaven and mankind's name  
Prohibit man's prevailing shame,  
And damn the liquid flame.  
Nor was he known to quail or quake  
In his high aim.  
He lived for his brother's sake.

**T**he ripe fruit falls when the bough is shaken;  
The young are left, and the old are taken.  
When the evening comes and the day is done,  
The toiler rests, and his wage is won.  
He hath gone to his home beyond the sun;  
Be it known to them he left behind,  
He hated wrong, but loved mankind.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

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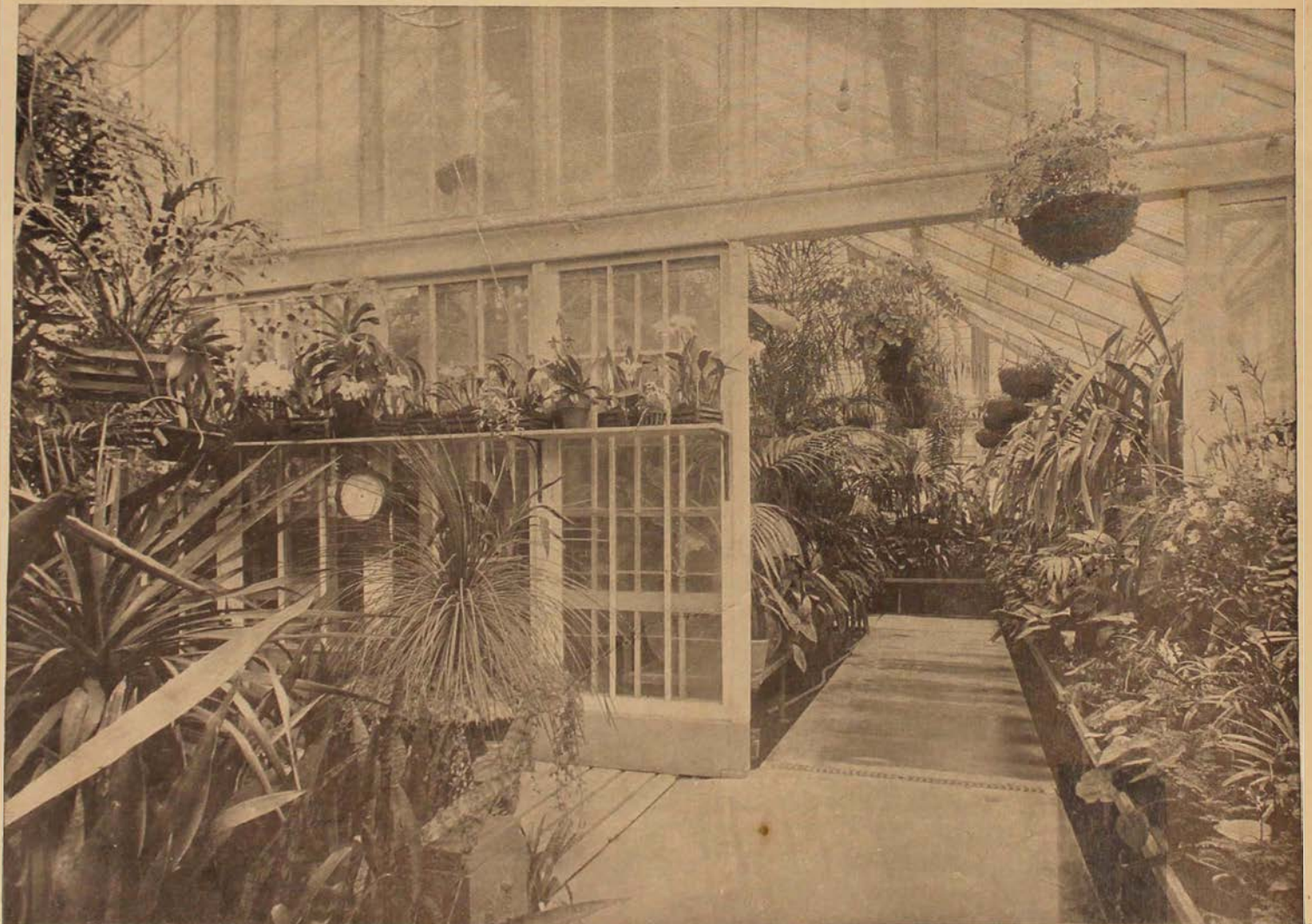
# SOME WHITE HOUSE ORCHIDS

**F**EW of Fashion's vagaries possess so reasonable a "reason for being" as the present and almost universal fad for orchids. These quaintest, most brilliant, and most uncanny of flower-folk seem to have stormed Dame Fashion's citadel, and forced her votaries everywhere to bow before their silken banners.

Orchids are now the most beautiful and elegant flowers for house and table decoration; while the orchid colors, the vivid and indescribable pinks, reds, purples, yellows, greens, and browns, with their daring combinations and contrasts, are the prevailing fashionable shades. Even the autocratic artists in feminine head-gear seem to have felt their all-pervasive influence, as many of the latest fascinating apologies for hats and bonnets suggest the bizarre forms of some of the orchid-flowers, with wings spread at the most unexpected angles, and crests that nod and droop.

While the orchid, as a fashion, has only fully developed within recent years, these wonderful flowers have been collected and grown by their enthusiastic admirers in this country for at least thirty years, and in England and on the continent for several years prior to that. During that time there have existed, throughout the United States, a number of large and rare collections; and while a half-dozen years ago few florists could have furnished an entire decoration of orchids, they are now extensively cultivated, and have become an important article of commerce.

Their rapid growth in popularity for house decoration is nowhere better illustrated than in the conservatories of the Executive Mansion at Washington, where the collection has grown from three standard varieties in 1877 to nearly three hundred and fifty kinds in the present year. It is from this interesting collection that the photographs were obtained



A SHELF OF ORCHIDS IN THE WHITE HOUSE CONSERVATORY.



ANGRAECUM SESQUIPEDALE. STAR ORCHID.

disappeared they were all changed into orchids, some shaped like butterflies, some like bees, and others like heavy-winged beetles.

Considering their popularity, little is generally known about orchids, except, as everyone will tell you, that they are air-plants. Most of the tropical orchids are air-plants; but this is only one item of their interesting family history. In the first place, the orchid is not, as commonly supposed, a purely tropical plant. Orchids are found all over the world, except in very dry or very cold climates, and there are named nearly sixty varieties native to the Eastern and Middle States alone, where they flourish as some of our most charming and dainty wild-flowers. As to what may be termed their air-habit, orchids are usually terrestrial in the temperate regions, growing in mossy or swampy nooks, but in the tropics they are oftener what is termed "epiphytal," growing on stones, tree-trunks, and frequently in the top most branches of trees, not as parasites,

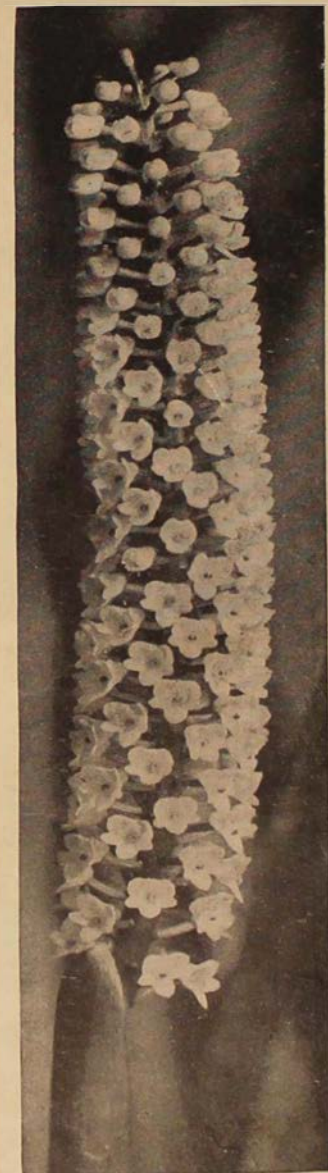
for the illustration of this article, through the courtesy of Mrs. Cleveland, who is a great lover of flowers; while most

but living simply on the moisture of the atmosphere.

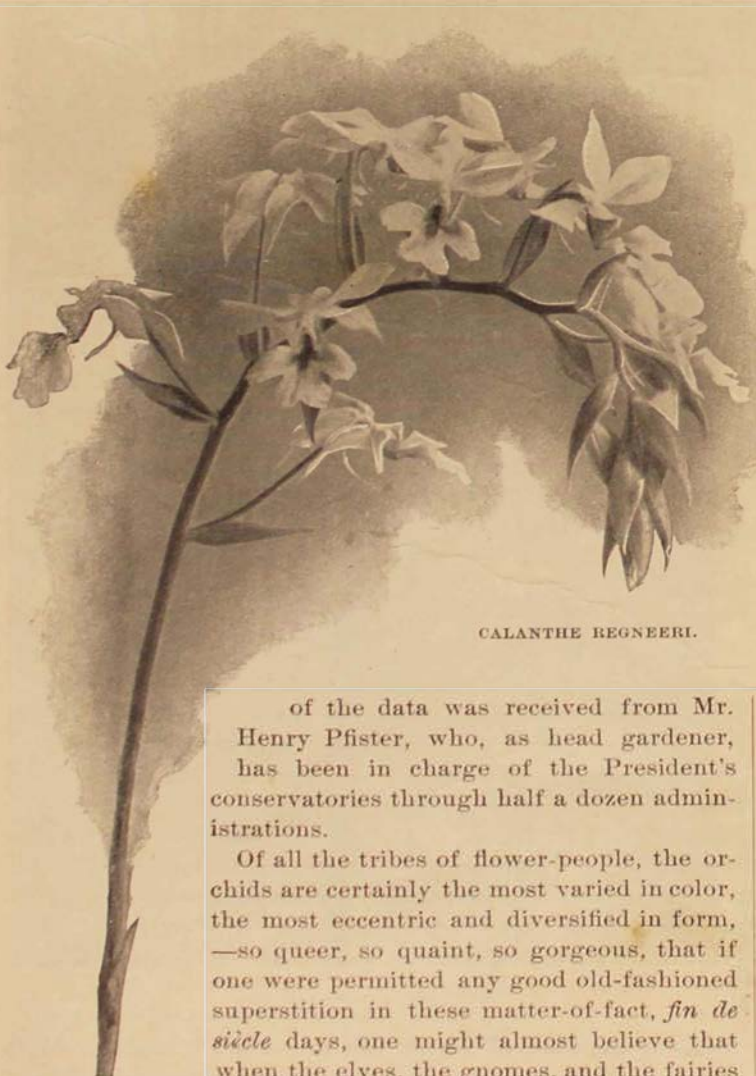
Since the cultivation and use of orchids have become so general, the increase both in native and hybrid varieties has grown enormously, so that now many thousands are named and known to collectors. In their nomenclature, orchids are as varied and eccentric as in form or color. One family bears its original Malayan name; others are classed under Greek and Latin derivations; while many varieties are named, sometimes after a botanist, a lady of fashion, a famous collector, or a well-known scientist.

Orchids are never, under any circumstances, commonplace; and it is one of the most curious facts about

them that this wonderful family, with its thousands of varieties, is almost purely and entirely ornamental. While all lovers of the beautiful will admit that they fulfill a high and worthy mission in being simply good to look at, it seems strange that such a large tribe should be of so little account in the world's economy. Aside from the vanilla bean, and a few medicinal extracts, the orchids contribute absolutely nothing of practical value. But how they make up for it in their good looks! They array



ARPOPHYLLUM SPICATUM.



CALANTHE REGNEERI.

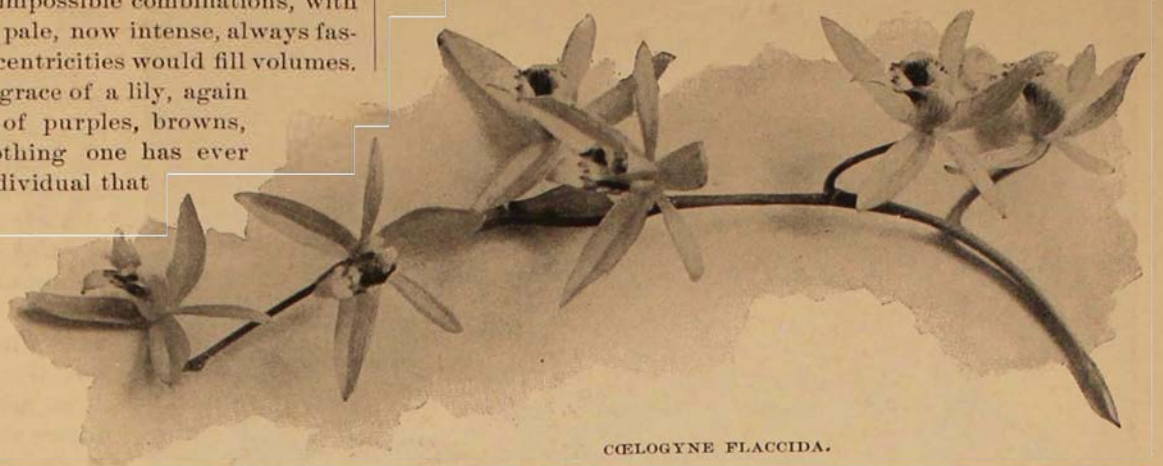
of the data was received from Mr. Henry Pfister, who, as head gardener, has been in charge of the President's conservatories through half a dozen administrations.

Of all the tribes of flower-people, the orchids are certainly the most varied in color, the most eccentric and diversified in form,—so queer, so quaint, so gorgeous, that if one were permitted any good old-fashioned superstition in these matter-of-fact, *fin de siècle* days, one might almost believe that when the elves, the gnomes, and the fairies

themselves in the most gorgeous and most delicate of colors, sometimes in a pure and exquisite monotone, again in audacious contrasts, then in almost impossible combinations, with spots, dashes, and stripes, now pale, now intense, always fascinating. As to form, their eccentricities would fill volumes. Now they have all the fragile grace of a lily, again they bloom in the rich glory of purples, browns, and greens, and look like nothing one has ever seen before,—so distinct and individual that there is really nothing with which to compare them. Their petals are now silken, now velvety, and again crumpled like the softest *crêpe de Chine*; some have filmy frills like lace, and others have hairy, spotted bands, not unlike stripes and borders of fur.

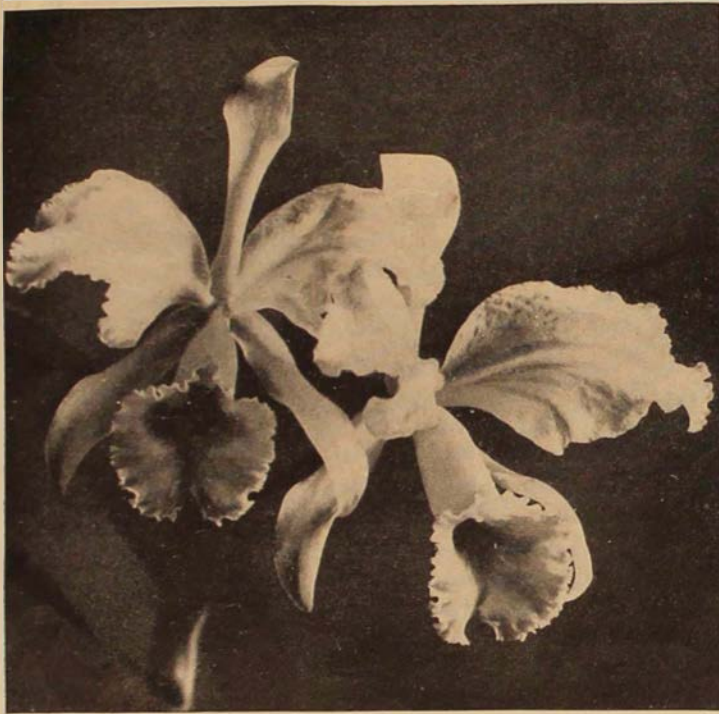
The chief curiosity of form in orchids, as has already been mentioned, is the striking resemblance hundreds of them

strangest part of this really startling resemblance is that almost the entire orchid family is totally dependent upon in-



CŒLOGYNE FLACCIDA.

sect life for fertilization of the flower. The blossom is so constructed that the pollen-bearing anther is placed at some distance in front of the stigma, and it is only by the intrusion of a honey-hunting bee or fly, that the pollen is carried to

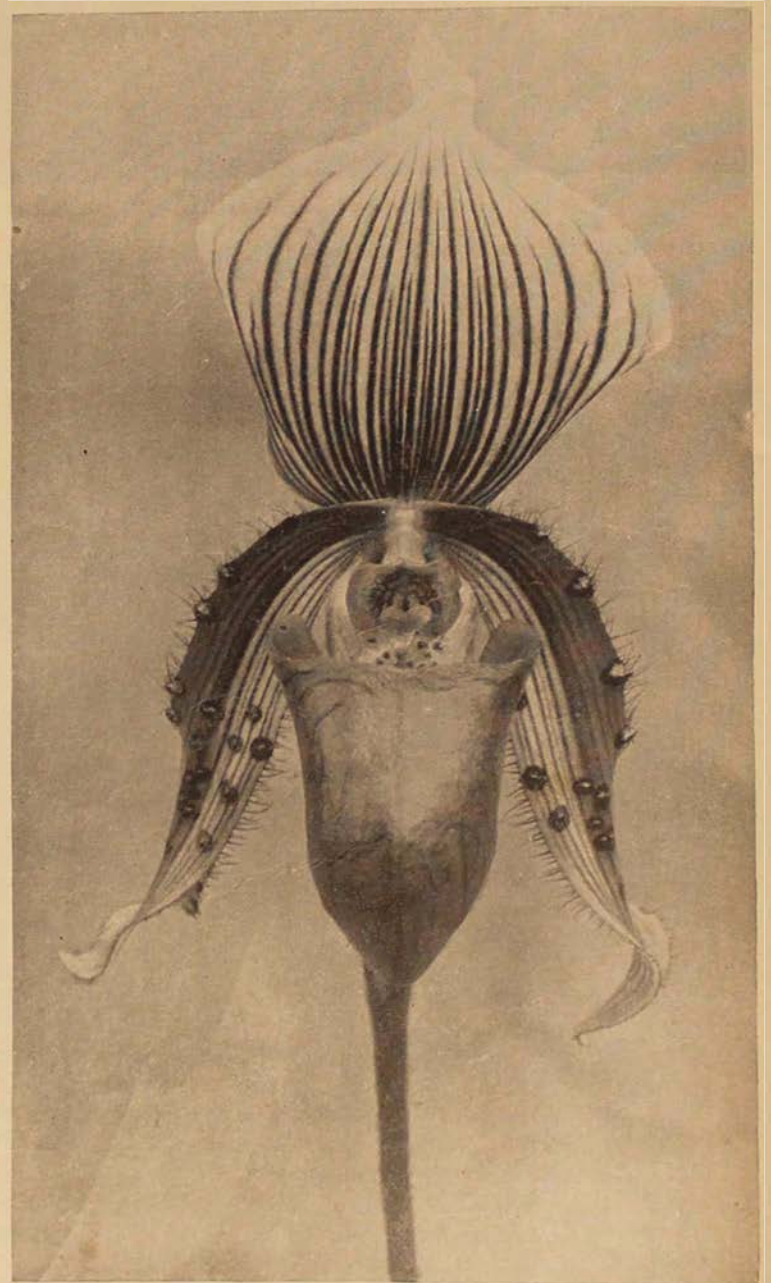


CATTELEYA TRIANÆE.

bear to insect life, suggesting, in their shape, butterflies, long-winged dragon-flies, moths, beetles, and bees. The



CŒLOGYNE CRISTATA.



CYPRIPEDIUM CALLOSUM.

the stigma, beyond which lies the enticing nectar. With its very powers of reproduction subject to the caprice of



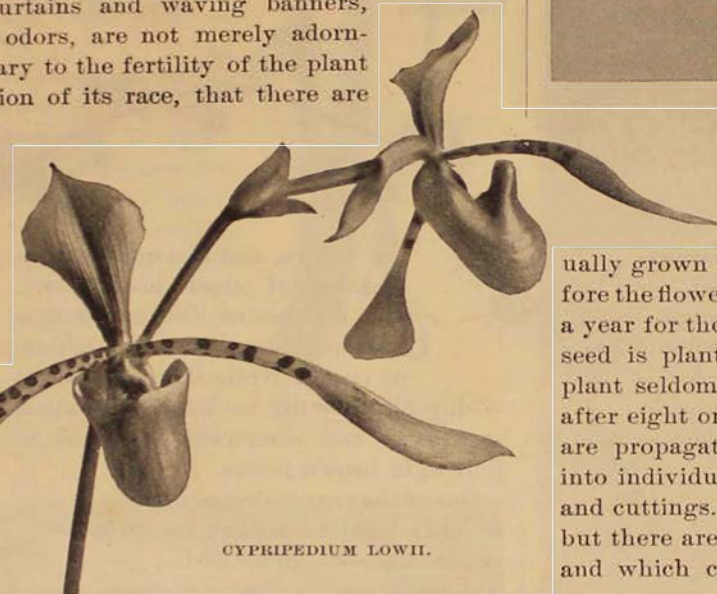
CYPRIPEDIUM CONCOLOR.

these winged wayfarers, orchids seem endowed with almost human wiles to lure pollen-carrying insects.

Baldwin, in his monograph on the Orchids of New England, says, poetically: "I discovered that these apparently guileless folk had tastes and passions deserving the closest

study. They actually seem, now that I understand them better, more like human beings than forms of vegetation; and if we believe the marvelous tales of the wise men as to the dependence of orchids upon insects, that each part of a flower has its share in the mutual labor, that the spots and fringes, silken curtains and waving banners, strong or subtle odors, are not merely adornments, but necessary to the fertility of the plant and the perpetuation of its race, that there are changes in color and structure, plots and devices to gain their ends, —we must confess, I think, that although the orchids do not spin,

they toil with a



CYPRIPEDIUM LOWII.

mon might have

As to the cultivation is a careful study of the habits of each individual species, and of the conditions peculiar to its native way to raise orchids," says Mr. Pfister, "is to imitate nature as closely as possible, the plants are grown in just the best suited to them; the "cool" high plateaus and mountainous regions, in comparatively cool houses, while to the tropical plants an equatorial heat is given and a succession of artificial seasons is created for them, when for several months the heat and great moisture of the torrid rainy season are closely imitated. As the buds appear, the plant is moved into much cooler quarters, where the bloom lasts longer. After its season of growth and blossoming, the plant is hung up in a room of moderate temperature, where the conditions of the dry season are maintained, and where the orchid enters into that period of rest so necessary to its welfare.

wisdom and foresight that Solon envied."

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The epiphytal orchids are usually grown in moss placed upon wooden frames, or in shallow pots; while the terrestrial varieties thrive in light soil in ordinary flower-pots, half-filled with stones and shells to insure thorough drainage.



CYPRIPEDIUM DOLLARE.

Another marked peculiarity of orchids is the immense number of seed produced from a single flower; but while they are continually grown from seed, it means long years of waiting before the flower appears. After the blossom fades, it requires a year for the seed to ripen, a second year elapses after the seed is planted before it germinates, while the resulting plant seldom flowers under five, and frequently not until after eight or ten, years of growth. Consequently, orchids are propagated chiefly by a division of the root-clusters into individual plants; while many are grown from slips and cuttings. Most orchids require hothouse cultivation; but there are two in particular which may be termed hardy, and which can be successfully grown in window-gardens,



DENDROBIUM NOBILE.

with the care ordinarily given to house-plants. These are two very handsome varieties, *Phaius grandifolius*, commonly



DENDROBIUM THYRSIFLORUM.

known as the nunflower, and *Cypripedium insigne*, one of the most effective of the "Venus-slipper" orchids. Both of these will grow in a little moss or peat in pots that are well drained, and will thrive in a temperature of about 65°, but it should never fall below 50°.

Among the most important species of the orchid family are the *Cattleyas*, the *Cypripediums*, and the *Dendrobium*s. The first are especially brilliant and showy, the last afford great masses of bloom and color, while the *Cypripediums* derive their name from the form of the flowers, which carry a curious pouch, or lip, and show an endless variety of color. Many of these rare and beautiful blossoms were captured by the camera, as the following list will show.

Taken alphabetically, the first is unusually interesting, the *Angraecum sesquipedale*, known as the star orchid, which is a native of Madagascar, and quite rare. The plant itself is very odd in form, and the flowers spring on long stems from among glossy green leaves, unfolding six waxen white petals, a perfect star in shape, but with a curious long tail, or spur, eight or ten inches in length. Nothing could be more in contrast to it than the *Arpophyllum spicatum*, from Guatemala, which shows a long spike of tiny blossoms in dull magenta. The *Calanthe Regneri* is quite as distinct, coming from Cochin China, and growing a drooping, graceful spray of white and deep rose flowers. Next on the list are the *Cattleya Trianae* and *Cattleya Trianae alba*, from Colombia, two of the finest varieties; the latter pure white, and the former pale lavender with a throat or lip of rich magenta edged with white. It was the *Cattleya Trianae* which was so exquisitely painted by the late Mrs. Harrison, and presented to the readers of Demorest's Magazine in one of the fine Art Supplements.

The *Calogyne cristata*, which comes from the distant Khasi Hills, in India, is of opaque white with a deep golden lip; and a near relative from Nepal is the *Calogyne flaccida*, which flowers in dainty sprays of waxen blossoms of pale yellow.

The *Cypripediums* are almost endless in variety, and entirely cosmopolitan. The *Cypripedium callosum* finds its habitat in Siam and Cochin China, and manages to juggle the rainbow colors in the most wonderful way, being pure white striped with dark chocolate, crimson with a pouch of soft rose on a pale green ground, and a series of hairy blotches upon its drooping wings. The *Cypripedium concolor* is from Moulmein, Bengal, and very distinct in color, showing tints of shaded cream and pale yellow dotted with purple. The *Cypripedium Doliare* is a hybrid, reveling in striped green and brown petals with a cinnamon brown lip. On the plant the twin blossoms looked like two great bumblebees tugging away from the stout cords binding them to the mother plant. *Cypripedium Lowii*, hailing from Borneo, is light green and purple with heavily spotted wings.

The *Dendrobium*s are very showy and profuse bloomers, one of the best known being *Dendrobium nobile*, from India, which, in its perfection, bears hundreds of pink and white blossoms with crimson spathes. *Dendrobium thyrsoiflorum*, from Moulmein, Bengal, is very beautiful, its creamy white blossoms

centered with gold. British Honduras contributes the *Epidendrum chochleatum*, which was surely a brownie in the time of

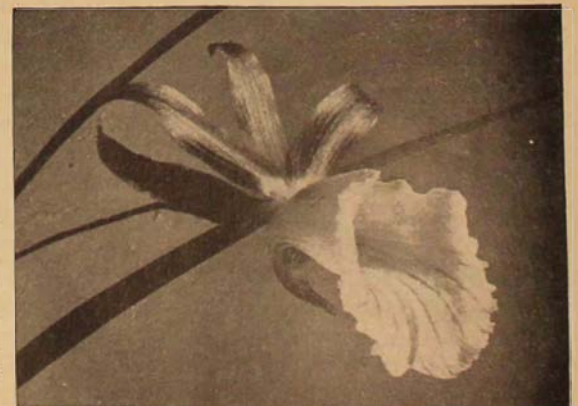
the fairies, and is a quaint combination of green and brown. The *Galeandra Devoniana* is a rare orchid from Central America, its cup of white daintily striped with pink, seeming to have been made separately and afterwards fastened to four light brown petals.

One of the very tiniest of orchids is the frail little Brazilian *Ionopsis paniculata*,—"the violet-like,"—which looks like a swarm of dusty moths fluttering along a nodding stem. The *Oncidium leucochilum*, from Mexico, also seems to belong to the world of insects, as its little flowers are like a cloud of vagrant yellow bees wavering over the long stem of the parent plant. The very finest of the butterfly orchids, *Oncidium papilio Kramerianum*,

comes from Venezuela, with gorgeously spotted wings of yellow and light brown, and long, greenish-brown antennæ. In contrast to this flaunting, brilliant flower is



ONCIDIUM LEUCOCHILUM.

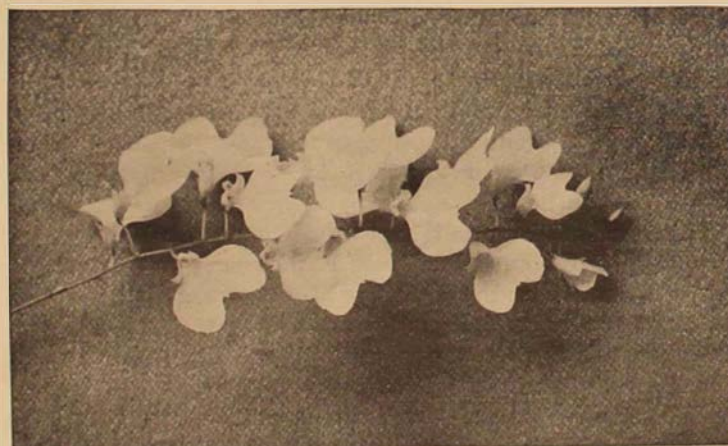


GALEANDRA DEVONIANA.

the exquisite "nun" orchid, the *Phaius grandifolius*, from China, blooming upon its myriad stalks in simple white and brown. The "nun" of this flower, in her trim white bonnet, is cloistered, and is rarely, if ever, seen, unless the bloom is pulled to pieces. This variety, which, as previously stated, can be as easily cultivated as any ordinary house-plant, has scarcely a rival among all of its exquisite tribe, as a plant for decoration.

Orchids are popularly regarded as most expensive luxuries, and wonderful stories are told of the thousands of dollars paid for a single plant by some ardent collector. This, it is true, happens quite frequently, and as cut flowers, orchids command higher prices than even the imperial roses; nevertheless, the more common varieties, particularly those adapted for home-growing, as the *Phaius grandifolius* and the *Cypripedium insigne*, are comparatively inexpensive, and plants may be obtained for from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Of all the flowers used on state occasions at the Executive Mansion, orchids are considered the most beautiful and effective, and generally grace the highest of the President's social functions. For instance, in determining upon the floral display for a diplomatic dinner, Mrs. Cleveland is informed as to the best the conservatories can afford for this occasion. After deciding upon the flower to be used (as the decorations are generally all of one kind), Mrs. Cleveland ex-



IONOPSIS PANICULATA.

presses her preference to the head gardener, who thereupon holds a consultation with the steward, who arranges that the flowers, the lamp-shades, and the ribbons for the table shall all be perfectly harmonious. In case the *Cypripedium insigne* is chosen for a dinner, the table is banked and massed with them, a corsage knot is placed beside the plate of each lady, while a single flower is provided as a *boutonnière* for each gentleman.

The ladies of the White House have always been much interested in the beautiful flowers grown either in the grounds or conservatories of the fine old mansion, and each



EPIDENDRUM COCHLEATUM.

has shown a decided admiration for some particular flower. Mrs. Hayes was extremely fond of rose and apple geraniums; so much so that a special house was devoted to the cultivation, for her, of these old-fashioned fragrant plants. For the short months during which Mrs. Garfield held sway, her preference was for orchids. Afterwards, in President Arthur's time, when the White House was a bachelor establishment, there was no lack of appreciation for the flowers, though President Arthur's liking was more for decorative plants, and he took the greatest delight in arranging and



ONCIDIUM PAPILO KREMERIANUM.



PHAIUS GRANDIFOLIUS. NUN ORCHID.

rearranging the ferns and palms in the different rooms. In fact, it often happened that after the gardeners had spent an afternoon in decorating the entire house, they would find, the next morning, that the President had amused himself by changing everything completely, to obtain unique and pleasing effects in the combinations of color and foliage.

When Mrs. Cleveland was first in the White House her greatest favorites were pansies; and huge beds were grown for her personal pleasure, their soft hues of purple, bronze, and gold, showing in masses under her windows. Though

these are still prime favorites with her, she now has a fancy for the Cape jasmine, which is extensively grown.

Mrs. Harrison's preference was decidedly for the orchids, and she took so great an interest in the collection that it was enlarged at her request. During the very exacting life which is the lot of the mistress of the White House, china-painting was almost her only diversion, and she used some of the finest orchids as models, making artistic reproductions of them with her clever brush.

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

## THE INDIANS OF THE EMPIRE STATE.



IN the Onondaga reservation near Syracuse, New York, the Iroquois Indians still celebrate, in the same manner as for centuries past, the quaint and curious Feast of the White Dog. This, the most solemn and impressive of all Iroquois festivals, begins at the first full moon of the New Year, and continues for a fortnight. The last one was attended by representatives of the Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, who came from the several reservations in this State and from Canada for the purpose.

On the first day of the feast, a white dog, the Iroquois emblem of fidelity and purity, was selected and strangled, great care being taken not to shed its blood or break its bones, after which it was decorated with ribbons and red

paint and ornamented with feathers. Thus decorated it was fastened to a cross-pole and suspended about eight feet from the ground. There it hung until the fifth day, when it was lowered and borne by faith-keepers to the Long House of the Nation. The latter is a long, low building which stands almost in the center of the Onondaga reservation, and covers the grave of Handsome Lake, the prophet, who died some eighty years ago, and who is now regarded by the Iroquois as second in rank only to Hiawatha. Here the body of the dog was laid upon a bench, while a fire was kindled on an altar near the Long House, and a priest related the antiquity of this institution of the Iroquois, dwelt at great length upon its importance and solemnity, and enjoined the people with great earnestness to direct their thoughts to the Great Spirit, concluding with a prayer of thanks that the lives of so many had been spared through another year.

Precisely at noon, twelve warriors, stationed at the northern corner of the Long House, by firing their rifles announced the formation of the procession. Headed by four faith-

keepers, or medicine men, bearing the sacrifice, the procession moved slowly toward the Long House, passed through the building from the western to the eastern door, then circling it re-entered at the eastern door, went out at the western door, and laid the sacrifice on the altar. As the flames embraced it a basket of tobacco was thrown on the fire, and as the smoke rose as incense, the priest in a loud voice, thus invoking the Great Spirit, said:

"Hail! Hail! Hail! Thou who hast created all things, who ruleth all things, and who gave souls to thy creatures, listen to our words. We now obey thy commands. That which thou hast made is returned unto thee. It is rising to thee and carrying to thee our words, which are faithful and true."

Then the people and priest together gave thanks to the Great Spirit for all the bounties of nature, the fruits, the grass, the snows, the rains, the heat and cold, the lakes, the rivers and streams and all contained therein, and the bountiful provision of the forest food, concluding with these beautiful and solemn words:

"Lastly, we return thanks to thee, our Creator and Ruler. In thee are embodied all things. We believe thou canst do no evil; that thou doest all things for our good and happiness. Should thy people disobey thy commands, deal not harshly with them, but be kind to us as thou hast been to our fathers in times long gone by. Harken unto our words as they have ascended, and may they be pleasant to thee, our Creator, the Preserver and Ruler of all things visible and invisible. Na-ho."

This concluded the religious rites connected with the Feast of the White Dog. The Great Father dance was given the next afternoon, and was followed on succeeding days by the trotting, berry, fish, and raccoon dances.

These curious rites annually serve to draw attention to the most interesting body of Indians with which our history deals. The League of the Iroquois or Six Nations was the most powerful body of red men which opposed the white conquest of the continent, and, strange to say, the Iroquois are as numerous today as they were two hundred years ago. They now number sixteen thousand souls, a little more than half of whom live in Canada.

There are six reservations in New York State. The Senecas occupy the Alleghany, Cattaraugus, and Tonawanda reservations; the Tuscaroras, Onondagas, and Mohawks live on reservations bearing their names; while most of the Cayugas reside with the Senecas on the Cattaraugus plot. The remnant of the Oneidas who remained behind when the greater part of the tribe moved to Wisconsin, half a century ago, retain land near the village of Oneida. They hold it in severalty, and are citizens. Such of the Onei-



das as are the others make their homes with the Onondagas.

Nearly all of the Iroquois are well-to-do, and there are few, if any, paupers among them, while the tramp is unknown. On ordinary occasions all wear clothes similar to those of their white neighbors. The Senecas on the Alleghany reservation profitably combine lumbering with farming, while those on the Cattaraugus reservation are temperate and industrious, and many of them own good farms and farm buildings. However, the Tuscaroras are the best farmers, their farms and buildings comparing favorably with those of their white neighbors. Their women make the bead-work sold at Niagara Falls.

The oddest and quaintest of all the Iroquois villages is that of St. Regis, on the Mohawk reservation. St. Regis leads from a point of land between the St. Lawrence and St. Regis Rivers, and straggles thence along the St. Regis bank for the distance of a mile or more. It lies partly within Canada and partly within the United States; but the boundary marks were destroyed long ago, and now no one can tell with exactness where one country ends and the other begins. The village has neither court, constable, nor policeman, yet general good order is maintained.

The houses, like those of all the Iroquois, are, as a rule, built of logs, and are a story and a half in height. They stand in winding, irregular rows, and now and then seem set down without regard to any line whatever. Some have fences in front, and some have none. They are usually simply furnished; although, in many, quaint, well-kept, old-

hewn mortar made from a section of a log. Still, in other matters, they are even more advanced than their pale-faced sisters. The right of suffrage has long been theirs, and they sit in council with the men and vote with them on all tribal measures.



BURNING OF THE WHITE DOG.

It is in the summer that St. Regis best repays a visit. Then, strolling along the winding, grass-grown streets, one sees handsome women, beautifully formed, busily weaving baskets inside the open doors, their dark eyes gazing curiously as you pass; or other women walking with elastic step along the road, some with tiny papooses strapped to boards flung carelessly over their backs, their dark-colored blankets draped with striking effect over the head and about the face, and often enveloping the entire figure in their folds; while here and there dark-visaged men are at work in the gardens or preparing splints for basket-weaving, and half-grown, laughing children are noisily at play on the common.

Basket-making is the principal occupation of the village, the men doing the first rough work, and the women and girls completing it. They become marvelously expert, and many of their productions are elaborate and thoroughly artistic. Fishing is the occupation of many of the men, and the making of La Crosse sticks is also quite an industry. Some vegetable produce is raised within the limits of the village itself, and considerable farming is carried on outside, the farms of some of the families being in every way creditable to their owners.

The Mohawks, as a rule, are long-lived, and many live to the age of eighty or ninety years. However, consumption finds many victims among them; and a pathetic reminder of ancient beliefs is the restlessness of the sick during their long illness, and their impatient desire to be borne from house



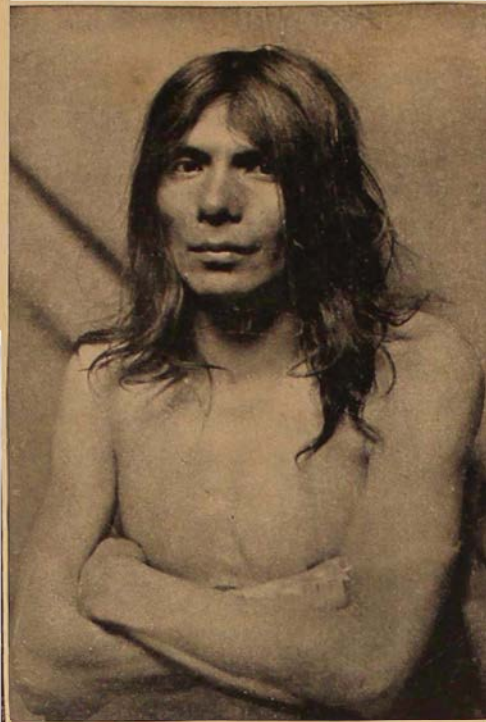
INDIAN FARMHOUSE.

fashioned articles of furniture are found. However, the household utensils in use are rude and primitive to the last degree, and, as of old, many of the Iroquois women still grind their corn with a clumsy wooden pestle in a roughly

to house to remain for a time at each, hoping in this way to find a spot where evil influence cannot reach them; but no matter how ill he may be, no Mohawk will take medicine when the wind is blowing from the east.

Despite a few faint echoes like these of old-time superstitions, the seed sown by the devoted missionaries of a century and a half ago, moistened often with their blood and tears, has borne an abundant harvest, and nearly all the Mohawks are now devout Catholics. Here and there about their village and reservation are lofty wooden crosses, to which

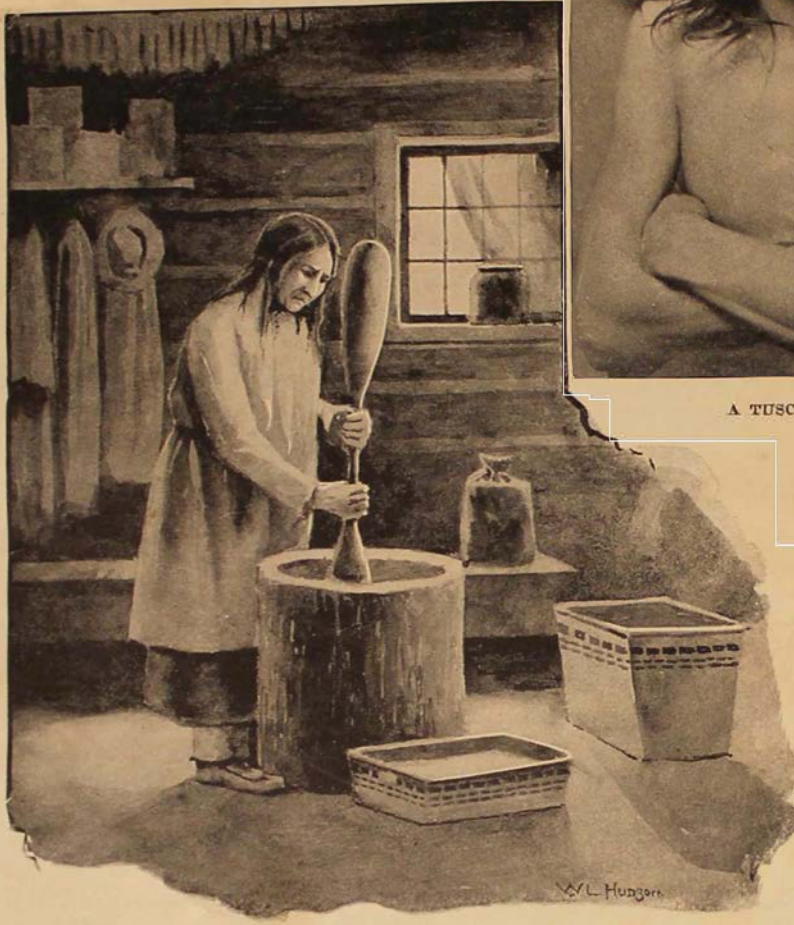
mainly in the hands of the pagan party. The Onondagas, of all the Iroquois, have clung most firmly to their tribal traditions; every summer a meeting, lasting several days, is held in the Long House of the Nation, at which the old men take turns in exhorting the young to hold steadfast to the ancient faith, while the ancient games and amusements in which they indulge on their reservation near Syracuse are most interesting. Their yearly merry-makings number thirteen, and include the Berry Festival, which celebrates the arrival of the strawberry, the Festival of the First Ripening Fruit, the Festival of the First Fruit of the Trees, and the Green Corn Festival. Each of these is attended with feasting during the day and dancing at night. Those taking part in the dance of the Green Corn Festival wear masks, some woven from corn-husks, others made of wood and horsehair, and



A TUSCARORA BRAVE.

with the moving figures, the silent watchers, and the calm, soft light of the midsummer night, the scene is a weird and most impressive one.

The most popular game of the Iroquois is a variety of ball, in which representatives of the four brother clans, the Wolf, the Beaver, the Bear, and the Turtle, are matched against members of the Deer, the Snipe, the Heron, and the Horse tribes. Two poles are placed at each end of the ground, and each member of the competing parties strives to carry the balls between his own poles a designated number of times. The play begins in the center, and neither party can touch the ball with hand or foot. Javelin, a game very popular in the spring and autumn, is played by casting a dart at either a fixed or moving ring; and snow and snake,



IROQUOIS WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

solemn processions are made on certain festival days. The mission church stands in the center of the village, and all its expenses are defrayed by the Indians themselves, although money is scarce among them. There is preaching every Sunday in the Mohawk tongue, and the church is always well filled. The community is very religious, and even such as do not regularly attend service never fail to go to the first communion, to marry only under Church sanction, to call for the priest when dying, and to wish him to stand above their graves.

But, as the annual observance of the Feast of the White Dog indicates, the pagan element still predominates among the other Iroquois tribes; and executive control is



INTERIOR OF INDIAN HOUSE. WOMEN WEAVING BASKETS.

another favorite game, consists in sending a long hickory staff with a round head, slightly bent and pointed with lead, in an undulating course as far over the snow as possible. Archery is still very popular among the Iroquois, and blind

of the mothers of the couple to restore peace if possible. The custody of any children that may be born belongs to the mother, and the burden of their support falls on her when she is deserted by the father.

It is a nearly perfect picture of old-time Indian life which the visitor beholds upon entering many of the homes on the Onondaga reservation. There is always a great open fire-place, in which the wood fire blazes cheerfully, and where the kettle is hung over the flames, very much as if it were a camp-fire on the hillside without. On the wall is usually to be found the bow and arrow, side by side with a Springfield rifle or a painted tomahawk. These weapons are never used in these days, and their owner never thinks of using them; but their presence seems indispensable to the Indian as memoirs of the time when they were the glory of his forefathers and the terror of the white invader. Aside from these wall adornments the rooms of an On-



ON A STREET IN ST. REGIS. INDIAN WOMAN WITH PAPOOSE ON HER BACK.

man's buff is held in high favor during the winter months. But the recital by the old men of their legends and traditions is the pleasure which the Iroquois prize most dearly of all. Loved and venerated with an ardor of which we have little conception, they jealously guard these tales from outsiders, and it is rarely that they reach the ears of white men. "We are plain children of nature," said an old Seneca, when asked to tell a certain pretty legend to a party of whites a few years ago. "You would laugh at our fancies and make light of the stories we love as deeply as you love your Bible stories. Let us tell them only in our own homes."

Marriage among the Iroquois is not a matter of choice between the bride and groom, but of arrangement between the parents. A simple ceremony like the exchange of presents seals the union, and when discord arises it is the duty



SENECA SACHEM, GRANDSON OF CORNPLANTER.



EXHORTING THE YOUNG TO HOLD STEADFAST TO THE ANCIENT FAITH.

daga home contain little in the way of ornaments. Perhaps a cheap print of some picture has been pasted here and there by the playful papoose, or a red blanket has been thrown across a broken window-pane, but that is all. The furniture is meager, and carpets are unknown.

And yet wherever one gets a glimpse of family life among the Iroquois it is almost certain to please by its simplicity and gentleness, however rude it may be. Often one is surprised by order and cleanliness under conditions where he might have thought these impossible. I remember one household presided over by a



INDIAN DANCE IN THE LONG HOUSE.

young mother who might have sat as a model for an Indian Madonna, so regular were her features, so placid her expression. She was so gentle and silent one hardly noticed her presence. Her three children, two girls and a boy, were perfect in their obedience to her slightest order, but as playful as kittens, and, after they had conquered their shyness, as full of curiosity as any children could be. All in all, the Six Nations are a vigorous, self-respecting, and improving race, who look back with pride upon their history, and with hope to the coming years.

RUFUS R. WILSON.

## THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

**Q**UI-DISTANT from Manitou and Colorado Springs, in Colorado, lies one of the most imposing and interesting marvels of nature. Known to the tourist world as the Garden of the Gods, with its gigantic realistic figures it is most happily named.

The plateau over which the garden extends is of that peculiar dull green which marks the Western prairie,—the color produced by the prolific sage-brush and soap-weed. With this for a background, the brilliant colors of the colossal figures are vividly outlined for miles away. The environing landscape of mountains and valley is of such sobertones, that the garish rocks travesty nature, converting the whole picture into a theatrical scene of highly spectacular proportions. It is a sensational tableau, participated in by "ye gods of ye olden time."

The gateway to the garden is of imposing height, and flaming from dull pink to red. One might imagine it to be the entrance to some long-hidden Arcady, all within being of such unreal beauty, even approaching the supernatural.

"To pass in between massive portals of rock of brilliant terra-cotta red, and enter on a plain miles in extent, covered in all directions with magnificent isolated masses of the same striking color, each lifting itself against the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky with a sharpness of outline that would shame the fine cutting of an etching; to find the ground under your feet carpeted with the same rich tint, underlying arabesques of green and gray, where grass and mosses have crept in; to come upon masses of pale, velvety gypsum, set now and again as if to make more effective by contrast the deep red which strikes the dominant chord of



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, WITH PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.



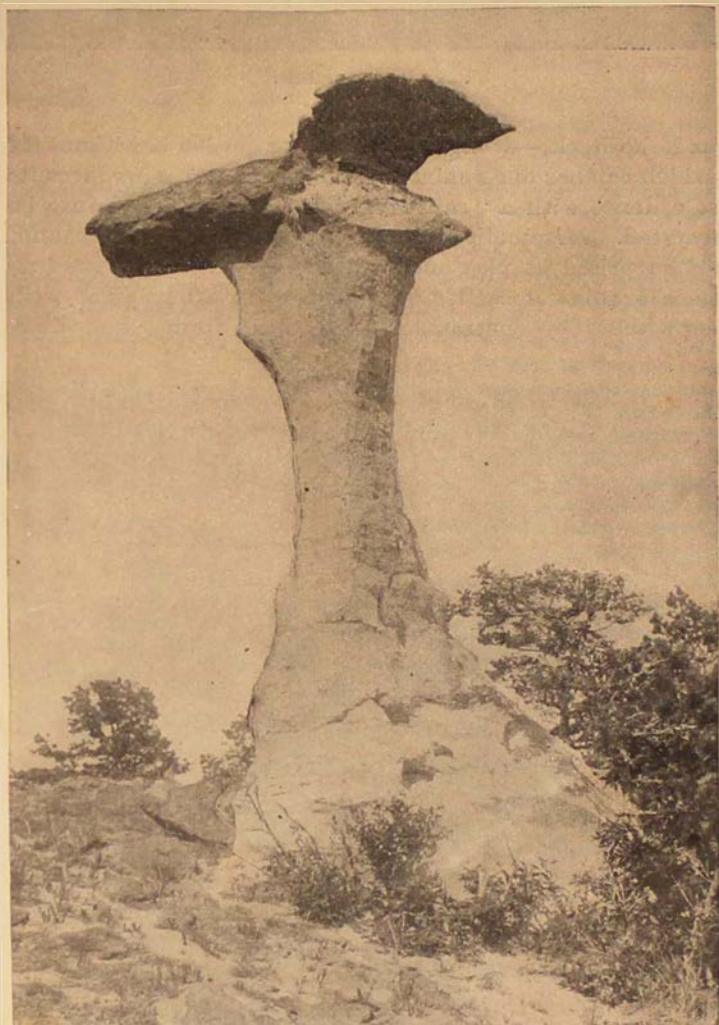
THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

the picture; and always, as you look through, or above, to catch the stormy billows of the giant mountains tossed against the sky, with the regal, snow-crowned massiveness of Pike's Peak rising over all, is something, once seen, never to be forgotten," glowingly writes one author, in a burst of enthusiasm over the beautiful sight.

The elements have worn the rocks into all manner of fantastic shapes and forms. In picturesque confusion, from the enormous portal to the lofty crags that rampart either

side, the huge formations are scattered over the enclosure. The prismatic tints of the rainbow are imprisoned in their shapes; Titian reds and golds burn in one spot, the new school of Alma-Tadema is viewed in another. A huge picture it is, and in its garish coloring in some parts, almost a gorgeous daub. Black, brown, drab, white, indeed, through the category of known color, the figures masquerade in every sort of absurd costume. There is even the Flying Dutchman to regale the mirth-inclined with his wonderful aerial ventures. Impaled on a pillar of sandstone, one can almost see his frantic clutches in his endeavor to liberate himself, so realistic is the outline.

Perpetuated for all time are those monstrosities the Siamese Twins; in stone, also, is represented the arterial conjunction uniting them. Their profiles are strangely Mongolian, even to the headdress. Indeed, the formation seems a veritable outburst of wild rage or uncouth playfulness of the gods of

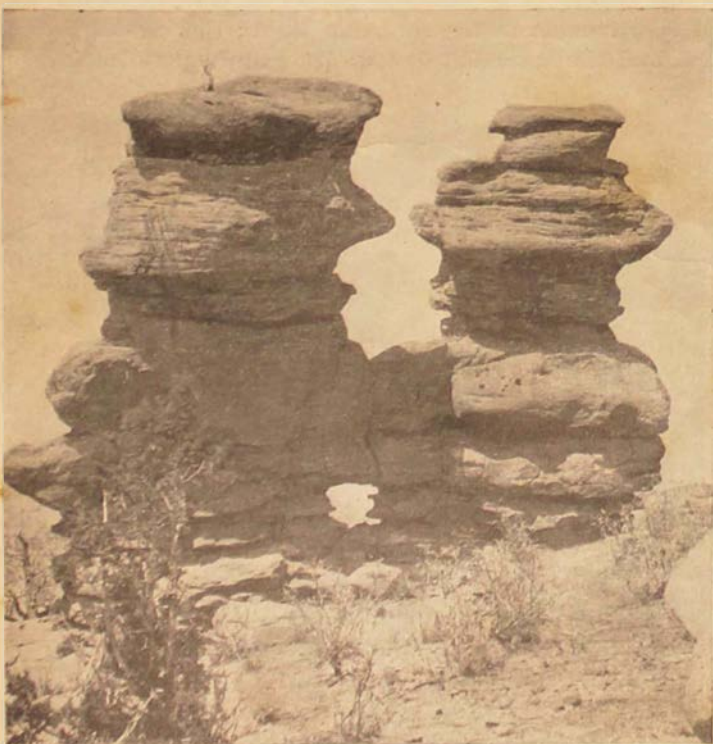


THE "SPREAD EAGLE."

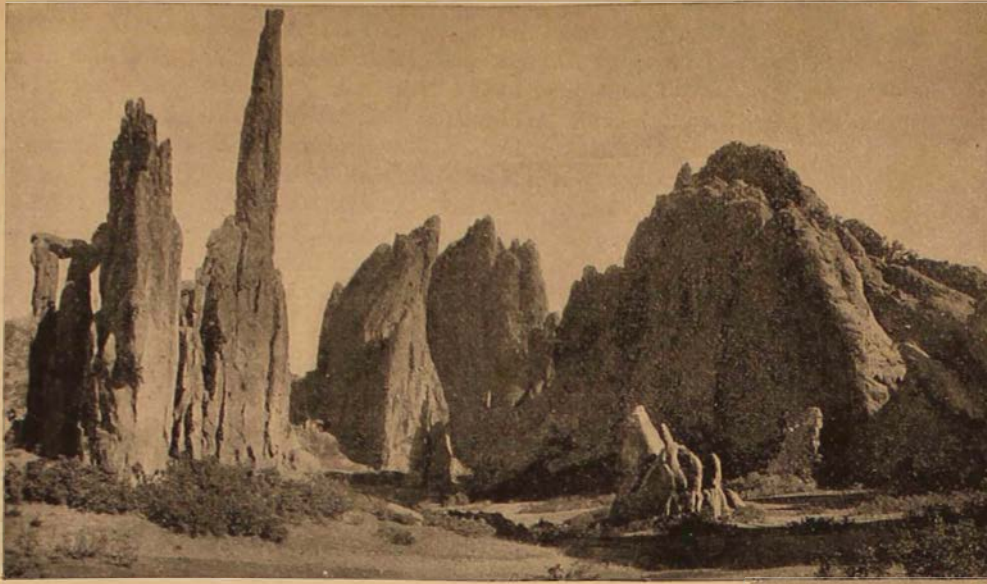
the Norse Walhalla. There can be no affinity between its sublime awkwardness and the beauty-loving divinities of Greece and Rome.

The Spread Eagle is another of the forms assumed; and from that one hastens on to the Balanced Rock, which, despite its weight of three hundred tons, lightly rests on a jutting crag. So slight is its foundation it would seem that the least impetus would force it from its resting-place and send it flying angrily down the little decline; but as yet no Samson or Hercules has succeeded in the feat.

The Cathedral Spires are grandly beautiful, rising in graceful symmetry several thousand feet high. The sky above seems pierced with their tapering pinnacles, and brings their exquisite pink shades into bold relief. There is the ubiqui-

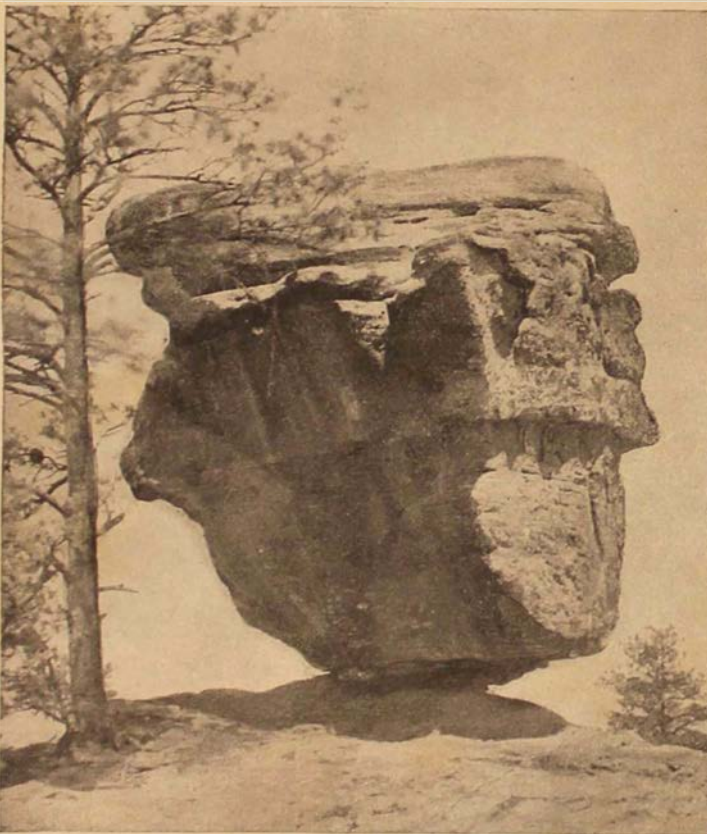


THE "SIAMESE TWINS."



CATHEDRAL SPIRES.

tous Echo Rock,—what cave, cañon, or garden is without it? —which catches one's faintest intonation, and reproduces its last cadence with a "caressing accuracy," if the phrase be permitted. Mammoth caricatures of animals crouch around, as if surprised at play and turned to stone. There are battlements, ruins of castles, leaning towers, all brilliant with color; then, by contrast, are diabolical forms, and huge



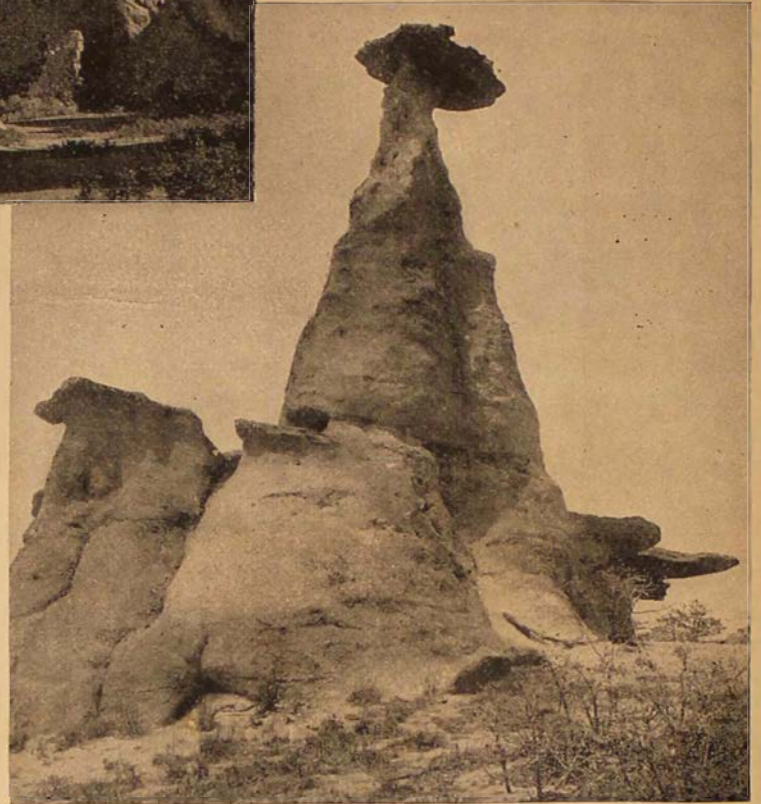
BALANCED ROCK.

structures of masonry, weird mixtures of grotesqueness and grace.

The Medicinal Rock of the Utes possesses curious interest; its formation is peculiar, and therefore it was supposed by them to be curative of all the ills to which flesh is heir. One views with delight the white outlines of the Dutch Wedding. It is evidently an exclusive affair, for the number of witnesses is limited to the bridal party. The bride and groom,

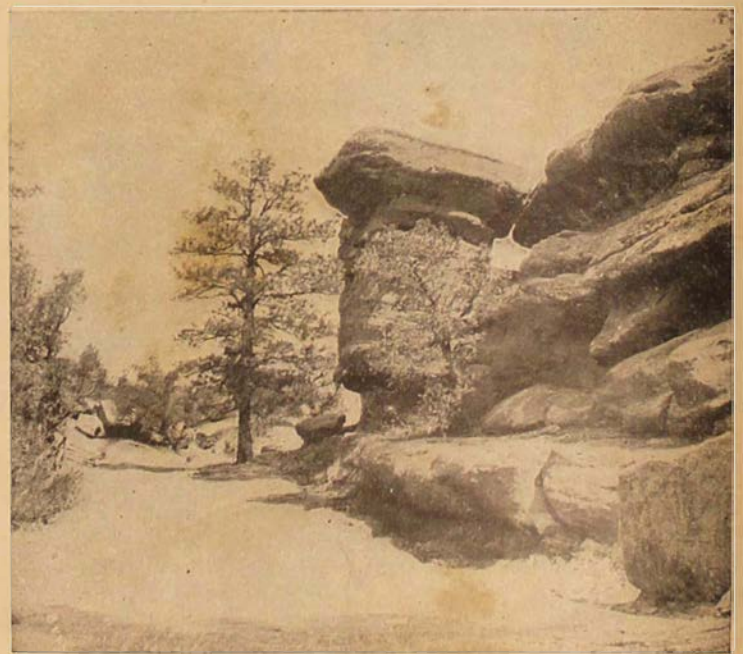
both sadly oblivious of the rules of decorum, appear in hats, a vagary indulged in by the minister himself.

Buena Vista Drive winds through-out the entire garden, affording one a view of all the wonders. In some parts the roadside is bordered with stone, and again with interlaced pines. By moonlight the effect is weirdly beautiful. The relics of crumbling strata become the moldering ruins of some half-buried city



MEDICINAL ROCK.

of the desert; the wind-cut ghosts of the old régime lose all sportiveness in the soft, dim light; the castles become real, and the stonelike figures are gaunt, ghoulish beings;



BUENA VISTA DRIVE.



"THE DUTCH WEDDING."

the Bridal Party appear misty and fragile-looking; even the Flying Dutchman's tendency to *embonpoint* is softened to a comfortable degree of corpulency. The silvery light endows all with stately grace, and one seems to be living in some dream of the past.

LUE ELLEN TETERS.

### A New Ending to An Old Story.

"SHALL not do it, so there!" and I broke down and cried ignominiously, like any woman when the argument becomes too much for her. I wonder why it is we must always cry and seem so babyish, just when we most wish to appear dignified? I think, though, that a woman cries when she gets to the point where a man goes out and slams the door.

When I married Guy Felton I had never seen his mother; she had not been present at our wedding, a slight illness having kept her in her home, fifty miles away. After we were well settled in our new home Guy wanted me to go with him to visit his mother, but I had pleaded as an excuse that I was tired out with the hurry and worry and preparation before our marriage, and the getting settled afterwards. After much persuasion Guy left me at home to rest, while he visited his mother. I sent a kind greeting by him, but no love, to her. When he came home he hinted that he would like to have his mother come and make us a visit. I did not let it appear that I noticed his half-formed request, and he let the subject drop, only to renew it often, and with ever-increasing urgency.

On this particular morning he had asked me if he should not send for his mother to come and visit us. I had urged every excuse that occurred to me in turn, but all to no purpose, as he still insisted upon having his mother come. Finally I snapped out the remark at the beginning of this story; and when I began to cry Guy went into the hall, closing the door with unusual clamor, and I soon heard him go out and shut the street door still more decidedly.

I wept until I had no more tears to shed. Like anyone who is in the wrong, I imagined that I had great cause for grievance; and then, Guy had never gone away before and

left me without a tender parting, and I felt that as an outrage, too. My crying fit ended, I began to think the matter over; but I did not feel any more pleased as I dwelt upon the subject of our late discussion.

The truth of the matter was, I did not want to see my mother-in-law then, or ever. I had grown up without a mother of my own, and had conceived a violent dislike for my husband's mother. I was determined that I would not have anything to do with her, and I reasoned that Guy would understand, after my outburst of the morning, why I had always avoided a meeting between his mother and myself. I was more fully convinced than ever, in my own mind, that I would continue the same policy.

I tidied up our little home, and at night awaited the coming of Guy as usual. He came in looking rather cross, but I exerted myself to please him, and the warm, bright room, a fine contrast to the cold

sleet-storm borne on a November wind, that raged outside, a good dinner, and a cheerful blaze on the hearth, soon put him into his usual pleasant mood. I was determined that I would not quarrel with my husband if I could help it, and equally determined that I would not see his mother.

Several weeks had passed without any reference to his mother by Guy. Then one evening he said to me, as he put his arm around me and drew me tenderly to him,

"I wish you knew my mother; she is so good, so kind, you could not help liking her."

Without a word I drew myself away from him, and making some excuse left the room.

I should have known by her never having obtruded herself upon me, never in any way trying to form my acquaintance, that she had no idea of becoming the much-dreaded, dictatorial mother-in-law of the novelist or the funny paragrapher of the newspaper, but I was blindly obstinate. I said to myself that I had married Guy, and not his relatives; I would not have my mother-in-law coming into my home to spoil it. I thought that if I once began the acquaintance she would keep coming, and perhaps come to stay; but I knew if she never came she could not stay, and I was firmly resolved to keep to my resolution.

As time went on, Guy seemed to have given up talking to me of his mother, for the time, at least, and I was in hopes that he would feel satisfied to let things rest as they were. Winter was gone, and March, with its blustering winds and flying snow, was with us. One day I went to a meeting of the directors of the Fruit and Flower Mission. The place of meeting was several blocks from my car-line, and when we came out we found a fine snow falling and driven in wild swirls by a strong wind. Several ladies walked with me, and we struggled along through the storm to the cars, the wind switching our skirts about our ankles and whipping the snow about us, until when the car was reached we were tired, and our clothing and ankles were damp. If I had kept on walking I should have kept up my circulation and remained warm; but seated in the car, with my damp skirts clinging about me, I soon began to feel my feet grow cold, and before I left the car the cold chills were chasing each other in regular troops from my feet upwards.

I changed my damp garments immediately on reaching home, shook down the ashes, opened the draughts in the big baseburner, and drawing a couch close in front of the stove bundled myself up and lay down; but that icy

chill would not leave me. I passed the evening in front of the fire, and when I retired took the usual home remedies for a cold.

The next morning I was really sick. I could not rise; my head, my throat, my chest were sore, and my limbs seemed weighted down. Guy got one of the neighbors to come in to stay with me, and then he went down town to send the doctor and hunt up a nurse.

The doctor came early, but it was three o'clock before Guy returned with the nurse. She was a sweet-faced, low-voiced, elderly lady—yes, undeniably a lady—clad in soft, clinging black, and the very moment she took possession of my room I felt rested. Pneumonia in an aggravated form held me for weeks, then, slowly, I began to come back to health.

With returning strength I began to take more interest in things about me. I felt interested in my nurse, and speculated upon her possible past; for I was fully convinced that she had been bred a lady. There was the indescribable voice and manner that come from good breeding, a certain style that is only acquired by life-long usage. I tried, time and again, to lead her to speak of herself, but she always avoided the subject, and talked of something else.

As a nurse she was perfect; my room was kept in the most scrupulous order, appetizing dishes were prepared and served in the daintiest way, and when I grew stronger she read to me, and altogether made herself so agreeable, so helpful, and so companionable, that I really felt a sincere affection for my nurse, and found myself dreading the time

when I should have to give her up. I often found myself wishing that I had been blessed with such a mother.

One evening I had so far recovered that Guy had taken me downstairs in his kind, strong arms and laid me on a lounge in the sitting-room. The nurse served supper for us all, on a table drawn close beside my couch so that we might all be together. I felt like a prisoner released, to be once more downstairs, and Guy was in high glee. Passing his cup for a second cup of tea, he said,

"Give me another cup, mother."

"'Mother'?" I echoed, questioningly, as I looked from one to the other.

The nurse flushed to her crown of snowy hair as she glanced at my astonished face, and then looked appealingly towards Guy. He looked rather embarrassed at first, then bending forward he took both my hands, in his and said,

"Yes, dear, this is our mother," with a strong accent on the word, "our." Then, kissing me tenderly, he continued, "Can you think of her as your mother? Do you think you could learn to love her?"

I was completely taken by surprise.

"Is she really your mother?" I asked.

"She is *our* mother, dear," he answered.

I thought of the obstinacy I had shown in avoiding her acquaintance, and felt ashamed. Her gentle, kindly spirit, her loving care of me, had quite won my heart. I already loved her; I had even wished that she could have been my mother; and I felt a gladness thrill my heart at the thought that she was Guy's mother, *our* mother,—yes, *my* mother. And she still blesses our home. IMOGENE E. JOHNSON.

## OUR WORKING SISTERS.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 400.)

### 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 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. Mildred's grief over her disappearance is very great, and she leaves no steps untaken towards finding her except to put the matter in the hands of the police. This course Joseph Sefton deprecates, though apparently giving Mildred his fullest sympathy and showing deep interest in the search. In a glimpse behind the scenes,—a peep into that black abyss, Sefton's heart,—we learn that he has sent Grace to South America, and is congratulating himself that the last danger which menaces his success has been removed. With the object of prosecuting her search in every hive of industry where a helpless girl would seek work, Mildred conceives the idea of beginning a book upon the lives and occupations of "Our Working Sisters," using the gathering of material, notes, etc., as a cloak for her inquiries. The reader shares these experiences with Mildred, and learns much of the daily life of busy workers in many spheres. One evening after several weeks of baffling search, Mildred announces her intention of acting upon the advice of the Rev. Stephen Eustace and putting the matter in the hands of the police. This announcement startles Mr. Joseph Sefton out of his usual self-possession, and he rather precipitately makes Mildred an offer of marriage. With even greater precipitation she flees to the seclusion of her own room without giving the man an answer.

XII.

**D**OCTOR Eustace! dear Doctor Eustace! Please don't walk so very fast, or I shall think you are trying to escape me. That would wound my vanity greatly; besides, I do so want to talk to you for a moment."

Breathless and panting, Mrs. Gilbert Livingston stood in the path crossing the old yard of St. John's church, waving her new spring parasol at the retreating figure of the rector, who was fitting his key into the door of the vestry entrance. Hearing a

woman's voice he started, turned about, relocked the door, and retraced his steps, hat in hand, to where she stood, a beguiling picture of well-dressed, rosy blonde beauty.

"You don't look well," was the lady's first comment, critically regarding the young clergyman from beneath her rose-wreathed hat, as she put her slim, gloved hand into the one he held out to her.

"So my housekeeper and even Tom the gardener have been telling me," he answered, with humorous gravity. "I am afraid you have been guilty of an uncomplimentary plati-

tude. But, to be truthful, I am only a little worried and overdone, after preparing my large confirmation classes for the bishop, conducting unaided all the Lenten services and the work of Easter week, besides the manifold daily duties. But there is some serious talk of providing me with an assistant next

month, and in this weather 'tis an ungrateful man who does not regain his health and spirits."

They sat on a rustic seat under an ancient elm that spread its broad arms benignantly over the tombs and graves where many years ago the respectable merchants, lawyers, doctors, and statesmen of old New York, with their wives and children, lay down to their long rest. Records of their sterling virtues are to be read on the worn granite slabs; but into this peaceful seclusion, guarded about by a high street wall, by the gray church, the old-fashioned rectory, and the parish house, none of a later generation have come asking for a quiet, flower-grown bed.

"I am not here to discuss the weather," began Constance, a fine little frown gathering between her pretty brows, "but to ask your help and advice. I suppose you have heard of Mildred's engagement to—well, I'll put it as charitably as I can, and say, to that monster, Joseph Sefton."

"Yes, oh yes. I have heard of it," replied her companion, in an even tone, lifting his gaze from the squares of well-kept green lawn and the flower-beds ablaze with bloom amid the gravestones, to the giant boughs above his head, where the verdant frills and tassels of spring's finery tossed against a sky as blue as violets. "It seems a pity, yet I suppose Miss Duncan knows her own mind."

He was hardly prepared for the gust of indignant protest with which his words were received. Only after hurried apologies for his seeming indifference and assurances of his readiness to give her all his aid and interest were the little lady's injured feelings soothed, and from reproaches and accusations could he persuade her to return to the practical side of the question.

"Help me, then, to put a stop to this madness," she insisted.

"But how, pray?" in open astonishment.

"Oh I don't know how, that is for you to discover." Then with a change of tone: "Ah, if you had seen her pale face and tear-bright eyes when she told me of her marriage so soon to be, you would guess, as I did, that the poor child is well-nigh distraught with wretchedness. Surely you can understand she does not love this man. Indeed, I am convinced she fears, almost hates him; yet I could not tell her how we all suspect he is a miserable adventurer. Mildred is so proud and reserved, her very dignity holds me silent. I hoped she would marry Mayhew, who is somewhere now



with his ship on the South African coast; but that, she tells me, was an idle flirtation. Really, I believe this Sefton has an evil influence over her. And there is no one to protect her from this fatal step; no relatives but her feeble old aunt and the little boy. Even poor Grace Mynell is gone; so I have come to you for help, you who must have her confidence."

"Aye, but I have not," he interrupted, stopping in his restless walk up and down the path, and looking down on her with troubled brows.

"Then," springing up and laying pleading hands on his arm, "gain it and save her. You are her rector; I know how she respects, looks up to, and regards your opinion." He turned away his head, his face set hard, like a man who fears temptation. "Is it not a part of your sacred duty," continued Constance, earnestly, seeing him shake his head, "to guard her, to guard any unprotected woman, from a wicked marriage, from inevitable misery, from ruining her life? Why! you are her natural guardian now. Persuade her or bring proofs that this man is unworthy. Ah! you will?"

"Give me time to think," he said, at last. "Perhaps you are right, perhaps it is my duty; but God help me! I sometimes find my tasks heavier than I can bear."

She pressed his hand warmly, and passed out through the gate he held open, to her carriage. When he turned back,

little Gerald, strayed away

from his nurse, a fresh-faced girl chatting with a group of maids who daily brought their youthful charges to sun and frolic in a privileged corner of the old churchyard, ran down the path to meet him. They were fast friends, the shy delicate child and tall young clergyman. It was Gerald's keenest delight to walk hand in hand into the stately church with Eustace, and standing before the jeweled windows hear over and over again the story

of the mild-faced Christ, risen in the glory of the Transfiguration; or, sometimes, he sat beside Eustace, who would stop a moment in the chancel to touch the keys of the great organ with a musician's magic fingers, since it was when a young choir-master he had felt the first impulse to take orders in the church's service.

Now, however, he gently resisted all the child's pleadings for a talk or music. His mind was too busy with a single painful thought, that, night and day, haunted him with cruel persistence. In view of what Mildred Duncan had told him the morning they met alone in the church, he could now put but one construction on her new determination: she was willing to marry a man she plainly despised, for mere money, for a share of the child's wealth. And this was Mildred of the frank brown eyes, Mildred whose lips seemed nobly shaped but for just and truthful utterance, Mildred with a brow like St. Barbara!

"Though she despise me for it, though she refuse ever to see me again, if there be power within me to devise a way, I will save her from her own self-degradation," he had assured Constance, and he meant to keep his word.

Late that afternoon he wrote briefly to Mrs. Livingston: "I think I am on the right track. Pray send me Lieutenant Mayhew's address. Have faith and hope, and say nothing of our plans to any one.

EUSTACE."

"I, too, have my terms," said Mildred, retreating when Joseph Sefton would have approached to take her hand.

"And unless we can now arrive at an amicable agreement, these very unpleasant negotiations must cease."



A week had passed since Sefton made his declaration of love. Alone that night in her own room Mildred had sat, her palms pressed hard against her throbbing temples, fighting out, single-handed, the problem of right and wrong, while from distant church-tower, from the dark hallway, and her own mantelshelf, in solemn and silvery tones, she heard how the night waned, but took little note of the flight of time. When her shame and indignation had softened somewhat, the scene with Grace came vividly back to mind,

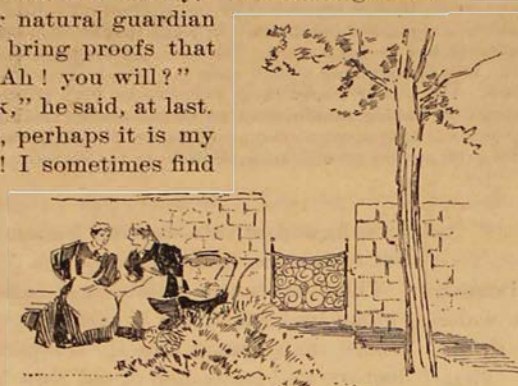
—the girl's impulsive words, her own injustice and blindness to the sentiment growing to outspoken love under her eyes. Her first thought was to repulse all Sefton's overtures; then came calmer consideration.

How well she divined with whom she had to deal, how her disdain and refusal would be met. Beneath that humility of an hour ago, beneath that suave manner, that veneer of social polish, and back of those mildly downcast eyes, lay latent a merciless nature she thought of with a shudder. Besides,— She shrank back, a chill fear at her heart, thinking of her aunt and the boy; would he hesitate to turn the one forth on the world and tear from her the other? Noiselessly she flew to the sleeping child in affright, lest he should already be gone. Robbed of her love and care what suffering might be his!

"My brother is gone, my father is dead, Grace has deserted me, and my aunt become a poor dependent; who but the boy is left me?" she sobbed, kneeling beside the little bed and stretching out her arms in an agony of mute appeal and prayer.

"The guardianship of the boy and my fortune shall be yours." The words seemed almost whispered in her ear,— Sefton's words, his promise, his price.

She stood up, pushing the heavy hair back from her troubled brows. Had he not promised, as well, completion for her plans of the Woman's Palace? Suppose—a wild hope



flashed across her brain—suppose there were conditions she might offer; that she should have guardianship of the boy and half control of his estate in return for— Her chin sank upon her breast, her heart died within her.

“Oh! I cannot marry him!” she whispered, hoarsely. “Oh, the shame of it! hating him as I do; and Stephen Eustace of them all would believe me guilty of selling my very soul for wealth.”

So, hour after hour, 'twixt loathing, love, and duty, she battled valiantly for an answer to her passionate cry, “What is right? Where lies my duty? What sacrifice should I make?” till she sank exhausted into a seat beside a window. She unfastened the shutter, and leaning far out drank in the cool air of early morning that touched her brow and throat. Day was just breaking, the



under dark chestnut trees soothed her like music. Two bustling sparrows, early abroad, fluttered down to the window-sill and contemplated her with round, inquisitive black eyes.

At length a murmur as of distant surf tumbling on hard-beaten sands gave proof the city was awaking, and far down the narrow aisle of the deserted street she saw a rosy flush deepen in the eastern sky. Peace came with the morning, and resolution as well.

“If I err it is only in trying to act for the best; if I am misjudged, I will try to bear it,” she repeated, closing the window; and when the first cart rumbled past in the street below, she had fallen into a dreamless slumber.

The terms she dictated, Sefton received in restless silence, but bowed to them at last. Their engagement would last six months. The day of their marriage, guardianship of the boy and a share in the control of his estate must be given her. Also, she exacted the best care for her aunt till the day of her death, and sufficient allowance from Sefton's own fortune to completely build and endow the Woman's Palace.

“You tell me,” she said, “that your speculations have netted you many hundreds of thousands. I do not ask money for myself,” wearily, “I do not care for nor need it; but I must complete my plan for the working girls, and this I stipulate if you still wish to marry me knowing I bear for you no warmer feeling than friendship.” He winced, bowed, and kissed her hand, and then she was free for six little flying months.

Having openly announced her engagement, Mildred held herself bravely and met the wondering gaze of society with steady eyes. No one should pity her nor think her ashamed of the



street-lamps were extinguished, and no footsteps echoed on the stones. Across the square, lying in dusky silence, she could see

the dew-drowned flowers still sleeping, and the splash of the fountain

part she had chosen. In Sefton's company she went boldly about her social duties, smiling even, till the careless world ceased speculating and concluded she was happy. Sefton they spoke of as “a lucky dog.” She was miserable, yet thankful, that no chance brought Stephen Eustace often to her side as formerly. Flowers, jewels, and admiration, her lover heaped upon her, eagerly looking for a warmer welcome than a proud bend of the handsome head and the proffered tips of her cool white fingers. She listened to his occasional fiery reproaches at her indifference with a scornful sort of patience, and turned again with nervous energy to her duties. The care of her aunt, the round of late spring entertainments, worry over Gerald's health, for whose sake the country house on the Hudson was to be opened soon and occupied, redoubled search for Grace, and long night-vigils over her book contrived to keep her mind from thoughts of the future approaching with giant strides.

One joy remained to her amid these trials; and eagerly she prepared to lay before Stephen Eustace the full plans and endowment for the industrial home and college, of which he should be the director. Very reluctantly Sefton prepared the all-important deeds.

“It takes a large slice from my fortune,” was the complaint. “But there is full value received,” he added, grasping, to kiss hotly, the hand she extended for the valuable bits of paper, and looking up at her with eyes so ardently wistful that her heart was touched.

“Can you not give me hope that in time I might win your love?” he asked humbly. She shook her head sadly.

“Then you force me to but one conclusion,” he answered, in a gust of jealous wrath. “But beware how you try me! I know your love is already given to another,—to that pious, sneaking clergyman, at whose feet you lay all this. Aye, and you dare not deny it.”

“Because the insult of your words merits only my contempt. If you think this is the way to win my regard, Mr. Sefton, I fear you are making a mistake; pray let me go.” And



without flinching under his angry glance she left the room.

In the library of St. John's parish house she



found a seat beside a deep window opening on the churchyard. It was a pleasant

room, cool and dark on the warm May afternoon, with many coming and going about the well-stocked shelves, and taking

little note of a woman in a dainty gown and wide-brimmed hat in the shadow of the muslin curtains. Across the churchyard the long rays of the setting sun glanced athwart the gay flower-beds, a group of children played about the foot of the great elm, and now and again snatches of song and rolling organ-notes came to her from out the church, where the choir were at practice. In spite of herself, Mildred could not still the quick, loud beating of her heart, could

not silence the words, "You have given your love to another," the truth she had thought crushed beneath her feet. It triumphantly sprang from echo to echo. Pain, weariness, the struggle, the resolve, the bitter future, the cruel past, her sacrifice, were forgotten in a wonderful melody that rang loud and tender with the organ music. A bird on a bough outside the window seemed repeating in an ever-ascending scale of sweetness the one word, "Love, love, love."

"Whom do I love, little bird? Who loveth me? An old woman, I love her well; a little child, well, also," her heart sang in response.

"Nay, thy own true love, who cometh, cometh, cometh," carolled the bird, till her smooth cheeks, brow, and chin were rosy red, and Mildred started to find the rector of St. John's standing before her, gravely asking how he might serve her.

He was formal and constrained, and with alarm she observed he looked pallid and weary, while she stood before him blushing and stammering like a shy girl of sixteen. She suddenly remembered it was their first meeting since her engagement had been announced, that he had never offered his congratulations, and that even the old librarian had

stepped out of the deserted room, leaving them quite alone. How she wished he would say something kind to her, let his stern glance soften, take the slim, white hand she held out to him, half imploringly, and understand her. But he was unrelenting in his reserve, so quietly and swiftly she laid before him both plans and deeds.

"Jane Ferguson and the rest of my girls in our little club should form, I think, the nucleus of a faculty to teach and train young women thoroughly in whatever calling they elect," she explained. "You will find I have altered our old plans to admit of one floor being turned into a series of good, inexpensive lodgings; there is, as well, to be a library, concert hall, chapel, gymnasium, a picture-gallery, parlors, a fine restaurant, a little nook for postal service, a bit of a savings bank; and I still think we should graduate no one until a diploma of proficiency can be honestly granted."

"Your idea is as admirable as always," he said, when she had ceased speaking, "and your generosity very great; but I must beg you to confer the honor of the management on someone else, since I do not feel myself quite competent to fully carry out the project."

Had he flung the precious papers in her face, had the sky grown black before her eyes, or had the earth rocked beneath her feet, her amazement could not have been more genuine. For one long moment she looked into and read the truth in his severe, accusing, unwavering gaze; then her lids fell and shut out the pity, the contempt mocking her from his eyes. Once more she strove to soften his scorn, his cruel decision.

"Oh, take it, please," she almost whispered, submissively. "I shall soon be very unhappy; let me have this to think of as the one bright spot, the one unselfish deed in my poor life. They need it; I do not." They rose, and still his eyes beat hers down, still his hand motioned back the gift extended.

"Not at my hands," was his reply, "shall they receive the price of a woman's soul. Their poverty and struggle, Miss Duncan, their misery and despair, are easier borne than wealth gained like this. I cannot receive your money."

"You do not understand," she murmured, brokenly. "I have tried only to do my duty; perhaps I have failed. You judge me very harshly." She was mechanically gathering her offering together and moving toward the door.

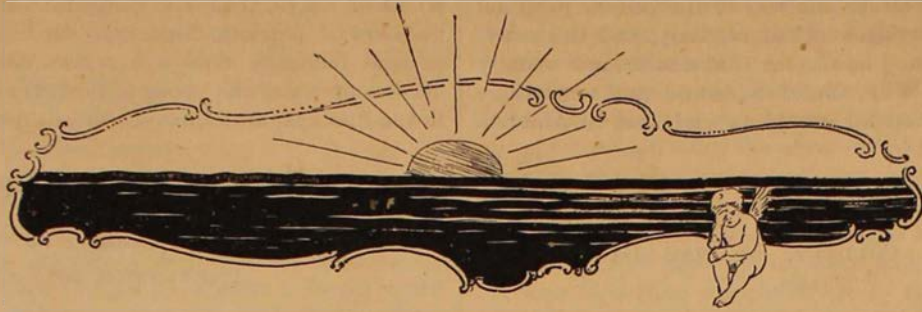


"Do not go," he cried, his voice hoarse with emotion. "I harsh to you? I judge you? Indeed, I would only save you. Stop, think a moment! Let me beseech you not to ruin the beautiful life that might be yours. Can you find happiness in the future before you? Poverty is not so hard;

a hundred hands would be stretched forth to aid you. Is it too late?"

"Too late," she repeated, "and you do not understand." So she went out with drooping head.

(To be concluded.)



## SHOULD INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES BE DENOUNCED?

PERSONAL OPINIONS concerning the marriage of American girls to titled foreigners given specially for Demorest's Magazine by the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Frederick R. Coudert, Joseph Thoron, Rev. Dr. MacArthur, Anthony Comstock, Abe Hummel, and Laura Daintry.

### A SOCIETY LEADER'S EMPHATIC APPROVAL.

MRS. PARAN STEVENS.\*

I MOST decidedly and emphatically approve of the marriage of American girls with foreigners of good character, for I believe it is a good thing, nationally, as well as individually. International marriages serve to bring the people of two nations into closer communication, and to arouse, in some degree, similar instincts and characteristics.

But it seems to be the opinion of a large majority of critics, who, I am bound to say, might be broader minded, that simply because the American girl, in some instances, has been very wealthy, international marriages have been merely marriages of convenience for the sake of acquiring a title on one side and riches on the other.

But, for the sake of argument, suppose we allow the premises of these criticisms to stand; where, even then, can be found a firm foundation for the assumption that the marriage is one entirely of convenience, and not one of love? Is it possible that simply because a woman is rich it is impossible for her to love a man who is poor? On the surface the argument is absurd. Of course, these marriages have their practical or more material advantages. Why not? In a great many instances, each gives to the other that which each, formerly, had not. If the husband is one whose ambition it is to climb, either socially, politically, or in art, then the wife's money assists him to mount and to acquire greater power. Her money enables him to live in a style becoming his rank, and his position gives her a place of honor in all foreign capitals. The marriage is, therefore, reciprocal, as far as regards material benefits. The American women who have gone to live abroad have done so with the very best results. I have in mind a number of instances, such as those charming American girls who are

now the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Craven, the Countess Sierstorff of Germany, and Countess Waldensee also of Germany. I might multiply these instances many times, all of them high in the social life of England, France, and other countries.

The American woman, wherever she has gone to live, has proved an honor to America by her grace of manner and charm of person; and by her wit and goodness and beauty she has caused the greatest men of the times to bow to her in profound admiration, if not in veneration.

I repeat, I emphatically approve of international marriages; for I hold that human nature among men and women is the same in all countries. And why should it be assumed that the man with a title is any less desirable as a husband than one without a title?

As I have said, these marriages are reciprocal in material benefits; and nothing is more conducive to mutual happiness than mutual assistance,—a marriage wherein each contributes an important quota. And then, why these sweeping assertions that all foreign noblemen are weak-kneed, weak-brained creatures? Why! many of the intellectual giants of Europe belong to the nobility. And as for being weak-kneed, physical pygmies, why! the champion fencer of France is a nobleman, the champion boxer of England is a nobleman, and the late Emperor of Russia was a giant of physical strength. And about the same convincing arguments can be used to contradict what is said against foreign noblemen when considered morally.

We wrong the American women when we accuse them of being influenced in such marriages by a title; and we are unjust to the men of other countries who happen to have titles, when we accuse them of contracting marriages with our American girls from purely mercenary motives.

### A SOCIETY WOMAN'S INDEPENDENT VIEW.

MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SAWDUST DOLL," ETC.

I DO not see how anyone can give a decisive answer either one way or the other in this matter of the advantage or dis-

\* This opinion was given to our representative by Mrs. Stevens only the week before her death.



advantage of international marriages, or even as to whether it is desirable or objectionable. It is so much a matter of individual circumstance and conditions. I cannot believe that anyone is in a position to sit in judgment upon the marriages of our American girls to titled foreigners. As a matter of fact, though, I do not wish to go on record as criticising such marriages either one way or the other; yet I am bound to say that marriages in France, Italy, and Germany, and even in England and Spain, for that matter, are usually marriages of love. Why, therefore, could not a marriage between a foreigner and an American girl here in America be also a love match?"

#### A FRENCH-AMERICAN'S OPINION.

MR. FREDERICK R. COUDERT, LEADING LAWYER AND CITIZEN.

"SHOULD international marriages be denounced?" Certainly not. Why should they be? Why should Cupid be restrained by geographical limitations? Better let him have his way; and if he chooses to fly across the ocean to suit himself, that is his affair. True, there are fortune-hunters across the Atlantic, but then, so there are on this side. I do not know that the chances of happiness are greater in one case than in the other, where the element of cupidity is predominant. There are many first-class possible husbands in Europe, and a great many who are not even second-class; but a just discrimination, and as much attention to this important matter as people would bestow upon the purchase of a house or a horse, would save much tribulation and deception.



purchase of a house or a horse, would save much tribulation and deception.

#### ANOTHER FRENCHMAN'S IDEAS.

JOSEPH THORON, LEADING FRENCH CITIZEN OF NEW YORK, AND PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

"SHOULD international marriages be denounced?" I say "No" on principle, as man is perfectly free to marry wherever and whenever he meets with his predestined and suitable mate. It is entirely a private and personal matter, in which no one has any right to interfere. Even for persons engaged in the diplomatic service of their country or in its home government, the objections brought forward are secondary, and have never been found so serious as to prevent the accomplishment of the decree of destiny.



#### A CLERGYMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

REV. DR. R. S. MACARTHUR, PASTOR OF CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

ALL improper marriages should be denounced; but international marriages are not necessarily improper. Merely the international feature ought not to affect the moral character of the marriage. All depends upon the facts in each case.

Whether marriages are international or not, where the motive, on the one side, is plainly to secure wealth, and on the other, a real or supposed prominent social position, the marriage falls far below the proper standard. Where differences in religion, in education, in taste, and in social relations, are very marked,



the propriety of the marriage is certainly open to question. But it ought constantly to be borne in mind that the mere international feature is, *per se*, neither commendable nor objectionable. All depends upon other considerations. It is to be hoped that the time is near at hand when American women will feel there is no higher honor than to be the wives of brave, true, and patriotic American men, and the mothers of patriotic American sons and daughters. The present tendency does not reflect much credit on certain classes of American women, however much it may conduce to the financial ambitions of certain foreigners.

#### FROM A PRACTICAL MORALIST.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

IN my judgment, the question, "Should international marriages be denounced?" could not be answered by either "Yes" or "No." It depends entirely upon the circumstances and motives which prompt the alliance, and whether the persons united are marrying from a high and lofty purpose or for ignoble reasons. I can see no reason why, if two persons love each other, they may not enter into the holy bonds of matrimony simply because one is born in America and the other in a foreign land, provided both are honorable and of respectable families.



#### FROM A LAWYER.

MR. ABE HUMMEL, OF THE FIRM OF HOWE AND HUMMEL.

No marriage, either between persons of widely divergent religious faith, or of those calling different countries their home, should be denounced. On the contrary, put me down as always voting for every encouragement in joining two in wedlock's holy bonds without regard to nationality. Love alone, however, should be the sole moving power, as was aptly said by William Penn:

"Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely."



#### FROM AN AUTHORESS.

MISS LAURA DAINTRY, AUTHOR OF "EROS," "GOLD," AND OTHER NOVELS.

No; international marriages should not be denounced. International marriages should be an advantage to the world and to society, as linking the respective countries with the double bond of blood and interest. If they are on the verge of falling into disrepute, it is not by reason of their own bad tendencies, but because of the low and sensational view of them which the public and the press have chosen to take. The word "newspaper" is now little used, and "journal" has replaced it; this is significant, for in the news of the world the appearance, conversation, toilet, movements, plans, and possessions of—let us say—a girl of nineteen who holds no public office, and a titled foreigner who does not even mean to become naturalized in



America, have no legitimate place. The press, whose right it is to be the people's educator, should have a higher aim than to become the Paul Pry of the public.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

## My Ghost.

A TRUE STORY.

AM not superstitious. When a child my parents never allowed us to be told of ghosts and specters; my father was especially emphatic in teaching us that there were no such things as ghosts. Some weird stories I had read, as everyone does, in current literature, but always to laugh at them afterwards and soon forget them. Especially I had been taught if I saw what I thought was a ghost to go up to it and take hold of it, and so had more than once found something very threatening to be very commonplace.

But when a freshman in college I had an experience that severely shook, and came near shattering, all my philosophy. I had a third-story room in a nice, quiet house, somewhat retired in situation, and occupied by a private family who had but one other lodger, also a student, besides myself. I studied hard by day, and was accustomed to go to bed quite early and sleep soundly till the chapel bell rang for "morning prayers."

One night I had gone to bed as usual, putting out my light and leaving a low anthracite fire in my open stove. Suddenly I woke. There, in the middle of the room, stood a man in his shirt-sleeves, his face not clear in the dim light, but his form perfectly distinct, silent, motionless, watching me! "A burglar!" I said to myself; "shall I lie still and pretend to be asleep? No, I'm too nervous to keep up the sham. Besides, he has probably already noted the change in my breathing." This passed through my mind with the swiftness of lightning. Then came the decision, "If there's fighting to do, I'll be on my feet!" and with one sweep of my arm I flung the bed-clothes far back, and leaped into the middle of the room. I had both hands ready to grasp the man by the arms, expecting a struggle, but sure, if only I could hold out a few minutes, my classmate, at least, would be up to my aid.

Anyone who has ever nerved himself for a desperate conflict may appreciate the sickening reaction that came upon me when I found myself standing alone. The man had not gone anywhere; I had had my eyes on him every instant. He had simply vanished; he was not. I do not believe if I had met the burglar in bodily form I should have been one-half so frightened as by that sickening, nameless terror, such as had never come into my life before. I rushed to the door; he must have gone through it. No, it was locked, and the key was on the inside. I found matches and struck a light, peering into the corners while I did so; the light showed the room all clear. I stooped and looked under the bed; there was no one there. I went to the window; the lower sash was closed, but I opened it and looked out. There was no ladder, lightning-rod, nor water-spout by which anyone could have come up or gone down.

There was just one other possibility. Mine was not a "square room." The ceiling sloped down toward the eaves at one side, the perpendicular wall there being about four or five feet high. In this wall was a door, which I had never had the curiosity to open. I went to it now and found it fastened, but with a spring catch. A person could have

gone in there and sprung it after him. But why did I not hear it click? However, I opened the door, and with lamp in hand stooped, almost kneeling, into the recess. It was a long, low closet, running the whole length of that side of the house, an uncanny place to explore alone at midnight. But I could soon see clear to each end; there were a few old pieces of carpeting, old curtains, etc., which could not conceal anyone, and down at the far end was a black trunk, with the cover a little ajar.

I have to confess that I had not the nerve to go stooping down that long, low passage and open that black trunk. I contented myself with the observation that it was too small for any man possibly to get into, came out, and shut the door. By this time I was rather chilly. I said to myself, "I must have been dreaming, though I never knew a dream so vivid." So I blew out my light and popped into bed.

I was forgetting my adventure in the first sweet unconsciousness of sleep, when I woke with a start. There stood that man again! This time I flew at him like a panther. I would master him or die! Again I stood alone surrounded by empty space, in the dim room, in the still night. The cold sweat stood out on my forehead. I was thoroughly terrified at last.

What was this silent figure that came from nowhere, without sound or motion, to which locked doors were no obstacles, rising like an exhalation to stand watching my sleep? This that was swifter than my utmost swiftness? This against which all strength was useless, which could vanish without going anywhere, and leave my tense muscles to close on thin air when I rushed to grapple with it? Dim memories of all the ghost stories I had ever read flooded in upon me. Had some terrible crime been committed in that house, and was this the unquiet spirit of criminal or victim?

I clinched my hands and took a firm step forward to break the spell. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, dashing my hand across my damp forehead, "my father always taught me that there were no such things as ghosts, and I will not believe this is one till I am forced to. I'll study this thing through." I lit my lamp, tried doors and window again; all fast as before. Could this be some trick of the "sophs"? It did not seem possible, for a sophomore is a bodily entity and cannot go through locked doors. The trouble with this was that it came from nowhere, and went nowhere.

I said to myself, "There are such things as optical illusions. I will see if there is anything here that might take that shape." I searched the walls; there was not a garment hanging anywhere, not a picture nor wall-paper pattern that could by any possibility be tortured into the semblance of what I had seen. Then I determined upon this: I would lie down in exactly the same position, and see if anything in the room would assume the dread appearance. I accordingly extinguished the light again, lay down with my head in the very depression it had left in the pillow, almost closed my eyes, and there was my man, or ghost, again. Now I did not spring, but simply opened my eyes wide, looking intently straight before me, and lo! my ghost materialized!

On a chair, just across the room, was my own suit of clothes. I do not think they were so frightful when the owner had them on, but now the illusion was perfect. The coat and vest hung over the back of the chair, the white shirt was laid carefully over them from the front, with the sleeves hanging smoothly down, while the trousers were laid across the seat of the chair, the legs hanging down to the floor. Some readers may know certain optical toys by which a distorted image drawn on a level surface seems to stand upright when you look in a mirror or through a lens, and takes some clear and unexpected shape. It was so now. By alternately opening and again nearly closing my eyes, I could see, in the mirror, an ordinary suit of clothes, or I

could make them stand up a seemingly living form in the middle of the room, a portentous figure.

So my thrilling adventure ended in a laugh. I jumped up, pulled my chair of clothes around away from the fire-light and out of the range of the mirror, went back to bed, and the phantom came no more; but I slept soundly till morning. I have no doubt many of the most blood-curdling ghost-stories rest on as slight a foundation as this; and had I not been trained by a wise father, and known something of the laws of optics, I should always have believed there was a ghost in that room that night, which I saw and tried to grapple with in vain.

JAMES C. FERNALD.

### Society Fads.

HERE is a popular superstition cherished to the effect that summer among the fashionable folk is a season purely of recreation of the lightest sort. "And yet," complained one rich, well-placed woman, setting out for her Newport cottage, "one has to work as hard to find amusement in summer as in winter; harder, indeed, for at the seaside resorts men are as scarce as pearls on the shore, and we must plan diversions under severe mental effort." So those women count themselves as very lucky who turn their faces countryward with a comforting little list of entertainments jotted down for reference on specially tedious afternoons, when no loveliness of nature can interest minds wearied with the simply good things of life.

At Newport, where nearly all smart summer fads first come to light, the very most refreshing idea of the hour is the homemade fair. It is held by somebody who has a house provided with wide balconies, and is purely a morning function. To it every woman who enters her name on a long bulletin list sent through the neighborhood is obliged to contribute something home and self made, all in the space of a week. This last provision successfully bars out the vast quantities of embroidery with which the booths would otherwise be flooded; and contributors to the fair are requested to enter the lists purely for the sake of competition. There are prizes offered for the best cooked dishes, for preserves and pickles, for the best starched and fluted muslin cap, the most neatly hemmed housemaid's apron, the fattest pair of pullets, the biggest bouquet gathered from a single garden, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*, through the list of domestic achievements possible to a woman.

Where the fair is held the balconies are decorated with bunting, and on long tables the exhibits, all ticketed, are set forth. Then there are committees appointed to test and examine every class of work, award blue and red ribbons, and then announce the prizes, which are kept secret till the last moment. The result is something astonishingly lively in the way of an entertainment, for men are appointed on the committees, and the contest for prizes or ribbons is sharp and amusing. 'Tis interesting, as well, to see how well and how ill these women of fashion turn their idle white hands to all sorts of pretty homely arts, and how keen they are to excel one another.

When the frowns and laughter over the inspection and prize-awarding is over, one of the committeemen blows a coach-horn and announces a series of special domestic contests; stocking darning, ironing table napkins and ruffled pillow-shams, beating eggs to a froth, and washing four panes of glass, are usual tests put to the volunteers, who, supplied with the proper paraphernalia, try to see which can

do the best work in the shortest space of time. At the end all the exhibits are usually sold off to the invited guests; the money is given to some worthy charity, and a pretty dance in the drawing-room winds up the morning's entertainment.

THE FEMININE half of the smart social world has had discovered for its diversion, by a clever German woman who visited New York in the spring, a brand new philosophy of life and how to live by it. It was no novel thing when the German lady said that the face reflects the condition of the mind, and that boredom, or bad temper, grief, jealousy, etc., hurry on old age, wrinkles, and white hair, and so break bright lives long before their prime. So long, says this gentle philosopher, as a woman's mind remains clear, clean, and cheerful, so long will she be fair to others and lovely to herself. The secret is to find the antidotes for these mental poisons, and treat oneself to the corrective influence; and there you have the true elixir of life.

Of course, this new teacher has found the hidden antidotes; and in a course of little drawing-room lectures she explained what they were and how to receive them. Supposing your keenest distress is caused by bitter jealousy; the study and cultivation of flowers has, in severest attacks of this passion, a most soothing influence, that will, if pursued, in time conquer the green-eyed monster. For grief in bereavement, court children, enter into their games, amuse, delight, instruct, or comfort them, and the sorrow promptly grows softer. For ill temper, she recommends poetry, Tennyson, Longfellow, Jean Ingelow, and others of gentle song. The antidote for boredom is dancing, and for envy is music. The list is long, and the disciples of the new cult are many; oddly enough an eminent divine who attended one of the lectures says that in spite of the absurdity of many of the arguments, the whole theory is correct, for in occupation is found the most wholesome solace of the mind.

FRANCE, AT LAST, has contributed a sport to the list of summer outdoor pastimes in which womenkind love to indulge; and, naturally, what a dainty *Parisienne* adopts in the way of a country-house exercise is not expected to be in the least like the hardy English and Scotch girl's golf, cricket, bicycle, or polo. No indeed; the French woman pretends to no sport in which dainty dressing is not the leading feature, and grace in movement not one of the essentials for proficiency. Because she can wear the most delicate of frocks and in moving show herself to the best advantage, the fair visitors at various *châteaux* have inaugurated the Watteau-like amusement of trapping butterflies.

Now we are doing the same thing on this side the water; only we think we have improved immensely on the French way of managing it. A sunshiny day and a flower-garden are really the first prime requisites for butterfly hunting, and at the shops they sell special outfits for the pretty business. There are nets made of colored silk and hung at the ends of delicate lacquered sticks, light as riding-switches; and a tin-lined box, in which is a pasteboard square whereon the insect is impaled after having a few drops of chloroform poured from a tiny bottle on its head. By a ribbon this box is slung, like a fisherman's creel, over one's shoulder. In a wide hat, a muslin gown, and light morning shoes, the fair butterfly-catcher, when the dew has dried, makes her rounds of the lawn and gardens, in search of bright-hued prey. Dashing hither and thither after an artful golden-winged flutterer, she makes a pretty picture as she waves her net and follows the victim. Primarily, exer-



cise seems to be the excuse for tracking the poor little insect to his end, though these flower-garden Dianas insist it is all for the sake of more scientific knowledge of insect life, for the pleasure of making collections; and there does seem to be a fair show of truth in all this. The butterfly fiends all carry little books in which are printed, in colors, the pictures and names of all the pretty *papillons* in the United States. When one is caught it is compared with those in the book, identified and registered, and no duplicate is pursued; for the sportswoman follows no chase for the mere joy of capture.

MADAME LA MODE.



### How a Burro Discovered Creede.

**T**HE Rocky Mountain burro has never been vouchsafed his merited place in history. Unique among the animals of the continent, he has never received more than a passing notice from the historian or journalist, and none of these references have been more than a few paragraphs in ridicule of the poor homely little animal. His only use to writers seems to be to point a joke and furnish a target for witticisms. Grotesque as the burro really is, and comical as he always appears, especially to strangers, he has played a part in the development of the mountain region of the Far West, unequaled and unattainable by any other beast. Without his invaluable services, mining, the greatest industry of the Rocky Mountain States and Territories, would have been almost impossible.

But what is the burro? This question will no doubt spring to the lips of many readers who, if they have ever heard of the burro, have only a vague idea of his appearance, characteristics, and accomplishments. To these, therefore, an introduction to our little friend will be quite necessary.

The burro is distinctively a mountaineer. Born amid the grandest scenery in the world, he is reared among the rocks and crags of the giant hills. Here he moves and has his being, devoting his whole life to the service of men whose only recompense—in shame be it said—is cuffs and blows. Naught else does the burro get from one end of life to the other; yet on he plods, day in and day out, bearing incredible burdens, cursed for his apparent stupidity, beaten if he fails to accomplish the tasks set by his lord and master, and forced to provide his own provender. Not a very roseate existence, is it?

The burro is an exotic of Spanish origin, the parent stock having been brought to this country by the Spanish explorers. Since then, however, the breed has deteriorated. No longer does the dwarfed and shaggy dweller among the mountains resemble the sleek-coated blooded jacks of sunny Spain. The degenerate descendants have become a breed

unto themselves. The burro seems as much a part of the life of the mountains as the mountain sheep, the grizzly bear, or the fierce cougar.

The pigmy beasts exist by thousands in the mountains which mark the environs of their serfdom, but they are seldom encountered far from the foot-hills. Even in Denver, the metropolis of Colorado, fifteen miles from these foot-hills, they are rare animals. In the mountains, especially in the mining regions, they are found in herds. One man sometimes owns as many as seven hundred of them. These owners are usually contractors, who undertake the transportation of large quantities of goods and materials. The burro carries out the contract,—on his back. The responsibilities resting upon the diminutive burden-bearers will be realized when the statement is made that the average load for a burro is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds—a weight equal to, and often exceeding, his own. The ordinary animal is so small that a man sitting astride of him can drag his toes on the ground. The burro has one recourse when he is loaded with more than he can bear: he lies down and refuses to move until part of his load is lifted from his back.

In New Mexico the burro goes by the name of “Mexican carriage,” and serves the purpose of a mule, ox, horse, cart, or other wheeled vehicle. He staggers under huge piles of grass until he resembles an animated haystack; he bears immense burdens of straw, husks, cornstalks; carries enormous piles of wood for fuel and kindling from the mountains; conveys kegs, loaded sacks, trunks, and barrels filled with water.

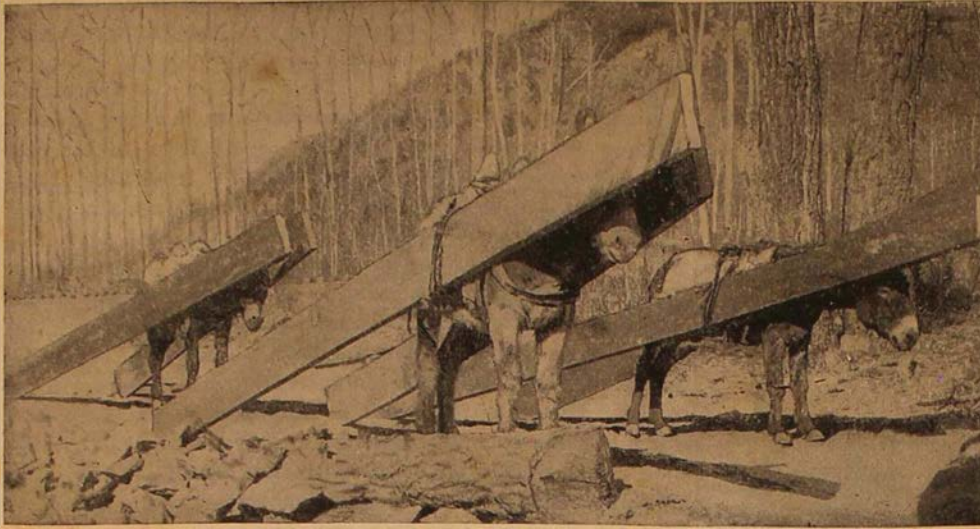
Women and children bestride him and make journeys to and fro. The patient toiler usually has no saddle, and never a bridle. He is guided by whacks across his skull with a club. If the rider or driver wants him to go to the right, he hits him on the left side of his cranium; or, if he strays to the right, he is restored to the proper path by a “biff” on the other side. That is all the poor brute knows of the desires of his master,—a staggering blow.

Arrived at his destination, he is “hitched” by throwing a blanket over his head. This, of course, blindfolds him and prevents him from leaving the spot. He occasionally tries to lift the blanket from his head with his hind feet, by lusty kicks, but usually stands quietly for hours awaiting his master’s bidding.

In addition to his other striking characteristics, the burro has a wonderful voice. He has been yclept the “Rocky Mountain Nightingale.” His vocal register is limited to two tones, with a quality similar to the fog-horn. His voice has been compared to the sound made by a buzz-saw when it strikes a nail. “Oft in the stilly night” it echoes down the valley like the wail of a lost spirit. It is a peculiarity of the animal that when he brays he extends his head and puts his tail straight out, and that he cannot bray unless he has his tail in a horizontal position, like the pump-handle of a pipe-organ. In order to prevent the discordant serenader from annoying the hyper-sensitive ear, it is the custom in some places to tie a brick or kettle or other heavy object to the tail, which precaution has the desired quieting effect.

Enough has been said already to show that the burro passes anything but a useless life. Besides climbing the mountains along trails impassable to a horse, loaded with merchandise, lumber, and the like, and on the return carrying down the declivitous slopes gold and silver and other metallic treasures of the mines, this hardy little mountaineer is credited with the discovery of Creede, one of the best mining centers of the Colorado region.

As the story goes, two butchers stopped on the vacant town site to rest. The burro they had with them strayed away,



THE BURRO CARRIES OUT THE CONTRACT,—ON HIS BACK.

and when they looked for him he could not be found. Finally a pair of long ears were discovered cropping out behind a rock up the mountain side. One of the butchers pulled up a bush with which to beat the runaway, when he discovered a valuable mineral deposit clinging to its roots. The two men sold their claim for

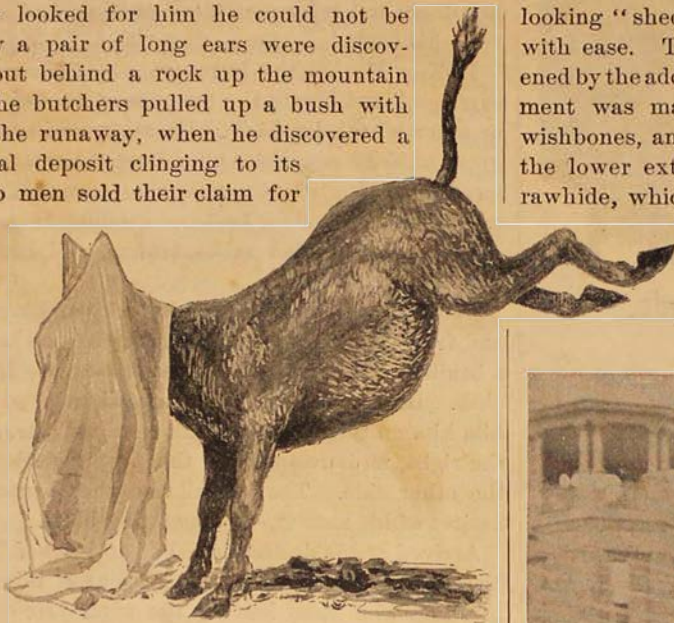
twenty thousand dollars, and the magical town of Creede sprang into existence. It is in the midst of the best mining region, in the heart of the silvery San Juan. The district is one of immense riches and incalculable possibilities. Creede,

in a single twelve-month, became the rival of famous Leadville as a silver producer. The mines are also prolific of gold, copper, lead, and other metals. Creede is romantically situated amid high mountains whose lofty peaks tower upward to the clouds. Millions of dollars' worth of metals have been mined there, and the supply seems illimitable. History does not record the fate of the long-eared discoverer.

Numerous stories of the tricks of burros are related. The owner of one burro train usually turned the animals loose on Saturday night to shift for themselves over Sunday. In the herd were two grizzled patriarchs, designated as "Grandpa Burro" and "Grandma Burro." The former was a shrewd old fellow and invariably turned up missing on Monday morning, while the rest of the herd were always on hand. Frequently "Grandpa" would be found hidden a mile or more from camp behind some big rock or a dense clump of bushes. He was loath to go to work, and knew as well as a human being what would be expected of him on Monday morning.

"Grandma Burro" objected strenuously to the tight buckling of straps around her body, in fastening on the packs, and had a trick of sucking in her breath and swelling her girth while the strap was being drawn. As soon as this was accomplished she would contract her body to its normal size, leaving the strap comfortably loose. "Grandma," how-

looking "sheep," a little larger than a Newfoundland dog, with ease. The burro's grotesque appearance was heightened by the addition of a Mexican saddle. This curious attachment was made of two wooden crotches that looked like wishbones, and were fastened on each side by cross-bars at the lower extremities. The whole was then covered with rawhide, which had been stretched over the sticks when green and allowed to dry. The shrinkage made it perfectly solid. Instead of a blanket, a sheepskin was thrown over the burro's back for the saddle to rest upon.



HITCHED.



THE BABY.

The "tenderfoot" clambered upon the strange-looking craft, when, to his astonishment and alarm, the tricky animal started off at a lively pace with his head down, moving in a narrow circle. The stranger had no bridle nor halter nor even rope to guide his Rosinante, and was still further disconcerted by the yells of derisive laughter that came from the crowd assembled to witness the sport. The animal veered so rapidly that the rider could not get off without losing his balance, and at the same time he had all he could do to stick to the saddle. Besides, he did not wish to display his lack of horsemanship, and so he stayed on. Finally the burro took another tack, and started at a lumbering "lope" down a neighboring hill, one ear high in air and the other flopping like a loose sail. At the bottom of the hill the runaway dashed through a creek deep enough to wet the rider, and did not stop until far up the side of an incline. Here the rider luckily remembered hearing a burro

to encounter on a declivitous trail, and instances are recorded where horses have been thrown over a cliff by them on being compelled to take the outer edge.

The little fellows are safer pets for children than ponies, and are much used



"AW-W-W-HE! AW-W-W-HE! AW-HE, AW-HE, AW-HE!"

for this purpose in towns in the mountain regions. They sell at from five to ten dollars each; five dollars will buy a fair animal.

The old saying is that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and there is a much-quoted fable of the race between the turtle and the hare. In the currie-



ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

driver say "Chee!" to his animal; and although the former did not know what it meant, he yelled "Chee!" at the top of his voice. The burro stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by a maul. By digging him in the ribs with his heels the "tenderfoot" managed to get him started again, and, by the use of his newly-acquired vocabulary of one word of burro language and sundry cuffs over the ears, he finally guided him back to the starting point.

"What do you feed your burros?" asked a stranger of the owner of a large herd. The mountaineer looked at the questioner quizzically, sized him up from head to foot, then smilingly remarked:

"Wal, stranger, you must be a 'tenderfoot,' ain't ye? I have been keepin' burros for over eight years, and I don't remember of ever having fed any of 'em anything."

The hardy animals eat almost anything they can find,—grass, paper, or rags. They are almost as omnivorous as the goat, which luxuriates on oyster-cans and other like delicacies. They are long-lived and tough as pine-knots. They are credited with great stupidity, but are always sagacious enough to hug the inner wall of rock in passing a horse on a narrow mountain trail; they know too much to venture on the outer edge. Loaded with stacks of lumber and immense packs of merchandise, they are ugly customers



MAIN STREET, CREEDE.

ulum of life the burro plays the part of the turtle. He is hardly a mediocre, yet in his own patient way he trudges along, accomplishing tasks at which the beautiful, high-bred Arabian steed, admired and petted by the world, pictured by the artists and celebrated in story, would ignominiously fail. The burro has his place in this world, and he fills it to perfection.

ANDREW CARLISLE CARSON.



## A Pattern Hat.

HE was a faded little woman, but her cheap woolen dress was prettily made and fitted her plump figure nicely, while quite an artistic hat was perched above her grayish-brown hair. She had been the village milliner for a good many years,—more than she liked to remember,—and had a knack of devising the daintiest affairs for the feminine head out of mere scraps of lace and ribbon, consequently her own hats, though never expensive, were always becoming; and a becoming hat is a great blessing to a plain-faced woman.

This little woman, Hetty Hawood, was such a quiet body, so soberly dressed, so unobtrusive in all her belongings, that she rarely attracted public attention. She was like a bit of the brown earth that everyone knows is good and necessary in its way, but few take any notice of more than just to feel satisfied that it is there accomplishing the purpose for which it was intended.

There are people who seem to have come into existence for the sole purpose of fitting into odd places between their more brilliant companions; people whose mission in life is not very well defined, who drift along with the current, never very happy or very sorrowful, never conspicuously prosperous, never in actual want; people who in the course of a long life cannot recall a single unusual event, to whom love comes only as a mythical possibility, never as a reality, whose lives are made up of "years of days," all very much alike, who live because they must, filling their own particular niche honestly, conscientiously, and finally dro<sup>p</sup> asleep, drifting out of life, just as they drifted through it, unnoticed, unappreciated, unmourned.

Such had been the life of Hetty Hawood up to the day that marked the opening of this sketch; such might have been the remainder of her life and the going out of it, but for that trip to the city and what came of it. Not that this was her first trip to the city; on the contrary it was, perhaps, her twentieth, for in her capacity as village milliner it became necessary for her to make semi-annual visits to the city in order to select the newest styles of head-wear for her patrons.

It was always a pleasantly exciting time among the feminine portion of Brierwood when Miss Hetty returned from the city with the spring and fall styles and the much admired "pattern hat" that was to determine the shape and arrangement of trimming for the next six months. The pattern hat eventually became the property of the one wealthy lady in Brierwood; but that did not lessen Miss Hetty's enjoyment of it while it remained in her possession.

Every woman in Brierwood knew, at least a week beforehand, when Miss Hetty expected to return from the city, and the little woman experienced honest thrills of pleasure when she remembered that she had secured the prettiest pattern hat ever brought to Brierwood, and anticipated the delight with which it would be received. Only the Sunday before, as she was passing out of church, the deacon's wife had pressed her hand with a cordiality very gratifying to the lonely little soul, and had said, in just the proper Sunday tones:

"What a beautiful sermon Brother Dunn preached today. I shall go home stronger in spirit and better able to cope with the annoyances of life for having listened to his faith-inspiring words. By the way, Miss Hetty, what he said about 'the lilies of the field' reminded me that it must be nearly time for your spring trip to the city."

"I start on Tuesday and return Wednesday," replied Miss Hetty, brightly.

"Oh, do you?" delightedly. "And when will the things come?"

"Not before the last of the week."

"That's too bad! I had hoped to be able to stop on my way to prayer-meeting Wednesday evening and see the new pattern hat."

"I might bring that in a bandbox with me," suggested Miss Hetty.

"Do, there's a dear!" emphasized Deacon Jones' wife, forgetting her Sunday tones in her weekday interest of the new pattern hat.

Miss Hetty had gone but a dozen steps from the church door when she was overtaken by one of the village misses.

"Mrs. Deacon Jones says you are going to the city this week," she began, breathlessly, "and that you will be home with the pattern hat on Wednesday."

"Yes, I hope to," assented Miss Hetty.

"I am so glad!" The girl had gotten hold of Miss Hetty's hand, and had given it an affectionate squeeze by way of emphasis. "I'll be around with some of the other girls to see it. You won't be too tired to show it Wednesday evening, will you?"

"Oh, no indeed. I will be very glad to show it," replied Miss Hetty, truthfully, and her cheeks took on a tinge of pink that made her quite pretty had there been appreciative eyes to see it,—a tinge of pink in her cheeks, and a warm light in her eyes caused by a woman's cordial hand-clasp and a girl's affectionate squeeze, though Miss Hetty knew, quite as well as anyone, that both were meant for the pattern hat, not really for her. She had experienced so little of the genuine article in the course of her life that even the semblance of love warmed and thrilled her strangely.

"I can't imagine how it would seem to be loved and cared for all for my own self," she mused, glancing longingly towards a newly wedded couple passing down the street in front of her. How tenderly solicitous he was, guiding her footsteps into the smoothest paths, and bestowing upon her those thoughtful attentions so dear to woman's heart. Looking at them, and seeing their quite evident happiness, Miss Hetty sighed softly, and her thoughts rushed over the intervening years to her girlhood.

"I wonder where Joel Newcome is, and what he has been doing all these years?" she whispered.

Joel Newcome had been her ideal of manly perfection in that long ago; but it is doubtful if the shy, quiet girl had ever won more than a passing thought from him.

On Wednesday afternoon this tired little woman and the bandbox containing the precious pattern hat were conducted to a place in the well-filled coach of the train due at Brierwood at five o'clock. Miss Hetty dropped wearily into a seat while an obliging trainman deposited the bandbox in the rack above it. Directly in front of her sat a man with his head resting on the back of his seat, apparently in deep slumber. There was nothing specially attractive in the tourist cap with its fringe of iron-gray hair; but there it was, the most conspicuous object in the coach because of its nearness, and being right under her eyes she could scarcely do otherwise than look at it and speculate upon the features beyond her range of vision. She had never seen Joel Newcome in a tourist's cap, and his hair was a rich brown, very dark; but somehow she thought of him whenever she looked at the head, and wondered if the years had sprinkled Joel's hair as thickly with silver threads as they had her own.

The seat-backs were high, and she did not discover that the man had a companion until a little yellow head came bobbing up, and a round, rosy face peeped over at her. Immediately two dimpled hands were reached to her, and a coaxing voice, with all the winning sweetness of babyhood in it, accosted her:

"Papa so s'eeepy. Essie tome to 'oo."

All the latent mother-love in the woman's tender heart

sprang to her sensitive face and flooded her eyes with longing. Might she take the soft little thing in her arms and feel its sweet breath on her cheek? The man would never know, for his heavy breathing proclaimed the soundness of his slumber. She might feed her starved heart, for a time, at least, and return the borrowed sweets before he awoke. Her decision was instantaneous, and a moment later she was kissing and cuddling the baby to her heart's content. So perfectly satisfied was she with this experiment that she did not see the conductor come hastily to the sleeping gentleman and shake him by the arm.

"This is where you stop, sir," he said, quickly. "We're late, so please hurry."

The man thus rudely aroused from sound slumber looked about in bewilderment.

"Papa," called the little voice, "Essie stay wiv pitty lady."

"She would come," explained Miss Hetty, apologetically, her too-evident confusion casting a most attractive mantle over her plain face.

"Essie won't leave pitty lady," cried the willful baby, defiantly.

Then such a time as they had unclasping the clinging, chubby arms from about Miss Hetty's neck! It was very embarrassing, to say the least, for the child lifted her infantile voice in a dismal wail of disapproval, and the stranger was conscious of a wish that the operation might not be successfully accomplished, and he be compelled to take the little woman in order to secure his motherless child.

The conductor was impatient, the child determined, Miss Hetty rosy with blushes at her conspicuous position, for the gentleman was obliged to unclasp the clinging arms by force, and everyone in the coach was looking directly at them. In the confusion the gentleman quite forgot that he had only a tourist's cap on his head, and was about to leave without his hat, when the conductor directed his attention to the fact.

On entering the car he had deposited his high hat in a bandbox, and had placed it in a rack over his seat, out of the child's reach. With one strong hand he held the struggling baby, and with the other reached hurriedly for the box, and hastened from the train.

It was late when Miss Hetty reached home, and she found half a dozen expectant faces ready to greet her and the pattern hat.

"You've got it, haven't you, Miss Hetty?" cried Lucy Grange, reaching for the box. "Do let me have the first peep at it."

"No one shall see the hat until Miss Hetty has had a cup of tea and got her breath," declared Mrs. Deacon Jones, with decision. "I took the liberty of bringing you a cup of tea, a slice of cake, and a sandwich, from my own table, Miss Hetty, knowing that you would be all fagged out getting in so late."

"You are so kind. I don't know how to thank you," said Miss Hetty, tremulously.

"Don't try, my dear. Just take a comfortable bite, and then let us see the hat."

Having finished the grateful repast Miss Hetty proceeded to open the important box. All eyes were fixed upon her hands in eager expectancy. She put one hand in the box, and taking the rim of the hat between her fingers, careful not to disarrange its dainty trimmings, she drew it forth.

Exclamations of emphatic disapproval greeted its appearance.

"That thing!" gasped Lucy Grange.

"It's just like a man's hat, and not a flower or a bit of lace on it!" cried an indignant voice.

"It's horrid! I'll wear my old one before I'll get a new one like that," emphasized another.

"There's some dreadful mistake," announced Miss Hetty, sinking into a chair. "This isn't the pattern hat at all. It has become changed in the box; for I saw it put in, and took a peep at it in the station just before I got on the train, and it was all right then,—just the loveliest hat I ever brought to Brierwood."

But there lay the horrid hat, in full view, a very evident mystery; for how it got into the box, and where the pattern hat had gone, were riddles beyond solution. After much conjecture and random guessing the disappointed ladies withdrew to their various homes, leaving the disconsolate little milliner with her undesirable possession.

The next morning as she was moving about her shop, regarding the ugly hat with tearful eyes, a carriage drove up to her gate, a quick step came up the walk, and a decided rap sounded on her door.

Opening the door she discovered Elsie's papa. His eyes were overflowing with laughter, a brand-new hat was on his head, and a bandbox in his hand.

"I took the wrong box by mistake," he explained, "and as the hat wasn't at all becoming to me, I return it to you. I am stopping with a friend a few miles from Brierwood, who knew you by Elsie's and my description, and he directed me to your home." Then seeing the evidence of recent tears, he added, more seriously, "I fear you have been sadly inconvenienced by my blunder."

Her face flushed under his glance, and some expression in its rosy outlines recalled a face he had known years before.

"Can it be possible that you are the Miss Hawood I met at the old Hampton place in the winter of '75?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and you are Mr. Newcome."

The news soon spread throughout the village that Miss Hetty had found the lost pattern hat, and she had the pleasure of exhibiting its beauty to those who had met with such a disappointment the evening before. But Miss Hetty brought no more pattern hats to Brierwood; and now when Mr. Joel Newcome and daughter travel, a dear little woman, whom both adore, accompanies them to look after their welfare and—hats.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

## Earth-Making.

JESSICA'S JOURNEY TO A VOLCANO.

(For the Children.)



NE! two! three! four! five!"

Jessica counted the silvery chime of the clock upon the parlor mantel downstairs.

"Five-o'clock already!" she sighed, raising her head from the book she had been studying, and passing her hand across her burning eyes. "And I have not finished yet; and I am so tired, and my head aches so!"



AN ERUPTION.

Through the open window the voices of children at play upon the grass in the shade of the elms below came shrilly. The girls were circling about hand in hand, singing,

“Heigho! Victoria! The farmer took a wife.”

Jessica clasped her hands tightly over her ears to shut out the sound. She was nearly wild to throw aside her tiresome books and run downstairs to join in the game.

“No,” she said, “I must learn it. But it is *so* hard. ‘Volcano,’ ‘lava,’ ‘pumice,’ ‘eruptions.’ It does seem as if I never could understand it all. If only I could *see* a volcano, maybe I could make out better what it means.”

“You *shall* see a volcano, dear.” A gentle voice, just at her elbow, caused her to raise her head with a start and to stare with silent wonder.

A lady, one of the most lovely she had ever seen in all her life, had entered the room so quietly that Jessica had not heard the door open and close, nor the tread of her visitor's sandalled feet across the floor. The lady stood at a short distance from Jessica's study-table, looking at her with a smile which somehow made her think of the early sunlight slanting upon her bed of flowers, when the bees came for their morning meal of honey among the dewy blossoms, and the tiny wrens, whose nests were in the eaves of the porch, fluttered down to catch the worms and insects in the damp

loam turned up by her hoe and rake. Her gown, flowing all about her tall, queenly figure, was of the hue of the young spring grass of the lawn. Her hair glistened like threads of gold.

“You do not recognize me, dear?” asked the lady, still smiling; and her smile encouraged Jessica to answer, though her heart beat fast, and she was just a little afraid of the mysterious and beautiful visitor.

Jessica shook her head doubtfully. “I seem to have seen you before,” she said, “but I can't remember when nor where. I don't know how you got in, for I didn't hear the door; and—and—I thought, you know, that there were no fairies. I used to believe in them when I was young. But now I am so old, and—oh! do tell me! for I am beginning to be frightened.”

“I am the Earth Spirit, Jessica, dear,” replied the lady, with her bright smile. “You have seen me without comprehending it, every time you watched the trout and dace flitting about in the pool in the woods yonder; every time you lifted the blossom of a drooping violet, or tied up your sweet-peas to their frames, or dusted the snow away from the crocuses pushing their cups into the chilly air. But just now you said you would like to see a volcano.”

“Well, you see,” said Jessica, timidly, “I have found it so hard to understand this lesson, which is all about volcanoes, eruptions, and the rest. And I must be ready to recite it tomorrow.” Jessica's lip trembled pitifully. “And I never shall, I know.”

“You *shall* recite your lesson tomorrow. Come, dear!” The Earth Spirit bent forward and touched the child's forehead with her soft lips. Her breath smelled like the warm odor of the clover fields at noonday.

Jessica rubbed her eyes hard. Was she dreaming? Oh, no! Yet where was she? and how had she come hither? “It is very funny,” she said. “This is a very curious place. But somehow I don't feel much frightened.”

“Quite right,” replied the gentle voice of the Earth Spirit, who stood beside her. “You indeed have nothing to fear, darling. Look! and I will explain all that you see.”

Jessica found that she was upon a sort of hillock, half-way up the steep slope of a lofty mountain, for the most part barren and stony, but with here and there a plot of thin, pale grass, or a clump of sad, gaunt trees. From the peak arose a vast plume of dense black smoke, in the midst of which were curling, wavering flashes of dull crimson flame.

“See! oh! see!” exclaimed Jessica. “Rivers of fire!” and she pointed to broad streams of melted stuff which were pouring down from the peak of the mountain; now moving along slowly, as, Jessica thought, molasses does in cold weather; again tumbling over and over in red-hot rapids down a sharp slope; and again plunging over a height in a sort of awful flaming falls, with a fearful roar and thundering.

“This mountain, Jessica,” said the Earth Spirit, in her calm tones, “is one of the volcanoes you wished to behold. And what you see is an eruption.”

“And these rivers and rapids and falls of fire,—what are they?” exclaimed the little girl, in trembling tones.

“Lava, dear,” was the answer; “melted rock and stones poured out from the volcano, just as you may have seen melted lead, which is a solid metal, you know, poured out from a plumber's ladle when he was mending some pipe in your home. Now look at this beautiful valley at our feet. See the pretty, white-walled villages, the snowy cottages peeping out from among olive-groves, the fig-trees with their purple fruit, the noble chestnuts on the slopes, the pastures dotted with sheep, the rills which wind among the elders and the flags, glistening like silver ribbons in the

sun. In the far past, Jessica, this smiling valley was just a fire-blasted gorge, a rift split open in the earth, by the action of heat first, and then sudden cooling. As the years went by, the frosts and the rains wore away certain portions of the rocky rift. Bits of stone were split off and thrown to the bottom of the glen, where a stream of water soon began to run, collected from the melting of the snows higher up on the mountain. The water, frosts, and rains, and suns of age after age, finally powdered and ground up the fallen rock into smaller and smaller pieces, these again into sand, and the sand finally into poor, dry soil, where a few weeds and plants found support. These, in turn, rotted and mixed with the sand, or stony settlings, and so came the rich, brown loam which supports the spreading roots of the forest trees, and the groves and orchards, and gives the people of this valley their crops of corn and grain, their pastures and their gardens."

"But," said Jessica, "I can't understand why, when all was so barren, anything could begin to grow here."

"Don't you see, dear?" said the lady, "that in all the years, and the centuries that passed, a bird now and again flying over might have dropped a seed, or that the wind might have blown some seeds from a distance, which would lodge in the valley? But now look and see what is to happen."

As Jessica gazed at the pretty glen, suddenly a mass of liquid flame seemed to pour down from the top of the mountain, and, in a moment, towns, villas, cottages, fields, groves, orchards, and pastures were swallowed up and buried beneath an awful river of rolling, plunging, smoking fire.

"Oh! oh! the lovely valley! the beautiful houses! the poor people!" cried Jessica, hiding her face. "Take me away, please take me away! It is too dreadful."

"Listen, dear," said the Earth Spirit, soothingly. "What seems so real to you is only a picture I am showing you, that you may understand the wonderful changes which have happened upon the earth's surface,—in fact just what you could not understand from your book when you were studying your lesson. Ages ago, Jessica, the whole great globe was just such a fiery mass as yon valley now appears. There were no woods, no grass, no fields, no dwellings, and no human beings, nor yet any animals; in fact, nothing that lived or breathed. In course of time the molten crust grew cool, and under the action of the frosts, the rains, the winds, and grinding together of the rocks as they sank downward when the melted matter beneath them shrank, came the stony fragments, the pebbles, the sand, and the mud, which in turn became soil and loam fit to support vegetable and animal life.

"In that far away time, Jessica," went on the Earth Spirit, "on account of this cooling and settling of the world crust, some portions were squeezed up as others sank down, making great wrinkles all over the land. The ridges were the mountain chains, and the hollows, the valleys and plains. Something of the same sort is still going on, for the most part, so slowly that you would never notice it; though even in your short life there have been earthquakes which have pushed up large spaces of land, sometimes whole islands, while other spaces have suddenly sunk and islands have been swallowed beneath the sea. So, dear, you see the surface of the globe is always changing from hour to hour, year to year, century to century."

"But tell me, please," said Jessica, "where does all that melted stuff come from which flows from the—the——"

"Crater, it is called, dear," interposed the Earth Spirit. "Crater means cup; and indeed the top of a volcano is very much like a vast cup. Where does the lava, or molten rock come from? Why, even I am not wise enough to be sure of that. Some say the whole inside of the earth is still fluid,

and that now and again the settling of the hardened crust upon which we live forces up some of the melted matter through the volcanoes, which are natural chimneys or spouts; and also that the water from the surface finds its way below and turns instantly to steam which causes explosions, thundering shocks, and rumblings or what we call earthquakes.

"Others say that while the center of the earth is cool and solid, there are immense caverns of fire over which stand the volcanoes. They say that as the rocks sink in, crushing and rubbing against each other, they become so hot by friction that they melt, and thus keep these caverns supplied with fiery matter from age to age. You know certain savages are said to rub two sticks together until they take fire. Well, that is the result of friction. You have seen sparks fly from the grindstone when the hired man was grinding his axe; those sparks were particles of the stone heated white hot by the friction of the stone against the steel."

"What is that yellow stuff which is heaped up in such pretty squares and diamonds all about those holes out of which that bad-smelling steam is pouring?" asked Jessica.

"That is sulphur," answered the Earth Spirit; "you have seen it near the striking end of the cheap matches they use in the kitchen. Just as soot from the smoke of the stoves sticks to the walls of the chimneys, so sulphur which comes up in those streams of vapor becomes solid and sticks all about the holes and clefts in the mountain side."



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VALLEY.

"Oh! what is this? The ground is sliding from beneath my feet!" screamed Jessica, clutching the hand of the Earth Spirit.

"Hush!" said her guide, "you are in no danger. That is one of the earthquakes I told you about. There, it has passed. Such an earthquake has destroyed hundreds of towns and villages, and swallowed up scores and scores of people. It seems terrible, but it is one of those things which



IN THE BEAUTIFUL GLEN.

are ordered by a Power whose acts we have no right to question. Now come with me. I have one other place to show you, then I shall take you home."

Jessica had hidden her eyes during the earthquake. When she took her hands away she found herself seated upon a large, mossy rock in the midst of a beautiful glen, along which ran a brook. As it wound among the pebbles it made a sound like gleeful laughter, which was mingled with the joyous songs of many birds. The trees arched overhead, and it was deliciously dusk and cool.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the girl.

"Yes," answered the Earth Spirit, "it is a lovely place. But look at this great rock," and she touched with her hand a giant boulder of irregular shape beside which she stood. "Feel of it, Jessica."

"Why, it is like a stone sponge!" said Jessica. "It is full of tiny holes, and so light I almost think I could move it myself, big as it is."

"It is pumice," replied her guide. "One day this pretty place gave passage to just such a river of lava as you saw in yonder valley; but that was ages upon ages ago. All that is left of the lava is this mass of pumice and others hereabout. Indeed, all these stones were once molten, and flowed down here in a stream. Then, as I told you, the frosts and rains broke up the solid mass; then a little brook began to trickle slowly and feebly from the heights above, growing larger and larger; and that brook, tiny as it was, as it is yet, wore and wore away the rock, cutting down deeper and deeper, aided by the ice and the freshets of spring, until these banks, these ledges, these boulders, some of them even of hard granite, were left high and dry, as you see."

"This gentle little brook!" exclaimed Jessica wonderingly. "Could it do all that?"

"Yes, dear. Fearful as the power of the volcano seemed to you, this little stream has no less power; for it is patient, you see, and it goes on forever, wearing and wearing. Perhaps you could not measure its work in a single year, but it has plenty of time, and it never grows weary. But you have seen enough for one day, Jessica. Let us return."

Hark! what was that? The tea-bell ringing, and the clock on the parlor mantel striking six. The children under the elms below were still singing "Heigho! Victoria!" Jessica rubbed her eyes and stared wildly about. She was sitting in her chair before the table, and there were her school books spread out just as she had left them. It seemed to her as if the sweet and gentle voice of the Earth Spirit were wafted to her ears on the breeze that stirred the curtains, bidding her "Farewell for the present, dear."

LESTER HUNT.

### Mr. Joslin's Mistake.

IT was with a feeling of relief that Mr. Joslin, cashier of the Bloomingdale Bank, saw that the hands of the clock, at which he had glanced so frequently during the last hour, were

within five minutes of the time for closing. Various things, aside from the intense heat, had conspired to try the patience of that very important individual,—in his own estimation.

As he was about to close for the day the little window by which he stood, the vestibule doors swung open, as if propelled by a quick, strong hand, and hasty footsteps soon followed.

"Young man, you made a mistake this morning when you cashed that check for me."

Resenting quite as much the familiarity of this address as what the words implied, Mr. Joslin glanced severely at the speaker, a middle-aged man in plain, farmer's attire, with a whip in his hand.

"We never make mistakes, sir."

"You 'never make mistakes'?" repeated the farmer, removing his hand from his breast-pocket, and regarding the speaker with keen, critical eyes, which seemed to be taking a mental measure of the man on whose face they rested.

"No, sir. If there was anything wrong you should have mentioned it when you drew the money."

"Just so; but, you see, I was in something of a hurry. I glanced it over, and thought it was all right; but when I got home I found—"

"We can't help that," interrupted the cashier; "you might have lost or spent it, for all we know. If there has been any mistake it is yours and can't be helped now, it being our inflexible rule not to rectify such after leaving the bank."

"All right," said the farmer, buttoning up his coat and turning to the door. "My name is Johnson. I live on the turnpike, just at the foot of what is called 'Strawberry Hill,' five miles out. It is a long way to come, but I don't mind it. I feel more than repaid by the opportunity it has afforded me to see, what I never expected to look upon in this life, a man who never makes any mistakes."



Despite the speaker's plain, coarse garb, there was something about him which led Mr. Joslin to think it possible that he had made a mistake in treating him with so little consideration,—if he had never made one before.

"Stay," he called out as his visitor turned from the window. "It is too late today, past banking hours, you see; but if you will give me the amount and particulars, tomorrow—"

"Oh, no, young man," interposed the farmer, glancing back through the partly closed door, "if you not only never make mistakes, but—supposing such a thing possible—never rectify any, it would be only an additional waste of time to say more. I live on the turnpike, at the foot of Strawberry Hill, five miles out, should you have anything to say to me of sufficient importance to repay you for as great an effort as it has cost me this hot day to come such a distance. It will be late, now, before I get home. Good afternoon, sir."

The following day the cashier sat examining his balance-sheet, a look of perplexity and dismay in his countenance such as had never been seen there before.

Every check taken by the bank was before him, every dollar paid out had passed through his hands, and yet, in spite of all his efforts, there was a deficit of nearly five hundred dollars. After the third attempt, Mr. Joslin laid down the pen and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Ruin stared him in the face.

"Where could the money have gone? and what should he do about it?"

Suddenly there flashed upon his mind the recollection of the man who had called the day before. Could it be possible that the mistake he mentioned was in favor of the bank, and of so grave a nature? Yes; it must be so. There was no other way to account for it. Seizing his hat, out of doors he rushed.

The evening of the same day Mr. Johnson was seated in his pleasant home, his wife on one side of him and his youngest boy on his knee, when Mr. Joslin entered.

"My name is Joslin. I am cashier of the Bloomingdale Bank," said the newcomer, almost breathless with haste and agitation.

Putting the child from his knee Mr. Johnson stood up.

"Oh, yes; I remember. The man who never makes any mistakes. Proud to see you under my humble roof, sir.—My dear," turning to his wife, "this is the young man I was telling you about. A most extraordinary person! Survey him well; you will not be apt to look upon his like again."

Mr. Joslin turned very red. Dropping into the chair that Mrs. Johnson considerably placed for him, he wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Mr. Johnson, I am forced to acknowledge that I made a very serious mistake yesterday morning when I cashed that check for you, giving you a five hundred dollar bill instead of a five."

"That was what I supposed after I got home and counted the money over. Thinking you would be uneasy, I lost no time in going back to make the matter right. I should hardly have taken so long a ride, however, at a season when those of my calling are especially busy, had I known your rule to be so inflexible as to the rectifying of such."

"But I expect to have it rectified," was the alarmed and excited response. "Unless you do, it will result in the loss of my place and the ruin of my prospects. It is no joke, but a serious matter."

"I am far from regarding it in the light of a joke," said the farmer, coolly. "Still I see no reason why any difference should be made because the mistake happens to be in my favor."

"Come, father," interposed Mrs. Johnson, in a low voice,

"why do you torment the young man so? You know you put the money away for him. Do go and get it."

Thus adjured, Mr. Johnson took the money from the family Bible, between the leaves of which he had placed it on his return from his second visit to the bank, the day before, a merry twinkle in his eyes as he did so.

Mr. Joslin's fingers closed over it with feelings of joy and thankfulness that he vainly strove to put into words.

"One moment, young man," said Mr. Johnson, as his visitor turned towards the door. "Solomon says: 'He who answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and shame unto him.' If you had heard what I had to say yesterday, you would have been spared all this mortification and trouble. To this counsel let me add something of my own: Don't be so sure, again, that you never make any mistakes!"

GRACE TERRY.

### Bertie's Blunder.

THE garden where Bertie his string-beans was sowing  
Was a plot for which only his own hands had cared;  
The crop was so late that the chance of its growing  
Was hardly worth counting, his mother declared.  
But Bertie undauntedly moved about, singing  
"The Harvester's Lay," though the harvest was past;  
His heart warmed within him, for soon he saw springing  
Green stems on the place where the seed had been cast.

He tried to keep secret the hopes that were rising  
In his breast, as each day he raked over the mold,  
But he could not resist his twin sister surprising,—  
For Bertie was hardly a dozen years old.  
Little Norah disdainfully looked at her brother;  
Said she, "I have onions full-grown, and a plot  
That I laid out six weeks ago." "I have another,"  
Said Fan, "and a cabbage just fit for the pot."

They took him to see them, and there was a wonder!  
A cabbage, close-leaved, and ripe onions he found.  
He commended their zeal, and condemned his own blunder;  
Then he pulled up his string-beans and strewed them  
around.

In the house was his mother; he knew he would find her  
Forbearing and wise, so he guided her out.  
Hand in hand walked his two little sisters behind her;  
He wondered what *could* they be laughing about.

A moment the matron looked down in amazement,  
Then she smiled as she recognized poor Bertie's plight.  
"The cabbage," she said, "I just missed from the base-  
ment;

The onions, I bought from a peddler last night.  
My boy, don't you see that your sisters were joking?  
An hour ago they were digging this bed!"  
She turned around, for she heard someone choking,  
But before she could stop him her Bertie had fled.

E. LYONS.

Puzzles.



A PROVERB ANAGRAM.

FIND a well-known proverb in the above illustration by naming correctly the several objects. Place the letters forming the names in order as numbered, and they will spell the proverb.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. BEHEAD the emblem of peace, and leave to continue.
  2. Behead an invasion, and leave assistance.
  3. Behead visionary, and leave to trade.
  4. Behead lengthening, and leave a sovereign.
  5. Behead contracted, and leave a missive weapon.
  6. Behead to correspond, and leave a confederate.
- The severed letters spell a term applied to the East.

A RIDDLEMERE.

I AM a word of little fame ;  
 Reverse me, I'm still the same.  
 To ladies I alone belong,  
 And yet in this there's nothing wrong ;  
 But if I am beheaded, there  
 Appears a man of presence fair,  
 Who claims that he has prior right  
 To me in every just man's sight.  
 Behead again, and there will be  
 A thing that's never in the sea,  
 'Tis never seen upon the ground,  
 But often in the rivers found.  
 My whole is oft in young girls' schools,  
 Especially when Fashion rules.

A MESOSTICH.

- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. AN article of furniture. | 6. An eatable.            |
| 2. A mark.                  | 7. Sweets.                |
| 3. A flower.                | 8. Fur.                   |
| 4. A boat.                  | 9. A fruit.               |
| 5. A fish.                  | 10. A county in Scotland. |
|                             | 11. A girl's name.        |

My central letters read downwards form the name of a battle.

FALSE PLURALS.

EXAMPLE: Singular, to pound in a mortar ; plural, to solder with brass.

Answer : Singular, to bray ; plural, to braze.

- |                              |                     |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Singular : A suit at law. | Plural : To suit.   |
| 2. " Merry.                  | " To look intently. |
| 3. " A color.                | " To touch lightly. |
| 4. " A grain.                | " To ascend,        |
| 5. " A coin.                 | " To perfume.       |
| 6. " A body of water.        | " To grasp.         |
| 7. " A movable lodge.        | " Rigid.            |
| 8. " A flat fish.            | " To erect.         |
| 9. " A small hollow.         | " Crowded.          |
| 10. " A word of negation.    | " Miles.            |

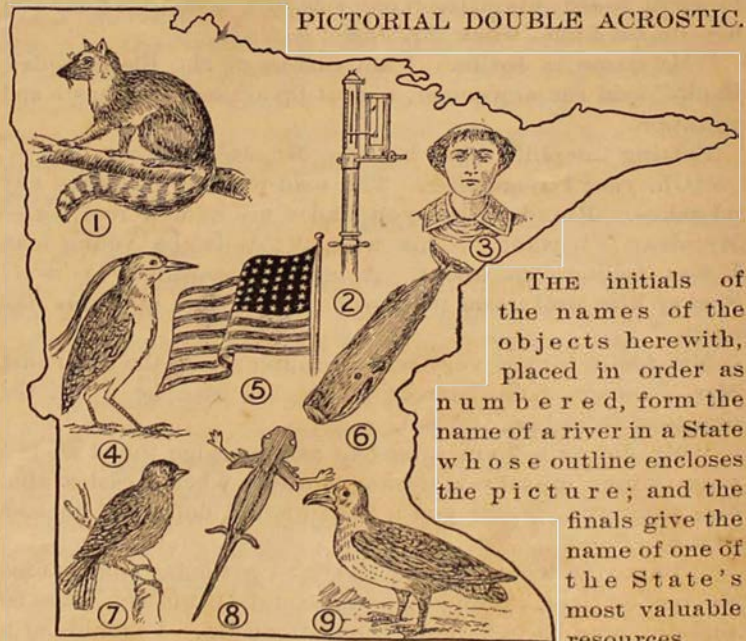
A RIDDLEMERE.

My first is in frost but not in snow,  
 My second is in friend but not in foe,  
 My third is in apple and also in pear,  
 My fourth is in wolf but not in bear,  
 My fifth is in famine but not in drought,  
 My sixth is in castle but not in fort,  
 My seventh is in grass but not in turf,  
 My eighth is in slave but not in serf,  
 My ninth is in ransom and also in free,  
 My whole is a battle fought at sea.

A SINGLE ACROSTIC.

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. AN animal.     | 5. An animal.     |
| 2. A boy's name.  | 6. A girl's name. |
| 3. A flower.      | 7. A fish.        |
| 4. A girl's name. | 8. A girl's name. |
- My initials read downward form the name of a musician.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



THE initials of the names of the objects herewith, placed in order as numbered, form the name of a river in a State whose outline encloses the picture ; and the finals give the name of one of the State's most valuable resources.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

I.—1. Meadow lark, 2. Avocet, 3. Yellow bird ; 4. Dusky duck, 5. Auk, 6. Yellow-hammer ;—May day.

- |              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| II. R over S | III. Burden |
| O ctav E     | b Uckle     |
| C hil I      | a nNual     |
| K ee N       | s lAYer     |
| Y or E       | SoudAN      |
|              | LonDON      |

IV. Hook, Hood, and Lamb.  
 V. The moon.

## Our Girls.

### Barbara's Door-Mat.

**A**UNT DORCAS stood on the white beach, near a brightly painted boat, tapping her foot impatiently.

"What on earth can keep that girl?" she complained. "We shall be late."

Margery laughed. "She is moaning over that hideous twine mat of hers. Don pulled out a great piece of it, and I stumbled over Don while he was strangling himself with the cord, and ripped out another row."

"That mat," said Aunt Dorcas, in a resigned tone, "will be the death of me. I shall steal it some day and throw it overboard. I would, indeed," she added, "only Barbara is too valuable a servant to lose."

At that moment a broad-shouldered German girl strode from the kitchen. She snatched up a pair of oars which were leaning against a tree and approached the shore, her face black with wrath. In the distance the wild howling of a small dog disturbed the serenity of the peaceful day.

"What have you done with Don?" questioned Aunt Dorcas, meekly.

"I haf tied him to a string," replied Barbara, grimly. "Dot tog, dot Don, dot wicked *hund!* tear my fine mat. It costen me one, two, tree tollars, a'ready once. This time I lick him." She tossed the oars into the boat with a great clatter, and lumbered in after them. As she settled herself on the thwart, Aunt Dorcas whispered:

"Now she will sulk all the way to the landing. I wish the boat were large enough to accommodate you, dear. I only hope you won't be lonesome." Then she added, in a still more guarded tone, "Don't unfasten Don until we are out of sight, for he would be sure to follow us; he always does if he can, and Barbara would be in a towering passion. Poor fellow! how he cries; he knows we are going on the water. Once I found him waiting on Gull's Rock. He——"

Barbara threw the oars into the rowlocks with a bang, and Aunt Dorcas stepped quickly into the boat.

"You will have mother with you when you come back," whispered Margery, encouragingly.

Then she stood and watched the small vessel glide swiftly from the beach, the oars flashing angrily in and out of the glistening water as the sullen German woman bent to her task. She waited until the boat slipped behind Gull's Rock. The ebbing tide left this mass of worn white stone standing high and dry against a background of dark water, but the incoming waves would submerge it completely.

When the boat was lost to sight, Margery awoke to the fact that Don was protesting more vigorously than ever against his imprisonment.

"I am glad they left him," said the girl, "for this is the most deserted place I was ever in."

Margery was certainly right. It would have been difficult to find a more lonely situation. Not a dwelling in sight; not so much as a puff of smoke in any direction to indicate the presence of a human habitation. Though this was her first visit to Aunt Dorcas' seaside cottage, the isolation troubled Margery very little.

Don almost devoured her in his gratitude at being released. He was a beautiful white spaniel, quite as much at home in the water as on land. He accompanied Margery on her tour of inspection, and amused her greatly by chasing the awkward fiddler-crabs as they scuttled away into the sea at their approach.

Time passed rapidly and pleasantly, and when the hour

drew near for the boat's arrival, it occurred to Margery to prepare tea for the returning party. Entering the precincts sacred to Barbara, she pulled the shining copper kettle forward on the spotless stove,—everything was in the highest state of polish, and threw out little glints and sparks of light. Upon the snowy floor lay the immense twine mat which had cost Barbara untold hours of toil to knit, and was the apple of her eye, but Don's pet detestation. For some reason, deeply hidden in his canine mind, he had determined that Barbara's mat should not remain on Barbara's kitchen floor. The small ball of raveled-out twine, which the German woman had as yet not found time to reknit, lay tucked under the mat. Don sneaked slyly in at the open door, seized the ball between his sharp teeth, and dashed off toward the beach, with Margery in hot pursuit, while stitch by stitch the wonderful mat melted away, like mist before the morning sun.

Margery caught the dog at last, and, pulling the twine from him, had begun to administer a severe lecture, when suddenly the words died on her lips, for her eye caught sight of an empty boat, riding lightly upon the water not many yards distant from the shore. It was Aunt Dorcas' little skiff, and the girl's heart almost ceased beating as she watched it swing idly to and fro, and asked herself what horrible thing must have happened.

Don raised his head and uttered a quick, sharp bark. Margery's troubled eye traveled over the smooth expanse of water toward Gull's Rock. Then she gave a great cry, for the sinking sun fell full upon three female figures huddled together on the very summit. She understood all. There was a grand view of the surrounding country from this spot, and Aunt Dorcas was in the habit of landing every new-comer there, when the tide served, and pointing out the various beauties. This time the boat must have been carelessly secured, for it had evidently floated away unobserved until it was too late to recapture it.

Gull's Rock was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and Margery could easily discern each separate figure. Her mother and her aunt stood together, their arms entwined; and behind them towered Barbara, with the oars over her shoulders. Now and then she put the oars down and waved both arms wildly in the air; and then Margery could hear that she was shouting for help. At first the girl was only slightly troubled. She began to try to recall in which direction their nearest neighbor lived. There was not another pair of oars on the place, and she certainly must send someone to take the boat back to the stranded party. She was wandering up and down rather vaguely, when she noticed that the waves were running in rapidly, and that each one, as it curled over and receded, encroached a little farther upon the sand than its predecessor.

Margery will never forget that moment; for all at once she remembered that Gull's Rock was deep under water at high tide, and that the tide was running in now. Why had she wasted so much time? She must run for help; but where? The nearest house was half a mile away. Each time she turned toward the rock she saw that the water was creeping slowly and surely toward the summit, and the girl clasped her hands in despair, and sobbed aloud as she realized her helplessness.

Don's bright eyes were fixed upon the spot, too, and every now and again he would run out into the water and utter a sharp little bark of perplexity and then return to gaze up into Margery's face. The girl paid no attention to the small creature, but in her misery she wandered backward and forward, wringing her hands and moaning. Presently her foot became entangled in the twine of Barbara's mat. As she bent to free herself a thought darted through her mind.

"Yes," she said aloud, "it is our only hope, our only chance."

The next moment Margery was in the shining kitchen, and had seized the remains of the mat and was dragging it down to the beach; while Don, quite wild with joy, gyrated and gambled around her, snapping and tugging at her burden.

With trembling fingers the girl pulled at the cord; it was stout and strong, and raveled out smoothly and swiftly. Then she tried to calculate the distance from the beach to Gull's Rock, but her agitation and fright were too great. The women stood in the same place, and the water seemed now to lap to their feet. Margery waved her hand and called. She heard an answering cry, but it sounded so faint and despairing that she did not trust herself to look again; so calling Don to her, she stroked his pretty head gently and said:

"You must go, Don. You must try to reach them."

The dog gazed up into her eyes with absolutely human intelligence, as though he understood the workings of her mind, while she fastened an end of the twine through his collar. Then she bent and kissed the silky, white head.

At that moment, owing to some change of the wind, Barbara's voice sounded shrill across the water, "Help, help!"

"Go! go! Don, go!" exclaimed Margery, wildly.

The dog without a moment's hesitation seized a portion of the twine in his mouth, and dashed into the surf. He breasted the waves boldly, while Margery, stilling her trembling hands, bent all her mind and skill to the raveling of the great twine mat. Fortunately it still ran smoothly. Row after row melted away, and still little Don's head appeared and disappeared over the summits of the small, frothy waves.

The sun had set, and the three figures upon the rock stood as silent and dark as bronze statues against the primrose-colored sky. Suddenly Don disappeared. Margery looked right and left, but could not see him. Then her courage gave way, and she sank upon the sand and buried her face in her hands. She was aroused into activity again by a shrill bark, and a scream in a woman's voice. Don had reached the rock in safety.

Only a yard or two of the twine remained in the girl's hand. This she fastened securely to the painter of the boat, which had meanwhile drifted in and lay almost at her feet, throbbing and trembling, as the waves broke against its side.

Running out waist-deep into the water, Margery shoved the boat before her; then, warned by a wave breaking over her shoulder and drenching her to the skin, she hastened back to the beach. For some minutes, which seemed like hours to Margery, the boat remained stationary, and the girl's heart sank lower and lower. She called herself a wretched fool for not having gone at once for help. She started to run along the shore,—where, she knew not, only she could not stand idly by while the water closed over those she loved best on earth. It was more than she could endure. Her feet felt like lead, and she staggered as she ran. She had gone but a little way, however, when glancing over her shoulder she perceived that the boat was moving from the shore. Don must have accomplished his errand of mercy, and have been understood. She knelt down on the sand, and with clasped hands prayed softly while she followed the course of the frail vessel.

It moved merrily on, now dancing along with a light, jerky movement, now sailing straight ahead; but presently the darkness of coming night shut everything from her sight, and Margery again covered her eyes with her hands.

Hours, dreadful, hopeless hours, seemed to have passed, when her ear was gladdened by the thud of an oar against the rowlock! She dared not believe it, but at last she ventured to raise her eyes and saw the flash of the dripping

blades, and with frightened gaze counted the dim forms in the approaching boat. One, two, three; an impatient whimper announced the presence of Don, the rescuer, the fourth in the boat. Then the girl's strained nerves gave way, and she flung herself upon the sand and wept as she had never wept before.

A cold, wet nose was thrust against her cheek, and she sprang to her feet to find Don frisking about her, his silky coat dripping with salt water. The keel of the boat grated upon the sand. In another moment Margery was in her mother's arms.

"Oh, how you must have suffered, my poor little girl!" she murmured.

"You are a treasure!" exclaimed Aunt Dorcas. "We had given ourselves up for lost. We are wet through to the knees,—but that doesn't matter. How did you ever think of it? And that darling Don! Come here, both of you, and be kissed!"

Barbara came next, her broad face wreathed in smiles, and an immense coil of twine over her arm. "And see!" she said, "I have saved the good fish-line cord. I make another mat. May I keep it, please?"

"Oh, that," faltered Margery, "is—I hope you won't be offended, but that twine was your mat."

"My mat!" screamed Barbara, "my mat, that it take me the whole winter to make! Oh, you are a wicked girl! I leave this place tomorrow." And stalking into the kitchen she slammed the door behind her.

"The ungrateful, stupid woman!" whispered Aunt Dorcas, "let her go. It is too disgusting."

For many days the most absorbing topic of conversation in the little seaside cottage was the rescue from Gull's Rock.

Barbara, though she consented to be bribed to remain, never forgave either Margery or Don for destroying her beloved mat; much to Aunt Dorcas' dismay she immediately began another, and in her leisure moments sat muttering over the stitches like some substantial German Fate. But those who watch the fabric increase beneath her fingers are quite convinced that it will never serve so useful a purpose as the former one.

JULIA K. LOTIN.

## Last Words.

You can write down sweet words in a letter,  
 And try to send love by the post;  
 You can tell me how vastly 'tis better  
 To have played the game love, though we've lost.

You say you are wretched without me;  
 Have you e'er thought what I endure?  
 The sickening pain—ah! don't doubt me!—  
 Which not even your presence could cure.

For you know that our passionate yearning  
 Can never be satisfied here;  
 In the long lane of life there's no turning  
 That I see, which will bring us more near.

By one act of folly once parted,  
 We must live out our lives, you and I;  
 And though we are both broken-hearted,  
 Let us whisper, "Good-bye, love, good-bye."

## Sanitarian.

### The Bones and Muscles: Their Relation to Symmetry and Deformity.

To be free from the body is a wish often expressed by saints and ascetics, and to be free from the body is often the unexpressed wish of those who suffer torments in the flesh. The former class may be left to its exalted aspirations; the latter deserves our sympathy.

The desire to be free from the body never comes to one in perfect health. The spirit that has made a slave of the body instead of being enslaved by it is practically free from the body, using it as a means to accomplish whatever is determined on by the spirit. As long as the body runs silently and smoothly, one is, so to speak, unencumbered by himself, as far as any sensation of burden is concerned.

The will controls the body, and the body is specially adapted for the expression of the will. The framework—the bones—has great scope of movement, and its lightness, which is an important quality, is combined with elasticity and firmness. This framework of bones is constantly disappearing and being replaced in all its parts. The actual size of the bony structure can be increased, not by taking thought, but by taking exercise. The growth of a bone takes place at the free ends and surfaces; that is the reason why in disease of the spine or incipient spinal curvature the bones straighten and grow firm by the proper exercise.

The joints are the hinges by which the bones are connected, and by which they are moved; and on the freedom of the movement of the joints depends the flexibility and suppleness of the body. The hip joints are usually stiff and unyielding, when Nature intended them to be the central pivots of the body. These joints should work so freely that, holding the knee joints stiff, one could bend at the hips and reach the palms of the hands to the floor. The majority of people can barely touch the floor with the ends of the fingers, and repeating the exercise twenty or thirty times, a feeling of soreness is felt in the back and sides. This is not because the exercise is injurious, but because the joints have become stiff from want of use. Nature always cancels a faculty unused.

The soreness of the flesh resulting in the bending exercise is due to the bringing into use dormant muscles. Very few persons understand the muscles or their importance. The erect position which is assumed without a thought is due to the contraction of a multitude of muscles which oppose and balance each other. The center of gravity is so high up in the body that it is impossible for a skeleton or a dead body to be made to retain an upright position. Contraction and relaxation are the inherent qualities of the muscles. The joints are bent by one set of muscles, and straightened by another. The movements of the body are accomplished by the alternate contraction and relaxation of two sets of muscles in harmonious action.

In the general activities of life it is seldom that all the muscles are brought into use; but they should be in order to keep the body in subjection to the will. If they are used too much without proper relaxation, they lose their elasticity and contractile power and gradually stretch out, bringing the strain on the ligaments, tendons, or cartilage. In this way round shoulders, drooping heads, and crooked spines are occasioned. When the muscles about the vital organs are not used, physical ailments are the result. Cold feet and hands are traceable to dormant muscles.

Muscles affect the circulation. When a muscle is put into

action the blood rushes to it to supply it with heat and force, the temperature rises, more oxygen is consumed, and, unless the action is carried to excess, the result is the renewing of the tissues.

There is such a thing as a physiological income. In order to preserve the body in a comfortable state it is quite necessary that the income should not exceed the outgo in any great degree. When it does, the result is an accumulation of adipose tissue,—in other words, fat. Fat is the surplus from food taken into the body in excess of the average consumption. It usually is deposited about the waist and hips. Why? Because muscular activity reduces flesh, and the muscles of the abdomen and hips being but little used, the fat accumulates there; when if the whole of the muscles were used regularly the fat would be distributed equally over the body. The muscles, then, are not only the means of keeping the body in health, but also, if properly trained, preserve its symmetry.

Symmetry is the birthright of every child. It is its inheritance from nature, the cultivation or suppression of which determines its future well-being and happiness. Civilization, however, at once sets to work on the pliable body, and unwittingly deprives it of much of its comeliness, perfection, and vitality. The consequence is that deformed and ungainly persons are the rule, rather than the exception.

Deformity is change in the form of any part of the body which is contrary to physical laws. Anything that tends to destroy symmetry or uniformity creates deformity. It may be incidental, as in the change of the waist by the stiff corset, and the shape of the foot by the modern shoe; or it may be premeditated, as in the flattened skull of the Chinook Indians and the cramped and distorted foot of the Chinese woman.

Deformity is also due to the violation of physical laws. One of the most common forms of deformity is the protrusion of the abdomen, which is not only directly contrary to physiological laws, but is unhealthy and ungraceful in the extreme. This deformity would shock us were it not that, like vice, it is "seen too oft." It is caused by the muscles over the vital organs being so seldom used that they become weak and flabby, and are incapable of holding the organs in place, consequently they protrude. If these muscles were properly exercised so as to make them firm and elastic, with full contractile power, the waist would be round and shapely, the vital organs where they belong, and the chest full and elevated. There are two other contributing causes of this deformity. One is standing on the heels, and the other, sitting on the end of the spine. Had the end of the spine been made to sit on, it would have been extended at least three inches. This position assumed in sitting allows the body to give way at the waist line, and long pursuance of the habit weakens the muscles, with the result mentioned. This deformity is not confined to fleshy people, though perhaps in them it is more apparent.

Round shoulders and prominent shoulder-blades are deformities. Both can be cured. Shoulder braces should not be used for round shoulders. They draw the shoulders back into an unnatural position, which, if allowed to continue, becomes as much of a deformity as round shoulders. Instead of admonishing a child to "throw the shoulders back," it should be told to hold the chest up and to straighten the muscles of the back. Constant practice in keeping the chest up will in time straighten the rounded shoulders.

The hollow in each side of the neck just above the collar bone is a deformity which could be easily cured. It is occasioned by allowing the chest to sink and not breathing properly, and is not the result of advancing age, as generally supposed. Another deformity, seen more often in women who have passed the age of forty, is what is sometimes

called a "web" chin. This flabby, useless formation may be avoided altogether, or reduced if not of too long standing. The prevention lies in the exercise of the muscles of the throat and in breathing correctly. The cure, or reduction, is effected by prolonged and regular exercise of the throat muscles, and by massage.

Fat is in one sense a deformity. An arm with all the lovely curves of harmonious development is as much above the fat and shapeless flesh as a clear-cut statue is above the half-formed clay. Plumpness is a thing to be desired; obesity a condition to be avoided. Fat is matter out of place. Reasonable exercise will take the superfluous flesh from the parts of the body where it is a deformity and distribute it where it is needed. Correct breathing will restore many bodies which have become deformed by the dictates of fashion.

Grace, as opposed to deformity, is that characteristic or quality which renders the carriage, form, manner, movements, etc., elegant, appropriate, and charming. Grace is controlled motion. It can be attained by educating the muscles. The control of muscles and nerve centers economizes the undue expenditure of vital and mental force. It imparts dignity and self-possession.

Curves are the æsthetic quality of grace. There is no more graceful animal than a cat. Watch one at play. Its lithe, supple body moves in curves which are at once graceful and pleasing, and the very reason why it moves so easily and lightly is because all its muscles being equally exercised they are equally under control, so that it can bend and turn in any direction. The outward and visible sign of grace is the subtle but yet positive evidence of reserve power and control over both mind and body.

The position assumed in sitting, more than all others, emphasizes the lack of grace. Do artists ever portray a figure sitting with its hands resting on the abdomen? Only in caricature; yet this is the position which seems to be the rule, when, in sitting, the hands are not employed,—a position that involuntarily attracts to, and accentuates, a deformity which should never be allowed to exist.

The ancient Greeks believed that a perfect soul required a perfect body, and made it obligatory on the race to cultivate physical perfection. And what was the result? A race of athletes? No; a race that stands today as an example of what is highest in both mental and physical attainments.

We say we are as Nature made us. It is true that at the beginning of life we are, but it is doubtful if Nature would recognize, much less own, as her handiwork, the average adult of forty years. Habit and inheritance rule us all; and so, following in the steps of our ancestors, four-fifths of the race are specimens of thwarted development.

"Time doth the impression deeper make,  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

One does not sow thistles expecting to gather grapes. He sows what he expects to reap, and whatever one expects to get out of life he must already have taken pains to put into it; and to get the best out of life one must have a respect and care for the body, as it is the instrument which is to carry into effect the conclusions of the mind and the demands of the soul.

Everything in nature teaches the lesson of perfection; the example is ever before us of the usefulness of beauty. Man represents the highest type of nature; he should therefore be the embodiment of perfection, and consider it a matter of conscience to enhance in every way the "glories of his birth and state,"

"—for, 'tis the eternal law,  
That first in beauty shall be first in might."

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

## Common Errors of Speech.

WHEN these lines are read many old-fashioned folk will be watching eagerly for the blooming of their pet "*p'nie*s" (peonies). Some people who smile at this corruption of the name of the dear old June blossoms call them *pē-ō'nies* because it has never occurred to them to look in a dictionary and learn that the correct pronunciation is *pē ū-ny*. The same persons usually talk about *clēm-āt'is*, when they should say *clēm'ēt-īs*. Those stately blossoms, the *hōl-ly-hōcks*, have no relation to a hawk and should never be called *hōl-ly-hawks*.

It is an idiosyncrasy of some persons to pronounce the past tense and the past participle of the verb *to ask* exactly like the present; that is, they do not sound the *ed*; still others do not articulate the *k*, and say: "I *ast* her to go with me." Be careful to speak the words distinctly, as *ask* and *askt* (asked). Be an *in-ēx'ōr-ā-ble*, not *in-ēx'ōr'ā-ble*, critic of your own pronunciation; and if you have any trouble in remembering certain words which you habitually mispronounce, make a note of them, and give yourself a special drill upon them. Always refer to a good dictionary when in doubt; and do not *cōm'prō-mīse*—often pronounced *cōm-prōm'ise*—your future and prospects for advancement in the world by a slipshod, careless manner of speaking.

A distinction should be made between the noun *cēm'ent* and the verb *cē-mēnt'*. It is so frequently confounded with the verb that the latter pronunciation has become an accepted form, and is given in many dictionaries as the second choice; analogy supports *cēm'ent*, and it should be adopted as the correct word. There are no such words in the English language as *in'kwīr-ē* (inquiry), *maw-sō-lē-ūm* (mausoleum), and *pē-dēs'tāl* (pedestal). They are, respectively, *in-kwī'rē*, *maw-sō-lē-ūm*, and *pēd'ēs-tāl*.

Pronouns are fearful stumbling-blocks to some, who fail to identify the objective case, and confuse the nominative with it. Many persons who will correctly say, "Harry and I are going down to the Battery," will in the next breath ask, "Will you go with Harry and I?" Should be *me*, for "Harry" and the pronoun relating to the person speaking are objects of the preposition *with*. Drop the third person out of consideration, and you say quite naturally and correctly, "Will you go with *me*?" The query, "Who is there?" often brings the response, "It is *me*"; say "It is *I*," "It is *she*," not "It is *her*"; for the pronouns are complements of the verb and must be in the nominative. Other examples of correct usage are: "He gave the book to Alice and *me*"; "Shall you and *I* go down town?" Very great confusion, even among good writers, occurs in the use of *who* and *whom*. Say, "To *whom* are you writing?" "With *whom* are you going?" "To *whom* did Mary give the clothes?" "Whom did you see?" "Whom did Ruth hear?"

Too great care cannot be given to the diacritical marks by which the nice distinctions in the sounds of the vowels are indicated, and it is time lost to consult dictionaries without understanding these. Below will be found the simple and convenient key \* to pronunciation which has been given with previous articles on this subject.

\* *ā* as in fate; *ā*, fat; *â*, care; *â*, ask; *ā*, father; *ē*, me; *ē*, met; *ē*, her; *i*, pine; *i*, pin; *ō*, note; *ō*, not; *ō*, for; *ōō*, mood; *ōō*, foot; *ū*, use; *ū*, us; *ū*, fur; *z* like *z*; sibilant *s* as in list.

ALL green and fair the summer lies,  
Just budded from the bud of spring,  
With tender blue of wistful skies,  
And winds which softly sing.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

# Home Art and Home Comfort.

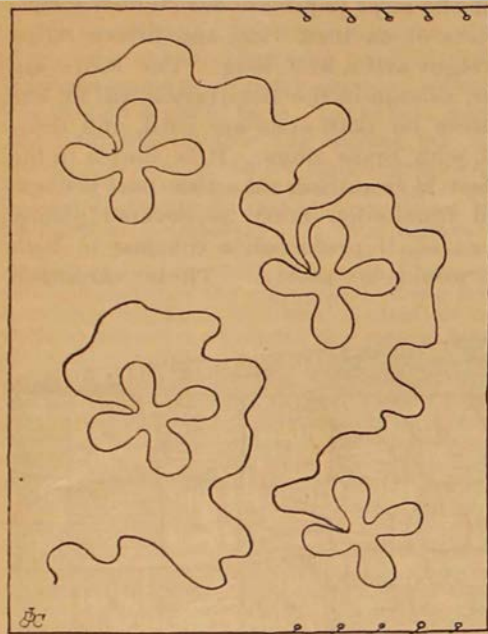
## Suggestions for Book Covers.

**T**HE reader who ensconces herself in a cozy fireside nook in winter, or curls among the cushions of a hammock in summer, does not consider herself quite in touch with the times unless her novel or magazine is incased in a dainty cover which displays her own handiwork or that of some thoughtful friend. These covers make

charming gifts to either a lady or gentleman, and afford a pleasing variety in one's list of fancy-work. One size will fit almost any of the popular magazines, and the modern novels are of so nearly the same size that an ample cover for one will furnish an approximate fit for a whole season's reading.

The covers are made in one straight piece, lined. For a book

five and one half by seven and three fourths inches in size, and one and one fourth inches thick, a piece of goods for a cover would need to be eight and one fourth inches wide and eighteen inches long. The lining should be cut the same size, and the edges are turned in all around and either overhanded together, or stitched upon three sides and turned, and the remaining side overhanded or stitched very close to the edge, as it will be upon the inside of the book. Each end should be turned back two and a half inches to form the pockets, and these edges may be overhanded together at top and bottom, or laced with fine silk cord run through eyelets worked near the edges. The covers are usually lined with a soft silk, although other goods may be substituted. The outer part is made of a stiff but



NO. 1.



NO. 2.



NO. 3.

the cover before it is lined or the pockets folded.

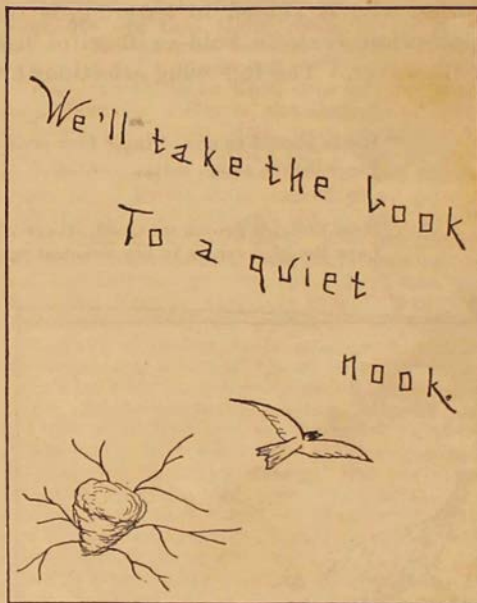
A strikingly effective cover is made by following an all-over pattern upon a white ground with a gold or silver braid, and lacing the pockets with the same. Such a pattern might also be worked upon an old pink ground with floss of a darker or contrasting shade. A design for such a cover is shown in No. 1.

A tracing of sepia or India ink upon linen or sail-cloth makes a simple but attractive cover, also. A conventional pattern with initial for the front of such a cover is shown in No. 2. It is also a suitable design to work in outline stitch with silks. The back could be left plain, or ornamented with the scroll and a single spray in each corner. If at all gifted with artistic abilities, little pen-and-ink sketches, as suggested in Nos. 3, 4, and 5, could be drawn, and these would lend a distinctive charm quite their own. If the cover be destined for some especial book, the sketch may give a hint of its contents.

Still another decoration is to be recommended because of the small amount of time and talent required in its production, while at the same time it gives a handsome effect in a boldly conventional pattern. No. 6 illustrates this style. The outlines are to be couched with gold or silver thread upon an old blue ground, and the pattern itself is to be darned in with silk of a darker shade than the blue, or with the shade of the outlining thread.

A cover for his favorite magazine is always an acceptable gift to a man. The much-enduring denim makes a serviceable cover; and now that it comes in various art-colors and changeable effects, it seems like a newly found friend. This may have a conventional pattern couched or outlined across one corner, or an initial worked in the center with a scroll

flexible material. Among these are the linens in white, buff, or the newer shades of old rose or old blue; duck, with its wide range of colors; and sail-cloth, a serviceable and inexpensive material capable of most artistic developments. This cloth is really a very heavy quality of duck, and comes only in white. The ornamentation is added to the outer part of



NO. 4.

surrounding it. Elaborate patterns or delicate work would be out of taste upon such covers. A bold, conventional design, simply treated, will always be appropriate.

A cover for a child's magazine or book would be sure to please its owner if a row of brownies were outlined across its lower edge. These could be traced from any of the familiar pictures, and their outlines drawn with pen and ink; or they could be made in silhouettes. The brownie stamps could be made to take the place of the drawings. These consist of a set of stamps, each one a brownie figure, and an ink-pad upon which the stamp is struck and then pressed upon the material which is to receive the impression. A cover of any of the materials mentioned could be stamped in this fashion, and by a careful arrangement of the figures a really good effect may be obtained.

Another suggestion, which will be appreciated by the worker who is skilled in lettering, is that of inscribing an appropriate verse in bold or fanciful letters upon the front of the cover. The following selections are apt:

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce:  
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

"Now fiction's groves we tread, where young romance  
Laps the glad senses in her sweetest trance."



NO. 6.

from which one may select according to fancy. Chamois is another material well adapted to the purpose.

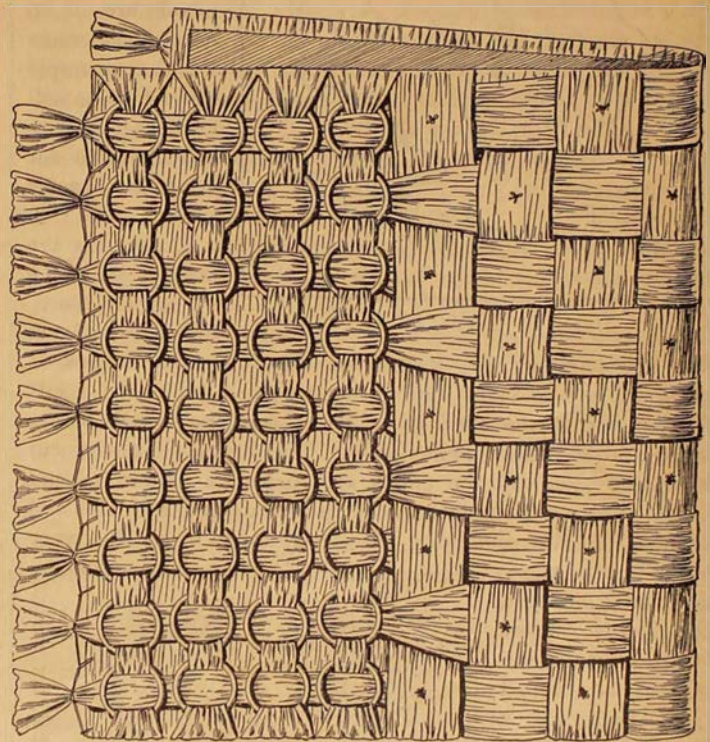
J. D. COWLES.



NO. 5.

### Veil-Case of Crêpe Paper.

THIS pretty and unique case is made of the simplest materials: a little straw-colored crêpe tissue-paper, seventy-two small brass curtain-rings, pale-blue India silk for lining, and a skein of blue embroidery silk. The form is like a book-cover with stiff sides and flexible back or hinge. For the foundation, two pieces of cardboard five and a half inches by seven and a quarter, and two others an eighth of an inch smaller all around, are required. The smaller pieces, for the inside, are covered with a thin sheet of cotton wadding—sprinkled with perfumed powder—and then with the India silk, after which they are glued to the back-piece, or hinge, a strip of stiff paper three inches wide by seven long, also covered with India silk. For the outside, nine strips of the crêpe paper are cut sixteen inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and fifteen strips the same width and eight and a half long. The strips are laced evenly together, as seen in the illustration, till all but four of the cross-pieces on both ends are used, and these pieces are interlaced with brass rings. It is simple in the extreme, but the effect is beautiful. As this part is open-work, the cardboard foundation must be covered plainly with the crêpe paper; or, if preferred, a contrast in both material and color would be pretty. These cardboard



VEIL-CASE OF CRÊPE PAPER.

foundation pieces are of course first glued to a piece of paper for the back, or hinge, of corresponding size to that already given for the inside; and the smoothly plaited work is fastened to the foundation with a knot of blue embroidery silk in the center of alternate blocks; the edges are then turned in neatly and pasted or glued in place, and outside and inside are glued together. On the front edges the ends of the strips are secured with embroidery silk, which is worked into the edge in coarse buttonhole stitches and knotted around every strip of paper, giving a sort of tassel effect.

This sort of work would make very pretty wall or newspaper pockets, or covers for boxes; and could, in fact, be turned to a multitude of decorative uses.



# The World's Progress.

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

## The Income Tax Decision.

"Forsooth 'tis a various and a puzzling thing," wrote a seventeenth century poet of his wife's temper. If he were alive today and his theme the income tax decision, he could hardly have expressed the truth about it in more fitting words. Leaving out of the question the justice or injustice of the ridicule and condemnation the decision has brought upon the United States Supreme Court from many quarters, we shall attempt to unravel the tangled skein of facts. In the first place, the question before the court was whether the income tax is constitutional. The first proposition of the eminent counsel who argued on the negative side was that the tax is a direct tax, the most widely accepted definition of which is that of John Stuart Mill in his "Principles of Political Economy." He thus defines: "A direct tax is one which is demanded from the very persons who it is intended or desired should pay it." Accepting this definition there seems to be no doubt of the correctness of the first contention of those attacking the law. But the Constitution says that "direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers." The income tax is not so apportioned, argued counsel, and is therefore unconstitutional. The opinions of four of the justices, among them Chief Justice Fuller, concurred entirely with this view of the question. Their number, however, was not sufficient to pronounce the law unconstitutional, as eight judges were sitting, and a majority is necessary for a decision. Two of the other justices, who believe in a liberal interpretation of the taxing power vested in Congress, maintained that the income tax was constitutional. Now comes the feature of the decision which has led to the complications. A distinction was made by the two remaining justices between taxes on rents and interest from government bonds, and taxes upon incomes from personal property as distinguished from real estate. It was declared that taxes on real estate are direct taxes, and that taxes on rents or incomes from real estate belong to the same class. But the tax on personal property was said to partake of the nature of an indirect tax, such as is imposed on products and imports, and which Congress may levy as it sees fit. These justices therefore declared the law constitutional with the exception of the clauses devoted to taxes on rents and interest on bonds, the latter being excluded on the ground that the property and revenue of municipal corporations is not subject to federal taxation. The four justices who declared the whole tax unconstitutional necessarily included these clauses, and the result was that a majority were unanimous upon their unconstitutionality, although there was no decisive opinion in regard to the others. The decision as a whole is manifestly unsatisfactory. The country at large is displeased at the remarkable diversity of opinion regarding the law displayed by its highest exponents, and a large number of people are disappointed because the whole law was not declared contrary to the constitution. Many believe that the law is inquisitorial; that even the government has no right to pry into the affairs of private citizens. While this is a matter of personal opinion, it is certain that injustice will result in its execution from the necessity of accepting the tax-payer's own estimate of the value of his property. The unprincipled will have ample opportunity to misrepresent and thus shift the chief burden to the shoulders of honest men. An income tax was levied thirty years ago, but at that time a great national emergency overruled constitutional objections. Nobody denies that an income tax is proper in war time, when there is necessity for a large additional revenue; but a good many persons have been wondering what the present necessity for it is. The fact is that the government has been in sore straits for funds, and it was necessary to devise some measure to meet the need. The stringency in the treasury has been due to the reduction of the tariff coupled with the enormous outgo in pensions under the pension laws enacted by the Fifty-Second Congress.

## The Ballot in Women's Hands.

The women who have been waging gentle war upon the New York State Senate to have that obnoxious little word male, which debars their sex from the suffrage, stricken from the State constitution, have just achieved their most important preliminary victory. The Upper House, as did the Assembly some time ago, has passed the constitutional amendment giving women a voice,

through the ballot, in affairs of state. The contest must now be carried forward to the next Legislature; probably, in view of the precedent, it, too, will capitulate before the tactful appeals and gentle pressure. If this be the case the question will be submitted to the people for final acceptance or rejection at a general election. The great army of domestic women will doubtless be found to hold opinions which coincide with those of their aggressive sisters who are working so earnestly for enfranchisement. While they have no vote on the question which so vitally affects them, the decision, through their indirect political influence, will be rendered by themselves, and hence there is little doubt that it will give women the right of suffrage. That they are eminently fitted to exercise it is no longer questioned, or should not be, in view of their work in recent municipal elections, notably in the overthrow of Tammany Hall in New York City. It has been proved that women already wield a very potent and beneficial influence in the field of politics; but their power will of course be greatly augmented by the ballot in their own hands. Their past work justifies the prediction that when they have it municipal misrule and corruption will pass away.

## Reforms in Korea.

The light of civilization has burned low in Korea throughout the centuries of subjection to Chinese rule; but now, coming under the enlivening influence of Japan, Korea is waking up, rubbing her eyes, and beginning to realize that the world has made gigantic strides during the period of her lethargy. It would not be difficult to find an argument for war in this fact. History has shown that, as a rule, when two nations or races or tribes, particularly those that are semi-barbarous, go to war, the one with the greater civilization or intelligence, or the sturdier virtue, is eventually victorious, and its influence on the defeated peoples is an uplifting one. There is no doubt that to the Japanese victories may be attributed the spirit of progress in Korea, which is bearing fruit in important reforms. The Korean Council of State has drawn up a code of laws which are intended to raise the country to a higher plane of civilization. The line between patrician and plebeian has been done away with, and ability, rather than birth, has been made the criterion for appointment to public office. The law which renders the family of a criminal liable to punishment has been abrogated; and slavery, which existed in a mild form, its worst feature being the sale of wives and daughters of lawbreakers, has been abolished. The law further decrees that there shall be no more extremely early marriages. A man must be twenty and a woman sixteen before they may enter the wedded state. To obviate the extreme caste distinctions, which have been one of the most potent of the retarding influences in Korea, the Council of State declares that any man, however high in birth, may engage in an honest trade or occupation without forfeiting the name of gentleman. The changes reach down to the very roots and fundamental factors of Korean life. From time out of mind one of the great institutions of the country has been the literary examinations to test ability for holding public office. The intelligent Korean knows well that these examinations have long been farces, the man who paid most handsomely getting the office; and yet the practice is so ancient, and Korean folk-lore is so full of traditions of brilliant youths going up to the capital to compete for the prizes, that there is grave question as to whether it can be uprooted. Reform has driven out many of the most picturesque customs of the country. The king no longer eats off silver and drinks out of gold; the despotic, death-dealing rule of the queen is at an end; and the senseless and costly court ceremonies have also been discarded. Yet with all the changes and proposed changes it is probable that the lives of the populace will go on evenly and calmly in the old way. Doubtless the women will still squat in rows and fan the wind with their aprons to keep it away from conflagrations; and travelers will still pass through the country at night very rapidly, for the old reason that the last man is constantly darting to the front to escape the tiger which is believed to be always lurking in the path for the hindmost. As to whether the present enthusiasm for reform will give Korea either an approximation to or a semblance of Western civilization only the future can determine; but the experiment is interesting, and will surely result in some degree of benefit. Perhaps here will start the leavening of the mass which will release the great Chinese Empire from the thralldom of precedent and the past.

## Bismarck's Birthday.

It is no light thing that arouses the German nation to enthusiasm; the Teutonic mind is too deep and philosophical to respond to every light breeze that blows over the surface of national affairs. When, therefore, banners flutter and bonfires blaze and processions crowd the streets in every city and town in Germany it means that something extraordinary is in the air. The whole fatherland has recently been given over to festivity and celebration in honor of the eightieth birthday of Prince Bismarck, and the extraordinary thing is the immense love and reverence that has been manifested for the "man of iron and blood," who gave Germany unity, and thus made her an empire and a power among the powers. In spite of sectional differences

and temporary dissatisfaction, Germans are proud of the ex-chancellor. They feel that he will loom up in history as the supreme figure of the nineteenth century, overtopping even Napoleon, for the reason that the Corsican, despite his genius, left little more than desolation and disintegration behind him, while Bismarck's monument is an empire that is firm, enduring, and powerful. It is true that there have been voices of dissent to the general rejoicing. The Reichstag, which is the popular representative branch of the government, refused to extend congratulations to Prince Bismarck, and it is said that Emperor William would have dissolved the body had it not been for the advice of the ex-chancellor. The opposition came chiefly from the extreme liberalists, who have memories still rankling in their breasts of the rough manner in which Bismarck rode over many of their favorite principles, and from the socialists, who regard him as an inveterate foe to their cause. These protesting voices made a temporary noise, but were lost in the thunders of acclamation that rolled from every corner of the land, proclaiming the supremacy of national unity and Germany's gratitude to Bismarck for his great services.

#### The Loss of the Reina Regenta.

The loss in a storm near the Strait of Gibraltar of the Spanish war-ship *Reina Regenta* has been attributed by naval experts to the tremendous weight of metal the vessel carried above her water-line. An excessive burden of guns and armor, it may be remembered, was the chief contributing cause in the capsizing of the British man-of-war *Victoria* when she collided with the *Camperdown* while executing naval evolutions in the Mediterranean Sea; and the English battle-ship *Captain* rolled over in the North Sea during a gale, a few years ago, for no other reason than that she was top-heavy. These catastrophes to ships of war suggest an interesting question. If the floating fortresses are in danger of going down in ordinary stress of weather or through the accidents of a naval evolution, what would be their fate in the shock of battle, when targets for rams and torpedoes, or when engaged on the open sea, where the very best seagoing qualities are required? The pith of the whole situation lies in the fact that with the enormous weight of metal above the waterline of battle ships naval constructors experience great difficulty in keeping the center of gravity from being so high as to make the vessel unseaworthy. Doubtless mammoth ships of war are necessary; but there is reason to believe that it would be better and safer to use them chiefly for defensive work along the coasts, where the seas are comparatively calm, and harbors and repair shops are within easy reach.

#### A Patent Decision of Importance.

When the magnitude of the debt which society owes the originator of a great invention is considered, it would seem that he should be allowed a monopoly of the benefits of his idea for his lifetime, at least. And yet the inventor almost invariably lets the product of his genius pass out of his own hands, and the advantages of a law giving him the exclusive right of manufacture for life would therefore accrue not so much to him as to purchasing capitalists or corporations, while it would be detrimental to the community at large. The framers of the patent laws doubtless acted wisely when they limited the life of a patent to seventeen years. The Supreme Court of the United States recently rendered a decision which in many instances makes the period of exclusive right still shorter, and is important for the reason that it terminates the existence of patents on incandescent lamps and many other articles and electrical appliances in general use. The competition which will now be possible in the manufacture of these devices will, of course, reduce their cost, and thus result in much public benefit. The question which the court decided was whether a patent granted in the United States and in foreign countries would expire in the United States simultaneously with the patent in the country where the term is shortest. The affirmative answer affects chiefly the interests of corporations which make a business of buying promising inventions and contriving to hold them much longer than the legal term of seventeen years by, after filing their applications in the patent office, staving off the granting of the patent as long as possible. The decision will work public good, not only because it lessens the cost of useful devices, but also because the United States is manifestly at a disadvantage when it shuts off the free use of articles here which are open to competitive manufacture abroad.

#### The Unappeasable Pole.

Still another human being is preparing to devote himself to that invisible North Pole which has devoured so many victims and craves for yet more. M. André, who has given many years of his life to the study of aeronautics, and latterly has been drawn within the influence of polar search and its weird fascination, stated, in a recent lecture delivered before the Swedish Academy of Sciences, that he was fully satisfied that he could reach the Pole and return in safety. At all events, he was ready to make the endeavor. His idea is to go by way of Spitzbergen, using a balloon as the conveyance. The journey would occupy several months, according to his calculations, and the cost would be about thirty-five thousand dollars. The details of his plan are not given, but there is no question that he can raise the required funds. Doubtless he will start; but whether he will return or not is another question, and one which, apparently, the brave Frenchman no more considers than did Jules Verne's

Michel Arden, who elected to travel to the moon inside the projectile fired from the huge columbiad, and left the future to take care of itself. To reach the North Pole by balloon is a notion nearly as old as the Mongolfiers. It appears that it was once tried, though in a half-hearted manner, as we remember it, from somewhere in North Russia. But the balloon was almost wrecked, and the attempt did not extend over a day or two, when the aeronauts became fully convinced that they, at least, were not fated to find the "Mysterious Pole." Possibly a balloon filled with fresh gas upon the extreme limits of human existence, whether it be Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, might on catching a direct and favorable current reach the Pole. But the voyagers would not dare to exhaust the gas from their silken bag, or how would they return? Hence, at best, a glimpse might be had of the dreary region which marks the axis of our globe, and very poor satisfaction it would be. If in M. André's plan there be the means of comfortable living on the trip, and a reasonable certainty of return to civilization, we can sympathize; but as far as we know it now, it is one of those wild and futile schemes which destroy the lives of gallant but visionary men.

#### John Stuart Blackie.

In the death of Prof. Blackie of the Edinburgh University Scotland loses her most eminent scholar, and one who has been a very potent factor in giving Edinburgh her fame as a center of learning. No man who ever wore the plaid was more distinctively Scotch than Prof. Blackie. He was born in 1809 in Glasgow, was educated in the schools of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and in these cities, after spending a period in Berlin and Rome perfecting himself in the Latin, Greek, and German languages and literature, he devoted his life to the scholastic work which gave him a reputation second to none. Like many another man who has won renown in scholarship and letters, Prof. Blackie was a lawyer when a young man. He was a successful practitioner, noted for his shrewdness and skill in argument. When a new chair of Latin literature was established at the Mareschal College, Aberdeen, in 1841, Prof. Blackie was called to it, and during his eleven years of teaching and writing there he became the idol of his pupils and the pride of Scotland. The reputation he had gained as a profound scholar and an extraordinarily gifted teacher led to his being called in 1852 to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University. Here he remained till 1882, when he resigned to undertake other work which he considered more important. In recent years he has lectured on modern Greek at Oxford and Cambridge. Prof. Blackie had been a voluminous writer of both prose and poetry. In the streets of Edinburgh everybody was familiar with the picturesque figure of the venerable scholar. He was a lithely built man of middle height, with clean-shaven, finely chiseled features, and a wealth of silky white hair hanging to his shoulders. He wore a great rolling collar, a wide-brimmed, soft hat, and a Scottish plaid folded about his chest. In conversation he was kind, brilliant, profound. Says a writer in summing up his character: "When the various corners of his intensely versatile and eminently human nature are looked round and round, he will take his place in history as a hard-headed Scot with profound glimpses into the past, though wrapped up in the pressing claims of the present and the future; a man of unrest and progress, and of wide as well as solid acquirements. Outwardly he was the most picturesque of his race; inwardly the most brilliant and youthful of his kind."

#### The Abuse of Cycling.

Whoever has glided along smooth boulevards or pleasant country roads on the swift but tractable steed of the pneumatic tire knows well the thrill and pleasure of bicycling and its merits as an outdoor exercise. The number of enthusiastic wheelers is increasing by thousands every year. To countless pale cheeks and listless eyes the exercise is bringing the glow of health and the light of keen enjoyment. It cannot be questioned that the bicycle possesses the potentiality of immense good, and for that reason it is all the more to be regretted that abuses should spring up in connection with it which threaten to make the use of the wheel a public nuisance of great proportions, and in many cases a positive menace to life. A fatal accident to a cyclist in New York City, recently, and innumerable other serious mishaps call attention to the fact that reckless riding is fast becoming the rule, particularly among boys and men. With the easy confidence resulting from proficiency they wheel a rapid and devious course among vehicles, forgetting that to many horses the bicycle is a mysterious apparition, and is apt to cause them to shy and plunge, with danger to both the rider and those in the carriage. An even more objectionable feature of the riding of many is the habit of leaning far over and spinning along through crowded thoroughfares at a high rate of speed with eyes fixed upon the ground and apparently oblivious of surroundings. Public indignation will surely be aroused and bicycling denounced unless this heedlessness for the safety of others ceases. It would be a pity if the very best of sports and exercises, and one, moreover, that is adapted and beneficial to women as to men, to girls as to boys, should fall into disrepute because of the thoughtlessness of some of its followers. It is probable that public bicycle paths, which have already been provided in a few cities, will become general; but, as yet, the rider must use the road common to all vehicles. He has a right there, and the drivers of horses must give him room; but it especially behooves him to be careful and vigilant, in the interest both of life and limb and of the exercise he loves so well.

## What Women Are Doing.

Mrs. H. H. Campbell is the leading druggist in Green River, Wyoming.

The Third Biennial Convention of the World's W. C. T. U. is to be held in London, June 14-21.

Some Ohio girls have formed an association to wear the bloomer costume. Twenty-four have already adopted the short dress.

Women of Cleveland, O., have formed a party, the object of which is to keep the schools out of politics.

Full woman suffrage in South Australia is an accomplished fact. Queen Victoria has signed the bill, and it has become a law.

Women are employed in telegraph-offices and in post-offices in Russia, because corporations find them more accurate in details and more careful to please customers.

Mrs. Louis Agassiz has contributed largely to scientific literature, writing jointly both with her husband and her stepson. She has also written for children.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, has been made a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois, to succeed Dr. John H. Bryant.

Mary Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the "Concordance to Shakespeare," is now eighty-six years old, but in spite of her age takes a vivid interest in life and books. She lives in Genoa.

The Woman's Relief Corps of the Department of Maryland is to build a national monument to the unknown dead in the city of Baltimore, where was shed the first blood of the war for the defence of the Union.

Miss May Proctor has taken up her father's work, and recently gave an entertaining lecture, for the benefit of the Woman's Press Club in New York, on "Other Worlds Than Ours," which was illustrated with many pictures and maps.

Miss Mace King, of Abilene, Kan., has been appointed Registrar of Deeds to fill out the unexpired term of her father, who died recently. Miss King has been her father's assistant in the office and is well qualified for the position.

Miss Georgina Roberts, who has conducted successfully several series of morning talks on various subjects during the past season, has gone to Japan for three months' travel with the intention of preparing a series of familiar talks upon that interesting country.

Several young women in London have started a novel and sensible dressmaking establishment. They take last season's dresses and make them over in the prevailing fashion. No entirely new dresses are made, and the charges are reasonable.

Miss Stainforth and Miss Larpent have opened an agency in London for the renting of houses and flats, and to secure lodgings for those who desire them. This they do not only in London, but in towns on the continent. They also do shopping for their out-of-town customers, and propose to add a theater-ticket bureau.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, at seventy-five, is lithe, graceful, and active, ascribes her health to her regular habits. She has eschewed late suppers, rich food, and overwork. After her day's work she goes straight to her rooms, takes a bath, drinks a cup of hot milk and eats a cracker. Then she sleeps nine hours and arises refreshed.

Miss Julia E. Underwood has been teaching in the public schools of Quincy, Mass., for forty years. She began at the age of sixteen, and has kept at the front in the progress of educational methods. As a model teacher in a model school town, she has received offers from nearly every State in the Union, and from the famous school for the blind in London.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, has been appointed garbage inspector in one of the worst wards in the city, that in which the "social settlement" of Hull House has already done so much good. Her plan of work involves the offering of a cent a bushel as a prize for clean ashes, unmixed with garbage; the ashes can then be sold to the railroads for ballast. The public dump can thus be supplanted by the garbage crematory, where all the refuse may be burned.

## Chat.

Spring wedding decorations were even more beautiful than usual this year. At some which followed closely one upon another during the first ten days after Easter, the silvery whiteness of Easter prevailed, and the purity and stateliness of the great white lilies which were massed within chancel rails and reared their regal heads about pulpit, font, and lectern, seemed especially appropriate. On some occasions it looked as if a whole Bermuda field had been stripped of its nodding bells to furnish the wealth of blossoms; the air was sweet with their perfume, and the effect of the pure white lilies against a background of tropical palms was extremely beautiful.

At one of these "white" weddings the bridesmaids, in rose-colored satin and *chiffon* with picture hats of fine straw covered with nodding pink plumes, carried long stalks of the lilies, like wands, tied with rose-colored ribbons. Pink, or rose-colored, bridesmaids have been in great favor for these lily weddings, furnishing just the touch of color needed to warm the prevailing green and white. Very charming were the two young sisters who preceded one bride to the altar; they were dressed alike, in pink mull over pink silk, wore large pink hats, and carried pink orchids, the ushers having large *boutonnieres* of the same flowers on their coats.

A choral service made very impressive one of these weddings. The large vested choir of men, women, and boys, came down a side aisle from the vestry to meet the bride, singing "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden"; and headed the bridal procession, singing the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" as it advanced up the middle aisle, which was spanned with flower-wreathed arches. The six bridesmaids—in rose-colored silk gowns, with pink-trimmed picture hats, and carrying large bunches of pink roses—followed the choir, then came the bride on her brother's arm, and last, the four ushers.

Among other items of burning interest to those who are planning similar ceremonies is the fact that two of the smartest of these brides went to the altar with ungloved hands. They did not inaugurate the fashion; but it is one so seldom adopted that we chronicle it. One of the brides carried in her ungloved hand a bouquet of lilies of the valley, and the other, a white-bound prayer-book, from which the service was read. The bridegrooms, also, wore no gloves.

Charity entertainments, always frequent during the spring, have been very smart functions and introduced some novel features. A May-flower tea held in one of the most beautiful studios in New York had for tea-pourers sweet Puritan maidens, Prudences and Priscillas; one of the large latticed windows was covered with interlacing boughs of pussy-willow, and spring blossoms abounded everywhere. Some of the Puritan maidens sold flowers and made charming pictures of themselves against the great central chimney-piece, while others dispensed many of the cups that cheer, being rewarded for their efforts by a goodly sum of money earned for their pet charity.

Musical teas are very popular and successful forms of taxing society for sweet Charity's sake, and these vary little except in programme and surroundings. They give opportunity for the display of amateur talent that has in some cases borne comparison with professional stars; and they are the most favorable possible occasions for dress parades.

A Bicycle Tea, the first of which was given at Claremont on the Hudson, is a novel entertainment. The Michaux Club attended it in force, and many parties were made up to wheel out to it. It was not stipulated, however, that the guests must all come on their cycles, and those who drove and those who walked were equally welcome. The Lady Managers, who have the cause of the Burnham Industrial Farm for Boys at heart, showed themselves quite bright in choosing the most drawing name for the function that could possibly be given, for bicycling is no longer a fad, it is a *fièvre*. It numbers among its new devotees more women than men this season; and the riding academies are almost deserted by fair equestriennes, who aver that for many reasons they find the wheel superior to a horse as a means of exhilarating exercise.

# Household.

## Hints Concerning Marketing.

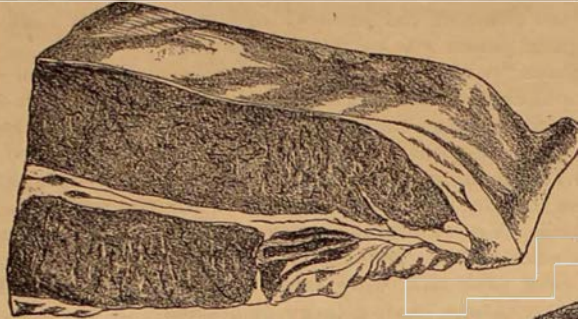
### II.

#### BEEF.



**M**ONG all but vegetarians, beef is quite as much the staff of life as bread is supposed to be; and there is every reason for its being so. It is healthful and

strengthening and palatable to nearly everyone, and, besides, there is no other animal

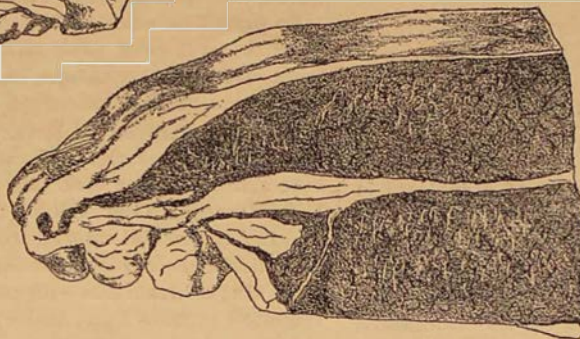


RUMP OF BEEF.

which furnishes so many different kinds of meat, with such a delightful variety of flavors and uses.

But in order to enjoy all the gastronomic delights that beef will afford, it is absolutely essential that one should know how to select it with discrimination; for a poor piece of beef is an abomination, and a piece that is entirely suitable for one sort of dish becomes all but uneatable when used for something else. A tender, juicy piece for roasting or broiling may be made into an unnutritious and tasteless mass of shreds by boiling; while a solid and savory boiling piece, which ought to come to the table tender and good, may be made tough and unpalatable by roasting or broiling.

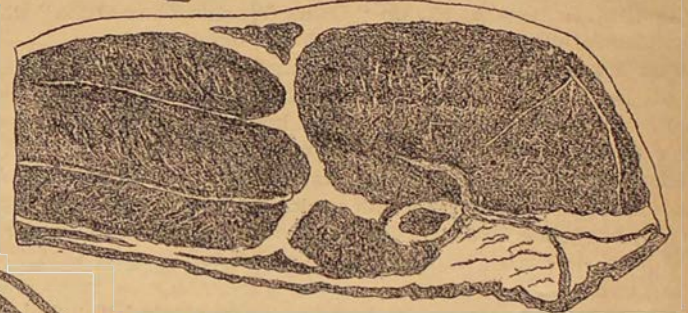
One of the first essentials is to know when the beef itself



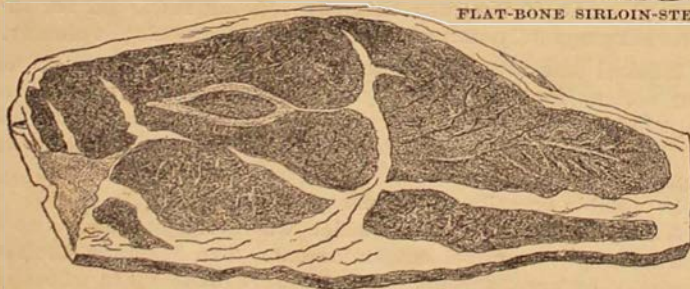
SOCKET PIECE.



FLAT-BONE SIRLOIN-STEAK.



ROUND-BONE SIRLOIN-STEAK.



HIP SIRLOIN-STEAK. FIRST CUT.

is good; for there is as much difference between a young, tender, well-fed, properly butchered beef, and an old, worn-out ox or cow which is killed for meat because it is of no use elsewhere, as there is between a spring chicken and a veteran cock. And yet many persons order a roast of beef or a steak as they might order an oak board, and when it comes on the table wonder why the cook cannot learn to treat meat properly.

The best beef comes from a heifer or young steer anywhere from three to seven or eight years of age. After this age the animal is known as a cow or an ox, and if it has been well cared for and is well fed it may for two or three years yet furnish fairly good meat, but not the best. According to age the meat becomes coarser, tougher, and darker, until it is finally unfit for use on a refined table.

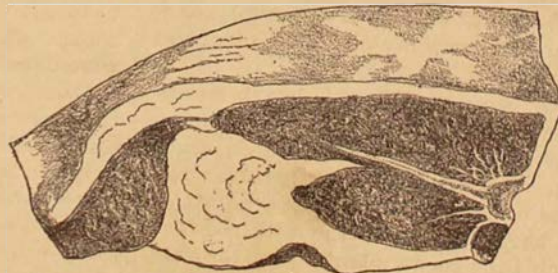
Good beef should be smooth-grained, elastic, and juicy, but never wet. To tell whether it is fresh or not, press against it with the finger, and if it is elastic and resumes its place quickly it is fresh; if the dent made by the finger remains, or if it is slippery or wet, avoid it, for it is already in the first stages of decay and is unwholesome. The mistake of getting meat that is too old is often made by those who like what we call a high flavor. As a matter of fact, beef that has a very high flavor has begun to decay, and is not only poisonous and unfit to eat, but the idea of it is disagreeable to people of fastidious tastes, or would be if it were called by its right name.

Beef, however, is not good when used too soon after being killed. It should always be hung in a cool place for at least a week, and in winter time it may be all the better for hanging two or three weeks. When eaten too fresh it is more likely to be tough. A good butcher usually does not sell meat until it has been hung a sufficient length of time; but if one happens to live where meat is sold soon after killing, she can hang it herself in a cool, dry place until it becomes tender.

The only way to tell whether beef has hung long enough is by pressing against it with the finger; if it is elastic and fresh and has the other requirements of good beef and is still not tender, one may be fairly certain that it needs to hang longer. By observing carefully, and knowing what to look for, one can with very little experience become a good judge of what is excellent in beef. Such a judgment, however, does not come by instinct. One must get information in one way or another and then make practical application of it.

One reason why it is better to buy beef which has already hung long enough is that butchers are so much better prepared than private individuals for taking care of it. It

should be hung in a very cold place, but should not freeze, should never be put near the ice where it will get wet, and should be carefully watched to see that it does not become tainted. It is true of all meat, as well as beef, that it should be put near, but never on, the



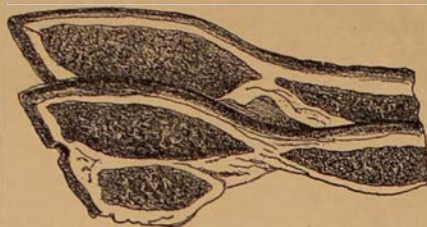
HIP SIRLOIN.

ice, as the dampness not only draws the juice from the meat but causes it to spoil sooner than it otherwise would.

The color as well as the texture of beef varies with age. A good young beef should have the lean a dark and rather dingy red when first cut, changing in a few minutes to a bright, clear red, as red as a cherry. The older the animal was when killed the darker and less clear the lean meat will be. When it is pale and pinkish it is immature. The fat should be a light straw-color, the suet, or kidney fat, being somewhat brighter than the fat of the muscles.

The texture of good beef is smooth and close-grained, and when cold should appear marbled with fat. When it is very lean-looking, or stringy, or rough, it is too old. The fat should not be solid and hard like that of mutton, but should be flaky, and the suet fat should be so dry that it will crumble. When the fat is oily or dull in color, the beef is sure to be of bad quality.

A beef is divided into the fore and hind quarters, the choicest meat usually coming from the hind quarters. The quarters are cut by splitting the fore and hind half down the back bone. Just under the back bone and inside of the short ribs is the tenderloin, or *filet de boeuf*, which is the tenderest part of the beef, and is often taken out



SMALL LOIN, OR PORTER-HOUSE STEAK.



FIRST-CUT RIBS.



MIDDLE RIBS.



THIRD-CUT RIBS.

the fact that it is a solid piece of meat, without any bone, is all there is to recommend it, for it has no richness of flavor, and is, in fact, soft and tasteless. Often it is not removed as a whole from the beef, but is cut up with steaks, forming the tender under part of sirloin and porter-house steaks.

Beginning at the back of the hind quarter there is cut first the rump piece. This is usually divided into pieces, the outside one being called simply the rump, and the inner one the "socket-piece." The rump is excellent in flavor but not very tender, and is best used for stewing, boiling, and corning. The socket-piece is used in much the same way, but is sometimes cut into steaks which, though not choice, have a very good flavor, and, being next to the sirloin, in a good beef are not tough.

Just below the rump is left the leg of beef. From this are cut the pieces with a round bone, known as the round, which are very good if not cut too far down into the leg. But instead of being cut into steaks, this part of the beef is often simply cut into an inside and an outside piece, which are good for corning, stewing, or for beef *à la mode*. The inside piece is considered the choicest. The rest of the leg

is called the shank, and is used for soup, or anything where the flavor and not the fiber is desired.

Next to the socket-piece is the sirloin, which is sometimes cut into roasts, but more often into steaks. The first is the round-bone sirloin-steak, which may be recognized by having a small round bone in one



MIDDLE-CUT SIRLOIN.

end and three distinct divisions of muscle: a small piece of tenderloin and a large outside muscle surrounding the bone, while the lower end is large and seamed and not very tender. Next to this is the flat-bone sirloin, which has a large, three-cornered bone in the upper part. Then the hip sirloin, of which there are about three steaks, the first one having an oblong bone at one side and a wedged-shaped bone at the end, and the others having simply the wedged-shaped bone. Next is the middle-cut sirloin, which makes three or four choice steaks, the smaller of which are often called porter-house steaks.

The best cut of the hip sirloin and the middle-cut sirloin are the choicest steaks in the beef, containing, as they do, the largest part of the tenderloin, and having, in addition, an especially sweet and fine flavor. The nearer to the ribs the middle-cut steaks are the less tenderloin they have; but they are none the less desirable on that account, and those nearest the ribs are, in fact, often preferred by the epicure. Of all the steaks named there are usually about three of each kind, varying slightly from each other according as they are the first, second, or third cut.

The last cut of the middle-cut sirloin is sometimes called the thin-end sirloin, and next to it begin the ribs, which belong to the fore-quarter, as usually divided. There are thirteen ribs altogether, the first seven being the choicest, and they are, therefore, called prime. These are divided into three cuts, the first cut including the first two or three ribs, which are best for small roasts. The second cut is larger, and includes all up to the sixth rib; and the third cut includes the sixth and seventh. All



FIRST-CUT CHUCK-RIBS.

of these are the choicest meat, the difference between them being more in size than quality. The prime ribs are almost exclusively used

for roasts, though the first cut is sometimes made into small steaks.

The next four ribs are called the first-cut and second-cut chuck-ribs. They make very good roasts, decreasing in value as they near the neck, and are economical because there is more meat in proportion to the bone than in the other ribs. The last two ribs are called the chuck, and are usually sold in one piece for pot roasts or similar uses.

From a good animal they are excellent in flavor. All of the chuck-ribs are sometimes sold as steaks, and as such are sweet, juicy, and economical.

Of the less important pieces of beef which it is well for every marketer to know about because of the excellent use that can be made of them in an economical way, there is the neck-piece, which can be used for stews; the cross-rib, just back of the shoulder, which is good for braising; the flank, which after being scored may be used as a steak or for braising; and the shin of the fore leg, which is used in the same way as the shank of the hind leg, already mentioned.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

(*"Household"* continued on page 489.)

### A Remarkable Portrait-Album.

THE attractive feature which we have recently introduced in the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue permanently, is of exceptional value to our readers. These portraits are printed upon pages without reading-matter on the backs, which can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply to our readers at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits. Send at once for an album, and start your collection.



PANSIES.

The beautiful picture of "Pansies" (illustrated above in a gilt frame) appears in this number of the Magazine. We furnish gilt frames for this picture for 25 cents each.

Address,

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,

15 E. 14th St., New York.

### The Old Kitchen Table.

BATTERED and banged, with both leaves gone,  
A table stood out in the rain.

"Ah! once I was smooth, white, and beautiful, too";  
Thus was it heard to complain.

"When first I was brought to the cottage so neat,  
My mistress was yet a bride;  
And white was the bread that she molded on me,  
And dainty the cookies beside.

"She kept my face shining with sand and with soap,  
And happy were we alone;  
But the years passed on and little ones came;  
When I think of it even, I groan.

"She hired different persons to come to the house  
And do up the work in her stead;  
And the way I was hacked in, bespattered, and oiled,  
Would make the hair stand on one's head.

"The children grew up,—and nice children they were,—  
One after another they married;  
I held the refreshments for every one,  
But I had to be carefully carried.

"For my legs, without doubt, very shaky had grown  
(Constitution was ruined when young),  
And after the wedding of dear little Sue  
My front leaf gave way, and there hung.

"Then they turned me about with that side to the wall,  
And my other leaf proved good and true,  
Until after Thanksgiving the very next year,  
Then, I vow, if that didn't fall too!

"Awhile in the storeroom I quietly lingered,  
But later was moved again;  
And here I'll remain till I'm cut into kindlings,—  
Out here alone in the rain."

IONE L. JONES.

### A Roundel.

WHEN first we met, I thought you fair  
Beyond all I had looked on yet;  
You came with such a winsome air  
When first we met.  
I shall not readily forget  
Your glance, your smile, your voice so rare,  
Your lustrous eyes of living jet.

But soon you stood revealed, and there  
I saw a conquering coquette.  
Ah, would that I had been aware  
When first we met!

MORTIMER MANSELL.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

### PATTERN ORDER, Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 501.

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

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

COLOR COMBINATIONS are even more bizarre and startling than heretofore, and for those who like bright color there is plenty of it. Yet the truthful chronicler of the modes must record the fact that the most successful gowns are in quiet tones with bright color used very sparingly. It requires a master hand to manipulate such combinations as dark blue, green, and heliotrope, and pale blue with purple, in a pleasing way, and the novice is warned against attempting it.

While there are plenty of new fabrics, there are no decided novelties except the *chiffon crépons*, which have been mentioned before. The beauty of these is greatly enhanced by the taste exercised in the choice of the silk lining: for example, a black and gray is given a silvery sheen by a lining of pearl-white taffeta; one of white and blue has the delicate blue ground beautifully brought out by a lining of *ciel* blue; and a gray and heliotrope is made over heliotrope.

Except in thin fabrics, batistes, organdies, etc., not more than two gowns in a whole importation have any trimming upon the skirt; when it appears it takes the form of fine embroidery on the seams, Vandykes of guipure-work running down from the waist, or panels on one or both sides. A handsome tan-colored *crépon* has plaited panels of silk the same color plaited off with irregular bars of black satin, the plaits strapped across with black ribbons held by rosettes and jeweled buttons. A short shoulder-cape which accompanies this gown has similar panels on the shoulders,—the full plaits giving the great breadth and fullness now required there,—and the cape is lined with the same silk.

An elegant visiting-gown, which is also completed with a cape, is of black brocaded grenadine made over heliotrope silk. The skirt is without trimming, but the waistband is covered with gold-and-jet passementerie, and fastens outside the corsage. The sleeve-puffs and deeply pointed collar which drapes the shoulders are of grenadine, while the whole

bodice and close lower sleeves are of accordion-plaited black *chiffon* trimmed with insertions of fine passementerie. The stock-collar matches the girdle, but the neck of the cape is finished with an immense plaited ruche of grenadine ribbon.

While there are so few novelties in the actual cut of gowns or in fabrics, there was never more ingenuity displayed in the invention of details, especially in the finish of the necks and the arrangement of trimming on the fronts of corsages, which are dainty in the extreme, and often bewildering in their intricacy. There are all sorts of cunning little tabs, turrets, and points of tucked and lace-frilled mull and batiste which are turned over the front of silk, ribbon, or velvet neckbands; lace and ribbon are also fullled in the neck-band to stand up in soft, irregular ruffles. In fact, except in the stiff, matched arrangement of double trimmings on some hats, Fashion seems to avoid regularity in anything.

The tucked and lace-frilled mulls can now be bought by the yard, in black frilled with white lace, and white and delicate colors frilled with white lace; and the tabs and points are sold by the piece. Abundant use is made of these tucked lawns with every possible fabric, but they are especially pretty when combined with silks, challies, and organdies. White satin and moire are also in great favor for the blouse fronts, not only of dressy silk and *crépon* gowns, but also to complete serge and mohair suits made with jackets and coats.

Blue serge is again in much favor, and seems to be one of those standard fabrics of which women never tire. A handsome going-away gown for a bride is of blue serge with a plaited blouse of white satin having a thread-like embroidery of gold. The jacket-revers are faced with white satin, and finished on the edge with a narrow vine of embroidery; and the jacket-revers can be turned forward and buttoned straight up the front, entirely concealing the blouse.

The wide lace collars are being replaced by those of batiste or lawn in yoke shape, which extend sometimes in points over the sleeves, and are sometimes square on the shoulders, with long, slender points reaching to the waist in the back as well as the front. They are edged with a frill of half-inch Valenciennes, or with a tiny insertion and double frill of the lace. A stock-collar of *crêpe* or ribbon finishes the neck.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Stern Bros. and Mme. O'Donovan for courtesies shown.

**For a Bridesmaid's Gown.**

WHITE *crépon* and gold-colored brocade are the fabrics combined for this smart and becoming gown. It is a suitable model for visiting and reception gowns of any of the handsome summer fabrics, grenadine,



**For a Bridesmaid's Gown.**  
DURANDEL CORSAGE.

silks, *crépons*, etc. As illustrated, the only trimmings are a rich girde of gold and pearl passementerie, and embroidery to match it on the sleeve-caps and neck of the corsage. On gray gowns pearl and silver or steel passementerie is exquisite, and on tan or brown, bronze and iridescent colors are good; the latter are also very effective on black. The pattern—the "Durandel"—has a fitted lining which holds the fullness of the front in place, and the back is stretched smoothly, without seams, over the lining. The guimpe effect makes it especially becoming to young women.



**Durandel Corsage.**  
(BACK.)

white revers sometimes accompanies a colored skirt or one of black-and-white silk.

**For a Tailor-Gown.**

AN almost invisible check of brown and green mixture, in soft wool, is the fabric of this modish gown. The revers and cuffs are of dark green cloth, and a quarter-inch band of the same finishes the bottom of the waist, which flares easily over the hips. A chemisette of tucked lawn and one of *écru* cloth are provided to wear with it; and the buttons are of green pearl. Handsome buttons are quite a feature of these gowns,—cut steel, bronze, and iridescent pearl are chosen, according to harmony; and it is entirely a matter of taste whether a contrasting material be used for the revers. The pattern is the "Pembroke," and it is commended for all the spring wools which are suitable for traveling and everyday service. It is a becoming model for stout women, who find the full-skirted coats and basques trying to their breadth of hips. Many such gowns are completed with short capes similar to the "Jacinth," given in this number, which are more convenient over a cloth waist than a coat. Any of our recent skirt patterns can be used with it.

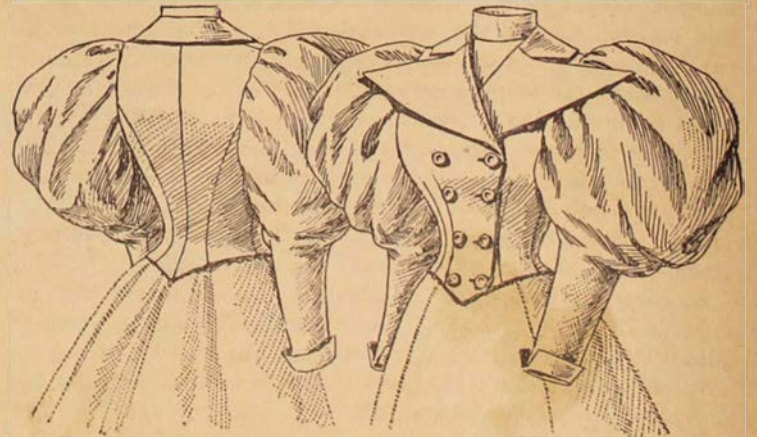


**A Smart Jacket.** THE STRATHROY.

ALL THE OLD-TIME RIBBONS have been revived this season, and we have lovely grenadine-striped and brocaded gauze ones, taffetas with lace edges, and every conceivable combination of colors in the charming *chiné* ribbons with blurred flowers. Figured ribbons are chosen to trim plain fabrics, and plain or changeable ones for figured stuffs. The Dresden ribbons come in several widths of the same pattern. They give just the needed touch of color with white gowns, and are also very effective on thin black fabrics and with solid, cool colors.

**A Smart Jacket.**

THIS is a becoming Eton jacket of dark blue serge, over a vest of batiste showing yellow satin through the open embroidery. The collar and girde are of black satin, and cut-steel buttons, surrounded by soutache, finish the fronts of the jacket and fasten in trig closeness the lower parts of the sleeves. The pattern is the "Strathroy"; it is fitted with the usual seams, and a fitted lining holds the vest in place. Cheviot, tweed, covert cloth, serge, and coaching twills are all suitable fabrics for the model, and the perforated cloths are much used for the vest. A black-and-white check of fine wool, with revers of black satin and vest of white perforated cloth over red or blue silk, makes an attractive gown for a young woman; and a black jacket with



**For a Tailor-Gown.** PEMBROKE BASQUE.



**A Favorite Model.**

THIS design is so simple, and can with so little trouble or additional work be made extremely dressy and elaborate, that it is a general favorite. As illustrated it is of black-and-white checked silk, trimmed with slender points of embroidered batiste. Each point falls on a box-plait, and the back is like the front; but the trimming can be confined to the front, if desired. A narrow band of the embroidery and a plaited frill of *chiffon* finish the neck. The fullness of the back is drawn straight down to the waist, instead of drooping as in front, and a fitted lining holds the whole in place. The sleeves are represented short,—a favorite length for evening wear, with long gloves,—but the pattern is cut full length. French modistes do not line the sleeves with anything stiffer than silk, which they prefer to all other fabrics, and they cut the lining the same size as the outside; but a moderately stiff material is still used by some. The bias girdle can match the waist or contrast with it. The addition of ribbon and more elaborate garniture of lace or *passementerie* would make it very dressy. The pattern is the "Evarina."



**A Favorite Model.**  
EVARINA WAIST.

**A Light Wrap.**

A CONVENIENT, light-weight wrap, something that will afford slight protection against cool breezes, but not heavy enough to be a burden on a warm night, is a necessary and important part of every woman's wardrobe. The variety of fabrics employed for these is endless, and their elaboration is carried often to great extremes. For dressy occasions these are extremely picturesque and very effective, but absurdly conspicuous for street wear or in public vehicles; so for garments that must be worn everywhere, on various occasions, women of taste choose rich black fabrics, or those of quiet monotonous, and trim with handsome *passementerie*, black lace, or abundant ruches of *chiffon* or silk. The cape illustrated is of black brocaded silk, lined with heliotrope satin, and finished around the neck with a full ruche of satin ribbon. The pattern is the "Jacinth," and it is commended also for the wraps which are so frequently made now to match handsome visiting-gowns of grenadine, *crépon*, and silk.



**A Negligée Jacket.**  
THE "BENSONI."

KNIFE-PLAITED lace and ribbon is much used upon hats, often forming the whole brim.

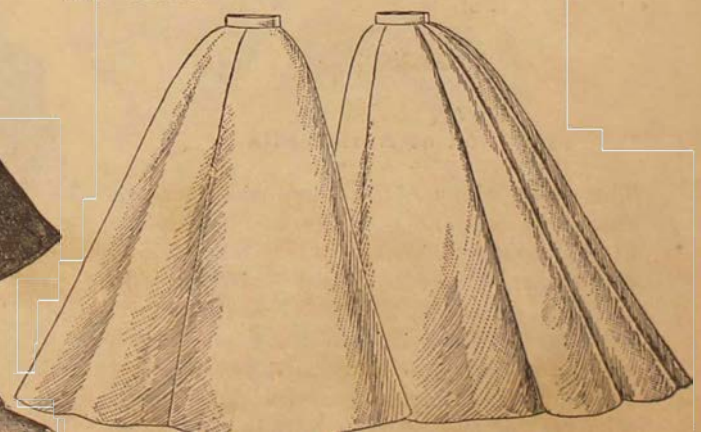
THE NEW COLLARS and cuffs of sheer linen resemble the sets prepared for widows' wear. They are broad and square, and are finished by a wide hem headed by an insertion, and sometimes have a lace frill.

**A Negligée Jacket.**

DELICATE striped challies, India silks, pale-tinted cashmeres, or light *crépons* are the fabrics chosen for these comfortable jackets, which are intended specially for use in one's own room, but can also be worn to the home breakfast-table, and at any time of day by ladies who desire to disguise the outlines of the figure. The back is fitted with the usual seams, and flares well in the skirt. The full front can be of lawn or white India silk, and trimmed with lace or embroidery; batiste, also, is a suitable fabric for the front, and also for the wide revers, which form a sailor collar in the back. The pattern is the "Bensoni"; and it is commended also for the lawn negligées which are so comfortable and convenient for hot summer days.



**A Light Wrap.** JACINTH CAPE.



**A Standard Model.**  
VOLYTA SKIRT. (See Page 480.)

SPANGLED BLACK net over colored silk makes useful and effective waists to wear with black and colored skirts.

**A Standard Model.**

(See Page 479.)

OF the making of skirt patterns there is no end; yet we must still continue to chronicle the fact that, various as are the designs, the aim of all is the same: that is, there is fullness, from an easy, graceful flare, to superabundant, cumbersome flutes, at the bottom, and at the waist they all fit closely across the front and around the hips, with just a little fullness in the back laid in box-plaits. Skilled dress-makers select the pattern according to the material they are using; choosing one with many and narrow gores for narrow fabrics, those with few but broad gores for double-fold stuffs, the fullest patterns for thin, light fabrics, and those of moderate width for cloths. Our June pattern—the "Volyta"—has six gored breadths, and measures five yards and three quarters around the bottom. It is best adapted to double-fold fabrics, as the front breadth is over a yard wide at the

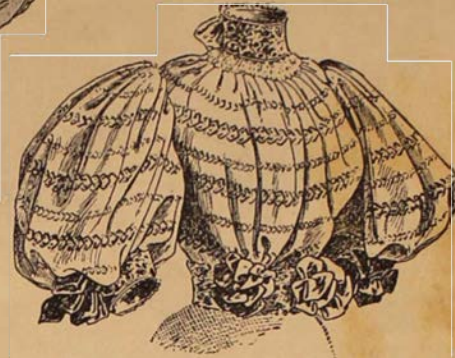


**1. Mousseline de Soie Waist.**

able taffetas are the usual linings, and if haircloth be used at all, it is seldom employed for more than a ten-inch facing. It has become entirely a matter of taste and personal choice whether it be used or not.

**Some Suggestions for Waists.**

No. 1.—Dressy waist for reception and evening wear, of *chiné mousseline de soie* over rose-colored silk, with elbow-sleeves of the silk. The *mousseline* is fulled both front and back, but droops only in front. A full ruche of plaited rose-colored *chiffon* finishes the throat.



**2. Waist of White Chiffon.**

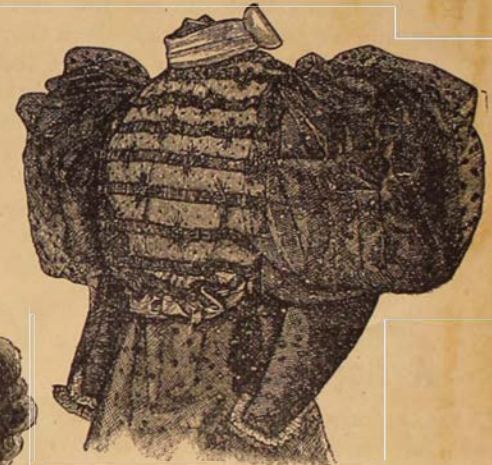
Narrow-brimmed sailor-hat of white chip trimmed with rose-colored *chiffon* and apple-blossoms.

No. 2.—Evening waist of white *chiffon* with insertions of Chantilly lace; girdle, sleeve bands, and collar of steel-spangled *passementerie*, and bows of American Beauty velvet. The design is the same back and front.



**3. Velvet and Satin Waist.**

bottom, and those joining it are forty-eight inches wide.



**6. Jetted Lace Waist.**



**4. Waist of Amber Silk.**

The front edges of the two side-breadths should be cut on a selvedge, and the middle of the front and back breadths on a fold of the goods. There are three *godet* flutes in the back, formed by the back breadth and the side ones joining it, and these are shaped slightly at the bottom so the inner edges of the flutes are shorter than the outer ones. The rest of the fullness falls in easy flutes around the figure. The last word anent interlining and stiffening skirts has yet to be said. It is a debatable subject, and the pros and cons are waged warmly. In the latest importations from Parisienne modistes change-



**5. Waist of Satin, Velvet, and Chiffon.**

No. 3.—Heliotropemirrored velvet and silver-embroidered white satin are the fabrics used for this elegant waist; a plastron of soft, white tulle over



**7. Waist for a Dinner-Gown.**



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 483.)

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



1. Boat-shaped Bonnet.

white satin fills in the front. The back is of the velvet and is drawn smoothly over a fitted lining; and the satin girdle, which is straight

nearly covers the plain ivory satin of the closely fitted, slightly pointed waist.

Summer Millinery.

No. 1.—A very small bonnet with a boat-shaped foundation covered with iridescent passementerie. A bunch of cowslips is placed at each side, and a Rhinestone ornament supporting a black aigrette is placed in front.

No. 2.—Black chip sailor-hat with saucer brim. The trimming surrounds the low brim, and consists of a full double frill and bow of black-and-white striped satin ribbon, and three blackbirds.

No. 3.—A very small, round



2. Chip Sailor-Hat.

behind, is quite covered with embroidery.

No. 4.—A reception waist of amber silk trimmed with Venetian point. The back of the waist is full at the bottom but without lace; the lace is arranged on the back of the sleeves the same as in front.

No. 5.—A becoming waist of pale blue satin, which forms the back and the fronts under the wide white satin revers; the elbow-sleeves and the girdle are of sapphire *miroir* velvet. The full front of white *chiffon* is banded by gold and turquoise passementerie; ruches of pale blue *chiffon* edge the revers, and the stock-collar is of the same, with bunches of forget-me-nots on the sides.

No. 6.—A handsome waist of jetted lace banded with jetted



3. Chiffon Toque.



4. Flower Bonnet.

toque of puffed black *chiffon*, with a rosette of the *chiffon* in front, and a bunch of black daisies with yellow centers, and a black aigrette, at each



7. Black Lace Bonnet.



6. Hat of Lace Straw.



5. Fancy Straw Hat.

side. The remainder of the *toque* is surrounded by a *rouleau* of *chiffon*.

No. 4.—A small, perfectly square shape, covered with wood-violets, and trimmed with three loops of black velvet ribbon on each side, and a jetted ornament with black aigrette in front.

No. 5.—Round hat with low crown and saucer brim, of pink and green fancy straw. The trimming is the same at both sides, and consists of a bow and standing loops of green satin ribbon in front, a white gull's wing at each side, and a ribbon bow at the back, without the standing loops.



9. Brown Straw Hat.

ribbons over white silk. The close lower sleeves can be made removable so that for evenings long gloves can be worn. Collar and girdle of white silk.

No. 7.—A becoming waist for a dinner-gown. The sleeves are of richly brocaded ivory satin, the neck is filled in with Venetian point, and a drape of rose-colored velvet



8. Cream Lace Bonnet.

No. 6.—Hat of yellow lace-straw, the brim lined with black lace and box-plaited all around, the crown surrounded by outstanding loops of yellow gros grain ribbon, and at the left side a cluster and aigrette of blue corn-flowers.

No. 7.—A perfectly round shape covered loosely with black lace and trimmed in front and at the sides with pink roses. At the back is a fall of lace under a jetted ornament and stiff black aigrettes. Black velvet-ribbon strings.

No. 8.—A cap-shaped bonnet of cream-colored lace, with a large Alsacian bow of black velvet in front surmounted by a pink rose, and the lace draped at the back by a rose with foliage.

No. 9.—Round hat of very coarse brown straw, the brim faced with brown velvet. The low crown has a band of brown velvet at the back and sides, and brown *chiffon*, two brown wings, and a *pompon* of yellow *chiffon* is disposed in the manner illustrated.

### Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

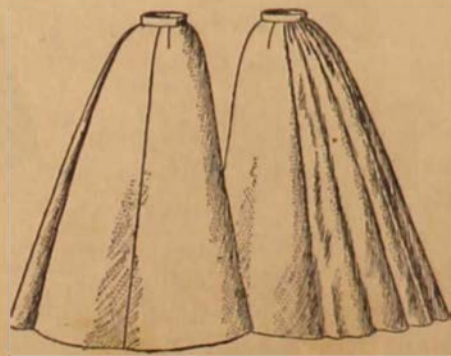
THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances 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.—Black *crépon* gown; blouse front of white satin embroidered with spangles, trimming of Irish lace and black ribbons.
- 2.—Princess house-gown of tan-colored *crépon* and sapphire velvet.
- 3.—Bow-knot brooch set with diamonds.
- 4.—Reception-gown of heliotrope silk with panels of guipure over amber silk, and embroidery of iridescent spangles. Full front or jetted *chiffon* over heliotrope silk. Girdle and rosettes of black velvet, and toque of panes and black lace.
- 5.—House-gown of pale blue cashmere trimmed with jet and black velvet.
- 6.—Green-enameled bow-knot brooch set with diamonds.
- 7.—Blue-and-green changeable *crépon* gown with sleeves and yoke of polka-dotted green velvet.
- 8.—Gown of novelty cloth of green with heliotrope dashes combined with silk of darker shades; band of dark green velvet around the skirt, and embroidery of iridescent spangles.
- 9.—Moonstone sleeve-links set with diamonds.
- 10.—Diamond-set brooch.
- 11.—Black lace hat trimmed with many blackbirds' wings and a black aigrette.
- 12.—Diamond star brooch.
- 13.—Black chip hat trimmed with ropes of velvet and ostrich-feathers; clusters of carnations beneath the brim.
- 14.—Diamond-set brooch.
- 15.—Gown of illuminated mohair; slashed waist showing dark blue silk lining.
- 16.—Parasol of black *point d'esprit*.
- 17.—Diamond crescent brooch with three sapphires.
- 18.—Corsage of *chiné mousseline de soie* over rose-colored silk, trimmed with ruches of black lace and spangled bands. Black lace hat, trimmed with roses and jet.
- 19.—Gold brooch set with pearls.
- 20.—Brooch set with diamonds and rubies.
- 21.—White *chiffon* parasol, trimmed with black lace.
- 22.—Dark blue *crépon* gown, with sleeves and vest of gayly plaided taffeta, and chemisette of tucked mull.
- 23.—Reception-gown of fancy silk or *crépon*, trimmed with lace and having a yoke of black satin folds.
- 24.—Marquise ring set with diamonds and sapphires.
- 25.—Pearl and diamond pendant.
- 26.—Visiting and reception gown of striped taffeta, with shoulder-cape of black guipure lined with heliotrope satin and fastened with bows and long ends of black satin ribbon. A good model for all summer silks.
- 27.—Corsage of silk reception-gown, trimmed with bands of jet and spangles, and opening over a chemisette of white *chiffon*.
- 28.—A handsome model for reception and visiting gowns of silk or *crépon*. Silver-gray silk is the material shown, trimmed with black velvet, white lace, and bands of steel spangles.

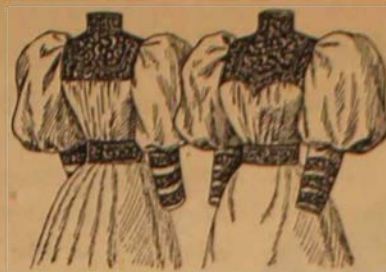
### Standard Patterns.



Carroll Circle.



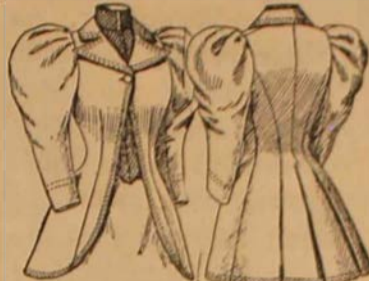
Mayfair Skirt.



Linville Waist.



Winstanly Waist.



Berkshire Coat.



Yachting or Tennis Shirt.



Chilton Waist.



Ereen Jacket.



Carmine Jacket-Waist.



Oriel Dress.



Sailor Cap.



Alido Reefer.



Corneta Waist.



Elaine Dress.



Primrose Dress.



Pilar Dress.

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.



**A Neat Gingham Gown.**

THIS model is commended to mothers for the everyday gowns of gingham, Chambéry, Irish lawn, etc., of which every growing girl needs a generous supply. As their beauty depends upon their freshness and daintiness, it is better to make such gowns with extreme simplicity, so that the task of laundering them be made as easy as possible. Pale blue gingham barred off

**A Neat Gingham Gown.**  
THE "OGARITA."

with thread stripes of red and dark blue is the fabric of the frock shown. Dark blue Chambéry is used for the collar, cuffs, box-plait, and belt, and the ruffles may be of embroidered lawn or the gown fabric; or the ruffles may be omitted entirely, and the yoke simply finished with a narrow insertion or a bias band of the plain fabric. The waist is the same back and front, and the skirt is composed of straight breadths, and may measure from three and a half to four yards round. The waist pattern is the "Ogarita," and it is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.



**A Dainty Summer Frock.**  
THE "ELLALINE."

**A Dainty Summer Frock.**

STRIPED India silk—white with pink—is the fabric of this charming little frock. The skirt is made of straight breadths, is unlined, finished at the bottom with a deep hem, and measures about three yards around. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place, allowing it to droop in an easy and modish way in front, where the black velvet girdle is tied in a bow. The yoke is of tucked nainsook or mull with embroidered insertion, and a ruffle of plat Valenciennes or Bruges lace finishes the edge. The model is commended for challies, organdies, and mulls; and, omitting the lace, is suitable for plain gingham and Chambéry. The pattern is the "Ellaline," and it is in sizes for ten and twelve years.

**For Everyday.**

THIS is a convenient model for many uses and many fabrics, but is especially adapted to the light wools used for school and traveling frocks, and for seaside and mountain gowns where cotton fabrics are of so little service. Any of the pin-head checks of soft wool, serge, and light-weight tweeds and cheviots are suitable and serviceable



**A Taffeta Waist.**  
THE "THERLA."

fabrics; dark blue serge trimmed with black and white soutache, tan and green checks with brown, dark red with black, and black-and-white checks with gayly-plaided soutache, are all good combinations. The skirt is of straight breadths. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place, and the shoulder trimming, having much the effect of a cape, is the same in the back as in front. The pattern is the "Kilda," in sizes for eight and ten years.



**For Everyday.**  
KILDA DRESS.

COATS for the little people are of *crépon*, cashmere, or silk, made in "Mother Hubbard" fashion, like those worn last winter, and covering the gown; shoulder trimmings are simple, but the sleeves as large as ever.



**A Useful Frock.**  
THE "CLILIE."

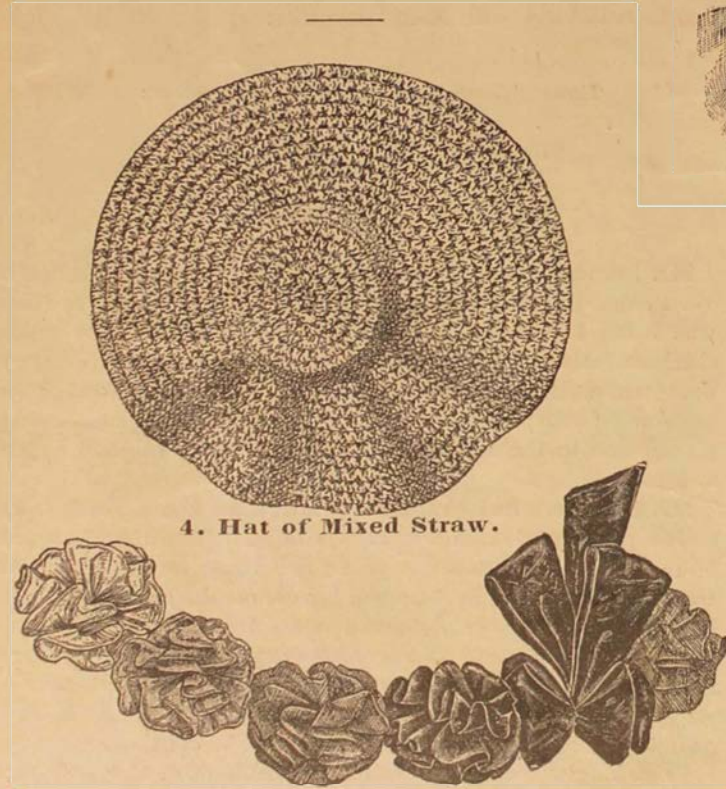


1. Black Straw Hat.

ing waist. It is full at the top and bottom in the back as in front, and a fitted lining holds the fullness in place. A bias band of dark blue velvet forms the front of the girde and collar, the back being finished with folds of the silk, and joined to the velvet under bows. The pattern is the "Therla," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years; and it is commended for all light summer fabrics, being especially suitable for organdies and mulls, with which ribbon may be used instead of velvet.



2. Fancy Straw Hat.



4. Hat of Mixed Straw.

5. Trimming for No. 4.

A Useful Frock.

A NEAT gown of striped gingham with yoke and sleeve-caps of plain Chambéry or lawn, and trimmed with insertion, braid, or feather-stitching. The full, straight breadths of the skirt are sewed directly to the yoke, and the back is like the front. Simple wool gowns for everyday and street wear can also be made by this pattern; the skirts should be unlined and finished only with a deep hem. The pattern is the "Clilie," in sizes for four and six years.

A Taffeta Waist.

CHANGEABLE and brocaded taffeta, in blue and old gold, is the fabric of this simple and becoming

Hats for Girls.

No. 1.—Brown straw sailor-hat trimmed with black-and-white striped satin ribbon.

No. 2.—A dainty summer hat of fancy natural-colored straw, trimmed with white mull edged with Valenciennes lace.

No. 3.—A very dressy hat, made of accor-dion-plaited lace over a fluted net foundation, with a full pompon of the lace mingled with poppies placed in the middle and giving the effect of a crown.

Nos. 4 and 5.—A very simple and becoming shape of fancy red-and-blue straw, which may be worn with a flat brim, or with the brim shaped into any becoming outline. The fluted portion can be worn back or front. This is appropriately trimmed with rosettes of

red and blue *chiffon* and a bow of black velvet, as shown in No. 5, the velvet bow to be placed upright at one side.



3. Hat of Plaited Mull.

FOUR-BUTTON *glacé* gloves in tan and modes with wide stitching, either self-colored or black, are the general choice for everyday wear, and are displacing the russet shades

so much worn during the winter. Long, loose mousquetaires of *Suede* in pearl, white, and very faint grays, are worn with the demi-sleeves, for evening, garden parties, etc. The gloves should meet the sleeves, it being very bad form to show a band of the naked arm between.

MILLINERY is fantastic beyond precedent. Some hats are enormous in size, the aim being, it is said, to balance the extreme breadth of sleeve, and whole gardens of flowers nod around their crowns. Even bonnets are broadening and expanding in the greed to mass together more of the season's beautiful trimmings. Never were so many kinds of things mingled together. Fur is about the only thing not seen on the new hats. Some are such eccentric structures of flaunting, glittering, gauzy wings projecting in every direction that they resemble enormous bugs.

COATS, BLAZERS, AND JACKETS for outing suits are in great variety, so that every taste and figure can be suited. It seems about decided that the blazer and jacket will be always with us, for their convenience is so great that no novelty succeeds in displacing them for more than a brief season. New cuts have returned to the short-skirted effects which experience proves the most comfortable and practical. The Norfolk jacket is revived with just sufficient change to suggest newness, and while it is very trig on slender women, those inclined to *embonpoint* also find it becoming, for the plaits extend flatly down the length of the short skirt, giving it no added fullness. The swellest jackets of the Eton family are lengthened in the back by flaring skirts eight or ten inches in depth, and there is a great fancy for plaited mull blouse-fronts having many frills of yellow Valenciennes edging.

## W. Jennings Demorest,

REFORMER, PROHIBITIONIST, AND PUBLISHER.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, the founder, senior editor, and publisher of this Magazine, succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, after a short illness, on Tuesday, April the ninth, at two o'clock A. M.

Mr. Demorest was a New Yorker by birth, although both his parents were natives of New Jersey; and both were active, public-spirited participants in church and progressive work. Their son William Jennings was born June 10, 1822, and was therefore nearly seventy-three years old at the time of his death. He was intended by his mother for the ministry; but an extremely active temperament and a genius for affairs seemed to mark out another career, and he had had a considerable experience in the dry-goods trade and other pursuits before entering upon the real business of his life as a publisher.

His career as a publisher dates back to 1860, when he purchased the New York Illustrated News, which he finally consolidated with another periodical, the Mirror of Fashions, in Demorest's Family Magazine, in 1864. During the war he published an illustrated comic paper aimed principally against slavery, which was discontinued when emancipation was proclaimed. In connection with Demorest's Family Magazine, he published for a number of years Young America. This magazine for the young was based upon the original idea of providing absolutely truthful and natural stories, sketches, and illustrations for young readers, and to interest them in the live topics of the day. It was discontinued because of the growth and accumulation of what seemed more serious and important interests. He also published a number of other periodicals.

Mr. Demorest was a born leader, and the personal friend and coadjutor of many noted abolitionists, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Cheever, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, and others. When the anti-slavery movement had achieved its purpose he transferred his active efforts to temperance work, and especially to the Prohibition movement, which he espoused with all the ardor of conviction and devotion. He organized the National Prohibition Bureau in 1885, and later, the Constitutional League, through which he had determined to press to the Supreme Court a case that should test the constitutionality of liquor license and liquor tax laws. He not only gave time and his own labor to the cause, but he sustained a corps of workers, and contributed liberally to Prohibition work all over the world, wherever the Prohibition movement had gained a foothold.

But perhaps the work for Prohibition with which Mr. Demorest's name is most widely associated is the Demorest Medal Contest system, which he organized in 1886. This system consists, as most of the readers of Demorest's Magazine know, of a series of recitals, or elocutionary contests, for silver, gold, and diamond-studded medals. The recitations are Prohibition pieces, prose and poetry, and are a potent means of educating young people in Prohibition work, and interesting them permanently in the Prohibition movement. The plan succeeded beyond his anticipation. Mr. Demorest gave away upwards of forty thousand of these medals; the Demorest Medal Contests are now a recognized part of the Prohibition work everywhere, and medals are sent free to contestants all over the world. The motto of the enterprise is "From Contest to Conquest."

Mr. Demorest was the Prohibition candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and also for other offices; and was

the recipient of distinguished honors both abroad and at home. In Glasgow, the London Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance gave a magnificent reception to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Demorest during one of their visits abroad, and praised the good work done in that city by the prize medals, and their educational influence upon children.

One peculiar quality of Mr. Demorest as a man should be emphasized. Though a leader, and a most uncompromising one, there was nothing aggressive in his manner or disposition. He was always kind, appreciative, and sympathetic, his wide experience of life aiding the natural evenness of temper, rather than temperament. He was also a human as well as humane man. He exhibited none of the pride of sex. Men were men, women were women; the latter entitled to a little more consideration, perhaps, but no less opportunity. I do not think question of superiority or inferiority ever entered his mind, so far as sex was concerned.

His home life was exceptionally happy. He was a most loyal, devoted, and affectionate husband and father, domestic in his tastes, and with no interests outside his family, his business, and his reform work. He was hospitable in his home, and never so happy as when his family and friends were gathered about him. Few lives have ended at a point where all the fullness seemed to have rounded into so perfect a sunset of content. Some loss of old-time strength and vigor had been felt, but no symptom of decay or cutting off of any public or private interest presaged departure. Yet he was calm and peaceful at the last, and not unwilling to go. Life had brought him all that it could, he had nothing more to ask for; his work had been done to the best of his ability, and he could say with Mrs. Barbauld:

"Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime  
Bid me 'Good morning.'"

Mr. Demorest was twice married. His first wife, Margaret W. Poole, died in 1857; his second wife, who survives him, was Ellen L. Curtis, of Saratoga Springs. He leaves four children, all happily married. He was never more happy than when surrounded by children. He had an odd little fashion of carrying pretty little rings in his pocket and giving one to the little child of any friend he might happen to meet.

Mr. Demorest had practically retired for some years from active participation in business affairs. The management of the Magazine was some years ago transferred to his son Henry C. Demorest, by whom it is now conducted; and other business interests were looked after by his younger son, William C. Demorest. No business cares or anxieties, therefore, disturbed his last days. His life went out without a struggle, and with only loving expressions of faith and confidence. Who can doubt that it will be continued?

From England came the following cablegram the morning after his death:

"We mourn a leader passed from 'Contest to Conquest.'"

"WILLARD.—SOMERSET.—GORDON."

The following resolutions, accompanied by a letter from the mayor, were received from the Prohibition town of Demorest, in Georgia, named after the advocate of their cause:

"CITY COUNCIL.

"DEMOREST, GA., April 10, 1895.

"Whereas, We learn with great grief and surprise of the death of our honored friend W. Jennings Demorest, therefore be it



*Resolved*, By the mayor and council in special session as citizens of the City of Demorest, we mourn with all who have known and loved W. Jennings Demorest as the staunch friend of temperance and morality, and do extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family, commending them in this sad hour to Him who alone can afford consolation in the time of death and separation.

*Resolved*, That we mingle our tears with theirs, yet rejoice in the inspiring assurance that he shall live again when Christ shall come to his kingdom, and that the warm compassion of his life, the lofty patriotism, the unswerving loyalty to principle, the broad philanthropy, the multiplied benevolences, and the unselfish devotion to the work of promoting human weal, which have made his earthly career so full of blessings to his race and kind, make certain a fuller measure of glory and renown in the life to come.

*Resolved*, That in the death of W. Jennings Demorest this nation has lost an honored citizen, the world a benefactor, the unfortunate a helpful friend,—one whose example we can safely commend and emulate.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on record, and one sent to the bereaved family.

“W. F. CHRISLER, Mayor.  
“N. E. OVERMAN, Clerk.”

To these significant memorials is added, out of innumerable letters, telegrams, and expressions of sorrow, a letter from the venerable Neal Dow of Maine, which will have world-wide interest:

“PORTLAND, April 18, 1895.

“MY DEAR MRS. DEMOREST :

“I do not know how to approach the great calamity which has befallen you and your family.

“No words can convey to you the sorrow which I feel for you and yours, at the sudden death of your husband, by which I was stunned, when my friend Mr. Shirley informed me of it, as I was in the early morning when I received the telegram announcing the death of President Lincoln.

“This great misfortune has not only touched his large circle of friends, but seems to me to be an irreparable misfortune to the great cause which he had so much at heart, and which so much depended upon him for its success. There is no one engaged in the temperance cause who could not be better spared than he from the great work of carrying it on to final success.

“I sympathize with you and yours very deeply in this great affliction, and pray God to support you in this hour which seems so dark to those who know not of the ways of our Heavenly Father's dealing with his people.

“Very truly yours,

“NEAL DOW.”

One very near to him says :

“Only one knowing Mr. Demorest most intimately could be aware how perfectly transparent his life was. He could not in the least affect to be or to say what he was not at heart. His really ‘white life’ was aptly described by Mr. J. H. Johnson when he said, ‘He lived up to his convictions as not one man in a thousand does.’

“It will be seen that he started right when it is remembered that in his early teens the need of temperance work took deep hold of his heart. The first temperance address he ever heard impressed him deeply; and under the inspiration of it, on his way home he wrote on the coal-box of a grocer who sold liquors, ‘Hell fire sold here.’ The owner endeavored to frighten him by all sorts of threats, but he persisted in writing it again and again. He had heard of the dangers of moderation and taken the pledge of total abstinence; and thenceforth he stood for the principle, zealously doing with his might what he found to do in the cause. Later on, as correspondent of the Church Mission in a Southern field, he learned the need of work in many lives beyond his own surroundings.

“He held himself as strictly to the divine law of purity and uprightness in life, as he felt it to be the duty of others to keep these laws; and a pledge once taken was never violated. Everyone who knew him at all knew where to find him on all moral questions; and morals with him pervaded everything in this life. Never a coarse word or jest came from his lips, and nothing approaching profanity in his presence was allowed to pass without rebuke.

“Enjoying immensely the best things on earth, he seemed never to forget that many so-called pleasures unfit one for his best endeavors here, while others scar soul and body for time and eternity. Feeling thus for himself he cared for those who toy with temptations and who drift without anchor of principle or pledge to hold them in time of danger. Such was the man when the new doctrine of the total suppression of the drink traffic came up. Why wonder that the right to prevent the misery and the crimes of the drink curse appealed to him as it did to few others?

“Devotion to the cause followed when convinced of the right to prohibit the traffic; but his whole heart was sick, years ago, when the continued support of the churches of all denominations was given to license the traffic,

and so make legal the ruinous work by the direct ballots of the voting church. He, at least, could not pray ‘Lead me not into temptation’ and then vote to open the pitfalls of death for the feet of others to stumble into.”

The funeral took place on Friday, April 12, from the Reformed Church on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, not a stone's throw from his residence. The coffin was covered with a pall of violets fringed with lilies of the valley, the chancel was laden with offerings of white roses, orchids, and lilies of the valley, and there were many other testimonials of which it would be sacrilege to speak. When those who wished to take a last look upon the face so many knew and loved passed before the altar, the spectacle of grief was both touching and sincere.

Details like these are not written for the general public, but for the readers of this Magazine, many of whom have been in more or less sympathetic communication with Mr. Demorest for thirty-five years; and to the writer, who has lost a friend of half the length of time allotted to the life of man, they do not seem out of place.

JENNY JUNE.

### Memorial Lines on the Death of W. Jennings Demorest.

In the Lenten time, when skies are gray,  
Our loved and revered one passed away.  
His work is o'er; he has done his part  
For the cause he loved with all his heart.

He was calm with hope when death drew nigh;  
He had made his peace with God on high.  
He had “kept the faith” with a steadfast soul;  
He had finished his course; he has reached the goal.

The man we mourn was the friend of right;  
His life was spent in search of light.  
Firm on the Christian rock he stood,  
Fighting for right and the public good.

His battle-cry, when a beardless youth,  
Was “Freedom, temperance, right, and truth;”  
Then, “Prohibition!” of sacred laws,  
The highest form of the temperance cause.

He loved the world with its griefs and joys;  
He loved the children, the girls and boys;  
But those were dearest who won from him  
Precious medals that will never dim.

North and South and East and West,  
These emblems deck many a youthful breast,  
And hearts glow with love for the noble man  
Who marshaled them in Prohibition's van.

Heaven bless his wife and his children dear,  
Whom he loved so well when he tarried here.  
Their loved one has, somehow, slipped away,  
Into the light of eternal day.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

## The Great War of the Nineteenth Century.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

(Written just before his death.)

WAR, war, a disastrous and most horrible civil war, of a far-reaching character, is now raging and deluging the land with fearful atrocities. A horde of piratical, mercenary beings, miscalled men, have taken possession of the best portions of our fair land, and, by the actual consent of the people having control, have barricaded their defences by pretexts of restrictions; and under the garb of law and judicial authority, scorning all obligations of morals or religion, these miscreants are now dealing out death and destruction in the most reckless manner.

The effects of this struggle darken the land with crime, and reach every interest of society. To make the war more terrible, a large portion of the people, seemingly inspired with a treachery of the most diabolical character, are either in sympathy or in direct complicity with these desperate and unscrupulous enemies; hence treason of the most dastardly character is stalking through the land, showing its hydra-head of horrors to intimidate and frustrate all the humane and efficient means which have been suggested to overcome this infernal attempt to subvert all human and divine law, and thus destroy the virtuous influence and religious convictions that are essential for peace and security.

The awful scenes of violence, the criminal tendencies, bodily suffering, and the terrible destruction of life and property, already caused by this war, are of the most stupendous and desperate character, and have no parallel in history. Continuous violent outrages, murder and death in the most ghastly forms, are met everywhere in the path of this war's progress. Thousands and thousands of the slain during the past few months have covered the numerous fields of battle, their lives taken in the most shocking manner; and there are many more thousands who still live, though wounded in such a way as to leave them almost demented, scattered over the country in the lingering agonies of torture, with an unnatural craving for relief. And to make the horrors of this war still more terrible, and the suffering of the surviving victims more excruciatingly miserable, these unfeeling, dastardly enemies have a method of poisoning by which they make their victim partially delirious and so wild with a pleasurable excitement that he willingly puts himself in the way of danger.

The ammunition which contains this poison, when it enters the body makes it subject to permanent and ineradicable diseases, which, while it gives an all too temporary pleasurable exhilaration, curses its victim with awful tendencies of a criminal character, which are followed by fearful suffering. The terrible effects of these wounds are also transmitted to their posterity, so that the awful horrors of this struggle, and the weak attempts and utter inability of the victims to save themselves from the enemy's destructive methods are overwhelming.

The horrors of this war, and its effects on the minds, lives, and property of the people, are not susceptible of any adequate description, nor can the desperate character of the enemy be fully appreciated by any knowledge we may have of human depravity. We can simply say, It is horrible! The agony and tears of widowed wives and beggared, homeless children are now filling the land, while their despairing cries and pathetic condition claim our sympathy. No one with a spark of humanity could fail to have his feelings aroused and harrowed with the piteous appeals of these victims, who are found everywhere, often in an agony of despair.

To make this war even more hideous and despicable, nearly the whole community, in its treacherous toleration or

actual complicity with this desperate rebellion, is trying to deny or evade the question of its personal responsibility, most persons absolutely refusing to make any effort, even, for their own deliverance or the safety of their families, and not even willing to be told or reminded of the only method through which relief could come.

Besides, the most insidious means have been taken by numerous mistaken citizens to mislead and pervert the minds of the people, and they have also been assisted by many mercenary traitors who occupy high and responsible positions in the government; and conspiring with them are a large number of those who are the oracles of the people's religious professions, who, as teachers, have control of the convictions of the people, and have misled and contaminated their minds by sophistical arguments as to the character and designs of the enemy. And in their blasphemous utterances some of these teachers charge God with having made and furnished the ammunition by which this cruel, deadly war is carried on; and these enemies even use this poisonous ammunition as an emblem of good will, a holy sacrament to inspire their devotions. Thus we find most of the people at the present time are in a state of shameless doubt, apathy, and selfish indifference regarding their personal obligations to interfere with the progress of the war.

The dark and dismal clouds of uncertainty resulting from the criminal complicity with this terrible, internecine strife preclude any hope in any method that may be adopted short of an entire revolution of moral sentiment among conscientious minds, and indignant condemnation of the war; otherwise the whole country, with all its prestige of successful progress, will be engulfed in the maelstrom of destruction which now threatens to destroy every vestige of our civilization, leaving little hope of resurrection.

This war, this terrible tornado of vile passion and clashing interest, is destined to be a fearful struggle. The terrible carnage now in progress, and the selfish passions involved, have made it a successful raid on the business and commercial interests of our whole community, causing hard times and a depression in every branch of trade, and an uncertainty in all departments of the people's industries.

The war has already darkened very many peaceful homes with its awful ravages, and the people are so demoralized with either passion or indifference that every sentiment of a humane or virtuous aspiration is well-nigh obliterated from their minds; and yet, it is evident that all the questions of safety, morals, virtue, humanity, and self-protection, must be called into action to avert the awful desolation that now threatens the morals of the people and the stability of the government. At present, all the lives and the material interests of the country are jeopardized, and every humane feeling and sentiment of humanity is involved in this terrible struggle.

What the final outcome of this war will be is a question of the most momentous importance, as on its proper settlement hangs the destiny of the country; every material interest, every sentiment of a moral character, in fact our whole civilization, is in jeopardy.

What is now wanted to save the country from being entirely overrun and devastated by this horde of lawless, unconscionable rebels, is an honest and enthusiastic marshaling of the moral forces of the people into an intelligent, determined onslaught on the fortifications of the enemy, leaving no barricades or defences of prejudices or sophistical arguments to justify their terrible war on the people. The flimsy pretexts of personal rights, or the claims of these rebels to personal liberty, must be swept aside by the imperative demand of the people for protection and security, which must come through the application of law enforced by men who cannot be bribed to wink at treason.

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.

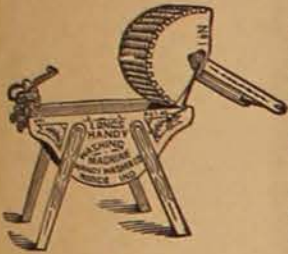


**LINDEN BLOOM SOUVENIR BOOKLET,  
"How to Choose  
and use PERFUMES"**

Interests and instructs in TOILET CULTURE. New edition for 1895 contains additional recipes for care of complexion. Send 4 cts. postage for booklet and FREE Sample Face Powder. 1 oz. Linden Bloom Perfume 50 cents by mail, or of druggists.

FOOTE & JENKS, Jackson, Mich.

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



**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.

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 FEATHERBONE CO.,**  
THREE OAKS, MICHIGAN.

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.

**WHAT SIZE COLLAR DO YOU WEAR?** Send us your number and 10c. and receive by mail one warranted 4-ply collar, latest style, standing or turn down. Catalogue of clothing free. We dress you like a gentleman and save you \$10 on a suit.  
**POTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE, Chicago.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Household.**

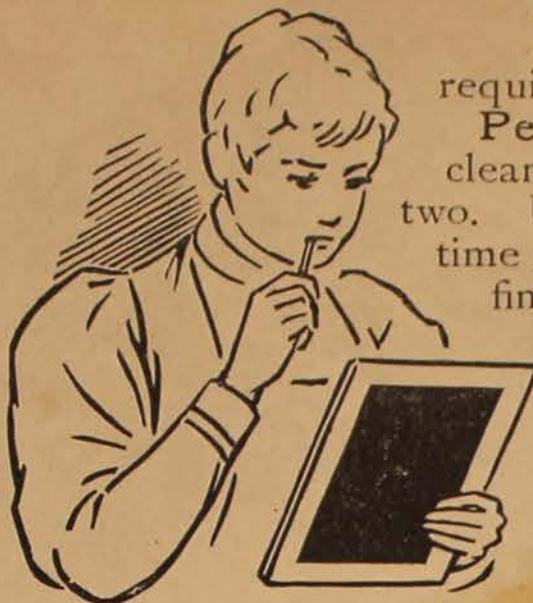
(Continued from Page 476.)

**Some Strawberry Sweets.**

THERE hardly lives in America the man, woman, or child who does not hail with delight the pleasant spring and early summer days that bring to us, among other good things, the toothsome strawberry shortcake. Of course, it goes without saying, that every man's mother makes the best shortcake ever eaten; but there are some young wives who are striving hard to equal the skill of those famous cooks who are always held up to them as models, and they will be glad to have some good receipts that have won the favor of experienced housewives.

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, No. 1.**—Sift two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one quart of flour, add a half-spoonful of salt, and, if desired, one of sugar,—some people do not like a sweetened shortcake. Rub into the flour a half-cupful of sweet butter, and then add by degrees enough sweet milk or water to make a soft dough; roll out large enough to make four thin layers in a round baking-pan, and butter each layer and sprinkle a little flour over it before adding the next layer. This enables you to separate the layers, and

(Continued on page 491.)



**To find the time**

required to clean your house with **Pearline**, take the time required to clean it last with soap, and divide by two. Use **Pearline**, and save half your time and half your labor—then you can find time to do something else besides work.

**Pearline** will clean your carpets without taking them up.

It will clean everything. From the kitchen floor to the daintiest bric-a-brac, there's nothing in sight that isn't cleaned

best with **Pearline**. It saves rubbing.

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

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.

**There is Only ONE**

**Soapine**

**WHALE** *Kendall Mfg. Co.'s Trade Mark.*  
*On Every Package. Established 1827. Providence, R. I.*

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.



## Tapestry Paintings.

2000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including gold-medalists of the Paris Salon.

*Send for Circular!*

## Decorations.

Write for color schemes; designs; estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color-harmony. Relief; stained glass; wall paper; carpets; furniture; draperies; etc.

*Send for Circular!*

## Wall Papers.

Spring styles. Original designs by gold-medal artists, from 3 cents per roll up. Samples, 10 cents.

*Send for Circular!*

## Tapestry Materials.

We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of 35 samples, 10 cents.

*Send for Circular!*

## School.

Six 3-hour tapestry-painting lessons, in studio, \$5.00. By mail, \$1.00 per lesson. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils.

*Send for Circular!*

**J. F. DOUTHITT,**

**American Tapestry & Decorative Co., 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

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 489.)

is easier than splitting the cake to put in the fruit. Fifteen minutes' baking should cook it to a turn; turn it out upside down, so the top layer will again be on top, and after buttering each layer, spread them generously with strawberries—don't mash them, but cut large ones in two—and sprinkle with fine sugar. It has a very ornamental effect to spread a thin *meringue* over the upper crust and stick it full of selected berries.

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, No. 2.**—Put two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one and a half saltspoonfuls of salt in a pint of flour and sift all together; work into the flour a half-cupful of cold, fresh butter; add gradually a half-pint of sweet milk, mixing with a knife as deftly and quickly as possible, for that is what makes light dough; dredge your molding-board with flour before turning the dough upon it, and roll out to a half-inch thickness. Bake in two layers,—buttering and flouring the under one, as before mentioned,—or in separate tins, as preferred. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a quick oven. Cut the strawberries in two just before spreading them on the cake, sprinkle with sugar, and pour over a little cream if you have it. Serve immediately.

**STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE.**—Line the sides of a two-quart mold with slices of sponge-cake or lady's fingers; cover the bottom of the mold with fresh strawberries, and fill it with stiffly whipped cream, a thick boiled custard, or Bavarian cream. Let it stand on the ice for several hours before serving.

### Strawberry Sun-Preserves.

THIS method may seem a tedious one to the woman who is always in a hurry, but the superior excellence of the fruit treated this way more than compensates for the time spent. The berries will be as clear as crystal, of fine color, and good shape.

To every pound of strawberries allow three fourths of a pound of sugar, add enough water to the sugar to keep it from burning, and put over the fire to melt. Take it off as soon as it is a clear syrup, and pour it over the fruit already spread in shallow dishes; cover with glass and set the dishes in the sun. Let the fruit stand exposed to Sol's rays for two days, stirring occasionally; then pour off the syrup and boil it again, adding a piece of alum as large

(Continued on page 492.)

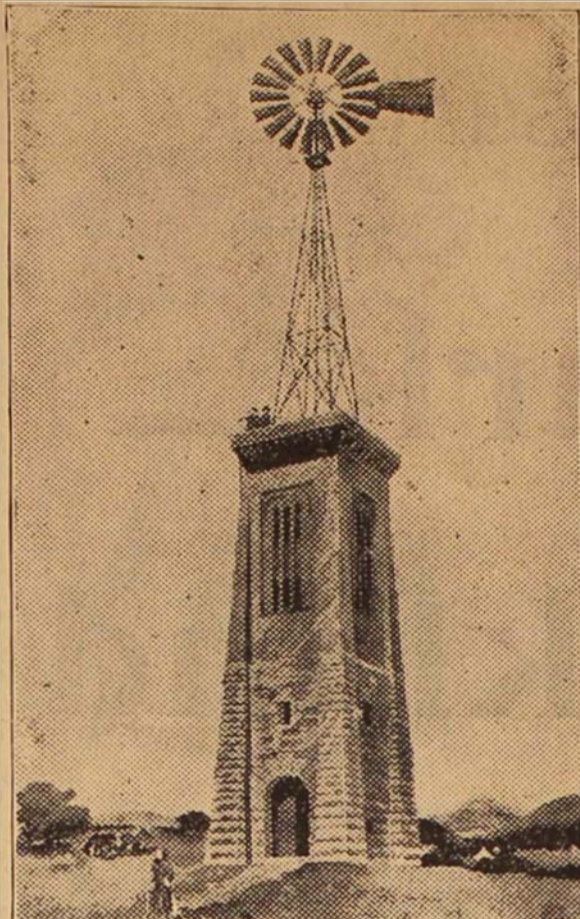
### Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

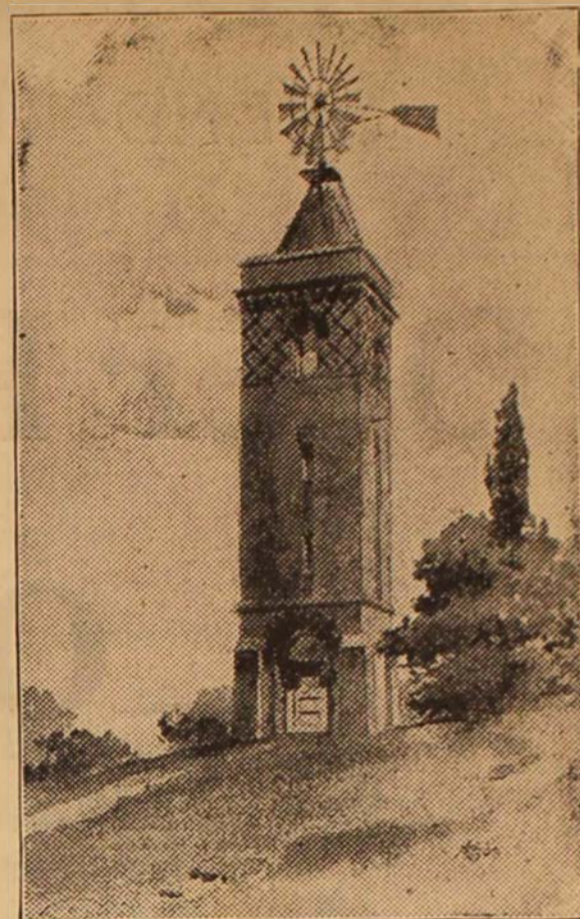
An important improvement in ladies' clothing which is attracting a good deal of attention comes from Rochester, N. Y., and is nothing less than a new system of wearing dress shields.

The Eureka Patent Corset Cover is a handsome trimmed muslin waist having open pockets under the arms for holding shields. Light shields are inserted and the perspiration is taken up by the muslin pockets. Shields are readily removed when the garment is sent to the laundry. No stitching is required. A lady wearing this garment can put on any dress waist or shirt waist without further trouble with shields. A full description of this garment will be found in our advertising columns.

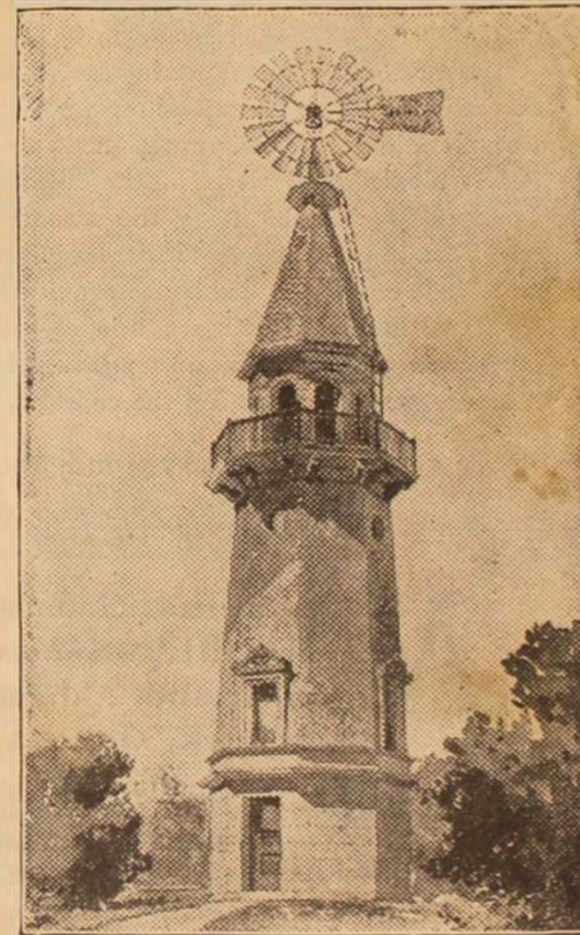
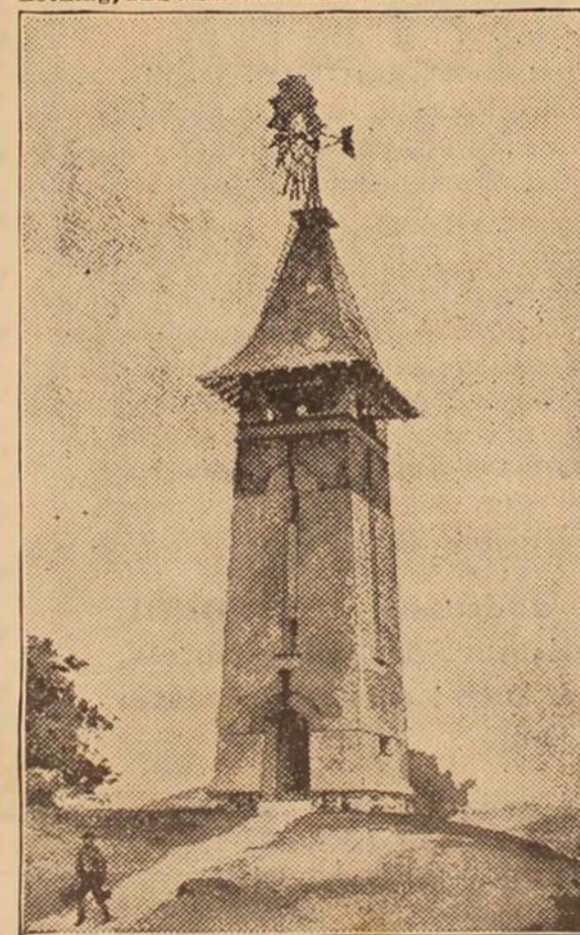
Storm Serges have always been and always will be used for outing costumes and yachting suits. A later use they are put to is for bicycling suits. Formerly they would spot when exposed to rain or wind, but any lady who wishes to avoid such annoyance can do so by buying a serge especially finished by the Pluette Company, and can be sure she gets the genuine article only if Pluette is stamped on the back of the fabric. The Pluette Serges are waterproof, and are much preferable to a mackintosh, as they are porous. A mackintosh-shaped garment made from Pluette Serge and lined with a silk and wool plaid makes a handsome and useful garment.



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.

**DRESS THAT BOY OF YOURS** in one of our **NOBBY COMBINATION SUITS.** Includes one full suit, strictly all wool, extra pair of pants and Stanley cap. Prices, \$3.50 to \$6.50. Sent C.O.D. with privilege of trying on before paying. For 2-cent stamp we send catalogue, samples of cloth, and rules for measuring. **PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE, Chicago.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**CARD PRINTER FREE**  
Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker; worth \$1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains.  
**R. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SACENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL STEEL CEILINGS and SIDE WALL FINISH.** 4 LIBERTY SQUARE, ROOM 36, BOSTON, MASS.

Catalogue, prices, and estimates, on application.  
**THE PENN IRON ROOFING & COR. CO., (Ltd.)**  
Sole Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.  
28d and Hamilton Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**LYRACELO**—An Æolian 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.

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.

SPEND THE SUMMER

—AT—

Deer Park

—OR—

Oakland

On the Crest of the Alleghanies  
3,000 Feet Above Tide-Water

\*\*\*\*\*

SEASON OPENS JUNE 22d, 1895

\*\*\*\*\*

These famous mountain-resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies, and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

The houses and grounds are lighted by electricity. Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming-pools are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and suitable grounds for lawn-tennis; there are bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tallyho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health, or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location

ALL communications should be addressed to **GEORGE D. DESHIELDS**, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.

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

**Maverley 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.

**WRINGING WET**

Clothes is a part of every wash. Does your wringer wring dry? Do the rolls wear well? Be sure on both these points, when purchasing a Wringer, by insisting on having the **WARRANTED ROLLS** of the **AMERICAN WRINGER CO.**, the largest manufacturers of Wringers and Rolls in the world, with a capital of **\$2,500,000** back of their warrant. See our name and warrant stamped on Rolls. Books of useful wringer information **FREE**. Address **99 Chambers Street, New York.**

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



(Continued from page 491.)

as two good-sized peas, to clear it. Pour the hot syrup over the berries, and again sun them for a day. The next day pour all into the preserving-kettle and cook until the berries fill out and grow plump-looking. Then again set in the sun for one day; the next day put in jars and seal. There is not very much work about this method, after all, but it takes time, and cannot be hurried. The reason for using glass over the berries is chiefly to draw extra heat; but it will also keep them from dust and flies, and so fulfil a double mission. If you have never tried this way of preparing this most delicious of all fruits you will not regret it if you do so now.

ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

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.

"L. E. N."—Your letter was too late for reply in an earlier number.—Get fancy taffeta—tan or brown with flecks of green or blue—or natural pongee to put with your sage-green velours gown.

"EXERCISE."—The book about which you inquire can be ordered through your own bookseller, or you can send to the American News Co., New York City, for it.

"TEXAS."—"George Eliot" was the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Marian (Evans Lewes) Cross. She was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1819, and died in London, Dec. 22, 1880. She is numbered among the truly great writers of the Victorian age.

(Continued on page 493.)

**FOOT POWER LATHES**

For Electrical and Experimental Work.  
For Gunsmiths & Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work.  
High grade tools; elegant in design, superior in construction. The best foot power lathes made, and quality considered, the cheapest. Send for catalogue and prices.

**W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., 829 Ruby St., ROCKFORD, ILLS.**

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.

**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.

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 492.)

"M. C. McM."—For deep mourning make your *drap d'Alma* in tailor-style, with short, full-skirted coat or longer cut-away, as is most becoming; have a waistcoat of English *crépe*, or some *crépy* cloth, and also a blouse of black India silk. Make the black *faïlle* by model for "A Smart Visiting-Gown" in Demorest's for March: pipe the edges of the blouse plaits with *crépe*, or make the middle box-plait entirely of *crépe*. No lace is worn in mourning, and no trimmings but dull jet, *crépe*, and *chiffon*. French *modistes* sometimes employ a great deal of dull silk *passementerie*, like heavy silk embroidery in guipure patterns, but neither English nor American taste approves it, or considers it "mourning." Black is worn so much by everybody now, that it is necessary to study styles and details to mark one's dress as really mourning.—The designs mentioned—"Eastnor" waist and "Ormond" skirt—are very good for your daughters' cashmere gowns.—Line their black lawn and mull gowns with black.—They may wear white gowns with black ribbons at home, but not on the street or for visits during the first six months.—Get wide-brimmed, low-crowned, fancy, dull black straw hats for them, and trim with plated *chiffon* and black thistles.

"Avis."—For a church and visiting gown get a fancy *crépon*—blue-gray or tan, the prevailing color—and make by any of the models for similar gowns in our March and April numbers. Confine the trimming entirely to the corsage and make with drooping blouse front.—Lucius Junius Brutus, Roman consul in 509 B. C., condemned to death his two sons Titus and Tiberius, because they conspired to restore Tarquin (Brutus' uncle) to power.—The Russian year begins twelve days later than ours because they still use the Julian calendar; this difference increases at the rate of 11 minutes every year. Pope Gregory XIII. regulated the calendar in 1582, and at the present time the Gregorian calendar is in use in all the Christian countries of the world except Russia. It was very many years, however, before it was generally adopted. Till 1745 nearly every nation had its own calendar, beginning the year on dates varying from Jan. 1 to Dec. 25th. From the 14th century till 1752 the legal and ecclesiastic year began in England on March 25th. Till the time of Peter the Great the civil year began in Russia on Sept. 1, and the ecclesiastical either on March 21 or April 1.—Alexander I., tsar of Russia, died childless, and was succeeded by his brother Nicholas I. Constantine Paulovitch, younger brother of Alexander I., married a Polish lady in 1820, and resigned his succession to the throne.—The Romanoff family came to the throne in 1613, and is not related to the Rurik dynasty. Feodor I., who died in 1598, was the last of that family.

"MAPLES MILLS."—Do not know of any blank books specially made for family records. You would have to have something specially prepared for your purpose.

(Continued on page 494.)



Interline the puffed sleeves and skirt of your Spring and Summer Costume with

## FIBRE CHAMOIS

and they will not lose their shape.

**Fibre Chamois** is unaffected by dampness, and therefore is superior to any other stiffening material now on the market, as the damp air at the sea-shore will not affect it; it is practicably indestructible.

See that what you buy is stamped **Fibre Chamois**.

Comes in three weights: No. 10, light; No. 20, medium; No. 30, heavy.

At the lining counter of all dry-goods stores.

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

## COOKING MADE EASY.

### The NEW PROCESS STOVE

has revolutionized home cooking. It has banished the bother of slow fire and late meals, and ended all other tribulations so common with ordinary stoves. It will cook as quick or as slow as you want it—the fire being controlled by a touch—like gas. It never smokes or smells, never fills the food with soot, never requires raking. You can leave it as long as you want, without fear of the fire going out or getting too hot. The comfort of this stove on a hot day makes it alone worth the price. Besides all this, it is more economical than a coal stove, and absolutely safe. There is so much to tell about the **NEW PROCESS STOVE** that it takes a whole book to hold it. We send the book free. We manufacture an up-to-date line of Gas Stoves and Ranges, of which we will also send a handsome Catalogue free for the asking.

**THE STANDARD LIGHTING CO., 201 Perkins Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO.**



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

## THE AUTOMATIC CREAM FREEZER

Produces the finest ice cream and ices, without labor. **NO MORE BACK BREAKING AND TEMPER DESTROYING WORK** at the freezer crank.

Absolutely automatic; is economical of ice, and prepares cream or ices for serving in from 20 to 50 minutes.

These Freezers are especially for family use and are made in 4 sizes, ranging from 3 pints to 8 pints capacity. Send for Circulars and Prices to

**TREMAN KING & CO.,**  
Sole Mfrs., Ithaca, N. Y.



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.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

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**EXQUISITELY AND DELICATELY SCENTED WITH VIOLETS**

**ABSOLUTELY THE BEST FOR THE HYGIENIC CARE OF THE SKIN**

**VELVET SKIN POWDER**  
for the Belle's Boudoir and the Baby's Basket

**AT ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS**

Send ten cents in stamps to Dept A PALISADE MFG CO., YONKERS N.Y. for complete set of samples

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

# The "OPERA" Piano.



A strictly high-grade instrument.  
Sold on easy terms.  
Write for Illustrated Catalogue,  
which we send **FREE** to any address.

**PEEK & SON,**

Established 1850. Broadway and 47th Street, - NEW YORK.

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

**INKY FINGERS**—only one of the nuisances that an uncertain pen makes. No trouble ever with the **CEO. S. PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN.**



Perfectly Contrived—Faultless Tubular Feed. Your dealer is likely to have them. If he hasn't, write us, and we'll send you the information you want and our handsome illustrated catalogue free. PARKER PEN CO., 24 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

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

## "A YARD OF BABIES."

**AN EXQUISITE HALFTONE PANEL, 40 INCHES LONG. Suitable for Framing.**  
A Lovely Picture for Homes and Nurseries.  
**IT SHOWS THE FACES OF ALMOST 1,000 BEAUTIFUL BABIES.**  
Send 25 cents for one; six for a dollar.  
Agents wanted. Money can be made selling them. They sell on sight. Send for one with terms to Agents. Address

**G. H. YENOWINE, Publisher Yenowine's News, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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

(Continued from page 493.)

"T. E. W."—As we have repeatedly stated, an English key to the pronunciation of French words only approximates to the correct sounds, and the accuracy of people in interpreting it varies so greatly that we approach the task always with reluctance. We urgently recommend to all who desire to speak French words correctly the purchase of a simple French method and a dictionary. If they once master the rules for pronunciation it will be a great assistance to them. *Martigny* is pronounced *mar-teen'yea*; *tête-à-tête*, *tâte-uh-tâte*; *appliqué*, *áp-plé-ká*; *crépon*, *crá-pong* (the last syllable nasal, like the *ong* in *long*); *chic*, neither *shik* nor *sheek*, but a sound between the two; *mat-é-lasse*, *mát-á-läss*; *jabot*, *zhá'bó* (there is really no equivalent for the French *j*, which is softer than our soft *g*); *chiné*, *shee-ná*; *crépéd*, *krápp-ád*; *fade*, *fád*; *passementerie*, *páz-uh-mong'tree*; *débutante*, *dáb-ú-tánt*.

"MADISON."—Monogram bracelets are very little worn, and only made to order, when the design varies according to the taste of the purchaser.

"Mrs. H. McK."—You could add puffs of any kind of plain or fancy silk to the sleeves of your black Henrietta gown. You would need two yards and a half of twenty-inch silk for puffs, or three yards for entire sleeves. This is a conservative estimate; many modistes put five or six yards of stuff in a pair of sleeves. A waist was recently made from the skirt of a two-year-old gown of fancy silk trimmed with ruffles. The sleeves took all the silk of the skirt, and the waist was gotten out of the ruffles!

"ELLIS AVENUE."—Little girls of four years and older are clothed in knitted underwear of varying weight, according to the season of the year; next the knitted undervest comes a plain muslin or corded waist, having usually three rows of buttons around the bottom; to the lowest row the stocking suspenders are attached, to the second, the drawers are buttoned, and to the upper row, the skirt bands. One flannel skirt is worn, and over it a muslin one. Some mothers have the muslin skirts mounted on little waists with shoulder-straps and trimmed daintily with narrow lace or embroidery like a corset cover. White or unbleached underwear and flannel is preferred by most mothers, though some choose black, and others the natural wool. For outdoor wear, in cold weather, an extra pair of warm, colored tights is drawn on over the house-clothing. According to the size of the child the gown skirts just cover the knees or come several inches below.

"DAISIE."—Use a darker shade of velvet to combine with your lavender *crépon*; or satin embroidered with steel spangles would be pretty.

(Continued on page 495.)

Those who are interested in artistic decorative work should read the announcement in the advertising columns of this issue of J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York. Everything in the line of decorations and furnishings is supplied by this house. Not only do they supply the material, but they furnish artistic schemes for interior arrangement of a room or house. A specialty is made of tapestry paintings, of which the house has in stock more than 2,000, the work of the best artists. This beautiful feature of decorative work is one that claims many patrons. The soft, rich tones and daintily-blended hues of the tapestries harmonize readily with almost any color-scheme. These tapestries are rented by the house to parties desiring to copy them in work. The design is drawn on the material and the wools furnished for each painting. Lessons in the work are also given by mail.

**FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists**  
Quality, Workmanship, and Shapes, unequalled.  
**Over A MILLION** Mothers, Misses, and Children, wear them.

Modern ideas of healthful dress are perfected in this Corset Waist. For sale by all leading retailers.  
Children's, 25c. to 75c. Misses', 50c. to \$1.00. Ladies', \$1.00 to \$2.00.

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



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**BEST & CO**



5.50.



This Girl's suit is of good quality dark blue flannel, and the price, \$5.50, for all sizes from 4 to 14 years, is very low for so useful and stylish a dress. It is trimmed with white braid, and the jacket has a belted full back. It is worn either open or closed over a shirt waist, is well made, and desirable for a school, outing or traveling costume.

By express, prepaid, 25 cents extra.

We publish a catalogue containing

**Over 700 illustrations**

of the best things for children, which will be sent upon receipt of 4 cents for postage.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

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



**BREAST SUPPORT FORM.**

By its use the weight of the breast is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shape bust, free and easy movement of the body.

ALL DEFICIENCY OF DEVELOPMENT SUPPLIED.

When ordering, send bust measure. Price, free by mail, \$1.00.

Agents Wanted. MRS. C. D. NEWELL, 224 Dickey Avenue, CHICAGO.

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

**If Your Baby Is Not Growing as It Should, Change to Lactated Food, the Food that Makes Babies the Happiest, Healthiest, and Strongest.**

Lactated Food stands to-day pre-eminent above all others. Infants fed upon it suffer less, and fewer die, it is now well known, than those fed upon anything else.

As a trial of Lactated Food is all that is necessary to prove its great superiority, we will furnish sufficient for a thorough test to any mother who will send us eight cents in stamps to pay postage.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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

(Continued from page 494.)

"G. W."—It is very important if a writer wishes to make her meaning clear that she should punctuate, correctly, everything she writes. Yet there are a great many writers who leave this part of the work to be done by the unfortunate editor into whose hands the manuscript falls.

"Mrs. H. R. A."—The "Tadelford" skirt illustrated and described in Demorest's for October should be a good model for "a stout girl of fifteen."—Heavy piqué gloves in russet and tan shades are the correct thing for street and traveling wear, and *Suede* in shades of gray and tan for more dressy use. Plain white handkerchiefs of sheer linen lawn, hemstitched, and sometimes with a vine of fine embroidery or a narrow lace edge, are the choice now. With tailor-gowns linen collars or chemisettes and cuffs are worn; but for everything else, full neck-dressing of ruches or stock-collars is in vogue. For everyday wear folds of velvet or ribbon—black, or a becoming color—with a bow at the back, and perhaps on the side, finish the neck. Sashes are much worn; of two to three inch ribbon, now, but wider ones will probably be worn in the summer. They are fastened in front, on the sides, or in the back, under rosettes or bows.

"A. B. C."—We have no addresses of Children's Hospitals in Chicago; those in New York are as follows: The Babies' Hospital, 651 Lexington Ave.; Nursery and Child's Hospital, 571 Lexington Ave.; Laura Franklin, 17 E. 111th St.; St. John's Guild, 157 W. 61st St.; and St. Mary's, 407 W. 34th St. The last three are free hospitals; we cannot tell you which is the largest.—The frame for De Longpré's "Roses" is not for sale. It is given with a subscription only.

"MOTHER LOUISE."—Very little trimming is seen on the skirts of gowns, but if you must put something round the bottom of your challee to lengthen it, get surah the color of the ground and put on a bias band piped with the color of the figure, or else silk of the two or more colors in the ground and figure, and put on in alternate folds.—Blouses of washable silk should be simply made. Popular models for them are the "Chilton" and the "Wyatt," given in Demorest's for June and July, 1894.

—Have a very full, short cape to complete your sixteen-year-old daughter's cloth gown, and get a tan-colored jacket for general wear. It is not usual to have a round waist of the cloth besides the coat in a tailor-suit. Silk waists are greatly preferred.

"E. D. B."—Get the simplest English grammar you can find and study the conjugation of the verb "to be"; that is the only way you will be able to understand the correct use of "was and were."—*Lingerie* is pronounced *länzhé-uh-ree*. This is a faulty key for a careless person,—as indeed, all keys are,—but *zh* is the nearest equivalent to the sound of the French *j* and soft *g* that we can find in English.

(Continued on page 496.)



**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.

**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.

**B&H LAMPS**

AS EASY TO LIGHT AS GAS.

Sold by Leading Dealers everywhere. Made by

**BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,**

MERIDEN, CONN.

New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia.

Our Little Book Free.

**BRILLIANT LIGHT** **DOUBLE CENTRE DRAUGHT**

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.

**MEN AND WOMEN**

Taught to make Crayon Portraits in spare hours at their homes by a new, copyrighted method. Those learning my method will be furnished work by me, by which they can **EARN \$8 TO \$16 A WEEK.** Send for particulars. H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

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.

**WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO!**

I want my lady friends to know of the new field now open for them. In the past 6 months we have made a profit of \$907.02 after paying all expenses. All our sales have been made at home, not having canvassed any. My official duties calling me away most of the time, I left the Dish Washer business in my wife's control with the above results. The business is rapidly increasing, and will continue to grow until every family has a Climax Dish Washer. Not a day passes but what we sell one or two, and some days fifteen or twenty. Dish Washers. It's easy selling what everybody wants to buy. You can wash and dry the dishes perfectly in two minutes. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Get a sample washer and you can't help but make money. They only cost \$5. You may just as well be making \$5 a day as to be doing nothing.

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, 2 1/2 FEET WIDE, 10 1/2 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.

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.

**W. B. CYCLIST CORSET**  
PRACTICAL, APPROPRIATE, SATISFACTORY.

UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.



SPECIALY DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE.

**FOR WHEEL-WOMEN.**

Also very suitable for ladies with large hip development. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

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

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.



**\$2.75 Buys Baby Carriage**  
Natural finish, steel wheels and axle. Freight paid. 75,000 in use. We are reliable—can furnish references. Guarantee goods as represented. Carriages on trial; no pay in advance. Ill. catalog free. RAISER MFG. CO., 62-64 Olybourn-av., Chicago

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



**BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS**  
New or 2d hand, lowest prices; Mrs. old reliable Sylphs and Overlands. We sell everywhere. Cata. free. Estab. '64. ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 115 3rd St., Peoria, Ill.

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

(Continued from page 495.)

"Mrs. W. M. K."—Book-keeping is something that must be studied thoroughly to be of any value. There are several excellent text-books upon the subject which are sold at moderate cost, the price including also a set of blank-books for doing the necessary work; this practical work is the most important part, without which it is impossible to test the student's comprehension of the lesson. A series of magazine articles could give only the theory, and would be of interest to only a very small circle of readers.

"C. H."—Finger-bowls are correctly used at any meal, formal or informal, where anything is served that, like fruit, confectionery, or cake, soils the fingers. They should always be used for dinner, whether fruit be served or not, and in many houses are used at every meal.—For breakfast they are placed on the table just after the fruit course, and for dinner and luncheons, with the last course, just before coffee.—Serve pickled limes as you would olives, in side dishes, and cut them in convenient pieces.—Remove the knife and fork with the plate, and never allow the maid to take more than two together; never pile one upon another.

"E. L. P."—You will find directions for netting in the July numbers of Demorest's for 1889 and 1891. The last number will perhaps be the most helpful to you, but one or both can be sent to you at the usual price, 20 cents per copy.

"M. W."—Penelope is pronounced *pèn-él'v-pā*; and Mignon, *Meen-yong*.—If you cannot send your white straw hat to a professional bleacher you might try hanging it in a barrel turned down over burning sulphur. It is the fume of burning sulphur which is always used for the purpose.

**Cleanings.**

A JAPANESE "AT HOME."

If you are so fortunate when you visit Japan as to have letters which secure for you social attentions from natives, beware of the dressing of your feet if you accept invitations to Japanese homes. An American gentleman found himself in a most embarrassing predicament upon attending a Japanese lady's "At Home." Japanese etiquette requires that boots and shoes shall be left outside the *salon*. On his arrival, this gentleman found a hundred pair of foot-wear of various sorts in the ante-room. He chanced to have on a pair of flaming scarlet woolen socks; and, to his consternation, one big toe persistently thrust itself through a gaping hole! The friend who accompanied him assured him he would find company in his misery; and, true enough, as his sharp eyes flashed around at other feet, he found several as careless as himself, with heels, as well as toes, peeping out.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

For a long time it was supposed that the "Boston News-Letter" was the first newspaper published in the American colonies; but when the Rev. J. B. Felt was searching for his material for the History of Salem, he found, in the Colonial State Paper Office in London, a copy of "Publick Occurrences," which was published by Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee-House in Boston, on Thursday, September 25, 1690. This was fourteen years before the "Boston News-Letter" was issued. "Publick Occurrences" was a diminutive, folded sheet, 7x11 inches, printed on three of its four pages, with two columns to a page.

(Continued on page 497.)

**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.

**BEAUTIFUL BICYCLES**

THE HANDSOMEST BICYCLES MADE ARE

UNEQUALLED **COLUMBIAS** AND UNAPPROACHED **HARTFORDS**

MORE THAN BEAUTY, THOUGH, TO RECOMMEND THEM. SPEED, QUALITY, SATISFACTORY SERVICE IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE.

Art Catalogue free from any Agent or by mail for two 2 cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN. BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, PROVIDENCE, SAN FRANCISCO

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 mak-a good wheel.

That ride makes me feel like a four-time winner.

**Knight Roadster Full Ball Diamond \$40**

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.

**1895 High Grade Bicycles**

Shipped anywhere C.O.D. Saving you dealers profit.

\$100 Oakwood for \$62.50  
\$85 'Arlington' for \$45.00  
\$65 " " for \$37.50  
\$20 " " for \$10.90

Latest models, wood or steel rims; pneumatic tires; weight 17½ to 30 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free. Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. VanBuren St. B 51, Chicago

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.

**NO MORE SHIELDS WORN IN DRESSES!**

Pockets are Now the Thing.

**The Eureka Patent Corset Cover**

has open pockets for holding shields. The shields are held securely in place. Can be instantly removed for laundering garment and as easily replaced. No stitching. The perfection of neatness and convenience. Indispensable for shirt waists and light dresses.

ASK FOR EUREKA SHIELDS. Lightest weight and made for the garment.



- R. H. MACY & CO., 14th Street, New York.
- LORD & TAYLOR, Grand Street, New York.
- BLOOMINGDALE BROS., 59th Street, New York.
- LUDWIG BROS., 14th Street, New York.
- E. RIDLEY & SON, Grand Street, New York.
- D. M. WILLIAMS & CO., 125th Street, New York.
- WECHSLER BROS. & CO., Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
- MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago, Ill.
- JORDON MARSH & CO., Boston, Mass.
- JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia.
- ADAM MELDRUM & ANDERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.
- WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D. C.
- HUTZLER BROS., Baltimore, Md.
- HOWER & HIGBEE, Cleveland, O.
- LASELLE & KOCH, Toledo, O.
- HUNTER, GLENN & HUNTER, Detroit, Mich.
- T. A. CHAPMAN CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
- JOHN SHILLITO CO., Cincinnati, O.
- DUNN, TAFT & CO., Columbus, O.
- JOSEPH HORNE & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM BARR DRY GOODS CO., St. Louis.
- RINES BROS., Portland, Me.
- HAHNE & CO., Newark, N. J.
- HOYT DRY GOODS CO., Saginaw, Mich.
- J. B. BRANCH & CO., Coldwater, Mich.
- SCHIPPER & BLOCK, Peoria, Ill.
- BOWMAN & WILLIAMSON, Hannibal, Mo.
- MCINTYRE BROS. & COEN, Marshalltown, Iowa.

**L. F. ABBOTT & CO.,**  
Sole Manufacturers,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**ARMORSIDE Corset**

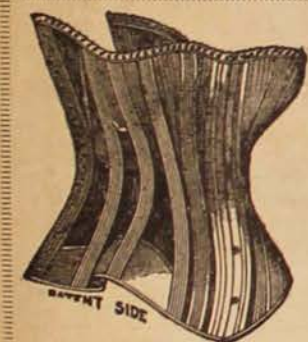
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE CENTURY.

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.

**LITTLE GIANT LAMP HOLDER!**

No more upset lamps! Fits any lamp with a standard. Safe, Reliable, Convenient and Ornamental. Try one and be convinced. Japanned, 25c., 5 for \$1. Brass, nickel-plated, 75c., 3 for \$2.

**AGENTS WANTED** easily made. Send for sample, with circular and terms to agents. If ordered sent by mail, 12c. each extra for postage.

SPECIALTY MFG. CO., Skaneateles, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.**

I am delighted with my success selling Dish Washers. In the last six weeks I made \$534, and was sick part of the time. I think this is pretty good for an inexperienced lady. I am surprised there has never been a good Dish Washer put on the market before, as everyone seems so anxious for one. It certainly is a popular demand that is unsupplied, and that means big money for the agents that supply the demand. I believe any woman or man can make from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a day anywhere in this business, and by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa., you can get full particulars. It simply requires a little push. You can't expect to make money unless you try. I would like to have the experience of others of your readers in this business.  
M. FRANCIS.

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

(Continued from page 496.)

What a mental rest it would be if the mammoth Sunday papers could for a six-months be reduced to similar dimensions! It was intended to whet the public appetite for news by monthly issues of the paper; but the editor gave offense to the authorities by some local and military news, and it was suppressed immediately.

**BICYCLES DE LUXE.**

QUEEN MARGHARITA of Italy is an expert rider of the fascinating wheel, and recently the Cycle Club of Milan presented her with a gold wheel, which is, probably, the most beautiful and valuable cycle ever made. With English women, who are extremely fond of cycling, it has become a fad to have wheels quite out of the ordinary. Lady Dudley has a white enamelled wheel, with handles of beautiful ivory. A number of silver-plated ones have been made, and others of finest polished steel.

**ENGLISH CIRCUIT JUDGES.**

THE journeyings of English judges on a circuit are very much like a royal progress, so great are the form and ceremony that attend their movements. The railway companies are most solicitous for the comfort of their high-mightinesses, and provide special reserved compartments for their use, and also a separate luggage "cupboard," for an enormous quantity of luggage accompanies them on a five or six weeks' tour. Arrived at the assize town the judge is met by the high sheriff of the county together with the sheriff's chaplain and the under sheriffs, with an escort of "javelin men" or stalwart policemen. They lead the way to the state carriage, and, as the little procession starts, two gorgeous, mounted trumpeters who head it sound a fanfare, continuing the vigorous notes as they make their progress through the town. A fine old house is usually set apart for the use of the judge, and he takes his own marshal, who is his special officer, a clerk or secretary, butler, cook, etc. Arrived at his temporary home the judge arrays himself, with the butler's assistance, in the stately robes of his office, and proceeds immediately to the cathedral or parish church to attend the assize service, and the next morning the court is opened with much state and solemnity.

**CHINESE DISTINCTIONS IN DRESS.**

EVERYBODY has heard of the mandarin's button, but not everyone knows that all Chinese cap-buttons are an indication of rank. The caps are of a sort of skull shape, but change slightly every year, so that last season's block is out of date this season. All Chinamen have buttons the size of a hickory nut in the center of the crowns of their caps;

(Continued on page 498.)

**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.

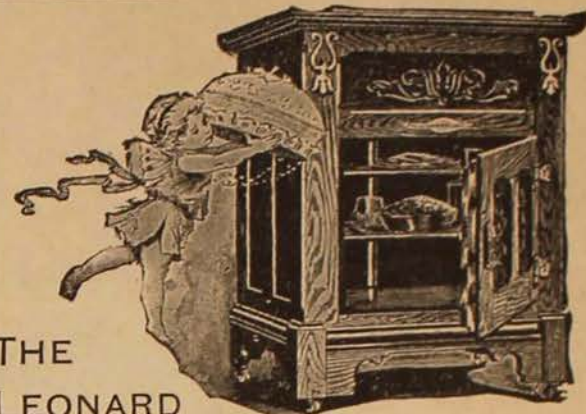
**COINS** If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps to Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass., for Circular No. 20. A fortune for somebody. Agents wanted. Adv. Dept. G.

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

**"THE BEST" NURSER**



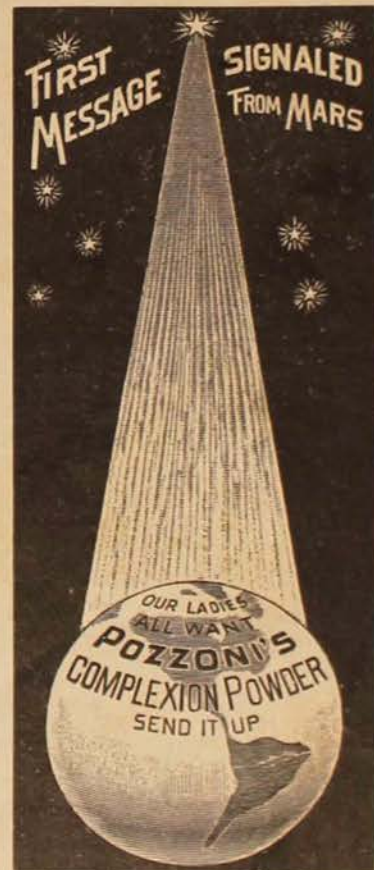
EASY SUCTION. Nipple Cannot Collapse. PREVENTS WIND-COLIC and BOWEL TROUBLE. At druggists', 25 cents, with a sample "Clingsfast" Nipple, Free; or by mail, 35 cents, postpaid. Safe delivery guaranteed. Our "Clingsfast" Nipple, warranted pure gum, 50 cents dozen, postpaid. THE COTHAM CO., 82 Warren St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**THE LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATORS** Take the Cake.

Elegant styles; hardwood; antique finish. Warranted not to sweat, and to preserve ice and food better than any other. The original cleanable refrigerator. Flues removable for cleanliness. Air-tight locks; solid iron shelves, charcoal filled and paper sheeted. Six walls to preserve the ice; zinc lined. Send for catalogue now. We allow freight and big discount.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO., 4 to 30 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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.

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.

**"OFF FOR THE SUMMER?  
BON VOYAGE!"**

BUT  
Put this  
in your  
Trunk.



You cannot  
do without  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S  
FLORIDA WATER**  
The most refreshing of all Perfumes.  
The BEST THING for Sunburn and Tan.

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



**For \$1.50** We deliver Free, anywhere  
in the U. S. This Ladies' Solid, Flexi-  
ble, French Dongola Kid Button  
Boot. Send us 1.50 in Cash, Money Order  
or Express Order.  
This is a better shoe than Retail Stores sell  
for \$2.50, and, being our own make, we guar-  
antee the style, fit, and wear. If not satis-  
factory we will refund money or send  
another pair. WE CAN FIT YOU IN  
Opera Toe or Common Sense,  
or Opera Toe with Patent Leather  
Tip, widths C, D, E, and EE;  
whole and half sizes 1 to 8.  
Catalogue free.

**WEARERS SHOE MFG. CO., 284 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.**

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

**MENNEN'S Borated Talcum  
TOILET  
POWDER**



Relieves Prickly Heat, Pimples,  
Blotches, Nettle Rash, Tender  
Feet, Chafing, etc.

The only powder endorsed by the  
highest medical authorities. At drug-  
gists 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.

**Delicate Cake**



Easily removed without breaking.  
Perfection Tins require no  
greasing. 10 styles, round,  
square and oblong. 2 layer tins  
by mail 30c. Circulars Free.  
Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.

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

**DO YOUR OWN  
PRINTING**



Saves money! Makes  
money printing for others  
Type-setting easy, printed  
rules. Stamp for  
cards, circulars, &c.  
Press for printing  
a small paper \$40.  
**KELSEY & CO.,  
Meriden, Conn.**

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

**A NEW ART**

Bartholdi's New System  
Painting, no drawing re-  
quired. Taught by mail.  
Ladies, decorate your  
homes. Any one can learn  
rapidly. Inclose 10c. for catalogue and samples.  
**BARTHOLDI'S ART SCHOOLS, East Hampton, L. I., and Lakewood, N. J.**

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

(Continued from page 497.)

those for the common people are of blue or red silk, the caps being of fine black satin. The official button is three times the size of the ordinary silk button, and by its color and material indicates the rank of its wearer. Dark red coral distinguishes a nobleman of the highest rank; pink coral marks the second rank; the third class have a light blue button; the fourth, one of dark blue; a clear crystal ball comes next, marking the fifth rank; while a mandarin of the sixth class wears a mother-of-pearl button; the seventh and eighth class mandarins wear gold ones; and those of the ninth class, silver balls. Chinese laws also regulate the colors of the garments and their decoration. Certain colors are prohibited to the common people; and only the emperor and the highest nobles can have five-clawed dragons embroidered in gold upon their robes. This formidable dragon is a coveted emblem on official robes, and by the number which ornament his gown you can determine the rank of the wearer; but only four-clawed dragons can be worn by those below the highest rank. It is well-nigh impossible to enumerate the many trifling things about the dress and *entourage* by which rank, noble and official, is indicated; certain brass tips on the ends of the sedan poles tell one thing, as does also the color of the lining of the sedan. Only an officer of the first rank may carry two bright red fans!

**TEACHING IN ROUMANIA.**

A YOUNG Roumanian woman, Miss Tereza Stratilesco, was sent to England by the Roumanian Minister of Education to study the methods of teaching there, and her report brings out some facts with regard to the schools of Roumania, which we should do well to copy. Education there, from the lowest grade of the primary to the completion of the University course, is entirely free, without restriction of sex, so girls have the same chance as boys; and, further than this, sex makes no difference in the salary earned by a teacher. A man and a woman competing for a vacant post have an equal chance of winning, and pass the same examination. The successful candidate is a probationer for three years, but if the work is satisfactory during that time, the engagement becomes permanent; and nothing short of misconduct, which must be proved by trial before a jury of teachers, is cause for removal. The profession of teaching is thus dignified and secure, and esteemed one of the highest in Roumania.

**A NOTABLE DINNER-SERVICE.**

MR. PERRY BELMONT is the fortunate possessor of a superb and unique silver dinner-service, inherited from his grandfather, Commodore Perry. It was presented to the commodore by the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Exchange of New York, in recognition of his services to America in negotiating the treaty with Japan. The service includes everything necessary for a dinner of many courses,—game, fish, and salad sets, and also several chafing-dishes. The small silver, forks, spoons, lifters, ladles, etc., is bewildering in number and variety. It requires six large cedar chests to hold the service; and, aside from its intrinsic value, which is very great, the beauty of the design and the associations connected with it place it above price.

Try  
**Sponge  
Crépon**



the  
latest  
improved  
interlining  
and  
stiffening  
for  
skirts,  
sleeves,  
capés, etc.

It not only preserves the fashionable flare of the skirt, but is so elastic that no amount of crushing can hurt it a particle. Takes the place of hair cloth, crinoline and all other interlinings. 64 inches wide—in three shades—adds style to the whole gown. For sale everywhere.



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