

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## A QUEEN OF THE COAST.

ATLANTIC CITY.

**I**N 1783, Jeremiah Leeds, a hero of the American Revolution, came to Absecon Beach, on the southwestern coast of the State of New Jersey. The turmoil of war had been silenced by the surrender at Yorktown, and the veterans of that memorable struggle who had neither families nor habitations looked about them for suitable places to establish homes. Jere Leeds, as he was familiarly known, was one of the homeless veterans. What motive directed him to the uninviting island of Absecon Beach is only presumed, as history gives us no clue to it beyond his known love for farming and the fascination of the water. But he came.

Land was then worth only forty cents an acre on the island. He purchased what he could out of his scant savings, built a cabin, and became the first actual settler of what is now Atlantic City. He cleared the land of the scrub pine and underbrush which encumbered it, seeded it, and raised a crop the following year. He became a stock-breeder as well as a farmer, and traded with the vessels that passed along the coast. Being a prudent man, the veteran Leeds as he accumulated capital became an active purchaser of land, until in 1816 he was sole owner of the entire island, a dominion about nine miles long and varying in width from two to two and a half miles.

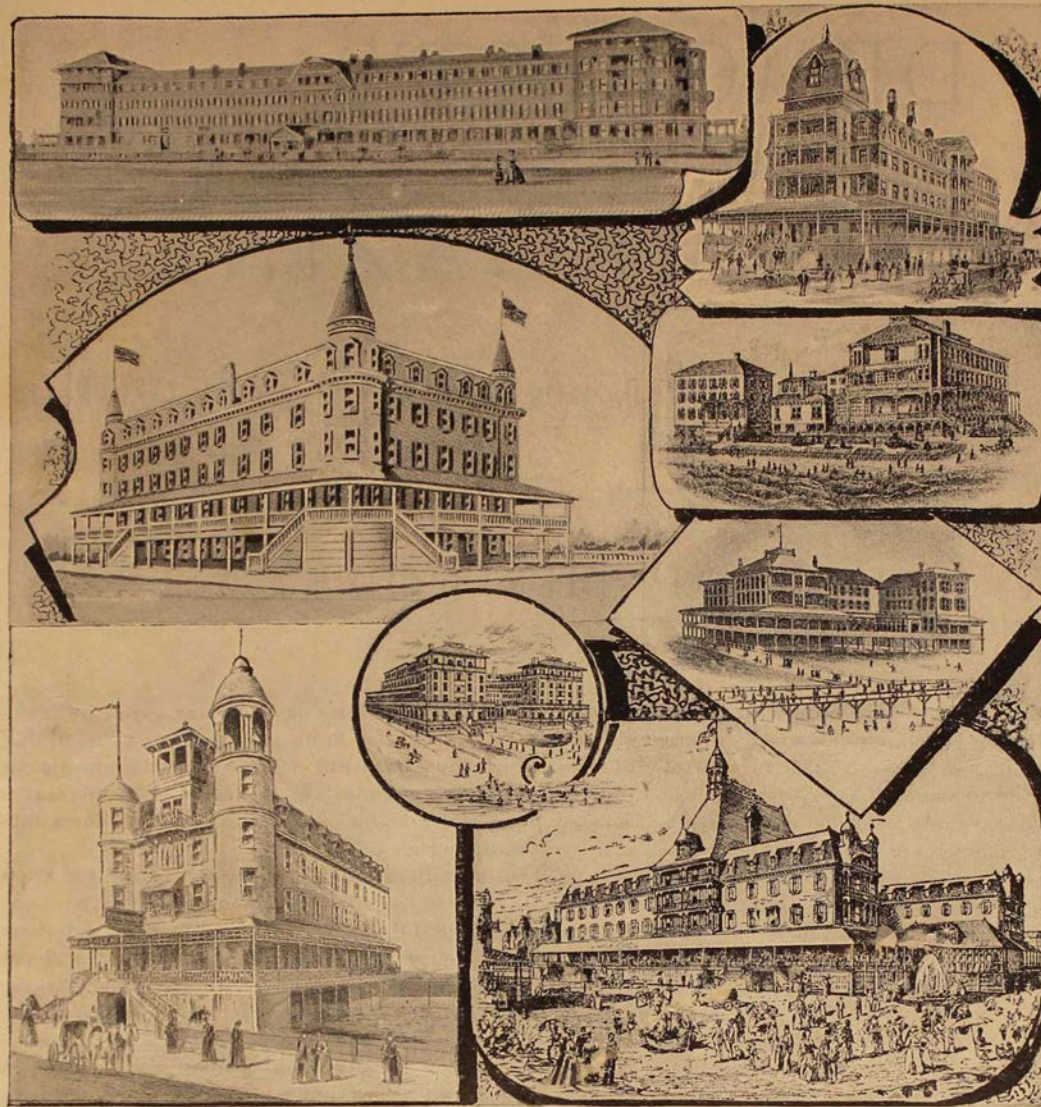
That his cabin was the cornerstone of a city that in a century would be famous in every civilized country of the world was never dreamed of in the philosophy of Jere Leeds. The long, glistening

beach, against which the tides day after day swept in graceful curves, never revealed to his simple, practical mind that at some future day a beautiful city would rise, like magic out of the ungraceful sand-dunes which even the sparkling waves refused to caress, and that his name would go down into history as its founder.

In 1812 the first dwelling-house proper was built in what is now the thickly populated section of the city; from that time until 1854 little progress was made in improvements. The country lying between the seacoast and the Delaware River was famous only as hunting and fishing ground. Small parties came from the mainland during the hunting seasons, and by and by Jere Leeds found purchasers for small sections of his dominion, at a fair profit. A town was established and named, and in 1854 Atlantic City had a population of two hundred and thirty. Pioneer Leeds was dead; but around the cornerstone which he had unconsciously laid there began to rise palatial mansions. The



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ATLANTIC CITY, LOOKING WESTWARD FROM PACIFIC AND PENNSYLVANIA AVENUES.



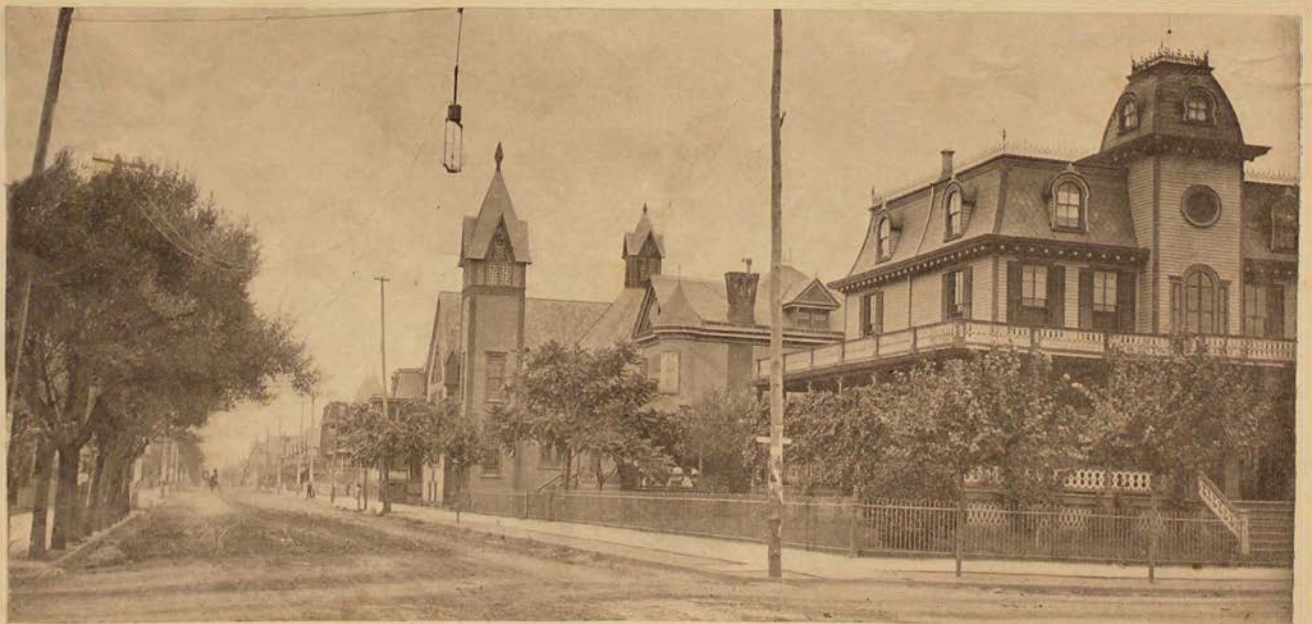
TYPICAL ATLANTIC CITY HOTELS.

long avenues. The hunter and the fisherman were crowded out by men possessed of other desires and ambitions. The magnificent bathing-grounds and the unrivaled climate of Absecon Beach had been discovered. The land for which Jere Leeds paid forty cents an acre had increased in value an hundred fold. The invalids who came to Atlantic City seeking for a new lease of life found it. Its fame spread like a conflagration. The hummocks were beaten down, and out of the waste of sand and a few rude buildings a city began its growth.

In 1854 railroad communication was opened for traffic between the Atlantic Ocean and the Delaware River, and in the same year the city was incorporated by act of the Legislature, and included about six hundred acres. Gradually the village expanded and increased in popula-

farmhouse disappeared; the cattle were sent to the butcher's shambles; the little island was surveyed and scored into

tion, but it was not until after the Civil War that it began to blossom and bear ripe fruit. In 1877 the second railroad



PACIFIC AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY.



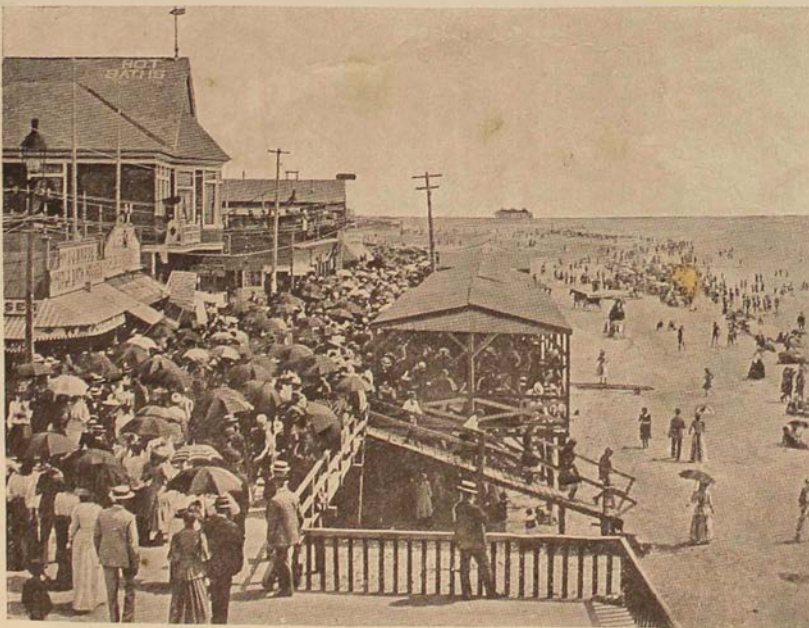
SURF-BATHING IN AUGUST.

was opened for traffic, and three years later still another extended its line to the coast.

Atlantic City had now cast off its swaddling-clothes. In 1860, 119 votes were polled; in 1870 the voting population had increased to 550, and the population to 2,500; in 1890 the population was 13,055; and to-day, calculated as four to one on the voters' registration books, the population of the city is 18,000. No



SOUTH VIRGINIA AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY.



THE BOARDWALK IN JULY.

other city in the United States, east of the Mississippi, ever grew so rapidly in size, in architectural beauty, in wealth, and reputation. Cities on the western frontier have sprung up like mushrooms in the night and developed rapidly; but they have nearly all receded, and none of them ever attained even the shadow of romance and beauty that makes Atlantic City the marvel of the world. From a fisherman's shanty and a hunter's hut came shapely dwellings; and suddenly, almost as the sun breaks through the mists of a summer morning, came tower and pinnacle, dome and minaret. In less than a decade a beautiful city was born and worshipped.

Today Atlantic City can accommodate two hundred thousand guests. It has more hotels, and more elegant ones, than any city of its size in the world, not enumerating the scores of private boarding-houses. These hotels vary in individuality as distinctly as human natures vary. While none of them approaches the mas-

sive grandeur of the palace hotels of inland cities, they are really beautiful in architecture, and arranged primarily for rest, quiet, and comfort. Among other attractive features may be mentioned their location near the strand, overlooking the ocean; their sun-parlors, for use during the winter and

to this number may be added two hundred thousand who come and go daily. Most of these people come from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, and other cities within a radius of three hundred miles. They are of all classes who can afford an outing. Some remain for a few days, others for weeks, some for months. During these summer months the beach presents a picture of human life and activity beyond description. As is well known, the surf-bathing grounds of Atlantic City, fully five miles in length, are the finest and safest in the world; but bathing is confined in a great measure to about three miles of the beach, and it is no unusual sight to see as many as twenty thousand people—men, women, and children—bathing at one time. The illustrations give but



A GLIMPSE OF THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

in stormy weather; their broad verandas and lookouts; the exquisite taste of their furnishings and decorations; their extensive parlors; and the freedom from the evils of liquor-licensed hotels in the inland cities.

a faint idea of the wonderful sight. From morning until night, the playful battle with the breakers continues. The tall and slender, the short and stout, the shapely maid, the sturdy man, the fun-loving youth, the staid old man,



THE BOARDWALK AND THE STRAND.

Thousands of business people from all over the world visit Atlantic City summer and winter; but they come, not on business, but to escape and rest from business cares. During the months of June, July, and August, the population of the city is increased to fifty thousand residents, and

the sylph-like girl, the timid spinster, the graceful, the awkward, the cautious, the reckless, the rich, the poor,—all on a common level, merry, wild, and boisterous, they sport with the sportive waves, roll in the sand, and bask in the sunshine.



BEACH-CHAIR SPECTATORS NEAR PIER.

To enumerate all the attractions of this fascinating resort would be impossible in the allotted space. The architecture is varied and beautiful. There are nearly five thousand structures, and it is difficult to find two alike; and where two are alike in contour they differ in coloring. Nearly all the buildings are frame, which affords the widest scope for architects and painters, and they have used their art and cunning to the best advantage. The style of architecture covers a wider range than can be found in any other city in the Union.

The popular resort is the Boardwalk, a promenade nearly five miles long and twenty-five feet wide, on the ocean front, which was built in 1891, at a cost of \$55,000; a movement is now afoot to widen it to forty feet. It is brilliantly lighted at night the entire year by electric arc-lights, and during the summer months is incomparably the most fascinating boulevard in the world. Along its entire length, facing the ocean, there is an endless array of curio and art shops and amusements, from the sumptuous casino with its superb music, to the theater, the merry-go-round, of which there are several of

facing this boulevard, and you have a picture of rational revelry not equaled by the fables of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment."



AT THE MOUTH OF CLAM CREEK.

On the southern side of the Boardwalk are numerous open pavilions, and beyond it the strand and the ocean. At high tide the breakers roll beneath the Boardwalk in many places; and at night, even though the night be darker than twenty nights without stars, the sea-view is one of solemn grandeur. From these pleasant pavilions the visitor may enjoy the ocean in all its transformations, from its calm and restful moods, to its wild, turbulent humors; when the sun fills it with gladness and illumines the crest of the breakers with a light not their own; when the moon glints it with her soft silver rays; when darkness falls like a pall over its surface, and the breakers sweep inland like great rolls of snowbanks. Far out they break like rifts in the clouds on a stormy day,—thousands of them, as far as the eye can reach; suddenly they rise out of the gloom, break, glisten, and disappear; and now under one's feet they surge and boil, and at last, exhausted, roll tremulously back to repeat the endless struggle.

There are two piers, one a handsome iron structure twelve hundred feet in length, on which is a large pavilion where concerts, balls, and other entertainments are given during the summer. The other pier is a wooden structure two thousand feet in length, additions having been made to it this year. It is built on five thousand white oak and hickory piles, which average fifty feet in length. More than a million feet of lumber were used in its construction. This also has a pavilion, eighty by one hundred and sixty feet in size, and



ARBECON LIGHTHOUSE AND LIFE-SAVING STATION.



A SUN-PARLOR.

has accommodation, on floor and galleries, for seven thousand people.

An interesting event is the hauling of the pier seine twice a day. This seine is one thousand feet long, and brings to the surface a hundred varieties of fish, including sharks, drum-fish, sea-turtles that weigh three hundred and fifty pounds, devil-fish, shad, sturgeon, and skate. Last summer a man-eating shark nine feet two inches

long was caught, and kept in the big pool for months.

During the summer months the pier is thronged with visitors, who fish or enjoy the fresh breeze and a sun-bath, thus receiving all the benefit of a sea-voyage without the attendant sickness. The pavilion is the scene of many attractive events, dances, concerts, and children's carnivals being among the most interesting. From the foot of this pier Captain Anderson started on his famous voyage to cross the Atlantic in a boat thirteen feet long.

The Inlet, at the northern end of the city, is the rendezvous for the yachts of the Corinthian Club, some seventy-five in number, of all classes, from the steam-yacht to the cat-boat. Here also anchor many private yachts, fishing-smacks, and pleasure yachts. It is a favorite spot for those who love to fish and crab. The Inlet is the northern terminus of the street electric railway.

A feature of Atlantic City, scarcely noticed by descriptive artists, is the bay, or Thoroughfare, on the north, which divides the city from the mainland and created Absecon



A SUN-PARLOR.



A SUN-CORRIDOR.

Beach. It is connected with the ocean by the Inlet, on the east; the outlet is below Longport. It is a favorite resort for fishing, crabbing, and hunting for duck and other game, and for yachting. Our illustration shows the bay at the mouth of Clam Creek, with an oyster or clam boat at anchor.

The Absecon Lighthouse is an object of interest to all visitors. It was finished in 1857, and is one hundred and sixty-seven feet high. It cost the Government \$52,000. It is a brick structure and contains six hundred thousand bricks. There are two hundred and twenty-eight steps, divided into seven flights, reaching to the top. The light is emitted from an oil-lamp which burns two quarts of kerosene oil every hour. The lamp has

five wicks, one inside of the other; behind the wicks is a Fresnel lens, and the light can be seen from the deck of a vessel twenty miles away. Major A. G. Wolf, the lighthouse keeper, has had charge of it for twenty-two years. The lighthouse is open to visitors at fixed hours all the year, except on Sundays and stormy days. The Life-saving station, adjacent to the lighthouse, was opened forty years ago. Both

of these interesting features of Atlantic City are located at Pacific and Vermont Avenues.

Like a dream the summer months pass. The curtain falls on the comedy, and as suddenly rises on another picture. Now come the fashionable world and the millionaire. The hurly-burly is over; the merry, noisy thousands have returned to their homes and places of business. A turn of the kaleidoscope, and lo! the brilliant assemblage disappears and the quiet of another life comes into view. The royal purple of dignity has succeeded the great throng that tried to swallow, mentally and physically, in a day, all that was to be seen and devoured. The hotels are transformed. The overstrained managers and clerks have abandoned their

hasty, incisive manner, and as suddenly drifted into a passive mood. Everything breathes of peace, quiet, rest!

The mellow days of autumn and the sparkling days of spring are the most beautiful and restful, if not the most amusing, at this lovely "city by the sea"; but as a midwinter resort as well, Atlantic City is steadily growing in popularity, as its mild climate and freedom from malaria and contagious diseases are becoming better known. Nature gave her the finest surf-bathing grounds and the most wonderful climate in the world; ambitious and enterprising man has accomplished the rest.

JAMES F. DOWNEY.

# The New Zealanders!

THE aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand, the Maoris, are one of the finest of the savage races. Indeed, they can hardly be called savages, at least if we take the African negroes, or, better still, the Australian natives, as types. The Maori, uncontaminated by association with the whites and their vices, is, commonly, tall, powerful, and finely proportioned. He is often not darker of skin than a sallow Caucasian, and when his complexion is of a deeper tint, it is always clear, and his skin is of firm texture. His features are of a bold type, frequently pure aquiline, the mouth firm, the forehead high and straight, the eyes large and intelligent. Even in extreme old age he is venerable and impressive,

with something patriarchal in his appearance, despite the tattoo. Clad in his toga-like mat, with his proud carriage, dignified air, and prominent features, he might be a Roman, a darker-hued Scipio or Cato of the modern world.

The Maori mat is either square or oblong, varying in size, perhaps according to the means, if bought, or patience, if self-wrought, of the owner. In this mat the natives envelop

themselves as we have said, toga fashion, though some of the younger men and women, presumably the Maori beaux and belles, muffle themselves to the ears in exceedingly picturesque folds, quite appropriate to nocturnal adventures in the melodramatic style.

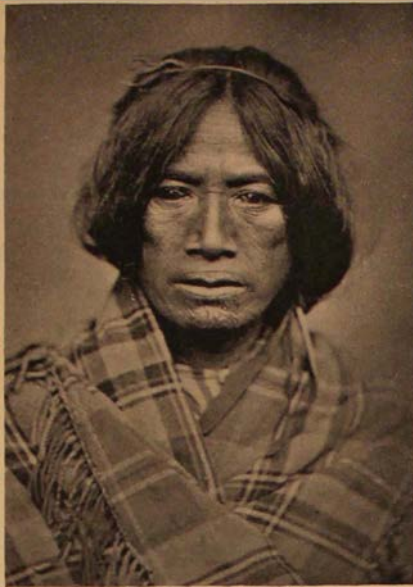
These mats differ in texture, quality, and value, nearly as much as do garments of the same character in civilized lands. The material is always the same, however, the worth of the garment depending upon the fineness of the texture, the work devoted to its production, and the ornamental details. The material is the fiber of the *Phormium tenax*, the so-called New Zealand flax, a member of the family of the *Liliaceae*, and the tribe of the *Asparagaceae*. The plant has a number of yellow flowers on a tall stem, surrounded by straight blades shooting from the root, six feet long and two inches broad, the whole somewhat resembling a vastly magnified clump of "bunchgrass." From these leaves, or blades, the Maoris manufacture an infinite number of useful articles besides their dress, as, for instance, cordage, nets for fishing and for carrying fruit and other burdens, for hammocks, for the stretchers employed in carrying the sick, those wounded in fights, etc.



A MAORI WARRIOR.



A MAORI CHIEF.



MAORI WOMAN.

ease with which it might be cultivated, it promised to become a very useful addition to the agricultural products of the country, but one peculiar trait of the "flax" soon doomed it to disfavor; viz., it cannot be tied in a knot, nor will it bear anything like a sharp turn, the whole mass, whether twine, cable, or woven fabric, breaking off at the least strain. Of this fact the Maoris are well aware, and it is found that in all their manufactures from the *Phormium* they never make a sharp turn in it where they require tenacity or bearing-strain.

Cannibalism has been supposed to be an indication of the lowest possible savagery, yet the highly intelligent aborigines of New Zealand were, at a no remote date, professed man-eaters. Among some of the African tribes, and certain Polynesian Islanders, man-eating was, and indeed is, merely a custom forming an integral part of their religious ceremonial. The Fan, the Nyamnyam, and the Zambesi negroes eat the livers of fallen enemies in order to incorporate with their own bodies the physical courage of those they have conquered. The Calim and the "Skeletons"—a name given a tribe in southwestern Africa, whose members might be taken for "the dead that squeaked and gibbered in the city streets,"—devour the brains of their foes to improve their own mentality. But according to their own statement, the Maoris ate "bakolo," "longpig," or human beings, from mere appetite for the flesh of men.

That the custom is still extant, newspaper accounts, apparently well substantiated, of a cannibal feast in New Zealand, furnish sufficient proof. The grandfathers, and even the fathers, of the present generation, ate human flesh with no more compunction than we of the Caucasian strain eat the flesh of oxen, sheep, and pigs. While we cannot suppose that the younger generation still indulge the craving for the forbidden meat, we may believe that there has been no very

This New Zealand "flax" was introduced into England, and from its strength, for some purposes, its fine, silky look, when dressed, and the

forcible opposition among the Maoris themselves to the indulgence of the older men of the tribes, especially if carried out in the recesses of the vast forests, far from the surveillance of missionary and crown official.

I managed to win the friendship and confidence of Heke, the great war-chief, then a very old man, and during one of our many conversations I bluntly asked him to tell me about the cannibalism of his countrymen. He was not at all offended, as I feared he might be. He appeared to regard my inquisition as an incentive to free speech, and I took advantage of it.

"You see," he said, "Te Atua" (the name they give their Supreme Deity) "did not provide us with animals upon whose flesh we could support life. We had only such fish as we could catch, such few fowls of the air as we could bring down, and the moa, a great bird, twelve or fourteen feet high. Well, to support a whole nation the fish of the sea and the few fowl of the air were not sufficient. We were, therefore, compelled to hunt the moa, and it was not long before we had exterminated this bird, gigantic as he was. What, then, remained to us? The flesh on our own bones. We tried it at a time when we were famishing, and we found it good."

I imagined that he distinctly smacked his lips at this point. I asked him whether he had ever indulged in that addition to the native menu.

"Yes," he replied, without hesitation, "I have eaten human flesh." I had the idea that there was a slight moisture at the corners of his mouth as he spoke; and, decidedly, his eyes were brighter as they rested upon me. I may say, parenthetically, that I was young at this period, somewhat inclined toward stoutness, and had not indulged in the use of rum or tobacco. I did not like the look he gave me. However, I continued the subject by asking what,



MAORI WOMAN.



MAORI GIRL.

in a general way, was his opinion of the gastronomic qualities of human flesh.

"Good!" he replied, smacking his lips. "I have eaten your cuts of beef, your rounds of roast, your legs of mutton, and your stews, and all the rest; but I



MAORI GIRL.



am an old man, and I cannot forget old customs. I am telling truth. I would prefer a bit of man—a man steak or a man chop—to all your new-fangled meats, no matter how served up."

I asked him whether the taste for human flesh was still strong among his countrymen, and he replied :

"No, we find the pig better eating, and, besides that, since the introduction of the potato we have eaten much less animal food : but, of course, some of the old fellows, like myself, look back with pleasure to the fire lighted in front of the great idol, and the smell of a roasting enemy. It was very exciting. I went to one of your theaters once, and it reminded me of the old times." He had probably seen the dance of the witches in Macbeth.

The natives are employed by the farmers to plant and gather the potato crop, and are allowed to eat as many as they please,

into a long pendant for the ear. Today the stone is cut by lapidaries in the cities, and has therefore lost much of its value.

The natives are very affectionate, but, as I said before, have not learned the habit of kissing ; instead, they throw their arms around each other, and pressing their noses together move their heads up and down, making at the same time a crooning sound which is changed to suit the occasion, being mournful if a mutual friend has died since they last met, but always somewhat sad, for it is intended to convey the idea of the sorrow they have felt at their separation. When two Maoris meet, they stick their spears, or war-clubs,—the latter being also used as walking-staffs,—in the ground, as a sign that they are at peace with each other, and then throw their arms over each other's shoulders and rub noses.

The Maoris are monogamists, and they have a very strict law to protect husbands in their rights. Where a man invades the household of another and alienates the affection of his wife, the injured husband has the right to take from the invader everything he possesses ; and he always does so, and turns Lothario out naked on the earth.

One of the strangest things about these interesting people is their power of ventriloquism, which they use to deceive their enemies and to play practical jokes on their friends. I saw many instances of their power in this direction ; and although I have seen most of the professional ventriloquists, I have never heard anyone who could compare favorably with a Maori in the art.

I had a little hunchbacked native servant named Anah, who was an adept in this peculiar power over the voice, and my first experience in it was with him. Like most deformed persons he was fond of playing tricks on his better-shaped neighbors ; but he was not vicious nor cruel. On the contrary, he was one of

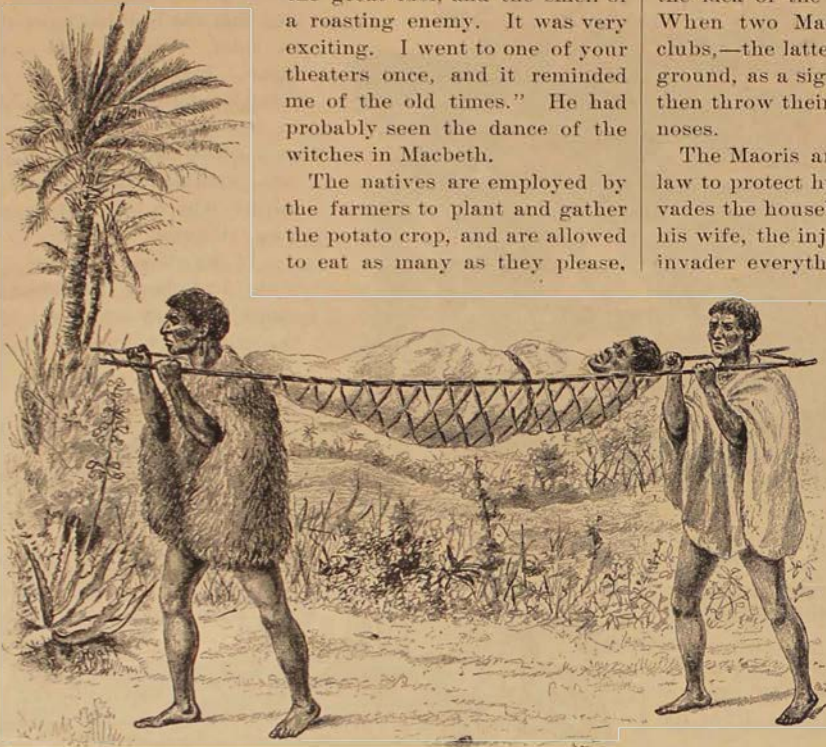
the best-natured, jolliest little souls I have ever known.

One day I went out to shoot wild pigeons, taking Anah with me to carry the game and our luncheon. I had shot a good many birds, and was

resting under a tree in the middle of the day, when the birds cease feeding and take their siesta. The berries of the tree under which I was sitting are a favorite food with wild pigeons, and so I was not surprised to hear, just above my head, the cooing of a bird. I sprang to my feet and looked cautiously up into the branches ; there was nothing to be seen but the sun-

light dancing on the leaves as the wind swayed them back and forth. I walked around the tree and examined it from all sides, but could not see a bird.

One becomes determined and angry under such circumstances, and I continued to gaze up into the tree until my



A NEW ZEALAND STRETCHER.

which has resulted in cultivating their taste for that tuber ; now it is their principal article of diet. Therefore I am right in saying that cannibalism was only an incident in their history, and not caused by innate savagery. In the wild excitement of war, when their worst passions are aroused, they occasionally eat an enemy ; but since they never make a meal off one of their own dead, although they prefer their flavor to that of their white enemies, it is evident that the cannibalism is indulged in for purposes of revenge, and not as a matter of appetite.

There is one habit which the Europeans have not been able to introduce among the Maoris, that of kissing ; and when one looks at the mouth of a native woman it is evident that an osculatory caress might not be pleasant, for the lower lip is covered with tattooing on the inside, which must be a very painful operation. But what will not a woman do to be in the fashion ? In New Zealand a native woman would as soon think of dispensing with her tattooed under lip as an American belle would think of wearing an unfashionable bonnet.

The men are tattooed according to their rank in the tribe, the head chief's face being covered with lines, which not only indicate his rank, but also tell of his achievements on the field of battle ; he in fact carries his coat of arms and his record on his face.

An ornament which is worn by both men and women consists of an earring of punamu, a green stone which is very hard, and which it took them much time and labor to form



THE LAST OF THE CANNIBAL CHIEFS.  
EIGHTY YEARS OLD.

neck ached, thinking how I would bring Mr. Pigeon down when my eye should light on him; but it never did. I turned to ask Anah to try if he could locate the bird, and noticed that he was holding his hand over his mouth, to suppress a peal of laughter.

"I just swallow my voice, and then throw it wherever I please," he replied.

On another occasion I was walking along the beach where a little bay came in from the sea, and I heard, far out on the water, the sound of paddles and the song the natives sing as they propel their war-canoes through the water.

The sound swelled out as though the canoe were rounding a headland, and then died away, giving me the impression that the boat had entered an inlet, then swelled out again. I looked in every direction, but nothing seemed to move on the sunlit sea; so I called to a Maori, who was walking ahead of me, asking where the war-canoe was. He replied,

"In my chest."

He had been amusing himself at my expense, by throwing his voice out on the



PREPARING FOR A CANNIBAL FEAST.

"What amuses you?" I asked, angrily, for I thought he was laughing at my inability to find the pigeon.

"Oh, there's no bird up there," he said, laughing immoderately. "I did that."

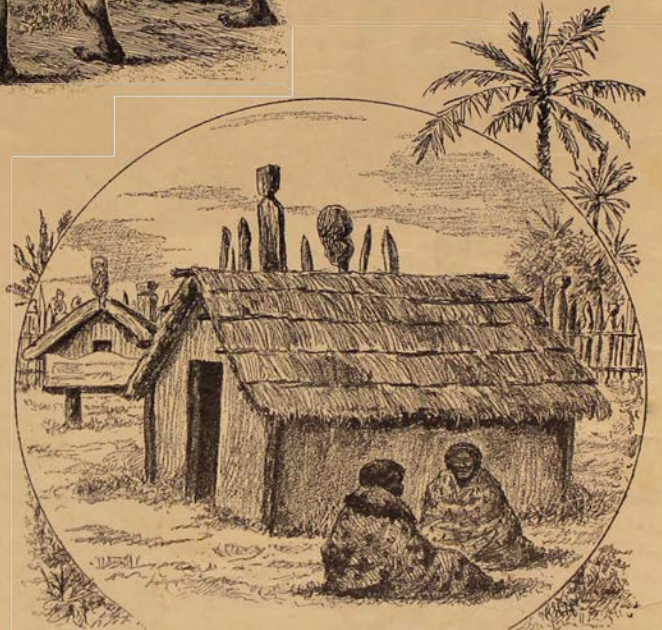
"What do you mean?" I asked.

"See," he replied; "I will make him coo on that log over there," and immediately the familiar sound came from the spot indicated.

"How do you manage it?" I inquired.



RUBBING NOSES, THE MAORI SUBSTITUTE FOR KISSING.



MAORI "WHARES," OR HOUSES.

water and reproducing the sound of the paddles and men's voices.

The strangest, and by far the most amusing, experience I had of this peculiar gift of the Maori came about in this way: A young lady who was a visitor at my father's house in New Zealand wished to test the power of the native fortune-teller, and I escorted her to a Maori village, to consult a "wise woman." The natives are spiritualists, and believe in the possibility of communing with the souls of the departed; having also a firm belief that Te Atua punishes, in this world, the evil-doer. We found the fortune-teller in a hut; on the clay floor a fire burned, the smoke from which filled the place. The natives never build chimneys in their "whares," as they call their houses.

When we entered we observed, through the smoke, the dim outlines of a human being crouching over the fire. As our eyes became used to the clouded atmosphere we saw

that the figure was that of a little old woman smoking a short clay pipe. Her face was covered with wrinkles, and her gray matted hair was hanging down over her shoulders and partially hid her face. She looked the witch she pretended to be, as she turned her little red eyes upon us, reminding one, by their cunning expression, of those of a rat peering out of his hole.

"You wish to look into the future?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "This young lady is anxious to test your powers."

"I have no power," she replied, "but I will call my lizard."

The natives believe that lizards are possessed by evil spirits, and fear them accordingly. I have seen a small boy put a lizard between the prongs of a split stick, and chase a Maori with perfect impunity.

As we stood watching the weird-looking creature by the fire, we heard a sound, apparently made by a lizard crawling up the wall of the hut, which was constructed of reeds gathered in the swamps and tied in bundles. The sound seemed to travel up the wall, then along the roof, until it was just above our heads. Then a voice, from the neighborhood of the supposed reptile, asked,

"What is it you want?"

"This lady wishes to know something of the past and future," said the native woman.

"Ask," the voice replied.

"Give us her name; where she comes from; what relatives she has, living and dead," said the fortune-teller.

Then the voice detailed correctly all about the young lady, and went on to prophesy of the future. So startling were the revelations that the girl became frightened and cried out to me,

"Let us get out of this! I cannot stand it!" And we left the place, the so-called witch making no objection or protest.

We gave her no money, nor would she have accepted it had we made the offer. The natives look upon such demonstrations as sacred matters into which no mercenary feeling must enter.

To me the whole affair was clear enough, and amusing. The so-called witch had gathered from our servants the history of the young lady; and the prophecies she evolved out of her fertile brain.

Of course there was no lizard in the thatch. The native woman was a ventriloquist, and made the sounds herself by throwing her voice up to the roof and answering her own questions; but the young lady refused to accept that

explanation. The witch, through the mouth of the supposed reptile, had promised her a rich and handsome husband.

J. G. DE STYAK.

### The Training of a Nurse.

MISS STANLEY'S friends spoke of her as a fair example of what may be accomplished by modern training and education. She was as charming and vivacious as her mother had been when she had wrecked the heart of many an unhappy bachelor. Unlike the woman of thirty years ago, Miss Stanley was not content to settle down with no other aim in life than to select the most eligible victim for a husband when tired of a round of successful flirtations. She was twenty-three years of age; and although past the age when young ladies are constantly "in love," or longing to be, she did not consider it at all unlikely that she would eventually become a married woman. But she hoped the "right one" would remain quietly in the background for several years,—at least until she was ready for him. To her the world seemed a vast workshop, and she longed for an opening that she might "amount to something." She saw no reason why a woman should not acquire a trade or profession, even if possessed of wealth. She recalled many instances of women who had lost their property while their bodily strength and intellect remained unimpaired, who were now living dependent upon relatives,—and far from happy. She wondered what she would do if thrown upon her own resources.

She had all the accomplishments without which no young lady is considered "finished," and possessed quite a large collection of medals and diplomas which she turned over impatiently. Among all these expensive attainments there was



ILLINOIS TRAINING-SCHOOL NURSES.

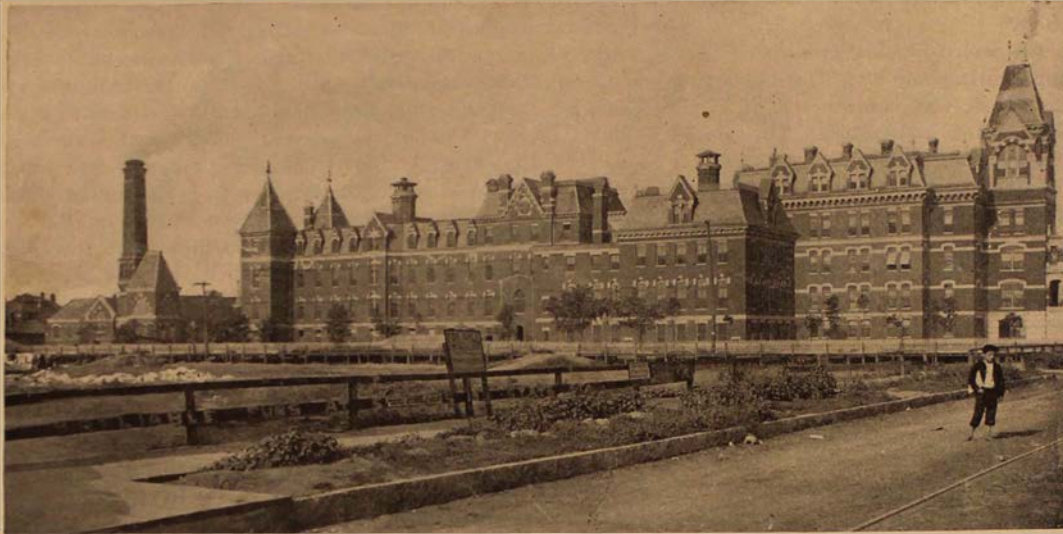
not one which she could rely upon to help her in case of need. She wondered if she would make an acceptable minister or lawyer, or, perhaps, by hard application to study, an architect; these were all fashionable. She reviewed, seriously, all the many callings open for women of today.

While still in an unsettled frame of mind, Miss Stanley became interested in a magazine article which described in a somewhat flowery style the work of trained nurses. The very thing! Here was exactly what she was looking for,—a profession which could not require any great amount of work or study, and having a delightful spice of romance connected with it. It was a dignified and purely womanly profession, and one which would steadily gain ground. She

face bravely whatever comes,—if you are willing to forget your present station in life in order that you may become a useful woman and fit yourself for whatever fate the future holds in reserve for you, you will not regret the step you contemplate taking."

"Of course," said Miss Stanley, indignantly, "he knows that the first case does not apply to me. He may possibly think that the second one does. I have always supposed it decidedly romantic to devote one's life to the care of indigent sick people; but if it is sternly practical, I am glad that he told me. Now, as to the last consideration. I am strong, healthy, possessed of several yards of diplomas, certainly well bred. I must be tender-hearted; I always cry at funerals, and sometimes at the theater, and I simply can't pass a beggar. 'Determination'? Yes indeed! I've always managed to have my own way, as a usual thing. No, I have not patience, nor adaptability; but I may acquire them, perhaps."

Several weeks after this letter was written Miss Stanley entered the Illinois Training-School for Nurses. She selected this school because she knew that its pupils were trained in two very large hospitals: the Cook County Hospital was filled with the very poor, and its patients represented



COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL, CHICAGO.

knew a physician who was connected with a hospital; she would write immediately and astonish him with the fact that she, Miss Stanley, daughter of Judge Stanley of Lakeside, was intending to devote herself to hospital work. The reply caused her some astonishment. Evidently this old friend of her father considered her a nonsensical young woman who needed to be "sat upon."

"Expend much time in earnest thought, and weigh yourself and your capabilities before deciding to become a trained nurse. If you desire an easy profession, select that of the washerwoman in preference. If you are a practical, businesslike woman, and think of it as a profession which, when acquired, will yield you a good income in dollars and cents, and are willing to undergo two years of hospital service for the sake of acquiring it,—and look at it from this standpoint only, you may possibly make a mechanical nurse. Your patients will not mourn your departure, and you will never be called to visit the same household twice. If you are a romantic, novel-devouring maid, yearning to be known as a modern St. Elizabeth, and long to bathe weary brows and witness impossible deathbed scenes, etc.,—stay at home. You will remain at the hospital but a few days, and you will be sadly disappointed. But if you are a strong, healthy woman, possessed of education, gentle breeding, a kind heart, determination, patience, and, above all, adaptability, and are willing to undertake whatever work is assigned you, and to

many nationalities and races; the Presbyterian Hospital was a private institution, and here she would come in contact with people of wealth and refinement. She thought that not only would she have a fine opportunity of becoming a thoroughly trained nurse, but that the study of many phases of human nature would thus present itself to her. This last, she reasoned, was in itself very desirable.

She found the Home for Nurses a pleasant place. It was not unlike the ordinary boarding-school in many respects: there were reading and reception rooms, excellent table service, and the matron was a woman of refinement. From the window of her chamber she could see the County Hospital which she was to enter tomorrow, and but a few blocks away was situated the Presbyterian Hospital. During the



EXAMINING ROOM.



IN THE DRUG-ROOM.

evening she was introduced to various members of the Faculty, and, in the morning, to her first head nurse.

She left the Home immediately after breakfast. Accompanied by the head nurse, she joined a long procession of young women, nearly all of whom wore the school uniform, the few exceptions being probationers, like herself. A moment later she entered the County Hospital. She passed the "examining room," and through its open door had a glimpse of a number of ragged men, women, and children, awaiting their consignment to various wards. She followed the head nurse, who was decidedly uncommunicative, and soon found herself transported by means of an elevator to the scene of her day's work, a women's medical ward. It was her first view of the miserable side of life, and she was deeply impressed. She glanced up and down the long ward, at the straight row of iron beds on which lay women who bore on their countenances the unmistakable stamp of the slums, and marveled greatly at the matter-of-fact way in which the assistant nurses began the various tasks assigned them. The peculiar odor known as the "hospital smell" filled her with disgust.

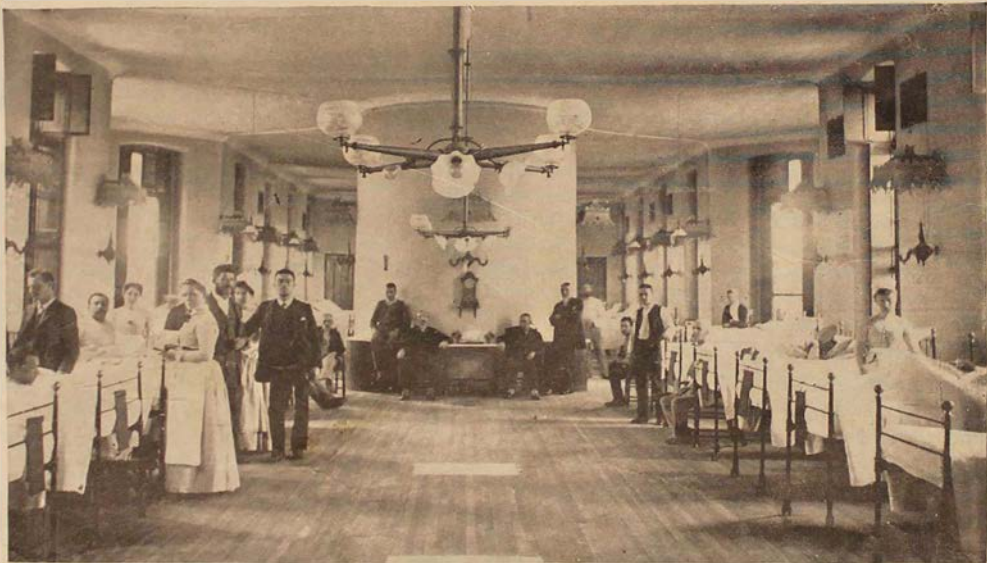
"Oh! what a dreadful place!" she said to herself. She had a wild desire to escape as she followed her instructress to the farther end of the ward, where patients who were not very ill were placed. She was very attentive while being shown how to make a hospital bed, but found it very hard to make one unassisted; she was obliged to remake one several times before the head nurse showed the least sign of approval. She was given a lesson in making her patients comfortable, and was shown how to bathe them and brush their hair. She wondered how the head nurse could touch

the young nurses going about as if they enjoyed their work.

"They have conquered *themselves*," she said to herself, and resolved to do likewise, if possible.

It did not grow easier all at once. The first two weeks were very trying; the probationer's lot is a hard one. She was at the beck and call of every nurse in the ward. The unaccustomed manual labor tired her dreadfully; her back ached, and her feet were sore and swollen when she dragged herself wearily home at night. She was unable

them so unshrinkingly and in so gentle a manner. She summoned all her fortitude, for she must now do it herself. There was a colored woman among her patients, and a freak from a downtown museum; another had a very wicked countenance, exaggerated by the loss of an eye. Oh! the miseries of that awful first day! But here, as everywhere, the force of example was strong. It helped her to overcome her prejudices to see



MEN'S MEDICAL WARD.

to leave hospital scenes behind her, and the hardened faces of the patients haunted her dreams. She was homesick and unhappy. The nurses were not uncivil, but they were far from friendly. Her timid attempts towards forming acquaintances among them were not encouraged; she could hear them having gay times in their rooms or parlors, and could not understand why she was not asked to join them.

"Nobody takes any personal interest in me," she said, bitterly; "I am simply Miss Stanley the probationer. I am ordered about in the wards in the manner which I am accustomed to assume towards my father's servants. At the

Home I am left quite alone, or obliged to find friends among the probationers; and, like myself, they are all too homesick to be entertaining." Every night she thought of returning home, but when morning came would decide to "try it one more day."

And gradually a change was wrought in herself which caused her to view her surroundings in a different light.



WOMEN'S SURGICAL WARD.

The ward work became less tiresome and more interesting as she began to understand it better. The patients were human beings, instead of loathsome objects; she was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction when she had made them comfortable; and she could cheerfully perform tasks the suggestion of which would formerly have caused her to turn pale,—not only to perform them, but to feel pride in her ability to do so!

"I have really produced a great transformation," she would say to herself as she took a critical survey of the newly arrived patient reposing comfortably upon a clean bed. An hour before she had taken from this woman the filthy rags which serve as clothing to the Italian street-beggar, and after giving her a soap-and-water bath,—to which she seemed an utter stranger,—and brushing her tangled hair, she found her quite presentable.

Miss Stanley was anxious to remain in the school when the month of probation was ended; she hoped to find the superintendent willing to accept her, and she was not disappointed. Her head nurse had given a satisfactory report of her progress while in the ward, and her general deportment had been all that could be desired. She signed an agreement binding her to remain two years in the school, and to obey its rules. She donned its uniform, and began her work earnestly. She now found the nurses much more approachable; the change of apparel had made her one of them, and she made friends rapidly.

She found that she had very little leisure, but she became more and more interested in her studies as she grew to understand them better. She attended classes where she

was taught *materia medica*, anatomy, physiology, the symptoms and cure of diseases, and many subjects pertaining to nursing; she attended lectures given by physicians and surgeons of prominence, and took extensive notes for future reference. And her patients were no longer "objects of aversion;" they became interesting cases. Their personality caused her no concern; they were stored with "symptoms" for her to watch, and their recovery was most earnestly desired, that she might satisfy herself that their treatment had been correct. She joined the other nurses in discussing typhoid fever, pneumonia, and the various diseases of childhood; she went fearlessly to the ward for contagious diseases, and came forth laden with new information; she was initiated into the mysteries of the drug-room, and taught to read and compound prescriptions; she kept a careful record of each patient's temperature, pulse, and respiration,

and all else of interest to the physician concerning his condition; she learned the nature of, and antidote to, each poisonous drug, and methods of procedure which should be employed in the absence of a doctor; she learned what to do in medical emergencies, and many other things too numerous to mention. Having acquired all of this knowledge she was considered ready for night duty.



AN OPERATION. MEN'S SURGICAL WARD.

Miss Stanley found the first few nights' work very difficult. There was no head nurse present to be consulted, and she must think and act for herself. The night superintendent came to call occasionally, but she was seldom within hearing when most needed, and Miss Stanley found that she must cultivate self-reliance. The ward was a "male medical," and was unusually heavy. It was the typhoid fever

season, and the slums of Chicago send many sufferers with this disease to be cared for at the expense of the taxpayers, who had not thought it advisable to clean up the alleys or empty the garbage-boxes oftener than once a month. She had a violent case of delirium tremens, and several unhappy victims of the morphine habit. There seemed to be a suicidal epidemic, and several victims of Cupid's darts and "Rough on Rats" were brought in. These last obliged her to put to practical test her "emergency" lessons, and, as a usual thing, her patient was



OPERATION AT CLINIC.



EMERGENCY CASE. ARRIVAL OF PATIENT.

The sick waifs are beautifully cared for at the County Hospital, and much care and money are expended to make the ward an attractive one. The boy who catches on the cars or experiments with his father's revolver, the baby born with club feet or hare lip, or the girl who tried to cross the street in front of the fast approaching cable-train, finds a soft white bed and intelligent care here.

Miss Stanley found that the nursing of children is a science in itself, and that it requires tact and patience to manage them successfully. Many an otherwise competent nurse never becomes competent in this branch of the profession,

very grateful that her success in the use of drugs outshone his. Before leaving the ward in the morning she wrote in her record book a brief, but explicit, account of her night's work, for the benefit of the doctors in charge, and after a short talk with the head nurse was very glad to depart. She found it almost impossible to sleep during the day, and resumed her charge on the next night with the very strangest feeling in her head that she had ever experienced. But before the first week was ended night duty became much easier, and as the end of the month approached, Miss Stanley had learned to enjoy it very much indeed.

She was sorry to leave the medical wards, and knew that with the beginning of the next month she was to enter an untried field, for she had now finished her medical training. To her surprise she found the surgical wards not at all dreadful. The ward work was far easier than it had been in the medical wards, and the patients much more cheerful. She was taught artistic bandaging, to dress wounds and burns, to keep broken bones in place until the surgeon should arrive, to watch for and control hemorrhage; she learned to administer anesthetics, to prepare the many solutions and dressings required in antiseptic surgery, and to prepare for and assist at operations.

In the emergency ward she learned to think and act quickly, and that a moment's delay or stupidity might be death for the patient. Here she kept reminding herself that she must not forget that she was dealing with human lives. In the children's ward she had her first experience with little patients,



FROM THE CHILDREN'S WARD.



IN THE MATERNITY WARD.

and comparatively few adopt it as a specialty. It is unfortunate, for there is vast need of more nurses in the field who understand and love children. Miss Stanley was, unfortunately, unused to children. She quietly studied them at first as a botanist does a new species of plant. She found the child as marked in his individuality as is the grown person. She was particularly impressed with the fact that force, while it often succeeds, leaves bad after-effects, and that the child born in the slums is possessed of as sensitive a heart as the child of wealth, and is more easily reached by kindly measures than its more fortunate neighbor. The head nurse thoroughly understood children, and took delight in the moral transformation produced in particularly "tough" specimens during their sojourn in the hospital. While the assistant nurses busied themselves with the care of the little bodies, she was engaged in teaching the untrained minds, or in devising games which would interest without tiring the children. Miss Stanley thought herself fortunate to have before her so good an example, and became quite expert in the management and nursing of children.

From the children's ward she went to the Presbyterian Hospital to undertake special duty. Here, except when relieved that she might take much-needed rest, she did not leave the patient assigned her from the time of his operation until he quite recovered his health and was able to return home. And after this foretaste of private duty, Miss Stanley was sent to the diet kitchen to remain until she should acquire knowledge of invalid cookery.

She now entered upon the last stage of her training; she spent six weeks of

and the art of imparting to others the knowledge which she had acquired herself.

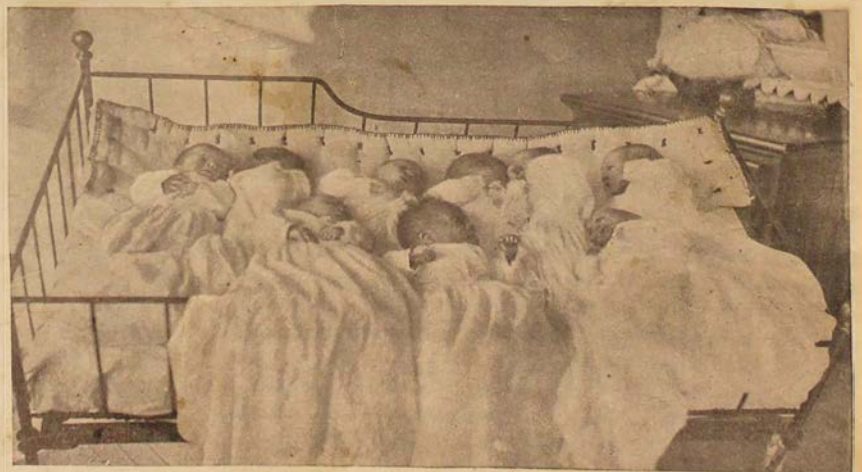
Has the hospital life changed this charming young woman

into a "Sairy Gamp"? No indeed! She is as lovable as ever. Her face is more thoughtful, perhaps, and about her is an indescribable something by which we recognize a woman of character. She has laid out at interest two years of her life. There is much left for her to learn. The school makes the *nurse*, but it cannot make the *woman*. She must practice "adaptability" when she goes on private duty. She will enter the homes of the cultured, and the homes of the vulgar; of the rich, and of the poor. She will be the unwilling keeper of many family secrets; will

have to put up with broken rest and many discomforts, and deal with disagreeable people. She will dine with the family of a millionaire one week, and the next will sit down in a



MATERNITY WARD. WEIGHING THE BABY.



MITES OF HUMANITY.



dingy little kitchen to a badly cooked meal in the company of Mr. Patrick O'Finnegan's family on Market Street. Now her patient is a fretful child, now an old man, and now a happy young mother. She will be successful if (as she truly hopes to do) she can adapt herself to circumstances.

And wherever she goes, since she now possesses a thorough knowledge of her profession, added to patience, kindness of heart, and determination,—since she is, above all, a gentlewoman, let us wish her God speed!

SARA R. McISAAC.

### My First Experience With a Bicycle.

**A**LTHOUGH we are dear friends, Kitty and I are very unlike in most respects. She is a quiet, rather old-fashioned girl, with dark hair and a pale face which grows very solemn when I do anything not quite in accord with her notions. I call her Katherine on these occasions. But in spite of the fact that she is so demure, and I am—well, a bachelor girl, with ideas which I pride myself are not behind the times, Kitty almost shocked me not a great while ago by coming out in bl— But I am getting ahead of my story. I will state the circumstances from the beginning.

It was last spring, just after she had returned from a visit to Washington. Of course, I knew that Washington, like most cities, had gone bicycle crazy; but I never dreamed that conservative little Kitty would get a wheel in her head. When she returned I met her at the station, and after we had kissed each other she said, with an innocent air,

"Now, if you will wait just a moment I will see to my trunks and wheel."

Afterward I remembered that she glanced at me with a sort of apprehensive air when she mentioned that last thing.

"Your what?" I exclaimed. But she was hurrying away and pretended not to hear me.

Of course, I helped her to unpack. There was a blue garment which I noticed she took from her trunk rather hastily and covered up in a careless way. I thought it was her bathing-suit, and was about to ask to see it when she began to tell me something interesting about a young naval officer I know, and I forgot all about the blue costume. But I saw it again the next afternoon, and then it was that I was so astonished at Kitty.

We had made an appointment for three o'clock. I was asked to wait in the parlor when I called for her, and sat idly turning the pages of a volume of Tennyson. Soon I heard her footstep and looked up, expecting, of course, to see her in one of her eminently quiet and sensible tailor-made gowns. What I really did see caused me to drop my book and stare at her wonderingly.

"It isn't really you, is it, Kitty?" I gasped.

"Why, you goose, do you think I am someone else?" she answered, with a gay little laugh. "How do you like them?"

"Why they are very—very fetching,—but you, Kitty, of all persons!"

"Yes, I know," she replied, quickly, "but our minds should be ever open to new ideas and impressions. We should be always striving to enlarge our views. Prejudice and obstinacy are fatal to intellectual growth."

"Well," I said, after she had delivered this bit of wisdom, "you are not so much changed after all; but what in the world led you to do it?"

Her answer has nothing to do in particular with this narrative, and perhaps it is a breach of confidence for me to tell it; but she did whisper to me that she had become engaged to a college professor in Washington, and he had advised her to learn to ride the wheel. "And, above all things," he had said, "adopt a rational bicycling costume. Don't feel that, because you are a woman, you *must* necessarily wear a cumbersome skirt." So Kitty, like the obedient little body she always is when anyone she admires or likes very much assumes a dictatorial tone towards her, had suddenly emerged from her shell of conservatism attired in—yes, they were bloomers, there is no denying it. She wore, besides, a long coat that reached to her knees and buttoned in front, leather leggings, dainty little tan shoes, and a Tam O'Shanter. The coat preserved the graceful lines at the hips, and altogether the suit really looked very pretty on Kitty with her slight, trim figure. She colored with pleasure at my evident admiration.

"Now you must see me ride," she said, gayly, after I had surveyed her for a sufficiently long time.

My own attack of the propelling fever—and a most delightful fever I have since found it—came as I stood there on the sidewalk and watched her spring lightly into the saddle of her docile steed of glistening metal, then dart away, whirl around like a swallow in its flight, and, erect and graceful, come gliding easily and swiftly toward me again.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, feeling a thrill of enthusiasm, "I must have a wheel! This very evening I will speak to papa about it."

I knew from long experience that it is best to approach papa on a delicate mission like mine just after he has finished his after-dinner coffee and is stretched back in his big arm-chair at peace with the world. When this auspicious moment came I drew up a stool upon which I used to sit when a little girl and nestled down beside him.

"Papa, you know the physical culturist said I was in danger of getting too fleshy unless I took plenty of exercise. She thought a walking-tour this summer would be a fine thing for me, but, of course, it would not be interesting to walk anywhere in this prosaic vicinity; it would have to be a walking-tour through Scotland, or Alpine climbing, or something of that kind, you know."

I said this very sweetly and coaxingly, but papa moved uneasily and muttered something that sounded like, "The dickens it would!"

"Of course," I went on, "such a tour would be very expensive; if we could only think of some other way!" I paused as if in deep perplexity. The truth is, I was almost afraid to mention the bicycle project, because papa is a little narrow-minded on some subjects, and has strong views about "women aping the men," as he calls our efforts at emancipation.

"I have an idea!" I cried, brightening up. "A bicycle would be the very thing!" I could see by his expression that papa was about to object, but I didn't give him a chance. "Riding a wheel is so healthful, I would not have to take the walking-tour at all. Besides, everybody is riding. Why, even Kitty has a bicycle."

Papa is a staunch admirer of Kitty, and I knew this would have great weight with him.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know much about the things myself, but I am sure that Kitty would never be foolish or unwomanly. I suppose you will have to have one, although you will surely break your neck, and your poor father will be brought to his grave by remorse for aiding and abetting the affair."

So the first and most important step in my undertaking had been successfully made.

I have a cousin George. Up to this time I had regarded

George as something of a bore, because he is a cycle enthusiast and is always talking of "bikes" and "runs" and "tires." But now



KITTY'S BICYCLING COSTUME.

I began to see George in a different light, particularly as he agreed very willingly to go along and give me "points" when I went to buy my wheel. You may

be sure I did not wait long before doing this; and no sooner had we started, one bright morning, than George began to pour out his bicycle lore. "Your weight, I should guess, is about one hundred and twenty pounds," he said, looking me over critically, "so your wheel ought to weigh between twenty-two and twenty-five pounds. Even if it were a trifle heavier it would do no harm, because it is easier to learn on a wheel of medium weight than upon a very light one. Of course," he went on, "I don't know what you expect to pay, but it is not necessary to buy a high-priced wheel."

It seemed a perfect horde of wheels that confronted us when we entered the bicycle establishment. It was quite bewildering; I am sure I should have been completely at sea without George. With the air of a connoisseur, as, indeed, he was, George surveyed the array and passed judgment on the wheels as they were brought out for his inspection.

"No sir; we don't want it,—would hardly take it as a gift. This young lady is not a 'scorcher,'" said George, decisively, as the dealer began to expand on the merits of the first wheel he showed us.

I was very sure I was not a "scorcher," but had not the remotest idea of what George meant by the word.

"A 'scorcher,'" he explained, "is one of those riders who leans away over the handle-bar with back bent nearly double, to make the wheel go at a breakneck pace. Now this machine has the handle-bars curved downward so that it is necessary to stoop, and for this reason you don't want it. Ladies, who of course desire to look pretty and graceful on their wheels, as everywhere else, should select a wheel with upturned handle-bar, so they can sit perfectly erect. It is impossible to look well unless you do, you know; and then an erect position is much more healthful, because the lungs have plenty of room for expansion. The material in the handles," George went on, "is a minor point compared to the shape of the bar; but it is better that they be of cork."

I never really knew before what a careful and critical young man George is. The bars connecting the front and back part of the machine next engaged his attention.

"Too high!" was his verdict on those in the wheel we were looking at. "This bar," he continued, "should be as low as possible, so that it won't interfere with a woman's skirt when she is mounting and dismounting. If the bar is too high, the skirt is sure to catch on it when you are showing off your pretty mount, and the wheel may roll over you instead of over the ground. I remember—"

"Come, George, no stories," I hastily broke in when I saw that an anecdote was impending. "Let's stick to business; how about this saddle?"

"Well," he answered, "they are all made about the same shape and style now, so there isn't much choice; but I suppose you want a nice springy one, don't you?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Well, of course you don't!—that is, not too nice and springy, because a saddle that is constantly bobbing up and down will tire you much sooner than one which has only a little give."

"All right, Sir Oracle; but the tires? are they not important?"

"You needn't bother about them now," replied George, "although they are apt to be enough of a bother when you begin to ride. The tires are the most critical parts of the whole machine; but we can't do much more than see that they are of medium size and weight. Some can be mended easily if punctured, but they are punctured so much more easily than the others that there is not



"YOU MOUNT LIKE THIS."



"AND RIDE AWAY, LIKE THIS."

much choice between them. It is a matter of opinion, anyway."

I am sure that the patient dealer was in despair before we



"WHY, IT IS VERY EASY!"

to roll it home myself rather than allow it out of my sight. That night I dreamed that I went wheeling along delightful country roads, and that my bicycle rose in the air and rolled over strange mountains and enchanting valleys in the clouds.

I was once called "a lazy, luxurious soul," by a very dear friend. While that was a base slander, such as only a dear friend would have the impudence to utter, you would hardly believe, if you knew me well, that I arose the next morning at least an hour earlier than usual to look at my treasure. I even took it out into the yard, and made one or two covert attempts to mount; but the thing was not so docile as it appeared, and I concluded I would better not learn then and there, but wait for George, who was coming after breakfast, to give me a few hints. He was not going to teach me to ride,—I had made up my mind to teach myself; and I concluded that it was absurd to take half a dozen or more lessons,—I could learn in one.

George was inflating the tires when I came out from breakfast. Then, with the wrench, he raised the handle until it was about two inches above the saddle. He next tilted the saddle slightly forward.

"With the saddle tilted this way," he explained, "it is easier for a beginner to mount and dismount. And now, if you will take a seat in the saddle, I will find out how high to make it. The pedals, when down, should be low enough to be



"WHEN IT WAS HALF-WAY OVER I GOT MY FEET ON THE GROUND."

found a wheel that suited us, but at last we did. It was a charming thing, with its shining metal and look of lightness and airiness. I was quite in love with it, and was tempted

just touched by the balls of the feet. If the pedals are too high, that is, if the saddle is too low, your knees spread apart when you ride, and you look ungainly, to say the least."

"Yes," I answered, rather absently. I was wondering why Kitty, who had promised to be on hand nearly fifteen minutes before, hadn't come. But at that instant an apparition in blue came into view gliding down the street, and Kitty sprang lightly from her wheel.

"All ready to start, I see," she cried, gayly. "Well, come on. I do hope you won't have many falls."



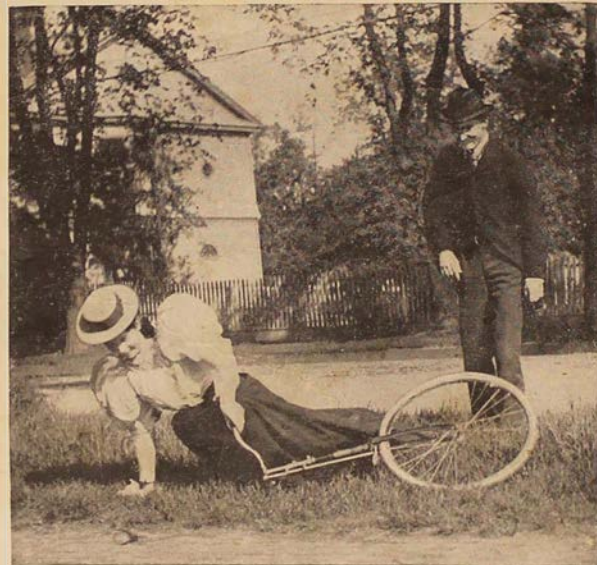
"BUT WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH THE THING?"

"Oh, not a great many," answered George, cheerfully, "although she is determined to teach herself. We will go over to Hawthorne Street, where there is plenty of room and not many people to see the fun."

"I am glad you expect to be amused," I said to George, with a frigid air, but it only made his smile the broader.

I started rather gingerly to wheel the bicycle to the scene of the first engagement between it and myself.

"You would better



"AS IF TIRED, IT LAY DOWN ON ITS SIDE, AND I WITH IT."

lead it yourself," George had said, "so as to have at least a slight bowing acquaintance with it before suing for its favor and taking liberties with it."

We came to a broad, level bit of ground that seemed to me to be just the place, but George shook his head.

"No," he said, "it will be better to find a slight incline where the wheel will run along of its own accord. This is quite a help in learning to balance yourself."

At last we found a spot that George pronounced all right.

"There is plenty of room here to fall in," he remarked, with an unpleasant smile. "And now," he continued,

"let's begin. It is almost 'as easy as rolling off a log' to roll off a bi—I mean, to ride a bicycle. You women make too much fuss about it,—as if you were learning some acrobatic feat. Remember that your feet are never more than ten or twelve inches from the ground, and that while you may fall, you rarely hurt yourself. Isn't that so, Kitty?"

Kitty, who was darting and circling about in an easy, careless way that was quite tantalizing, nodded an assent.

"I suppose it would have been easier for me," I remarked, surveying her costume, "if I had knickerbockers or bloomers or something of that sort on."

"You are all right," answered George. "That shirt-waist gives you plenty of room in which to move your arms; and as to the skirt, while it should be a little narrower and reach only to the ankles, it is the kind that most women learn in. Not one in a thousand has a regular bicycle-suit



"OH, I AM SURE I CAN RIDE ALONE!"



"KEEP PEDALING! KEEP PEDALING!"

before she becomes a good rider. And now, Kitty," George added, "show her how to mount."

"It is very easy, my dear," said Kitty, sweetly. "You stand on the left side of your bicycle, with your hands on the handles; you put your right foot over the bar and upon the right pedal, which is elevated and inclined a little forward; then you press your weight upon the right pedal and give a little spring into your seat. The pressure on the pedal has given you momentum; you get your other foot on the left pedal, and ride away, like this."

"Why, it is very easy!" I exclaimed. "I am sure I can do that! No, don't help me, George. Let me see; you put your foot on the right pedal, and spring——"

But what was the matter with the thing? It darted away like a frisky colt before I was half ready. And where was that left pedal? I sought it frantically with my foot, but couldn't find it. The wheel darted to the right, then suddenly changed its intention and swerved to the left. I felt it totter under me; vainly did I twist myself to keep it upright. Calmly and gently, as if tired, it lay down on its side, and I lay down with it, while George stood over us grinning idiotically.

"It is not quite so easy as it looks, is it?" he asked, when I was straightening myself out. "Let me give you a point about falling. When you feel yourself going over, of course



"THE WHEEL AND I MADE SEPARATE LEAPS!"

your inclination is to let go of the wheel and put your hands out to break the fall; but it is much better to keep a firm grasp upon the handles. The chances are you will alight on your feet, and there is no danger of the wheel coming down on top of you, which is the way you are most likely to get hurt if you let go."

"Very well, I will remember," I answered; "but I don't intend to fall often. Let me try again."

Really, that bicycle seemed possessed of an evil spirit. No sooner had I put my feet on the pedals than the front wheel gave a quick turn of its own accord, and the whole thing began to settle again; but I was ready for it this time.

When it was half-way over I got my feet on the ground, and stood there helplessly for an instant in a position which I am quite sure was far from graceful. I didn't mind that, however; I was beginning to understand that grace and bicycle riding in its first stages have nothing in common.



"WE WERE GETTING ALONG VERY WELL."

"Don't you think," asked George, as I was preparing to mount again, "that I would better give you a little help?" I hated to admit that it might be well, but I had to.



"ALL THREE OF US FELL IN A HEAP."

George caught the wheel by the saddle support and handle and held it upright while I comfortably settled myself in the seat, then he pushed it gently and ran alongside to steady it. It was like floating through the air; I felt a thrill of delight, and cried, enthusiastically.

"Oh, do let me go! I am sure I can ride it alone."

I felt George give the wheel another push, and the next instant I was careering away on my own account. Rather wildly I grasped the handles.

"Don't hold them so stiffly," shouted George. "Hold them firmly, but easily. Keep pedaling! keep pedaling! and turn the wheel the way you feel yourself falling."

How could I obey these instructions when that capricious bicycle, without consulting me at all, whirled about and started for the road? I saw that I would have to jump, or fall. At the same instant the wheel and I made separate leaps; it fell upon its side, but I, thank goodness! alighted safely upon my feet.



"AT FIRST, I WAS INCLINED TO BEND OVER THE HANDLE-BAR."

"Well, perhaps so," I replied, assuming an indifferent air. "You see, I am not altogether used to mounting yet. When I get on and started I am sure I shall be all right."



"HORRORS! I COULDN'T STOP THE WHEEL!"

arrange your skirt so that it will hang evenly on both sides."

George held the machine until I prepared to try again.

"No, no; put the ball of your foot, not the hollow, on the pedal. Now you are all right. But keep pedaling; the trouble with you women is that you allow yourselves to be pushed along when you are learning. To balance the wheel you must have momentum; and I repeat it, when you feel that you are falling turn the wheel the same way, and don't hold the handle-bars rigidly."

With George giving me a little support from behind we were getting along very well. For just one instant I relaxed my attention; I felt that I was losing my balance, and then all three of us, George, the wheel, and myself, fell in a heap.

"Now," I said, decidedly, "I am going to try it once more alone before I stop." I got started very nicely; the machine ran smoothly and easily down the slight declivity and headed for the road. Just then a team of prancing horses came around the corner; we were approaching the same point. Horrors! I couldn't stop the wheel!

"Fall off!" shouted George.

"I can't! I can't!" I cried.

The thing was running away with me and right under those horses' feet! I think I was very pale when George caught me.

"If you had only known how to dismount," he said, "it would have been all right. But here comes Kitty again. She must show you."

Kitty is such an enthusiastic wheelwoman that she had taken a spin of a mile or so up the road during the agony of my first efforts; but now she came flying back.



"THROW YOUR RIGHT FOOT OVER THE CROSS-BAR, LIKE THIS."

"Well," said George, laughing, "you know of one way to dismount, anyhow. But the trouble was with your dress. It hung on one side and threw you out of balance. You must be careful to sit squarely on your seat, and

"Show me how to dismount," I said, shortly. I was rather provoked at Kitty for not having given me more



"LIGHTLY AND GRACEFULLY KITTY SPRANG TO THE GROUND."

help. I forgot that I had told her I wouldn't need any special assistance.

"Well," she said, "watch me closely. You wait until the left pedal is down; then you bear your weight upon it, and draw your right foot up and throw it over the cross-bar, like this, keeping a firm hold on the handle." Lightly and gracefully Kitty sprang to the ground.

I remember how I envied her. But months have passed since then. At first, after I had learned to keep my balance pretty well, I was inclined to bend over the handle-bar; but Kitty showed me how ungraceful it is, and now I flatter myself that I ride almost as well as she does. While I did not learn as rapidly as I had expected, I found that a regular teacher is not indispensable; a few suggestions such as George gave me, and a strong person to help you balance the wheel during your first attempt, answer every purpose.

My first rides were for not more than a mile or two; but now Kitty and I think little of a twenty-five mile run. We have found that quite enough, however, and are of the opinion that such is the case with most women. After a long ride I completely change my clothes and have an alcohol bath or rub-down, which hardens the muscles and prevents them from getting stiff.

My wheel and I have passed many delightful hours together; and if bicycling is the craze it has been called, I can only say that it is a very healthful and happy sort of a craze, which is resulting in inestimable benefit and pleasure.

ELSIE FAIRWEATHER.

## THE QUESTION OF VACATIONS FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

VIEWS upon the subject which is interesting everybody just now, contributed to Demorest's Magazine by Gov. McKinley, Weather Forecaster Dunn, Joseph Jefferson, Camille d'Arville, Rev. Thomas Dixon, and Dr. Cyrus W. Edson.

### FROM A MAN WHO HAS NO VACATIONS.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

You remember how the small boy who asked another small boy for the core of an apple the latter was eating received the reply, "There ain't goin' to be no core"? Well, that will give you an idea of where I stand in regard to vacations. With me, "there ain't goin' to be no vacation," and, furthermore, there hasn't been any for a long time. Others take their summer outings and of course enjoy themselves; I stick to my desk through the hot days and work. Perhaps it would be better were it not so; perhaps it would be better for me if I took an occasional vacation; but there is a mountain of work always looming up before me, and I think that, after all, I am best satisfied when I am pitching into it, tunneling it, burrowing it, demolishing it as best I can. When I was a boy I learned a little poem that began:

"Whene'er a duty waits on thee,  
In thy calm judgment view it.  
Do not idly wish it done;  
Begin at once and do it."

I have always remembered those first lines; and the duties are always waiting. That is the main reason why I take no

vacations. Possibly I owe it to myself to rest more than I do, but I am a believer in hard work; while sometimes an exacting master, it has been a generous one to me. I owe something to work,—some degree of success which would probably have been denied me if I had wooed too ardently vacations and other pleasures.

Of course I take a summer-day outing occasionally. I like to fish, not that I catch much,—my state is not a fisherman's paradise; but it is pleasant to sit on the bank in the shade with the water flowing quietly past, and dream or philosophize if you want to. But some day I intend to take a long vacation, and it will not be passed in Europe, either. My opinion is that our own land contains the means for the gratification of every reasonable pleasure or love of the beautiful in either art or nature. I will view our own marvels before giving my attention to those of foreign countries.

### VACATIONS AND THE WEATHER.

E. B. DUNN, CHIEF OF THE WEATHER BUREAU FOR NEW YORK.

To anybody who has a choice of a time for a vacation I should say choose July, particularly the latter part of the month. The records show that the mercury climbs highest at this time, and, what is even more to the point, the humidity is greater than during any other part of the year. It is not necessary to tell people familiar with our climate that

warm air filled with moisture is much more unbearable than air of a considerably higher temperature which is comparatively dry. In July the moisture is held in suspense, and we

have our greatest humidity, with its accompaniments of discomfort and lowered vitality. For this reason July is the most trying month to work in, and, conversely, the best one for vacations. I am aware that there is a general impression that August is the hottest month; but it is a mistake. Excursionists, and summer pleasure-seekers generally, may expect more showers than in the preceding month, but, in spite of this, the humidity is less, the reason being that atmospheric

changes are more frequent and rapid, and the moisture, instead of remaining suspended, is soon condensed into clouds and falls as rain. A bit of advice I would give those who go on vacations is to be prepared for a great assortment of weather. Of late years our summers have been subject to great and sudden changes of temperature. The heat and cold nowadays come with a rush, and each seems to be more extreme than formerly. My explanation for this is that the extensive irrigation of arid lands in the West attracts storms northward which originate in the southwest and would pass to the south of us under ordinary conditions. The moisture draws them north, and they start eastward from a point nearly due west of us. But whether or not this is the correct theory, the fact remains that we have the sudden changes, and that no one is fully equipped for a vacation without an overcoat as well as the thinnest summer raiment.

I have said that July, taking everything into consideration, is the best month for a vacation, and, personally, I always choose it, if I can. But if you go on a sea-voyage and are timid enough of the water to be adverse to hard gales of wind, you would better start earlier in the season; for tropical storms begin to come tearing up the coast in July, and for two months there are apt to be some pretty lively times out on the bosom of the ocean. As to storms on land, which play an unfortunately important part in out-ings, there are more of them east of the Alleghany mountains than west of them, and more close to large bodies of water than at a distance.

A VETERAN ACTOR'S VACATION.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, EMINENT ACTOR.

You know Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Well, I sometimes grow tired of the world stage and the men and women who are merely players. I like to get away from the turmoil and excitement, and live for a while with nature.

When the hot days come I go to my country-house at Buzzard's Bay, a place where men and nature have a rugged simplicity that is soothing and inspiring. Sea-winds are always blowing there; quiet and rest pervade the atmosphere. I think I get the most enjoyment from my painting. Almost every day I take my easel to some promontory and paint a bit of sea, and a passing ship, perhaps; or I go to the woods and try to put on my canvas a suggestion of the beauty

and grandeur of the trees and hills, and the brooks that flow merrily down their sides. At these times I lose myself and forget everything but just my admiration and study of Mother Nature. To reproduce with the brush

something of her beautiful and wonderfully various face is, I think, almost the noblest of the arts; certainly it is the one in which I take the most pleasure. But in spite of my affection for her, Dame Nature is ungrateful and unkind to me sometimes. More than once I have been so absorbed in a perspective or color effect that I have not noticed that she is frowning, that a great bank of clouds has come up out of the sea, and I am only recalled to myself by the big drops of rain that mercilessly drench me and my picture. I have a good many paintings in my house, but am particularly fond of the works of Corot and Daubigny.

When I am not painting I am fishing. We take long sails about the bay for blue-fish, and run into the teeth of gales occasionally; but I rather enjoy them than otherwise, for I am very fond of the sea, and like to study it in its various moods. That is one of the main reasons of my fondness for blue-fishing. As far as the piscatorial art alone is concerned, I think it has its quintessence in whipping a stream for the elusive trout. It is a contest between the fisherman's and the fish's wit. You must be artistic and have *finesse* to take him. On my Louisiana plantation I used to hunt; but I have laid the gun aside. Painting and fishing are the more restful, and rest and quiet are what I seek when I go to Buzzard's Bay.

A SINGER WHO LOVES THE SEA.

CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, PRIMA DONNA.

WHEN my vacation time comes I never hesitate; I fly to my old friend, my old love, the sea. I cannot express to you my full delight when, after months and months in the crowded cities, I look once more upon the vast, heaving bosom of the ocean. As it stretches away till the sky cuts off the view, there seems such an infinity of space about it, such wildness and freedom, such strength and mystery. And the waves! how I love to watch them chasing each other, and tumbling on the sand, and sometimes rearing up in anger and lashing themselves furiously upon the beach! I feel a sort of exaltation when they roar loudly, and their gentle murmuring is music to me.

The restlessness of the sea, too, has its fascination. Indeed, I am myself a restless soul; I delight to be in the midst of movement, bustle, excitement. At Manhattan Beach, where I am fond of stopping, I have a favorite seat from which I can watch the people as they pour in from the trains. I study their faces as they pass me, and imagine what characters, what phases of human nature, what comedies and tragedies of life, are behind these masks. I look at the passing crowd, and then turn and gaze out upon the ocean, rolling and tossing just as it did a million years ago, perhaps; and a sense of the exceeding smallness and vanity of human beings and human things rushes over me. I tell you this because I think it shows that the sea lifts us out of ourselves, and is therefore conducive to mental as well as physical health.

But you may be sure that I do not content myself with simply looking at the sea and thinking of it. At least once every day, and twice if the weather is very warm, I take a plunge and feel the ocean's cool embrace. I consider myself quite an expert swimmer; I learned when a girl. Bathing in the sea and lolling on the hotel verandas at Manhattan and other Atlantic resorts is the way in which I most delight to idle away the summer. In the evening I love to sit by my window and feel the salt night-winds that come in from the



ocean, and watch the moon shining on the water. I forget everything then,—everything but music. When the soft tones of the stringed instruments float up to me, mingling their sweetness with the solemn cadence of the surf, I feel that I have found paradise, almost, and realize for the time my dreams of ideal happiness.

#### A CLERGYMAN'S VIEW.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, PASTOR OF THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH,  
NEW YORK CITY.

WHAT is more inspiring and soothing to the spirit weary of mundane things than a walk through a fragrant wood where the birds are singing in the trees, and ferns and sweet-scented flowers are growing by the path? or a sail over rippling, white-capped water, with a salt breeze blowing and a great cloud of white canvas swelling above your head? You come close to the heart of nature in these places. The smallness and perverted views that are apt to arise from too close a pursuit of human things drop away. You are elevated, purified. For this reason I say to people who dwell in towns and cities, where a diversity of interests tend to lead away from the one supreme interest, spend your vacations in the woods or on the water. Bryant said, "The groves were



God's first temples." There life is pure; the purity pervades you. You think, and your thoughts are elevating.

Personally, I hunt and fish and take photographs during the summer, at my place on the Chesapeake, in Virginia, coming to New York only on Sundays to preach. There are plenty of snipe on the shores of the bay, and its waters abound in blue-fish. I have caught two barrels of them in a day. I am the fisherman of our family. My father was never very enthusiastic in regard to the sport, but not long ago I persuaded him to accompany us. He hadn't been fishing for years, and I wanted to give him an inkling of the delights of a quiet day on the water. I never saw a worse storm than the one we had that day on the bay; it arose so suddenly that we had no thought of it until it came rushing over the water as if intent upon devouring us. Our sails were blown out, the boat sprang a leak, and it was late in the night before we were able to beat our way homeward. I tell father that old Neptune was angry at him for his indifference, and have asked him to try again; but he answers that he is content to eat the blue-fish and let me do the catching. On most of my summer jaunts I take my camera. Photography has become a fad with me, and I am proud of the fine views I have obtained. Those I value most highly, however, are of scenes and surroundings of my childhood.

#### VACATIONS AND HEALTH.

DR. CYRUS W. EDSON, HEALTH COMMISSIONER OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK.

FOR one's physical and mental well-being there are few things more important than a summer vacation. By vacation I mean change,—change of food and scene and air. In this change there is rest, which restores vitality and creates a reserve force of strength for work. Yet, necessary as vacations are, people often neglect them altogether, or gravely abuse them. Take bicycling, for example: a wheel is the constant companion of a wonderfully large number of persons during their vacations this summer, and I am glad that it is so, for, like most physicians, I am an advocate of bicycling

in moderation. But I emphatically condemn it when it becomes a dissipation,—when cyclists boast of their century and half-century runs, and put their endurance to the utmost test to be able to make these boasts. Even a continuous ride of fifty miles is too much for a man of only average strength; yet there are hundreds of wheelmen, yes, and wheelwomen, too, who put a hundred miles and more behind them in a day. Such riding is wearing on the system; and the person who indulges in it injures himself and the sport as well. As to women bicyclists, they do not ordinarily ride so far on a stretch as men do, but they, too, are apt to over-exert themselves. It behooves them to be particularly careful not to ride under adverse physical conditions; and I should place a run of twenty-five miles as the outside limit for women in the most robust health. Even in the comparatively mild exercise of tennis-playing there is danger of excess in the summer.



Tennis-players seem to give little heed to the temperature. I have seen them play hour after hour on extremely hot afternoons, when there is no doubt that the game is debilitating.

There is a popular impression that a change of air is the most important thing in a vacation; but I consider change of food and scene more essential. It is not enough that the air be pure; the stomach grows weary of the culinary routine that housekeepers are apt to fall into, and the brain lags under the monotony of the same thoughts. Professional people and students should give up all study, and business men all thought of business, during vacation time; and it is a good plan to refrain from a great deal of even general reading.

To get the most good out of vacations, enjoyment should be the aim; but we should take it as it comes, and not seek it so eagerly as to give rise to excitement. I don't believe the society people who plunge headlong into the summer pleasures of Newport or Saratoga gather strength there for the demands of the winter.

ARRANGED BY J. HERBERT WELCH.

#### Solitude.

I CLIMBED the peak, far stretched the fields,  
In emerald beauty dressed;  
Beyond, the ocean with white feet  
Up to the bare sands pressed;  
A bird swept slowly through the air,—  
No other living thing was near.

The sun went down; gray twilight stole  
O'er mountain and o'er vale;  
The moon just showed a tender curve,—  
A silver crescent, pale;  
A solemn shade, a mystic light,  
Fell from the banners of the night

That waved above the ocean's tide,  
And fluttered o'er the trees.  
So silent was the hush profound  
That through the quiet leaves  
The very winds, afraid to creep,  
Stole off and left the trees asleep.

J. E. B.



## Earth-Making.

## III.

## WHAT WATER CAN DO.

(For the Children.)

"CAN'T believe it!" cried Jessica, throwing down her book. "They seem to think because we are only children we will say 'Oh, yes!' to everything they tell us."

"What is it that you cannot believe, dear?" asked the sweet voice which Jessica had learned to know and love.

"Why," said Jessica, rather ashamed that the beautiful Earth Spirit, whom she now saw standing near her chair, should have overheard her petulant words, "they say, in this book, that water, just such water as we drink, has carved out the great glens and valleys in the mountains, and cut away vast pieces of the mountains themselves. I might believe all that, dear Earth Spirit, from what you have already shown me; but here it says," and she took the book she had been studying, "that water not only tears down, but also builds up wonderful columns, magnificent pillars, and things more splendid than the works of human hands." I can't make it out! I am bewildered, and—"

"Come with me, my dear," answered the Earth Spirit, gently passing her hand across Jessica's forehead, "and you shall understand everything that troubles you now."

Jessica's eyelids closed of themselves. The Earth Spirit's arm was about her waist, and for the tiniest part of a second the little girl felt as she used to when she was a baby and her mother drew her to her breast and sang her to sleep. It seemed to her that she would have wished to stay just so always; it was so warm and comfortable. But the Earth Spirit's voice bade her open her eyes and look about her.

Jessica found herself at the bottom of a gloomy hollow, hemmed in by lofty walls of rock. Far above she could see a narrow rift of blue sky, and from either brink of the chasm pines and hemlocks leaned across, making a sort of twilight where she stood. Tremendous ledges jutted out here and there, as if just ready to plunge into the gulf below, and mosses and wild-flowers clung upon their rugged shelves. The savage look of the glen frightened Jessica, and she crept closer to the Earth Spirit.

"I never saw anything like this," she murmured. "I am afraid. Those great rocks may fall upon us. Dear Earth Spirit, take me away from this dreadful place."

"Fear nothing, Jessica," said her guardian. "I have brought you here to see what water can do. Look down to the bottom of the ravine. Look fearlessly, my dear; you cannot fall. Tell me what you see."

"I see," answered Jessica, bending over the crest of the rocky table, "a brook dashing along among great stones, sometimes falling in broad cascades into deep green pools, sometimes whirling like drifts of snow over heaps of pebbles, and sometimes shooting along in narrow channels like golden arrows, where the sunlight glints upon it. Oh, it is beautiful! but it is terrible, too."

"Now," said the Earth Spirit, "look up along those rocky walls which tower above us, and tell me what you see."

"I see long lines cut into the stones, as if someone had carved out deep grooves with a giant's chisel. I see holes and hollows, just like those where the water is whirling and frothing below; only they are dry, and lichens and vines are growing in them."

"Would you believe, Jessica, that the stream down there once flowed over the tops of those cliffs a hundred feet above our heads?"

"Oh! oh!"

"And would you believe that this gorge was the work of that small stream?"

"Oh!"

"Well, dear, it is so. In the ancient days, a mountain rivulet, leaping and singing down the hills, passed this way. While the streamlet wound hither and thither among its mossy banks, a small portion of the water trickled through crevices and cavities, and gradually wore a sort of tunnel in the earth and rocks below; so in the course of years, more years than you could count, Jessica, a cavern was formed underground.

"Then, one day, came a sudden freshet, let us say,—or, who knows? perhaps an earthquake,—and the roof of the cavern fell in; and lo! a gorge, or ravine, with the brook flowing at the bottom! If you could compare one of those rounded, water-worn boulders in the course of the stream with those sharp, moss-grown crags away up there at the brink of the chasm, you would find them to be the same sort of rock; showing that years and years ago the boulders were jagged fragments broken off from the cliffs and ground and polished and rounded by the action of the water."

"How wonderful!" said Jessica, with a long breath.

"Yes, it *is* wonderful," replied the Earth Spirit. "But, dear, having shown you how water can destroy and tear down things, I am going to show you how it can build up."

"What!" exclaimed Jessica, "build up rock, too? Can water, just water, build up rock? I know what you tell me is always true, dear Earth Spirit, but it seems almost too astonishing."

"Well, darling," said the Earth Spirit, smiling, "I am going to take you where you can see for yourself the process going on."

Again the Earth Spirit passed her soft hand over Jessica's forehead, and again the little girl felt that delicious drowsy feeling, and awoke to find herself standing beside her guide, in a vast hall, so strangely beautiful that she rubbed her eyes thinking she must be dreaming.

"Oh! oh! what a lovely place!" she cried, clapping her hands in ecstasy. "I never, never saw anything so splendid! What is it, dear Earth Spirit? What are all those beautiful things? Why, it is like a fairy world! I almost expect to see little gnomes and elves come dancing hand-in-hand from behind those white columns. And—why, yes, I hear something like sweet, faint music, surely."

"It is the drip of water, and very musical it is, too," said the Earth Spirit, smiling at the child's pleasure. "But now look about you, and I will explain the wonders of this beautiful place."

Jessica had often read of and seen pictures of the great cathedral churches of Europe, and she felt now almost as if she were in one of them. Magnificent columns, whiter than the purest marble, soared aloft to support a domed roof which glistened as if in the rays of pale moonlight. From the roof hung, on all sides, shapes like giant icicles, some of which approached within a few feet of the floor, and some joined with what might be termed inverted icicles, which grew upward to meet them. Some had become pillars, marvelously fluted and decorated, more exquisite. Jessica thought, than anything wrought by the skill of man. Here was a cluster of strange and lovely vines and flowers; there, something like the pipes of a grand organ, set arow; here was a doorway with a pointed arch; there, what the child's fancy conceived to be statues upon sculptured pedestals.

For some time Jessica clung to the Earth Spirit, and just stared around without uttering a word. Then she said, timidly,

"Dear Earth Spirit, how is it all done?"

"Well, Jessica," replied her guide, "I told you that water not only pulled down, but also built up. You have seen



"AT THE BOTTOM OF A GLOOMY HOLLOW."

something of the former; now you are looking at the latter. In this cave the water is building columns, walls, and arches. Do you not hear a peculiar sound? Yes? Well, it is that same drip of water which you thought so musical. See here." She led Jessica to a small conical shape of white rock upon which was falling, from a similar white spire hanging from the roof, a constant succession of drops.

"Each drop that falls," she said, "adds something to that point which it leaves, and to this point which it touches. So the point above grows downward, and the point below grows upward, until, in the course of time, the two will join and become one of those great pillars you observe yonder."

"But I do not understand how," replied Jessica, perplexedly. "It is only water, you know."

"Yes," said the Earth Spirit, "but this water that drips down here passes over a bed of limestone, and in the water there is enough acid to dissolve a portion of the limestone and carry it along with it; so that as it trickles from the ground above, it leaves a little bit of its lime upon the point which hangs down, and upon the point which sticks up. You can easily see for yourself how rock may be dissolved if you will take a lump of limestone or marble and put it in a glassful of water with a tablespoonful of vinegar. The stone will bubble and froth, and in a short time your glassful of water will contain a considerable quantity of lime, though the water will remain as transparent as ever. Ordinary water of brooks and streams contains enough acid to dissolve and make a solution of limestone or marble, which is only a purer sort of limestone. Such caves as this are common in a region where there is a great deal of limestone rock."

"But what do you call these stone icicles that grow upward as well as downward?" asked Jessica.

"Those which hang downward," replied the Earth Spirit, "we call 'stalactites,' from a Greek word which signifies trickling. Those which grow upwards we call 'stalagmites,' also from a Greek word, meaning falling or distilling in drops."

"It is all so beautiful and yet so terrible," sighed Jessica. "I was reading something in my book—oh, it was too awful!" and the little girl shuddered.

"Tell me about it, dear," said her guide, stroking the child's hair.

"Why, at a place in Switzerland, at the foot of the Rossberg, there were several pretty little hamlets inhabited by about five hundred people. Early one morning, before they were out of bed, there was a fearful noise, and a great section of the mountain, loosened by the water filtering into the sandy seams, slid down and buried all of those poor people under masses of rock and earth! A 'land slide' they called it; something like an avalanche of snow."

"Yes," returned the Earth Spirit, solemnly, "such things seem terrible to us, because we do not know what the Creator has decreed. We cannot understand his will in causing such disasters. But this we *do* know, Jessica; that whatever he does is right and best for us. As it is by his word that the wonderful things I have shown you exist, so we cannot



"IN A VAST HALL, STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL."

doubt that all that is, or is to be, tends to some good and great end for us, who are like the seeds in the sower's hand."

LESTER HUNT.

## The Recoil of a Rose.

**W**HEN Elizabeth Armstrong started for an indefinite stay in the quiet college-town of Morganville, accompanied by her cousin, it was with the distinct understanding between herself and that young lady's mother that Tessa was not to know the real reason for their sudden flight into the country. But it seems that they had not taken Tessa's powers of penetration sufficiently into consideration; for they had not been a week in the place when she demurely unfolded their whole scheme for her cousin's benefit.

Miss Armstrong was aghast at this sudden collapse of their plot, and mentally composed a letter to be sent off at once to her aunt. But, meanwhile, there was Tessa to be managed. She thought she might try the effect of coaxing as a means of conciliation, since the girl had been rather badly treated in being brought down to the place under false pretenses.

"But you'll behave down here, won't you, Tessa darling?" she began, imploringly. "You will not write to him, or let him discover your address? Auntie will be so vexed with me! I am so stupid about acting a part. You will not write and let him know where you are, will you, dear?"

"I'll see," was the cautious reply. "I'm pretty well occupied with the professor, at present; but if he fails to be amusing, I will not promise to be good any longer. You and mamma ought to be ashamed of yourselves to deceive me in this way, and you both deserve to be kept in suspense as to my motives. No, I will not promise anything."

Miss Armstrong sighed. The charge that her aunt had laid upon her had suddenly assumed proportions upon which neither had calculated. Here was this incorrigible girl, smuggled out of the city to prevent a threatened *mésalliance* there, now turning the full batteries of her charms upon a poor, obscure gentleman of middle age, highly cultivated, but possessing no social position whatever, though of irreproachable birth and breeding. It was a danger more threatening than the other one, and Miss Armstrong was at loss how to avert it. She had an uncomfortable feeling that Tessa was managing her, instead of being managed; and now that Tessa had been deceived once, she would not trust them again. No wonder Miss Armstrong sighed.

Her charge had been tractable enough at the first,—perhaps wickedly waiting to see what the two plotters would do next; but since they had made the acquaintance of this Professor of Greek at the College of Morganville, the girl had taken things into her own hands altogether. The thought of the professor brought up another subject that had long been upon Miss Armstrong's mind.

"Tessa," she said, with gentle diffidence, "I want to talk with you about Professor Stanhope. Do you not think, dear child, that you could be a *little* more dignified while in his presence, and yet enjoy yourself just as much? He is so much older than you that—that I am afraid your teasing ways irritate him just a trifle."

Tessa was silent. They had repaired to their favorite haunt that afternoon, the tower of the ruins which were the show-place of the town, and Elizabeth stood leaning against the stone window-frame looking down upon her cousin as she sat upon the floor at her feet with her lap full of the roses she had gathered from the luxuriant bushes in the old gardens surrounding the ruins.

"You understand me, Tessa?"

"Yes," replied the girl, without looking up. "But for whom do you fear, Lizzie?—for the professor, or for me?"

For the professor? Something clutched at the older woman's heart at that thought, for it had not occurred to

her before. Was she to fear for him?—and for what? She was glad that she was standing with her back toward the window at the moment, with her face in shadow.

"I do not know why I should fear for the professor," she said, presently, in a constrained voice. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"You."

"I?"

"Yes, Lizzie, you are blushing!" the girl said, remorselessly, and of course the face of her companion immediately became scarlet. "You are finding a mote in my eye regardless of the beam in your own. It is *I* who should fear for the professor, and not you. Now I have long wanted to talk with you about your behavior while in this gentleman's presence. Do you not think, dear, that you could be a little less dignified when with him, and yet enjoy yourself just as much? I'm afraid that your frozen manners chill him a trifle."

Miss Armstrong smiled, in spite of herself, although her lips trembled and her sight became blurred for a moment. She walked away from the window and sat down on a block of stone with her face averted from Tessa's mischievous gaze. Under the guise of that laughing glance Tessa had watched her cousin narrowly.

They had seen a great deal of the Greek scholar of late, and had become pretty well acquainted with him; but neither girl knew in just what light the other regarded him. Tessa's laughing, teasing ways might mean everything or nothing at all, and Elizabeth's stately calm was equally inscrutable; thus, quite unconsciously, the two had fallen into the habit of watching each other closely, although this was the first time that the subject had been openly alluded to between them. It is to be doubted whether anything had been learned, during the interview, on either side, after all.

As for the gentleman, he treated both ladies with the same grave courtesy, whose very stateliness was a constant challenge to the irrepressible spirits of Tessa. At times she would tease and worry him to the verge of madness, and the next instant, with her coaxing, lovable ways, he would be ready to laugh at his irritation and look upon her as a naughty, spoiled child, and as such to receive extreme indulgence at his hands. It was in recalling all this that Elizabeth had been induced to remonstrate with her.

She took up some needlework and sewed nervously upon it, meditating upon the best course to pursue. At the same moment Tessa threw most of her roses to the floor, and, leaning out of the window, she looked back along the path toward the woods. The breeze was blowing her brown curls over her eyes, and she brushed them away repeatedly, with a pretty, unconscious grace of gesture. Elizabeth watched her admiringly. Impulsive and incorrigible as the girl was, she was the idol of her cousin's heart.

"What do you see, darling?" she asked, smilingly; but Tessa either did not, or would not, hear her, for she continued to stare fixedly in the same direction until Elizabeth's curiosity would no longer endure it, and she came and leaned out of the window beside her. Tessa drew back at once as she did so.

"What do *you* see?" she asked, teasingly.

"The professor!" Elizabeth exclaimed, with a start and a blush; and just then a rose, well aimed, flew over her shoulder and struck the professor squarely upon the arm. Of course he started, then glanced up hurriedly; and, equally of course, it was too late for poor Elizabeth to retreat out of sight before he saw her. He lifted his hat with the grave courtesy which characterized him, picked up the innocent beauty at his feet, and passed on.

Elizabeth stepped back into the room, and with a low cry put up both hands to cover her burning cheeks. Tessa

watched her, startled, then caught the two hands in hers imploringly.

"Don't act that way, Lizzie," she cried, remorsefully. "I was only in fun. It was such a good opportunity to shock him; he looked so awfully thoughtful and unconscious that I could not resist it."

"Don't touch me!" cried Elizabeth, dragging her hands away from the imploring clasp. "Oh, Tessa! how *could* you do it, and when you knew that I cared for him! What *will* he think of me?—Oh, it was cruel,—heartless of you!" And the calm, reserved Elizabeth burst into tears.

This unusual sight and astonishing revelation was too much for Tessa; and without a word she turned and ran from the room. Elizabeth heard the distant patter of the flying feet, and silently praying that there might be no sequel to this crowning mortification, gathered herself and her belongings mournfully together, and descended toward their lodgings.

Meanwhile, the professor had gone on his way through the woods. The poor rose lay carefully stowed away in an inner pocket of his coat, and with his hands clasped learnedly behind him, he had resumed, to all outward appearances, the tenor of his thoughts. He was smiling at the moment, and perhaps those thoughts could not have been occupied with an abstruse problem, after all; for he turned somewhat eagerly when he heard the sound of running feet behind him, and seemed all in the present in an instant.

It was certainly a startling sight which he beheld. A slight, girlish figure was flying toward him at a most astonishing rate of speed; the blue ribbons were fluttering musically in the wind, and every sunny brown curl was a-bobbing wildly. The lips were parted and the breath coming in hurried gasps.

"Professor!" she cried, frantically; and as he paused she slackened her speed and finally walked demurely up to him. A prettier, sweeter, naughtier face could not be found for many a day, and his eyes brightened as he saw it. However, he waited deliberately for her to begin, which she did, and lamely enough, drawing her ribbon nervously through her fingers and looking at him coaxingly from under her lashes. But he would not help her.

"Professor, I—I—wanted to speak to you."

"So I am led to infer, Miss Dufferies."

"Well, but I—I—really do, professor," smiling at him with anxious sweetness. "I—you know—I—I am awfully sorry."

"It was you, then, who struck me with the rose?"

"Oh, yes," hurriedly, "of course it was I. Elizabeth couldn't—I mean *wouldn't*, do such a thing; but of course you knew that? I wanted to shock you out of your oblivion, you looked so painfully good and proper; and so when I had succeeded in making Elizabeth look out of the window just at the right moment, I threw the rose at you so that you would think that she had done it."

He smiled in spite of himself, she looked so thoroughly sweet and wicked, and with just a touch of repentance to heighten her charms.

"I'm afraid that it was wasted cleverness, Miss Dufferies, for I did not for an instant suspect Miss Armstrong of having committed the deed; you were too plainly visible behind her. You are a very naughty girl. What shall I do to punish you?"

"I don't know," looking down at the small boot that was nervously rubbing the soft green moss in the path, and feeling decidedly flat. "I think, though, that I have been punished enough already, for that stupid old rose had an ugly thorn on it, and it has torn my hand dreadfully. Just see that!"

"So it has," lifting the small member, which she held out

to him for inspection, very gently in his. "This is too bad. Poor little hand! it has been cruelly torn. Its owner can be generous, though, and for that we must forgive her, I suppose, and try to ease the pain she is suffering. She does not often pause in her mischief to consider the pain she may be inflicting upon others; but the impulsive heart behind the pranks is kindness itself, and that fact alone makes forgiveness easy."

He was slowly and carefully binding about the lacerated hand his snowy handkerchief, which he had torn into strips, and of course his eyes were fastened upon his task, where they ought to have been; it was therefore impossible for him to have been aware of the tears which had gathered in her eyes at the thought of the pain which she had given to poor Elizabeth that very afternoon, and he was not a little startled when a large, bright drop fell down upon the back of his hand and then ran off to the ground. He looked at her hurriedly.

"My child,—my *dear* child!" he exclaimed, in a low tone; and then she had snatched her hand away from his suddenly tightened clasp, and was sobbing as though her heart would break. It was the first time he had ever seen her bright face clouded, even by a frown. He stood looking at her in silence, his face very pale.

"Tessa, don't cry that way," he said at last in a harsh voice. "Why do you distress yourself about so small a matter? Hush, do hush, my child, I want to speak to you. Shall I tell you where the rose lies at this moment? You will not laugh at me? Well, then, see; here it is, next to my heart. Remember, you promised not to laugh at me; and now I will tell you something more laughable even than that. I put the rose there safely, because I knew that *your* hand had held it, you little witch!—yes, *your* hand, and it was precious to me through that knowledge. Don't start and change color that way, for you can't escape me, and I know that you will not laugh at me,—now, at least. You must hear my confession first, and then I will let you go. No, I know what you are trying to tell me,—you did not know that the grave, stupid professor had learned to love you; but he has. He hid his love carefully, little one, for he dreaded those mischievous brown eyes of yours; but now it will be hidden no longer. Tessa, my whole soul cries aloud for you. I love you,—I *love* you, my sweet!"

He had taken her hand again, and was holding it in both his own in a close, beseeching clasp. His face was still very pale, and his eyes were regarding her with a wistful uncertainty and eagerness. She stood there mutely before him, white to the lips; for Elizabeth's stricken face had arisen before her and seemed forbidding this happiness which had come to her. All her loving, generous, impulsive soul rose up in answer to that pleading light in her cousin's eyes. "When you knew that I cared for him!" Yes, when she *knew*,—and she knew now. She raised her head with an effort and met his ardent gaze.

"Hush," she said, in a choked voice, "hush, there is another;" and before he could keep her, or question her regarding her enigmatical words, she had broken from him and was running back over the path by which she had come, with the tears blinding her as she ran.

"Where *have* you been, Tessa?" It was too dark for Elizabeth to see the face of her cousin as she bent down and put her arms about her, but she felt troubled by the strange quiet of the girl's manner. "Forgive you, sweetheart? Of course I forgive you. I shall always forgive you, you foolish child, no matter what you say or do. What is this you are saying? 'Going home to-morrow'?"

"Yes, and in the early train. You shall pack my trunk and send it after me, and I will go on to Newport to mamma. I will send for you in a week or two, dear, but please don't leave Morganville until then. Good-night, dear, patient Lizzie." And with another warm embrace she went into her room and closed the door.

A great bowl of her abandoned roses stood upon her center-table, filling the room with their rich odor. It was a sweet and silent token of her full forgiveness on the part of Elizabeth, but it cut the girl to the quick. She went over to them, and kneeling down encircled them with her arms and buried her face remorsefully in the sweetness of their fragrance.

A few weeks later one of the finest steamers on the Cunard line held three names upon its passenger-list which were of considerable interest to many. They were those of Mrs. Tellman-Dufferies, Miss Tellman-Dufferies, and Miss Elizabeth B. Armstrong.

The weather throughout the trip was delightful, but, despite that fact and her many luxuries, the chaperon of the party grumbled the whole way out because her plans for the summer had suffered such a bewildering change. During some of these attacks her niece undertook to mitigate her misery by calling her attention to the unimpeachable conduct of her daughter, in whom a startling reformation had taken place. In fact, it was easy to see that Tessa had not been the same since those weeks spent in Morganville. She was sweetness and gentleness itself; and once or twice Elizabeth had surprised her in a long, wistful gaze fixed upon herself, the tenderness of which was positive pain to her. It was so throughout that first year they spent abroad; but at the expiration of the third year something of the old Tessa asserted itself, and just when Mrs. Tellman-Dufferies had fully decided to remain abroad for at least two years longer, she found herself, her maid, bag and baggage, aboard the "Paris," bound for home. It was useless to expostulate with Tessa; for if she wanted to return to America, to America they must go.

The girl was feverishly restless that first day out, and her face looked worn, with the eyes strained and wistful. The day was foggy and cold, with stray bits of sunshine struggling through the mist, and but few of the saloon passengers seemed to care to haunt the deck. But Elizabeth was there, looking very happy and contented in the society of an American gentleman whom she had met in Berlin, and who was very devotedly tucking her rugs about her as she reclined in her steamer-chair.

Feeling herself *de trop*, despite their efforts to the contrary, Tessa had wandered off by herself and leaned upon the railing, pensively regarding the water.

"Miss Dufferies,—Tessa, have I found you at last?"

At that voice all the blood in the girl's body seemed to rush to her heart and still its beating, and then returned in a flood to her cheeks. She clutched the railing convulsively.

"Professor Stanhope!" she exclaimed in a low tone, but the gladness in her face was unmistakable. Seeing her agitation he laid his hand over the one on the railing, with a soothing touch which quieted her.

"Forgive me, I have frightened you. I should have warned you of my approach; but the gladness and surprise of seeing you mastered me, and I forgot all else. I have been abroad, in Athens, Greece, for a year, and am now returning; and you—ah, but I have watched your journeyings here and there, following you through the papers. I have not lost track of you once since you left me. But I would not intrude myself upon you, because I was a

coward,—I feared to discover something. Do you know what it was, little one? Tessa, where is that other?"

The girl's head drooped and a hot blush dyed her cheeks.

"Answer me, Tessa, I deserve it," bending his head lower. "Where is my rival?"

"He no longer exists," she said, speaking with an effort, and trying, even in this critical moment of her life, to hide that long-dead secret of Elizabeth's.

"Ah!" The professor was shielding from the wind some fragile thing he had taken from a Russia-leather pocket-book. "They both have served their purpose, then," he added, smilingly, and laid the withered rose upon her hand. "Has the wound from its thorn healed yet, my darling?"

"It has now," she said, looking up into his face with bright, smiling eyes; and his hand closed passionately over the shy fingers she had slipped into his grasp.

EVE ERSKINE BRANT.

### Among the Meadow-Lilies.

AMONG the lilies, bending low,  
I saw a blushing maiden go;  
The meadow-lark above her flew,  
Her eyes outmatched the sky's soft blue.  
Strange that a face can haunt one so!

At first, too rapt was I to speak,  
Shimmered the rose upon her cheek;  
The tall grass, like a sea at rest,  
Against her form its glory pressed,  
While she seemed worshipful and meek.

Oh, maiden of midsummer grace,  
No lily has a fairer face;  
These flowers, still moistened with the dew,  
Were made for beauty, so were you;  
For both fond nature has a place.

Stepping along, with joy and pride,  
I suddenly stood by her side,  
And filled her arms with lily-bells,  
Then told the tale a lover tells;  
And what I sought was not denied.

Among the meadow-lilies we  
Tuned life to a new melody,  
The stream with sweeter cadence sped,  
And, when the homeward way I led,  
A new light shone on land and sea.

JOEL BENTON.

### A Fragment.

A BLUSH, a smile, a dusk-sweet violet,—  
And hopes like flowing waters slip away,  
Away—away—through golden, green, and gray,  
Till love meets ocean-love or hearts forget.  
A withered flower that once was dewy-wet,  
A dim, dusk purple gathered by the way,  
And treasured till the summer day—our day—  
Was clouded by the shadow of regret.

C. A. D.

## The Wooing of Ephraim Fairbanks.

**W**HEN Mrs. Ephraim Fairbanks succumbed to an attack of slow fever and forever left her surprised and disappointed spouse to care for himself and the farm as best he could, it was the general verdict of all Hampton that she had left a good home and a good provider. And despite the fact that she had been a member of the little church on the hill, in good and regular standing for thirty years, with never a lapse in faithfulness to her covenant vows, and rarely an interruption in weekly attendance on the religious services dispensed in said church, the sense of the community so constantly asserted its conviction that she had left a good home that a stranger to Hampton peculiarities might easily conclude that she had not bettered herself by the "exchange of spheres," as Elder Smith called it.

Mrs. Fairbanks herself had no deliberate intention of so suddenly leaving things mundane at this period. It was in the early spring, and she had a most careful plan for cleaning and renovating the old brick house—the "Eph Fairbanks place" it was called to distinguish it from the "Jo Fairbanks place" farther down the road—to a degree of whiteness and cleanness such as it had never known. Indeed, each successive year, poor, neat Mrs. Fairbanks made a similar resolution, which she carried out with annually increasing fervor; and to this fact, in part, at least, may perhaps be attributed the sudden demise of the good lady.

Mr. Fairbanks himself shared the general belief about the lack of wisdom shown by his late wife in thus incontinently leaving him and the "good home" which he had so long provided her. He couldn't understand it. Not for worlds would he have given utterance to the expression of such a statement of belief, but in his heart of hearts he charged her with rank ingratitude, and was positively annoyed at the lack of taste and consideration displayed in selecting so obviously inconvenient a season for her departure. If she had only waited until fall, or even until after planting, her conduct would have been less reprehensible; but in the spring, with planting and "men folks" to take care of, and all the absorbing farm-life duties which nature arranges in such exciting and imperative sequence,—really, Mr. Fairbanks could not understand the providence.

As he stood out by the chopping-block, leaning against the old red woodshed piled to its roof with sweet-smelling wood which he had sawed and split in the long winter days while Hannah was getting ready for her carpet, he really felt ill-used. Not that he did not grieve for his wife; that was understood, and he thought he would sorrow more for her in the days to come than now, because the farm and its demands being always uppermost in his mind, love and other distracting emotions had to wait their turn to his consideration until after haying or between seasons.

His brother Joseph sauntered slowly up the road with the deliberate movement of a man accustomed to wear heavy boots and to overcome the resistance of plowed ground when he walked.

"S'pose you'll be keeping Maria Carter to do the work, won't ye?" he suggested, feeling a direct sympathy for the problem that would first present itself to him under similar circumstances.

A peculiar expression came into the eyes of the afflicted brother as he turned and looked far away over the hill where his fine cows were getting their first taste of the new spring's sweet grass.

"Yes, I s'pose so; but M'ria is no such worker as Hannah was,—don't seem to take the interest, somehow."

"Well, Eph, 'tisn't to be expected she would; the farm

isn't hers. She is a nice, likely woman, though, and perhaps—by fall—you might do worse,"—even prosaic Joseph hesitated, but finally added, seeing his brother's unconsciousness of his meaning,—“some one'll have to take Hannah's place if you keep the farm going.”

The peculiar expression in Ephraim's face deepened, and as he walked down to the barn with his milk-pails, a half-hour later, his thoughts had turned in a channel so unusual that without being conscious of it he was actually whistling.

For the first time in a good twenty years, that night he took the candle and looked at himself critically in the glass. To be sure, he had often glanced at the small mirror on Sundays and days when he went to Wingfield Center, but on these occasions he had only observed the set of his collar and tie. Now he looked at Ephraim Fairbanks.

"Not so young as I use to be, that's a fact; but a few gray hairs more or less don't matter, and I feel as young as ever." He didn't even notice the seamy wrinkles which had been on his face so long that he had come to regard them as a part of his original physiognomy instead of marks of the flying years.

After this glance into the mirror, Ephraim took the candle, went into the parlor, and shut the door. It was a handsome parlor, so the neighbors said, the finest in Hampton. There was a good Brussels carpet with a pattern of great baskets heaped high with red, green, and blue flowers, all over it, and the colors were as fresh as on the grand day, now ten years ago, when he and Hannah had selected it at the best store in Wingfield, after an unusually good butter season. On the marble-topped center-table, with its tall lamp on a red-and-green worsted mat, rested a fat photograph-album with ivory knobs economically placed at the corners, and this was filled in the first part with many pictures of a remarkably austere and unpicturesque line of Fairbankses and Skinners, and in the back part, with various national celebrities and fancy pictures. Mrs. Fairbanks had been very proud of her album.

There were six upholstered chairs in the parlor; four small ones together with a middle-sized and a large chair, called easy-chairs, but, alas! they were not. There were protective mats of all degrees on the floor. On the wall hung three large, gilt-framed pictures,—no house in Hampton could boast so many gilt frames. The peculiar pride of Ephraim was a recent purchase in which was represented the meeting of Abraham Lincoln and General Grant on the heavenly shore. Lincoln was pictured in a spotless dress-suit standing in the midst of a multitude of angels, on the bank of a river, reaching out his hand in the most respectful manner to General Grant, who, in full evening-dress, also, was just disembarking from a small boat. The oarsmen were in cut-away business suits, and the angels, in the ordinary costume of angels. The contrast between the dress of the angels and that of Mr. Lincoln suggested either that the martyred president had not been accorded a place among those of the flowing robes, or else had donned a worldly costume for the occasion, out of courtesy to the new arrival. This picture, "containing more than fifty figgers," as the agent of whom they had bought it boasted, was greatly admired by all visitors.

Ephraim slowly took in the combined elegance of the room, and slowly and solemnly affirmed, "She couldn't find such another home in the county, and 'taint likely she'll ever get a better chance." But he was not thinking of Hannah when he said it; and it was not of his late devoted wife that he dreamed that night.

"Going to the store?" inquired Miss Maria, the next evening, as Ephraim led up the horse and buggy to the hitching-post and announced that he would "clean up" before supper.

"Well, I *may* go there," responded he, with his back turned to Miss Maria, concealing the slow and unusual blush which tingled his ears. But when he issued from his room a half-hour later, Miss Maria mentally decided that it was not at all necessary that the widower should don his Sunday clothes for a visit to the country store. He had always worn his second best on such occasions while Mrs. Fairbanks was living; and as Miss Maria had looked over the situation quite carefully herself, she at once decided that Mr. Ephraim had something besides vulgar store business on his mind, and she at once suspected that Widow Travers was at the bottom of it.

Now Widow Travers lived on the North Road, while the store was in just the opposite direction. Ephraim clambered into the buggy with a feeling of weariness, and acknowledged to himself that after a hard day's work in the field it was no great pleasure for a man of his years to dress up in his best and go out for the evening, even if he had an errand which is usually considered pleasing. But as the tired horse jogged along, in no better condition than his master, and, quite unconscious of the lifted curtain in the kitchen, took the North Road without hesitation, Mr. Fairbanks comforted himself with the reflection that it would probably not be necessary to repeat the adventure often.

"Hannah's been dead pretty nearly two months. If we should be married in the early fall, there wouldn't be much time lost."

Nevertheless, as the bright light in Widow Travers' front room beamed out through the darkness from the hill-top, Ephraim began to feel a shade less confident of success.

"Do walk right in, Mr. Fairbanks. I was just wishing some of the neighbors would come in," chirruped the lively, black-eyed widow, who had imagined this very scene and prepared for it every evening for the last three weeks. She had carefully watched the man from her seat in church, and knew the moment when he began to "take notice."

So agreeably did the widow entertain her visitor, so excellent was the cup of tea which she brewed him, so captivating the pleasant sitting-room with its really easy chair, pleasant colors, and bright light, that Mr. Fairbanks lost his first feeling of constraint and found himself talking with perfect ease to the lady, who seemed to know exactly what he could best talk about, and before he was aware the little clock on the mantel gave a warning click announcing its intention of striking nine in just five minutes, which it actually did.

At this Mr. Fairbanks began to grow uneasy. The cheery conversation of the lady was not favorable to the development of the idea with which he had come to the little house on the North Road. Half-past nine and going on ten. Mr. Fairbanks was beginning to get drowsy in spite of his good company, and still his tongue refused to utter the errand on which he had come. At ten he rose to go, and in desperation bluntly launched into the subject, which, contrary to his calculations, was causing him much confusion.

"I wanted to speak to you about a little matter, Mrs. Travers, if you would be so kind."

"Why surely," brightly responded the widow. "Regard me as an old friend, I am sure."

"You know how it is when one's partner is taken away all of a sudden, as Hannah was."

"Oh," feelingly cried the widow, "how well I know the loneliness and gloom;" and she dabbed both eyes with her pretty handkerchief, most effectively, and in her heart she chuckled at this sudden realization of her fond hopes.

"And there isn't a better farm or a more comfortable home in all Hampton than the one Hannah left."

"True, Mr. Fairbanks, I am sure no one could wish for a better;" and in a flash the widow had mentally sold her

own snug farm, deposited the money in the Wingfield First National Bank, and moved to the Fairbanks place.

"It's a good healthy place, and a nice handsome parlor, running water, and everything convenient."

By this time the widow had reinvested some of her money in Western mortgages at eight per cent. interest, and had bought a pony phaeton such as the summer boarders had, for her own exclusive use.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and cast down her eyes while she multiplied twelve hundred by eight.

"It isn't good for a man to be alone, especially if he is a farmer with men folks to take care of and ten cows to milk."

Here the widow simply sighed, and hired a girl with a part of her interest money. "I thought, perhaps, since you are such an old friend and knew Hannah so well,—” Mr. Fairbanks was actually in a cold perspiration. It was so much easier to say all this in his sitting-room at home than here, with those bright eyes watching him, and yet—half-past ten and the cows to milk at five o'clock in the morning, regardless of widows or love-making.

"I made bold to come over and ask you if you, if you—"

"Why, Mr. Fairbanks," stammered the widow.

"If you wouldn't ask 'Bijah Taylor's oldest girl to be my wife. There!" concluded the poor man, and he took a long breath with a feeling of profound satisfaction.

The widow fairly gasped with surprise and indignation and came near fainting. Her eyes sparkled, but not with cheery interest in the plans of her old friend. She hesitated a moment in order to recover herself. Then, allured by the brilliant picture of herself in the basket phaeton, she resolved on a bold step.

"Milly Taylor? Why, surely; a sweet girl, just eighteen, I believe, isn't she? while you,—pardon me, but old friends can not help knowing,—you are not far from fifty-seven. Milly is a capital housekeeper, and a lovely girl, saving and careful. Yes, yes, I'll undertake the matter this very week; but on one condition."

"Yes," said Mr. Fairbanks eagerly.

"That you leave everything to me, and promise me, on your word of honor as a gentleman, that you will not speak to her yourself in the meantime, or even hint to anyone what your wishes are, until I have reported to you; and that you will never mention the subject to anyone afterwards if she refuses you."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, certainly," said Mr. Fairbanks, hastily agreeing to the condition; and, remembering the agony just endured in addressing a proxy, he was more than willing to make the promise.

"Come here again next week, at this time, and I'll have her answer ready for you; but remember," she added, sweetly, as she shook hands with him in parting, "that Milly Taylor is the prettiest girl in Hampton, and that Edgar Stuart and Tom Dodge have been pulling caps for her more than two years."

"Poor as crows, both of them," sneered Mr. Fairbanks.

"Yes, and you have such a handsome farm and comfortable house," soothingly remarked the widow. "And 'Bijah Taylor isn't worth a cent, and seven children to take care of. If Milly is sensible, she will see the advantages. Good-night," and the widow's dazzling smile almost illumined the dark North Road as Ephraim drove down the hill.

The next day he went about the farm with a light heart; he had no doubt of the success of the widow's mission. 'Bijah Taylor had always been poor. He had never owned the little farm on the stony hillside with its small, inconvenient house and shabby barns; and with a house full of children, three of them girls, and an invalid wife, there had been many a year when he could with difficulty pay the interest on the mortgage. Ephraim Fairbanks had good

reason to know all about it, for it was he who held the mortgage; and to his credit be it said that he never pushed his claim when the interest was not forthcoming. 'Bijah Taylor was an honest man, and every penny of his debts would be paid in time. In the meantime, the farm was well cared for; and Mr. Fairbanks did not allow himself to become uneasy. Hard fare and honest living were the rule at the Taylor house, and the mortgage, which they fondly hoped to clear away some day, was an ever-present reality to each member of the family.

Mr. Fairbanks would have scorned any attempt to influence Milly Taylor by such mercenary means; but in his own mind he intended that when she was settled at the Fairbanks place, and had proved her willingness to be a helpful farmer's wife, he would make her a present of the little mortgage. In his heart of hearts, he may have supposed that she would naturally be influenced in his favor by her father's obligation to him; but this he would not permit himself to suggest.

It was on Thursday that Mr. Fairbanks paid his first visit to the widow, and it would be seven days before he could go to hear the result of her mission. He went over the farm whistling to himself softly and feeling like a new man, for some reason. The late Mrs. Fairbanks' reign had not been without its restraints, and Ephraim promised himself to begin a little differently with "this one," as he already classified Miss Milly Taylor.

But at the little house on the North Road light-heartedness was nowhere to be found. In fact, it was a very particularly angry woman that closed the door upon Mr. Ephraim and his errand that early spring evening and seated herself in the easy-chair, with the remains of the tea and cake silently reminding her of the departed guest, in a mood at whose violence the poor man would have been greatly amazed. The widow Travers was an amiable woman, on the whole; but when she was not amiable, she was a being to be dreaded.

"That silly little Milly Taylor! A chit of eighteen with no more sense of the responsibility of caring for a great farm than a baby! And he forty years her senior, and growing older and grayer every day of his life! Of course she would outlive him, and the Fairbanks place would be a fine plum for 'Bijah Taylor's family!"

Here the widow stopped and reflected for some time, with her eyes on the falling, burnt-out remains of the wood fire, and her mind on the Fairbanks' farm, the basket phaeton, and the North Road farm which seemed to come between the two. Should she yield to the fate which seemed to be against her? To be sure, Milly, as the prettiest girl in all Hampton, had plenty of beaux; but having been brought up in poverty, might not the prospect of a comfortable, unmortgaged home, ample means, and a young widowhood overbalance any foolish fancies that might have arisen in her mind? Plenty of girls would not hesitate a moment.

And here was she, Widow Travers, bright, comely, still youthful, accustomed to the management of a farm, which she was now carrying on with greater success than the late Mr. Travers had ever attained, of suitable age for a man nearing his sixties, and an adequate idea of what would make his life comfortable. It was really too aggravating! Besides, Widow Travers had not been in a state of loneliness for three years without having made a careful estimate of her chances in the vicinity. She did not propose to live her life alone nor to marry a poor man, not she; and Mr. Ephraim Fairbanks was positively the only man in all Hampton who met her requirements. No wonder she thought it a piece of mismanagement on the part of Providence to bring this widower to her very doors and then snatch him away, and that the goodly widower had set his heart on pretty

Milly Taylor. She had been morbidly jealous of Miss Maria Carter, who was not unattractive, and whose propinquity gave her the inside track, so to speak; but it was evident that any thought of Miss Maria as a permanency had not yet occurred to the new and unsuspecting widower.

Widow Travers' little fire glowed, glowered, and went out, spark by spark. The cat by the hearth rose, yawned, stretched herself to phenomenal length, and laid herself down again a half-dozen times, and the little clock stopped striking because no friendly hand remembered to give its vital organs a new impetus. It was really late in the small hours when the widow, rousing herself from deep thought, rose and began to set the place in order for the night, with the movement of one whose mind is fully made up, and who is satisfied that her decision is an excellent one.

On the Sunday morning following, Mr. Fairbanks dressed himself for church with unusual care. For the first time in five years he had bought a new necktie, and at the best store in Wingfield. Remembering Milly Taylor's peachy cheeks, he did not begrudge the best one to be had; and though somber in hue, as became a widower, it was of rich quality. As he jogged over the hill to church, he wondered if the widow had been to see Milly; but remembering his promise, he could do nothing but stare hopelessly, first at the widow's pretty bonnet, and then, much longer, at Milly herself, who looked as sweet as an apple-blossom in her simple hat. He determined at once that she should have Hannah's black silk dress and Paisley shawl, and that whenever he went to Wingfield she should go with him and buy whatever fineries she pleased. So absorbed was he in the contemplation of his coming bliss that he forgot to take his hymn-book when the minister gave out the hymn, and blushed guiltily when a neighbor helped him to find the place.

When church was over, Tom Dodge was at the Taylors' pew door before anyone else could get a chance. Mr. Fairbanks waited a moment to see if the girl would show by any consciousness that she had heard of the honor in store for her, but she simply bowed in her usual sweet and friendly manner and passed on with the young man, while Mr. Fairbanks hastened home without stopping for the usual exchange of neighborly greetings.

The days lagged until Thursday. Mr. Fairbanks was prompt to a minute in reaching the Travers place, and by this time he had learned it was quite generally understood in the community that Ephraim Fairbanks had his eye on Widow Travers. From what source the information was gathered he could not have determined, for he certainly had not mentioned the matter.

The widow's reception was cordial, yet discreetly subdued. She did not keep him in suspense, but before he had time to speak of the important matter had announced the result of her mission.

"A foolish child, Mr. Fairbanks, unworthy the honor you would confer upon her. Her head is probably turned by the attention of the younger men, and she may realize, too late, what she has lost in declining your offer."

"Did she positively——"

"Spare me, my dear Mr. Fairbanks," interposed the widow. "Don't let us speak of it again. I have consulted your interests only;" and the widow looked down and heaved a mighty sigh.

Mr. Fairbanks sat thoughtful for a few minutes; but he had made up his mind as he drove over the North Road that the widow's friendship was a very great convenience to a man in his situation. If Milly Taylor should be so shortsighted as to reject his offer, he would offer the black silk and the "Paisley" to Jenny Travers, the widow's young niece in Wingfield. She was not so pretty as Milly Taylor,



but a bright, winsome girl, very much resembling the widow as Ephraim Fairbanks remembered her in her girlhood. And the widow, who had testified so emphatically to her appreciation of what he would offer a wife, and had seemed quite willing to assist him, was the very one to speak with success to Miss Jenny Travers.

This time he had less hesitation in expressing himself. It was the widow who hesitated to undertake the commission to her vivacious niece, and her reluctance was due to the fact that on the little table, almost under Mr. Fairbanks' hand at this very moment, was a letter from the young lady herself announcing her engagement. Her hesitation was not perceived by the affectionate widower, and she agreed, with no apparent reluctance, to undertake the new commission.

"Jenny is a fine girl," she assented, warmly, "if she is my niece, and would make any man a good wife. People do say that she looks a little as I did when I was young, but of course much better," added the widow, with a questioning glance at her visitor.

Conversation flowed easily after that, for Mr. Fairbanks had been quite a beau in his day; and the widow skillfully contrived to recall so many pleasant memories of those early days with which she had been connected, and the slices of brown toast and the flaky pie which she brought out for refreshment were altogether so alluring, that the little clock on the mantel would have said half-past eleven before the visitor took his leave had it been allowed a voice in the matter. But the little clock had stopped running before the visitor came in. Did the widow forget to wind it?

"I must certainly be looking out for another place," murmured poor Miss Maria, as she heard the old horse driven into the barn at midnight.

As before, the widow had asked for a week to perform her second mission; and she went to Wingfield the very next day. At the end of seven days she reported to the anxious swain, with a clear conscience, that her poor dear Jenny was already engaged to a very wealthy young man in Wingfield, and that she had thought it would be a saving of feelings if she failed to suggest the errand of which she was the bearer.

But the widower was ready with another name. There was a young lady of somewhat maturer years than Milly Taylor or the widow's niece, the sister of the minister's wife. Strange that he had not thought of her before! She was more settled in feeling, of graver disposition, and after teaching for several years would appreciate a good home near her sister. Would Mrs. Travers continue her kindness to the extent of bearing his compliments to Miss Curtiss and asking if he might be permitted to address her?

On this occasion the widower looked more than hopeful of success, but so did not the widow. Still, she could only put a brave face on the matter.

"Miss Curtiss'? The very one; so dignified, amiable,—perhaps a trifle grave and somber. Indeed, I don't remember to have seen her laugh in all the time I have known her;" and the widow punctuated her comment with a genial, hearty laugh which showed all her dimples and all her fine teeth. Mr. Fairbanks laughed, too. He had laughed often since the widow had been doing errands for him; and when the usual agreement had been made the two gave themselves up to an evening of entertainment.

Widow Travers remembered that in his early days Mr. Fairbanks had been devoted to backgammon and was a skillful player. She had provided a board, and the hard-working hands that had become roughened by familiar acquaintance with shovel and spade, plowshare and hoe, indulged in most unusual battle with dice and men. One o'clock, and the game still went on with merry jest and varying fortunes; for the widow generally succeeded in whatever she under-

took,—except, perhaps, in executing disagreeable commissions for her friends. Mr. Fairbanks could scarcely believe his eyes when he looked at his watch and crept into his own house like a thief. In his dreams he forgot the name of the last lady to whom he had, by proxy, offered his hand, heart, and fortune.

He met her next day, however, at the house of a neighbor. She was undoubtedly very grave and reserved in manner, and less attractive in person than he had supposed. How could he ever consort with so much dignity? His ways would be a constant annoyance to her. He could scarcely wait for a chance to consider how to extricate himself from what might prove a most disagreeable dilemma. He would not subject himself to the widow's chaffing by withdrawing his request in person, but he wrote a note saying that he had changed his mind about the lady named, and would Mrs. Travers kindly substitute Mrs. Deacon Folsom, a youngish widow of means, living on the edge of Hampton, quite recently bereaved?—but he would wait. And a man was spared from the busy field to go with haste to deliver the note and wait for a reply.

Then Mr. Fairbanks wondered if the widow would reply; and, if she did, what would she say? He changed his position in the field so that he could easily see the messenger returning from over the hill, and anxiously looked at his watch as the minutes lengthened. Had he known with what dread Widow Travers had been awaiting the mention of this, her most formidable rival, he would have been still more anxious.

But the letter came, and the widower took it into the house for a careful reading. It was a pretty, delicate letter, a cheery, comfortable sort of a letter, plainly and pleasantly written, very friendly in tone, assuring him of her hearty interest in his plans, which she would discreetly forward. She quite approved of his latest choice, and without a trace of reluctance, apparently, seemed willing to approach the fair widow or any of the few remaining marriageable women in the vicinity who had not already been named. She had long known the lady in question, and believed that she would make an excellent companion for any sensible man; but, for various reasons, she requested an extension of the time hitherto occupied on these missions. She was not quite well. Would Mr. Fairbanks come to learn the result of his proposal at the end of two weeks? The note was signed, "Sincerely yours, Dora A. Travers."

When Mr. Fairbanks had finished reading, he began at the beginning and read it all through again; then he began on the third page and read through; then again on the first, and read to the third, and thought he might as well finish it. Then he looked at the name, "Dora,"—a pretty name, and remarkably well written.

Mr. Fairbanks performed a mental sum in multiplication: seven times two, fourteen,—so many days before he could take the North Road drive, and the widow "not quite well." He wondered how sick she was, and whether she was able to sit up in her pleasant sitting-room; whether she had called a physician. With no husband to care for her he was afraid that she might not think about herself,—she seemed so very unselfish, just the woman to neglect a cold or a trifling disorder until it became a settled disease.

At supper that night he was not thinking of the widow of Deacon Folsom but of Widow Dora Travers. When he went to bed he looked out anxiously at the north window as if, by any chance, some sign in the sky could tell him how it fared with her. But the stars were winking complacently over the widow's house, and the widow,—she would not have been guilty of anything so vulgar, but she remembered Mr. Fairbanks, and was at least complacently satisfied that she knew how to manage him.

By morning Mr. Ephraim Fairbanks had reasoned himself into such a state of excitement that he was certain Widow Travers lay at the point of death. Every hour since her note came, she had, according to his torturing fancy, grown worse and worse. He resolved to remain in ignorance no longer. As a suffering neighbor she needed his ministrations; and without stopping to reflect on the firm handwriting of the letter, he harnessed the horse (to the great surprise of the latter, for he had expected to be at work in the field that morning), and selecting a jar of his choicest honey and some of Hannah's best raspberry shrub, drove off over the hill at a round trot.

Far be it from me to insinuate that Widow Travers had taken undue advantage of the situation which seemed so decidedly against her. A lady who expects visitors naturally wishes to make a good appearance; and when the head of Mr. Fairbanks' white horse appeared over the hill, the widow only gratified a natural instinct when she donned a particularly becoming wrapper and comforted herself with a seat in the easy-chair.

She received her kind-hearted visitor as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should come to see her at nine o'clock in the morning, accepted his offers of assistance, allowed him to prepare for her a nice cup of tea, and was

altogether charmingly dependent and devoted. It was a particularly happy morning for the widower until the widow suddenly mentioned her mission to the Widow Folsom.

Mr. Fairbanks turned pale. What if she had already received and accepted his offer? He hated her name now! He stammered and hesitated, said something about a widow nearer home who needed his attention and whom he would like to see at the Fairbanks' place, and between his embarrassment and the widow's self-possession the whole matter of the basket phaeton was then and there settled forever.

And when, some months later, the second Mrs. Ephraim Fairbanks was taking her happy husband to ride in this same pleasant carriage of which she had dreamed, she suddenly declared that she could not go to church another Sunday unless she had confessed her sins. He frankly forgave her for neglecting to mention to Milly Taylor, Jenny Travers, and the others, the honor which he had intended to propose to them, and said that he knew he had a better wife than any of them could possibly have been. And the late Widow Travers said that she had known that all along.

But on the day when Milly Taylor married Tom Dodge, the mortgage on the little hill farm was among her wedding presents.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.



## WHAT CAN A FELLOW DO?

THAT'S the way with girls; a fellow  
Climbs up in the cherry-trees,  
Picks the fruit so ripe and mellow,  
While they sit and take their ease  
Down among the nodding clover  
With sweet fragrance all around,  
And the great trees bending over,  
Shifting shadows on the ground,

I a-climbing high above her,  
Dropping cherries one by one,  
Just to show her that I love her  
As the cherries love the sun.  
Then when I have scrambled down,  
What's a fellow going to do  
When she says with baby frown,  
"You didn't pick enough for two"?

## Society Fads.



RAINY day with a country-house party is one of the problems of social life no hostess cares to face, and yet one for which she must make provision lest the evil hour catch her unawares. If the country-house party be made up of sobersided middle-aged folk, with a taste for novel reading, a little music, and flash-light photography, boredom need not be feared; but if the guests under one's roof are young and full of animal spirits, they will likely demand games as a pastime, and something new at that.

England sends us an able suggestion in the way of indoor hare and hounds, in which lively *débutantes* of last winter, and stately young gentlemen whose proud mission in life seems to be that of leading Germans, indulge with great zest. As the rains fall pitilessly outside, the guests gather in the upper hallway, all save one, and he, for a man is always given the part of hare, has a little bell hung by a ribbon around his neck. The hostess, having removed all her particularly precious valuables to places of safety, must then permit her guests to utilize the furniture in blocking the stairway and doors, and otherwise setting up about the house all manner of obstructions to free passage over the lower floor. The hare is turned loose to secrete himself, and, at a signal, the hounds, in the guise of laughing damsels and vigorous swains, come pellmell down the stairs, tumbling, hurrying, flying, and shouting, but always hunting in a pack for the hare, whose tinkling bell is apt to betray his whereabouts. It is only when pursued into a corner from which there is no escape, and his pursuers obtain the badge of honor in the shape of the bell, that it is presented to the young woman who was first in at the capture.

IN WINTER, women who have a taste for self-improvement study literature, and even languages, in clubs, of course; but in summer, even in the dogdays, when diversions do not always arrive at one's wish, the women who live in little settlements of summer villas now go in for classes. This season the popular study is geography, of which womenkind know amazingly little, and observation on which is interesting to those who love travel, but whose duties keep them at home. These students call themselves "The Mariners," meet once a week in a country-house drawing-room to talk of and describe some chosen distant land, and wind up with a luncheon. At one of these feasts, recently, a famous and widely traveled woman was the guest of honor, and gave a clever talk on how to go about the world, touching the practical side of travel. At the luncheon-table was found, outlined on the white cloth with flower blossoms, a small skeleton map of North America. Just in the center stood a sphere, worked out in flowers, each continent in different-colored blooms, and the North Pole, neatly described by a peak of solid ice, jutting from an Arctic Circle of white violets. The souvenirs at every cover were little spheres that unscrewed in the middle to show traveling inkstands, while the name-cards were the brilliant red, yellow, and blue labels that decorate the baggage of those who have traveled in foreign parts.

THE very smartest sort of tour to make this summer, at least from the point of view of the fashionable of jaded taste, is to walk barefoot through Normandy. It's a sovereign cure and tonic for society women afflicted with nerves and vapors, and, more delightful still, is one of the ways to beauty. The women who go, and the men, too, get themselves into the exact toggery of the Normandy peasants, minus the stockings and the shoes, and actually walk along the white, hot

roads from town to town, and all down the coast, by an itinerary laid out for these special pilgrims. It is needless to say that the open air, free exercise, and becoming, picturesque costume are wonderfully beguiling; and after a day or two the soles of the tenderest feet find the dust-laden roads as acceptable as a velvet carpet. At the end of the tour the pilgrims return to their ordinary habiliments with regret, and to their foot-gear with open protestations.

EVERY MAN smiles when a woman offers to tell the passing of the hours by her own little watch, for, however pretty the feminine timekeeper may be, it is too small, men hold, to ever tell the truth. And yet there is a New York maiden who, since the first of May, has used no other watch than that set in her engagement-ring, and she always keeps her appointments, so says her *fiancé*. It is a marquise ring, all set about with sparkling diamonds and showing in its center a perfect, convex crystal magnifying a wee watch-face without hands. The mechanism of this fairy timepiece was made in Switzerland, at great cost; but, says the owner, the idea of so small a watch, set in so quaint a fashion, is no newer than the reign of Louis XIV., when that spendthrift monarch presented a famously beautiful watch ring to his beautiful sister-in-law the Duchess of Orleans. Another fashionable jewel of the hour is the richly colored Scotch cairngorm that bonneted Highlanders so highly prize. This yellow stone is set in the new belt-buckles, formed of two silver wings joined by a cairngorm cut in the shape of the Douglas heart. The belt itself is black or white varnished leather.

BEGIN your letter to a woman friend without any prefix of endearment at all, says the Royal Letter-Writer by Appointment to her Majesty Mrs. Grundy. For, with logical severity reasons this not-to-be-contradicted authority, it is henceforth to be considered both vulgar and impertinent to call a mere friend or acquaintance your "dear." The letter-writer directs his pupils to begin their notes or epistles with easy, friendly sentences, and conclude with the words, esteem, respect, or a new cut-and-dried phrase: "In hopes of an early meeting, I am yours, etc.," or, "in pleasant anticipations of seeing you soon, I am yours, etc." It is distressingly inelegant to write, pursues Mrs. Grundy's master of the pen, any letter over four pages long; that is, just one full sheet of letter-paper. Leave a half-inch wide margin to the left of every page, and by writing an aristocratic hand, of medium size, all there is necessary to communicate by post can be said in the fixed space. The model letter-writers in the politest periods of society never required greater space in which to make their cleverest *mots* or convey most interesting news. For this reason the new letter-paper is nearly a foot square; and, oddly enough, the authority quoted recommends men to study George Washington's penmanship as the most elegant, graceful, and manly model. An aristocratic hand, be it impressed upon those who follow the laws issued from Mrs. Grundy's throne, is one which for women shows no crossed t's or dotted i's, and is written in clear purple ink. Black ink is meant for trade and legal documents only.

THE MATTER of turning an honest penny is what sometimes causes those small wrinkles to crumple the foreheads of women who are supposedly rich, and brings the covert sigh that seems to substantiate the moralist's remark that wealth does not always bring happiness. So it does not, always; for rich women are apt to have princely debts to dressmakers, etc.; and how to balance accounts troubled one person of genuinely large income this spring till she struck on an idea. She spent last winter, oh! ever so much more on frocks and entertaining than she intended, and how to

arrange matters worried her, especially as there was the big, lovely country-house, not a thousand miles away from New York, and her hospitable heart busy planning to ask down batches of gay guests. To cut a long story short, she took in boarders; not folks who come at the suggestion of a beguiling newspaper advertisement, but the choicest, smartest people of her acquaintance. She simply went to some of her friends, explained her predicament, and offered to open her house as of old, preside as in other seasons, ask others down, guided by her usual perfect sense of selection, and entertain as royally as heretofore. In return, every guest was to leave her a check of a size in proportion to the length of the stay. It is needless to say that, so far, her plan has succeeded to a turn; some particularly old and congenial friends have stopped with her in preference to taking the yearly voyage abroad, and by the autumn her long-suffering income, recovered from the winter's exactions, will again reinstate her in wealth. Meantime she is setting an example many another of her class might profitably follow.

MADAME LA MODE.

### The Scandalous Mrs. Arlington.

THEY came up on the two-forty-five boat, and brought more luggage and traps than anybody who had come to Beachport that year. First came Mr. and Mrs. Arlington with their friend Clairmont, then followed a procession made up of a maid, two men-servants, a pair of French poodles, and an under-groom leading a magnificent St. Bernard whose size made children scatter and whose beauty made men and women stare in admiration. Of course, canes, wraps, satchels, and a big, half-faded bouquet accompanied this *mélange*, and it was quite a little time before the people were escorted to their rooms and the servants and animals were consigned to their proper quarters.

"Who are they, I wonder?" ran like a ripple from one mouth to the other as people paused in the promenade to stare and inspect the newcomers.

Remaining on the hotel piazza after luncheon to watch the boat come in was one of the innocent pastimes at Beachport; criticising and condemning the passengers it brought was one of the favorite amusements. We had sat in judgment so many weeks our wits were sharpened, and we had come to be quite knowing, divining at once how the arrivals should be classed and seldom erring in our disposition of them. Stray couples were beneath our notice; people with a baby and one nurse sent our noses heavenward; children who dressed well and were followed by a couple of maids were tolerated; a family who brought their horses and a retinue of servants received our undivided attention, and there was nothing in their lives which we could not resurrect and discuss in all its details. We also made it our business to keep an eye upon the flirtatious element of Beachport and see that it behaved well; and when Mrs. Horton dubbed our select coterie a "scandal shamble" we exhumed from its grave an old tale about her husband that the family have been trying to keep buried for twenty years.

Our interest in the strangers was intensified—sent to fever heat—when the rest of their belongings were led up from the boat: Four driving-horses, a pair of saddle-horses, a victoria, a gladstone, a dog-cart, and a drag.

"They have registered 'Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Arlington of Boston, and Mr. J. C. Clairmont of New York,'" announced Mrs. Stanley, who was colossal, sharp-nosed, spectacled, and who kept as close a guard on the hotel register as though she had been St. Peter inspecting applicants for heaven.

"They have eight rooms, and I heard the tall blond man say that they wanted a table to themselves in the dining-room."

"'Arlington'? That is a good name," chimed in Mrs. Latimer, who was fat, hypercritical, and from Boston. We always accepted her opinions and assertions because she resided on Commonwealth Avenue and had the position of each clique arranged like the alphabet in her mind. We learned, afterwards, that she was on the outskirts of society and spent her life trying to cross the line. "I wonder if they belong to *the* Arlingtons?"

"Oh, no doubt of it," assumed Mrs. Burke, who either crowned or deposed every newcomer. "They must be good people; they look so *noblesse*."

"I think I shall call," announced Miss Philips; "all the Arlingtons attend my uncle's church, and he would wish me to pay them some attention." Miss Philips' uncle was rector of the most aristocratic church in Boston, and his flock composed the *crème de la crème* of society; but his niece's visits to "the hub" were so few that she knew these people more by reputation than otherwise.

"Nice-looking man, that blond," commented Mrs. Floyd-Brown, looking up from her vestment embroidery. She had two marriageable daughters and kept a sharp eye upon the new men. "I suppose he is Mr. Clairmont; is he married, do you know?"

By noon the next day we were bubbling with enthusiasm and admiration, and felt so amicably inclined toward Mrs. Arlington we all agreed to be presented and take her into our charmed set. We had seen them driving in gorgeous style down the principal avenue, with Clairmont handling the reins and Mrs. Arlington on the box-seat beside him; we had seen them come in to dinner in the most faultless of evening toilets and seat themselves at a table that was brilliant with fragrant blossoms, and held the daintiest of viands, while the head waiter and his assistants bent in low obeisance such as the Beachport waiters never indulged in unless there was plenty of money to induce those bows. We had watched them promenading the piazza when the band played, looking as unconscious of the presence of others as though they were the only people on earth; and—joy of joys!—we had seen them snub the dude of the place when someone presented him, and Mrs. Arlington coldly, but politely, turn away from the Smockly family when they attempted—on the strength of once crossing the Atlantic with her—to renew the acquaintance.

Mrs. Arlington was a plump, shapely little woman, whose claim to beauty was circumscribed; therefore the women were ardent in their praise of her. As a rule, when one woman abuses another you may feel assured that the "other" possesses some charm of person or manner that is indisputable; and the plainer a woman is, the more popular she is among her own sex. So Mrs. Arlington, not being a beauty, was destined to become popular, one half seeking her on account of her social position, the other half—the matrimonially inclined element—on account of the handsome Clairmont who came with them. She dressed well, talked well, greeted us, when we were presented, in a manner that showed she was a thoroughbred, and received us with ceremonious courtesy when we stopped in her parlor one morning for a call, hoping to encourage her to be more sociable. Mrs. Latimer invited her to a tea in her rooms,—which invitation was declined with an excuse; Mrs. Stanley asked them all to join a sailing-party she had organized for her niece,—declined without an excuse; Mrs. Floyd-Brown pressed them to attend a cotillion she was giving for her daughters,—declined on plea of ill-health; and when she left *our* circle, after a ten minutes chat on the piazza, and joined Clairmont,

who was smoking a cigar under the trees, it dawned upon us that Mrs. Arlington was not as friendly as we had expected her to be. Not only were our overtures repulsed, but their selfishness and reserve seemed to erect an impenetrable wall around them. They never asked anyone to drive, and the launch lay idle in the bay although Mrs. Burke had presented the Floyd-Brown girls and two dozen others to Clairmont, who took as much notice of them as though they had been so many figures out of the Eden Musée. He danced, but only with Mrs. Arlington, in spite of the painful fact that girls lined the ballroom walls and each one watched him with hungry eyes. He was too dignified to row on the river or bathe in the sea, but he rode or drove from morning until night, and always with Mrs. Arlington, who sat a horse as well as she graced the box-seat of his drag.

And we,—we were incensed! For a lot of pretty girls had been thrown into a perfect flutter of expectancy by the arrival of a man whose dreamy eyes and stately manner were enhanced by the knowledge that he owned four horses and a launch, and he, who could have made his selection from this bouquet of buds and roses,—barbarian that he was!—ignored the sweetness before him and devoted himself to a married woman. Disgusting! All our plans had miscarried, for we expected to take her into our set, and allow the girls to appropriate him as an attendant and cavalier.

"What a bold woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd-Brown, one morning, as a victoria dashed by with Clairmont and his friend lolling lazily back among the soft cushions.

"'Bold'! I should think so! Her conduct is audacious! No regard for what others think," commented Mrs. Latimer, taking up the thread of her friend's criticism. "One does meet such *very* strange, suspicious people in hotels; that is why I prefer cottage life."

"*Frightful* example to have before young girls day after day," put in Mrs. Stanley. "Really, it should be stopped. What is her husband about that he does not notice?"

"And to think how near she came getting into our set," sighed Mrs. Burke, in a tone that implied we all had escaped some dreadful contamination or disaster.

"Her behavior is a discredit to the hotel," snapped Miss Philips; "I am going to write to uncle about it." Miss Philips had been the first to call, had flattered and made eyes at Clairmont in the fond hope of "bagging" him; and he had looked bored, stroking his long, yellow moustache while the faintest smile hovered in his eyes, but that was the nearest she got to a flirtation with him.

We all stiffened ourselves up when she walked past us that morning; but Mrs. Arlington never gave us a glance,—heavens! had she heard our verbal missiles?—and Clairmont only vouchsafed a grudging little tip of his hat. We did not care to declare war just then, because they had given Miss Deering fifty dollars for some foreign mission, and we were going to beg them to contribute to the slender fund that would some day blossom in a chapel where Beachport souls could be purified and save. But the minute she passed out of hearing two accusations were brought against her. Mrs. Stanley had heard her call Clairmont "James," and Mrs. Floyd-Brown made us all draw our chairs closer while she imparted a shocking thing she had seen only the night before. Mrs. Arlington had actually tapped him on the shoulder while drawing his attention to something on the bay!

"Scandalous!" we exclaimed in chorus; such deportment would ruin the hotel's spotless reputation. It was unjust that high-minded, pure women should have to witness such indecorum day after day!

"She cannot belong to the Arlingtons," condemned Miss Philips. "No member of that family would ever be so unprincipled and bold-faced."

One day the news wandered down the piazza that Mrs. Arlington was ill,—so ill she was confined to her bed, and, as it happened, Mr. Arlington was absent in the city.

"I shall go to her," heroically announced Miss Philips. "I belong to the King's Daughters, and we hesitate at nothing when there is sickness,—not even a person's character."

In less than five minutes she returned, or rather precipitated herself among us, looking white, agitated, angry, ready to burst into tears.

"It is *shameful!*" she began, almost hurling the words at us, "*infamous!* and I dislike to make trouble; but I feel it my duty, as a Christian, to report to the proprietor what I have seen and heard. Oh dear, it is dreadful! too shocking to tell!" We dropped work, books, everything, and gathered around to hear the spicy news.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Latimer. "Tell us about it." Any woman who had a piece of scandal locked in her heart was endeared to Mrs. Latimer until she, too, possessed it.

"I went to her parlor," continued Miss Philips, in gasps,—she was a heroine in that minute and knew it,—"and the maid asked me to be seated while she inquired if her mistress could see anyone. She left the bedroom door ajar, and I saw—oh, how *can* I tell it!—*Mr. Clairmont* in there with her,—in her bedroom! actually seated in a chair by the lounge where she was lying."

"Are you positive it was he, dear?" queried Mrs. Burke.

"Oh, positive! I heard him talking. I think he was holding her hand! Is it not shocking that one whom we came so near taking among us should be so bold and shameless in her conduct?"

"Astounding! Disgraceful!" aspirated the crowd.

"I did not wait a minute," continued Miss Philips, "but ran out of the door, down the corridor, as fast as I could. What shall we do?"

"Go in a body to Mr. Lawton and demand that these people be ordered to leave the hotel. We have stood enough, and he can no longer expect virtuous ladies like ourselves to sleep under the same roof with a woman of that character." When Mrs. Latimer delivered this speech she looked like an old picture of General Washington that we used to have in our "History of the Revolution."

We went, we lassoed Mr. Lawton; we related our story of offended dignity with heads up in the air, and demanded that these people be ordered from the house. Of course he was obstinate, said they paid better than anyone else, that he could not afford to lose them, thought there must be some mistake, etc.; but when Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Latimer, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Floyd-Brown, Miss Philips, and I, all assured him we would leave in a body, he realized what a loss six families would be, and consented to obey. He walked slowly and reluctantly to the Arlington apartments, while we followed to hear the result. Heavens! what peals of laughter came from that room in a short time after Lawton, trembling with fear, entered. Peal after peal from Mrs. Arlington, and actually a big "Ha! ha! ha!" from Clairmont, who had never been caught indulging in anything but a smile. Then the laughter subsided, and the tones that represented Mrs. Arlington's and Clairmont's voices seemed to be full of wrath and indignation, while Lawton's apologies arose loud and humble above everything else. At last he came out, and I never shall forget his glare as he exclaimed:

"Ladies, you have made an egregious error and put me in a most embarrassing position this day, and the harm I have done cannot easily be smoothed over. You have deceived yourselves; allowed your over-prudent natures to misinterpret a very innocent thing. Mr. Clairmont is Mrs. Arlington's *brother*. She has been abroad for three years, and he has not seen her in all that time until just a few days before they came up here. Now you can comprehend his devotion."

And he went down the staircase leaving us standing in the hall, feeling—can you imagine how?

That evening, Miss Philips received a letter from her uncle, the Rev. Mandeville Philips, which ran :

“BOSTON, MASS.

“MY DEAR MARGARET :

“I hear that Mrs. Egbert Arlington is spending some time at Beachport, and I wish you to call as speedily as possible, as it will be to your advantage to know her when you come

to Boston. She was Miss Clairmont of New York, and comes from the best, and has married into one of the best, families in the land. The world knows her as a brilliant social leader ; but I can commend her as one of the noblest, truest-hearted women I have ever met. Her brother is traveling with them, I believe.

“Your affectionate uncle,  
“M. W. T. PHILIPS.”

VIRGINIA R. COXE.

## Our Girls.

### A Reward of Merit.

THE pupils of a certain school in the little town of Dalton did not need to be told that their pretty young teacher, Harriet Blake, was in very bad humor. That fact was self-evident ; for all day long she had snapped and scolded, and “shaken up” both boys and girls on the slightest provocation, until every one of her pupils voted her “the biggest crank that ever was.”

The solemn old school-clock was the object of much solicitous attention that day ; and when at last the hands denoted the hour of four, Miss Blake speedily dismissed her charges, closed her desk with a resounding bang, and then started homeward, first stopping at the schoolroom where her cousin, Nettie Leith, instructed a large number of our future men and women. She found Nettie engaged in clearing up her desk ; and when she had finished, both teachers went home together.

“What has gone wrong to-day, Harriet?” asked Nettie, noting her companion's clouded face. “You don't seem to be in very good spirits.”

“Well, I'm not!” returned Harriet, decidedly ; “I'm just as cross as a bear. This is the very worst and most disagreeable place in the whole country, and the people in it match the town! I'm tired and disgusted with both ; and I don't see how you can be so contented in this dismal prison. The country is the doom of every ambitious person, and it is nonsense to imagine that one can accomplish anything in it ; and of all things I'm sure teaching school in a country town is the worst! It's bad enough to live here ; but to teach school!—” and Harriet heaved a deep sigh of disgust.

“Why, Hattie, what has come over you?” asked her cousin in amazement. “You have a pleasant position, and country school teaching isn't the worst occupation in the world, by any means.”

“Well, if there is anything worse I should like to know it,” snapped Harriet. “You haven't any ambition, Nettie, and so you don't mind ; but I'm different, and I am tired of this everlasting drudge, drudge, and of teaching a lot of stupid children, and pleasing their ignorant parents. They don't appreciate anything one does, anyway.”

“I don't quite believe that ; for the people here are as intelligent as they are anywhere, and take unusual interest in education. Why, lots of them praise me and my school much more than I deserve.”

“Of course they do! You are always so pleasant and agreeable to everyone you see. But as far as I am concerned, I can't for the life of me be agreeable to a lot of stupid villagers who are forever poking about in the schools when they ought to be minding their own business. They take everything for granted, and expect a teacher to take as much

interest, and fuss as much over the pupils as though they paid her a thousand dollars a year ; and I won't do it, that's all. The sooner I can get out of Dalton the happier I shall be!” concluded Harriet, decidedly.

“I suppose you are going to the concert tonight?” asked Nettie, after a pause, thinking to turn the conversation.

“Why, of course. You are too, are you not?”

“I did intend to, but I can't now, for Jack Winby is coming over, and I am going to help him with his studies. He has been sick so long that he is behind, so I told him I would help him along. I had forgotten all about the concert when I promised ; but I don't want to disappoint him, so I am not going.”

“You silly girl!” burst forth Harriet. “Isn't it enough if you do what you are engaged for, without spending all your spare time over school matters into the bargain? I don't do a bit more work than I have to, and I am just as well off as you, though you are continually studying and working.”

Harriet teased and expostulated, but Nettie refused to break her promise ; so Harriet went to the concert, and had such a “good time” that she forgot all about her troubles.

Harriet Blake and Nettie Leith were cousins. Both had graduated from the academy in the neighboring city of Bradford, and shortly after had begun teaching school in Dalton, which was a country town of two or three thousand inhabitants. Both girls were very young and of about the same age. One was as ambitious as the other, but the ambition manifested itself in different ways : in Harriet by continual castle-building and flights of imagination, and in Nettie in a more practical manner.

The months glided by, and Harriet was as discontented and grumbled as much as ever, and continually found fault with Nettie because her cousin would persist “in making a slave of herself for nothing.” “What is the use of studying and reading so much?” Harriet often asked. “I'm sure you know more than enough to teach your school, and no one appreciates it, anyway.”

One lovely day in early summer, just as Harriet had dismissed one class and was about to call another, a rap came to the door, and she admitted an elderly gentleman whom she had never before seen. That day Harriet had what she called “a blue streak,” and to show her independence, and her contempt for visitors in general, and strangers in particular, she coolly seated herself at her desk and began to write a letter. She paid no attention to several wildly waving hands, the owners of which were vainly trying to attract “teacher's” attention, nor to her visitor, who eyed her curiously. After surveying this interesting school for a little while he asked, respectfully,

“Will you have no class recite this morning?”

"Not at present," she tartly replied, "this is the study hour;" and then she calmly continued her writing.

The visitor soon left, with a civil "good morning," and when he had gone, and Harriet had finished her letter, she called out the class which she was about to hear recite when the visitor entered.

Nettie was in the midst of hearing an arithmetic recitation, when, in response to a knock, she admitted an elderly gentleman who was a total stranger. She greeted him courteously, and then went on with the recitation; but never before had a class recited so wretchedly, especially before company. The subject that day was a new one, and the pupils seemed utterly unable to grapple with some of the mysteries of fractions. Seeing this, their youthful teacher said, "The class does not seem to understand the lesson very well, so I will try to explain the subject so that all may understand and remember;" and thereupon she explained the lesson so clearly, and went to the root of matters so thoroughly, that even those scholars who "hated arithmetic" grew interested and understood. So absorbed was Nettie in her work that she forgot all about her visitor, who was intently listening to every word, and whose face was positively radiant with delight as his eyes swept over the scene. He remained and heard several other recitations with no abatement of interest, and after complimenting Nettie and her school he took his leave.

"Did a strange elderly gentleman visit your school to-day?" asked Nettie of Harriet as they were going home.

"Yes; a countryman that I have never seen before was in," returned Harriet, "but I paid no attention to him, and he did not stay long. No one seemed to know who he was; probably a stranger in town, who didn't know what else to do to while away the time."

A few weeks after this Nettie suddenly rushed into Harriet's room, and thrusting a letter into her cousin's hand excitedly said, "Read that!" And this is what met Harriet's wondering eyes as she complied:

"MISS NETTIE LEITH,

"BRIGHTON, July 19, 1894.

"Dear Madam: A vacancy has occurred in the West school of this city, and, if agreeable to you, I would like to have you accept the position, beginning with the coming term. The salary is one thousand dollars a year, with the usual vacations. Advise me at once whether you accept, for there are numerous applicants; but I make you this proposition after seeing your work in your present school.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN NOURSE, Supt."

"Why, Nettie Leith!" exclaimed Harriet when she had recovered from her amazement. "What a lucky mortal you are! I congratulate you heartily. How I wish I were in your shoes! That Mr. Nourse is one of the greatest educators of the day, and there is no telling how high you can get now that you have such a splendid opportunity in the city. When did you get this golden letter?"

"Just a little while ago; and I never was so surprised in my life. I couldn't believe it was meant for me."

"Just your luck! When did Mr. Nourse visit your school? You never told me a thing about it," returned Harriet, reproachfully.

"That is just what troubles me," thoughtfully replied Nettie. "I have been thinking and thinking; but he was never in the school that I know of. But—why, Hattie, I wonder if it could have been that elderly man whom no one knew? He visited your school, too, you remember; and that must have been Mr. Nourse. He visited my school several times after that, but he never hinted who he was."

"That was surely he, and I thought he was nothing but an ordinary countryman," groaned Harriet. "He was in

my school only once, but that day I was ill-humored and I was positively rude to him, and he soon left. What a fool I was! I might have impressed him as favorably as you have done; but this is only another case of 'it might have been,'" and Harriet almost shed tears at the thought.

"I remember now of reading somewhere that Mr. Nourse had a habit of visiting schools where he was unknown, and of studying teachers and their methods. In that way he often obtained his best instructors; but I cannot understand why he should offer me such a position," said Nettie.

"Because you deserve it," returned Harriet, kissing her cousin effusively; "and here I have been scolding you, and saying ugly things right along, and telling you that you had no ambition. Yet, in spite of my boasting and much vaunted ambition, you have risen above me. Serves me right; but can you forgive me for teasing you so?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Hattie. I often grew tired and discouraged, too; but I would not give in, and made up my mind to do the best I could."

"Well, I know one thing," replied Harriet, decisively, "I am going to reform and try your plan, and see if I will fare as well as you."

And so it came about that as Miss Nettie Leith, who was highly successful in her new school, was reading her favorite newspaper, she came across this paragraph:

"Miss Harriet Blake, one of the most popular teachers in Dalton, has just been appointed an instructor in Bradford Academy. Miss Blake is still very young, but her efficient and successful work and methods have secured for her the above desirable position."

A few days later Nettie received a characteristic letter from Harriet, informing her of the rise in her fortunes, and the letter closed with these words:

"I have found out that the only way to be appointed 'ruler over many things' is by demonstrating one's faithfulness over the little ones, and that 'work' is the magic 'open sesame' to the door of success."

A. J. STEMPEL.

## Women's Dress for Cycling.



THIS is a fortunate age to live in! Though, to be sure, life demands much of human beings now, yet there was never a time in the history of the world when pleasure, simple, light-hearted enjoyment, was so generally recognized as an important factor in the perfect and harmonious development of humanity. In order that men and women may do the best work of which they are capable they must be well, and in these days of rational thinking everybody knows that a first condition of health is a serene and happy mind; hence, pleasure is pursued with as noble and earnest aim as work. Most of the health-giving amusements, games, and pastimes which have sprung into vogue in the last decade have been confined to the fortunate few; but the bicycle is for everybody, and demands neither wealth nor leisure for its enjoyment. A little queer it is that it has taken so many years to conquer prejudice and recognize in the silent steed one of woman's best friends. But now that the recognition has been



given, it is no half-way thing; with open arms and ever-growing enthusiasm it is received, and the sport can no longer be called either a fad or a craze.

That the bicycle has come to stay is a fact established beyond question; and the reasons for the firm hold it has so suddenly taken upon the public fancy are too many for enumeration here. If you have once become an expert rider it would be just as reasonable to suggest that a bird would become tired of flying as that you should ever lose interest in bicycling; for it is the very



and believe that the bicycle will accomplish more for woman's sensible dress than all the reform movements that have ever been waged. It is not at all necessary to have a special gown when learning to ride. Any plain skirt which clears the ground well, worn with an easy-fitting shirt-waist, will answer; the main thing is that there should be no constricting bands, for the exercise calls into play all the muscles of the body, and they should be given perfect freedom.



When dressed for a road ride the first conditions for a woman's smart appearance are that the whole effect of her costume shall be trig and neat, of quiet color, without a superfluous ornament. She should look strictly tailor-made; the wheel is no place for feather boas, artificial flowers, ruffles, lace, or sashes. The means of attaining this end, however, differ greatly, the most debatable subject being whether to ride in knickerbockers or in a skirt. The costume most generally adopted by conservative women, the correctness of which cannot be questioned by the most carping critic, and which wins constant expressions of admiration from lookers-on, is a short



poetry of motion, the spell of which you feel as soon as you are able to make a turn around the school ring without your teacher's hand upon your belt. The exercise is, in fact, the nearest approach to flying that we are likely to enjoy in this world, except in our dreams.

gored skirt, measuring about two and a half yards around the bottom, and fitting trimly around the waist, though not so closely as a walking skirt; indeed, if the hips be large there should be a little fullness there, and always a few plaits or gathers in the back. A convenient length is just to cover the boot-tops. Under the skirt knickerbockers should be worn, because the folds of a petticoat are much in the way, and would even endanger the rider. The most comfortable knickerbockers are of silk or satin,—black or the color of the gown,—but those furnished with the ready-made suits are of Jamestown alpaca or brilliantine; though, occasionally they are made of the gown fabric. If the gown be of cloth or rough-surfaced wool, however, this plan is not commended; for,



unless the skirt be silk-lined, the two surfaces will inevitably cling together, and the avoidance of this possibility is the first thing to be thought of in planning a bicycle suit. It makes both mounting and dismounting more difficult, and in a high wind is apt to entangle the legs of the rider. A five or six inch facing, with several rows of stitching to give a little firmness, is a good finish for the bottom of the skirt; and some tailors use a narrow binding and two-inch facing of light leather.

Leggins, reaching to the knees, are usually made of the gown



Of course woman's comfort and pleasure in the exercise greatly depends upon her being properly and conveniently clothed for it; but there are almost as many interpretations of what these conditions are as there are women to ride, with the result that eccentricity has had such a field for its exercise as never before. Thoughtful people, however, look beyond these crude and often ludicrous efforts







fabric; but if that is not suitable, as when alpaca or light-weight serge are used, they match it in color as nearly as possible. Low shoes are preferred, as they give the ankles freer play; and some riders wear the

rubber-soled tennis-shoes, which give them an elastic, firm hold of the pedals.

In clothing the upper part of

be considered interchangeable. Some of these garments are so indisputably ugly and ungraceful that even the most liberal-minded woman is forced to laugh at them, and to regret that any of her sisters are so silly as to make such ludicrous spectacles of themselves. Beware of the scant "knickers," those fitting closely around the hips or about the knees; even a slender woman is ugly in them, and the stout woman with large hips is a horror! If worn without a skirt there should be easy fullness around the waist,—enough to drape and conceal the figure somewhat,—and they should be quite full below, fastening with an elastic, run into a shirr, just below the knees, and drooping half-way to the boot-tops.

A pattern for such knickerbockers, also patterns for a skirt and leggins, will be found in the Fashion Department this month, and the illustrations here given show many variations in accessories. The long coat-skirt reaching to the knees is an admirable compromise with the skirt, as it screens that part of the figure which looks most ungainly when exposed, and adds a graceful and womanly touch to the costume. When a skirt is worn, most women prefer a short-skirted coat or blazer; and the Eton jacket, cut long enough so that it can be hooked to the skirt band in the back, is a great favorite. The last condition is very important, as a gap between the garments has, at a short distance, a very unseemly, going-to-pieces look.

Gaiters or leggins to match the gown, which have been considered *de rigueur*, are now giving place in Paris to the heavy knit English hosiery in dull, dark plaids which men have been using in outing dress for several seasons. That these will come into general use is not at all probable, as, for many feet, they will be found too heavy and warm.

Some smart women of fashion have ventured to appear in strikingly original bicycle costumes. A kilted skirt of blue-and-green plaid over black satin "knickers," with green cloth jacket, white silk blouse, and a Scotch cap, created a sensation at a bicycle tea; but such dress is the exception, and will remain so. A few skirts are plain in front and back and kilted on the sides to a deep yoke; but this gives too much fullness just where the frolic wind can most easily play with it. The new divided skirt promises great comfort, as it combines the convenience of "knickers" and the grace of a skirt.

E. A. FLETCHER.



the body it is wisest to adopt an arrangement which permits the rider to take off or add something with but a moment's delay; consequently, except in cool weather, a cloth bodice like the skirt is not so good a choice as a coat, blazer, or Eton jacket to be worn over a shirt-waist or outing blouse. Some women like the so-called "sweater,"—a name so hideous as to repel many,—which is really very like an old-fashioned "Jersey," only a little heavier, and conforming to present fashions by having large sleeves.

Such a costume admits of many variations, and adaptation to varying temperature and conditions of the road. When taking a long country ride, especially over hilly roads, it will sometimes be found a great convenience to take off the skirt, which can be done with perfect propriety, as seen in the illustration of the two figures, showing the skirt on the standing one, and the "knickers" worn under it on the figure on the wheel.

As everybody knows, women cyclists in Paris have been much more independent, from the first, in the matter of dress, than those in this country. They have never worn skirts in riding, but have rung the changes on everything in the shape of "knickers," or bloomers, which names, as applied now, may really



## Sanitarian.

### Some Fads About Food.

**THE HOT-WATER CRAZE.**—This is the land for fads, even health matters not being exempt. We have had the hot-water craze, not only in public institutions, but in private families. All over the country, patients and invalids are recommended to take several glasses of hot water, at least one or two before each meal; though I fail to see the philosophy contained in this prescription. With a very disordered stomach, where there are quantities of bile or other matter causing nausea, hot-water drinking would be appropriate, to give temporary relief; but to take it habitually, morning, noon, and night, under any and all circumstances, is simply to convert the stomach into a hot-water receptacle, and gradually to weaken every part with which this fluid comes in contact.

Another hot-water fad is its use in washing or syringing, it may be the stomach, the colon, or any of the internal passages or tracts. This practice is also weakening and pernicious. By the habitual use of hot water the tissues become greatly relaxed, and their natural tone is in a measure destroyed. Not only have some bad forms of displacement resulted from this hot-water lavage, but those already existing have been greatly aggravated and rendered chronic. Aside from the relaxation produced, I see no reason for washing away daily those mucous secretions which are intended to moisten the parts and render them elastic and pliable. If it is injurious to take hot foods, then why hot drinks? Why should we stimulate to excess the action of the secreting organs which are located in the mucous membranes? Would it not be more in harmony with reason and common sense to reserve these heroic measures for special emergencies, rather than to prescribe a routine treatment of this sort? The hot-water craze has been well-nigh universal; but there are still a few physicians who are conservative on this subject.

**THE HOT-MILK CRAZE.**—Another of the fads, though it is not of recent origin, is the hot-milk craze. The habit of taking hot milk in one form or another is very common. With an egg beaten into it, it is said to be very nourishing for persons who are in a feeble condition. With chocolate and sugar added, this with a bit of toast or bread is considered by some as an ideal breakfast. By tourists and others, it is spoken of as the "French breakfast," which is possibly an additional recommendation. Certainly there is simplicity as regards variety, though I think the quality of the breakfast might be improved upon. I should rather break the fast with fruits, raw or cooked, and a little Graham or whole wheat bread, either toasted or unleavened, than to make the morning meal of milk, sugar, and chocolate, with the addition of bread. But then it would not be French. If I wanted a little more variety, I would add a dish of oatmeal or other mush, with fruit or fruit juice as a sauce.

I have seen patients with the skin looking very bilious, or very pale and anæmic, taking a glass of hot milk just before bedtime. But how this beverage is likely to improve the condition of the liver or other digestive organs, I am unable to see. If the stomach is in a condition in which no solid food can be taken at the evening meal, and the liver so torpid that it cannot perform its function properly, I think one might find something better suited to the needs of the case than hot milk; neither would this beverage be improved by beating an egg into it.

The hygienists have other methods of restoring normal function to the digestive organs than those that are popu-

larly recommended. A little thin, well-cooked gruel, prepared from any one of several grains, would in these cases be a great improvement on the hot milk; and a breakfast or supper of fruits and well-cooked grains would be vastly more "strengthening" than eggs, milk, chocolate, and the like.

**THE NITROGENOUS CRAZE.**—One of the newest fads in eating is the plan of dispensing with the so-called "starchy" foods. We are to set aside all the grains, and go to living exclusively on nuts and fruits; or if these are not sufficient we must take to meat-eating. Anything, to get rid of the starches. Just as if the Author of created things had made a gigantic blunder in giving us wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, rice, and other kindred products, on which to subsist; or as if any healthier people could be found on the face of the globe than those peoples in Northern Asia and Europe who have for centuries lived on these same grains, with the simple addition of fruits or vegetables, and very little else.

But according to the teachings of the fad we must substitute something nitrogenous; that is just now the rage. How long it will last remains to be seen; but long enough, probably, to fill the pockets of those who advocate it, which is the main thing.

**THE ABOVE-GROUND CRAZE.**—Then there is a class of dietetic reformers who do not believe in eating anything that does not grow above the ground. The sun is the great vitalizer, and what the sun does not shine upon is not recommended. The potato, for instance, once thought a most valuable tuber, is no longer fit to eat; the nuts that grow underground must also be discarded; and so of the roots, such as beets, turnips, parsnips, and other vegetables that do not grow above the soil. Even cabbage, cauliflower, and other vegetable products that grow near the ground are not highly recommended.

According to this idea, those foods are best which grow high up in the air, as grapes, peaches, pears, and other fruits on trees. The nuts, also, which enjoy this rare privilege, as walnuts, hickory nuts, and even beech nuts, would rank high in the food lists. Whether the different varieties of acorns would hold an important place, I am not able to say. Fortunately for the advocates of this particular fad, the grains fall within the category of those food products which grow in the air; consequently they are recommended.

**THE MEAT CRAZE.**—A plan recommended by some physicians in various chronic diseases, or it may be a complication of them in the same individual, is to confine the patient almost exclusively to a meat diet. That selected is generally lean steak, cooked rare; though some physicians advise to scrape the steak as fine as possible, season it well, and give it raw to the patient. Others prefer to roll the scraped meat into a ball, season to taste, and broil over the coals.

Of course the beef-tea craze continues to find strong advocates, both among the doctors and their patients; though many affirm that thousands have starved to death on it. What the rare virtue is in an exclusive diet of animal flesh, it would take a philosopher to find out. The accumulation of effete matter in a system thus fed, and supposed to be nourished, is something fearful to think of. We have had patients come to us thin, emaciated, haggard, a constant pain at the base of the brain, the spine greatly irritated, and the whole nervous system next to shattered. Yet these patients had been "fed up" on a "nourishing meat diet," to the exclusion of all clean, wholesome foods. It took many months to work this accumulation out of their systems before the building-up process could begin. After long and faithful work, however, they were restored to reasonably good health, some of them gaining as much as thirty pounds in the space of a few months, after the cure was completed. It takes time to effect radical changes after such egregious violations

of the laws of health both in the getting sick and in the blundering attempts at curing.

**THE RAW-FOOD CRAZE.**—There is a colony of people on the western coast of this continent who do not believe in cooking any of the food products. They live on fruits, grains, and vegetables, using these in the raw state. These people would seem to have some grains of sense in favor of their particular fad. We all know that most fruits, excellent in variety and grown to perfection, are much better raw than cooked. Take the strawberry, peach, pear, and grape, as examples; also the citric fruits; the fire destroys their delicious flavor, or at least greatly impairs it. Some of the vegetables nicely grown have also a finer flavor raw than cooked; though after these centuries of the cooking habit our palates are hardly prepared to receive the average vegetable raw.

The grains, some of them, at least, have a sweetness of flavor before cooking that seems to be lost by submitting them to heat; though there is a great difference in the manner of cooking, as well as the time that is given to it. For example, oatmeal or almost any other grain slightly cooked, is neither sweet nor palatable; but by continuing the process under suitable conditions the starchy matter is converted into glucose, and sweetness results from the long cooking or heating. The question has likewise arisen whether the average stomach of civilized human beings can digest raw starch well. Whether, after these hundreds and thousands of years, during which we have turned more and more to the habit of cooking, it would not be an advantage to convert these starch substances into glucose before attempting to digest them. There certainly are stomachs, a great many of them, that do not manage to get perfect nutriment out of the raw grains; neither could they digest perfectly the average vegetable uncooked. As to the fruits, some of the inferior qualities of them can hardly be managed without cooking; this is particularly true of those that are not fully ripe.

How the raw-food advocates manage to bridge over these difficulties I do not know; perhaps someone will rise and explain. In the present state of society, and with the imperfections that exist in growing the food products, I think we are hardly prepared to abandon, *in toto*, the habit of cooking.

**THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER.**—But the very latest fad in eating is the "progressive dinner." It originated on the Pacific coast, but the "Rockies" will be no barrier; it will probably extend farther east. Fads travel fast, as well as fashions. The *modus operandi* of this particular fad is as follows:

A party of ladies and gentlemen proceed to the house of a friend at half-past six in the evening; the house is beautifully decorated with flowers, and the table is daintily set; oysters are served in a single course. The members of the party then change partners, take their leave, and call at the house of another friend; here the dining-room is decked with ferns, and the guests are served with soup. No time being lost in gossip or anything else, the party take another short walk and call at a third house. The table decorations consist of tea-roses and other flowers. The name-cards, which come from London, are on rose-petals to match the roses on the table. The guests being seated they are served with fish.

The next thing that attracts attention is the telephone; messages are sent all along the line, and the announcement "We are coming." A change of partners, and then another short walk brings these ladies and gentlemen to a fourth mansion. The dining-room decorations are in pink, and meats are served. There is another change of partners and another walk, where they find a table decorated with vegetables. Of course the guests are here served with vegetables, though the report omits to state this fact.

Still another walk,—either the lunch-stations are near together, or the party is equal to the lengthened stroll,—and they find another dining-room with a different order of decoration. This time it is green and yellow, and the menu is a salad, which will possibly help to digest all the previous dishes; if not, a bit of Limburger ought to do it. Another change of partners, and another promenade brings the guests to the last station. Here the centerpiece on the table is composed of blocks of ice in an immense tray. After serving the ices in various forms, there is coffee at ten o'clock, and the progressive dinner-party is now finished.

A dinner-prize was given to the gentleman who sat oftenest at the right hand of the hostess, there being a different arrangement of guests at each table. The prize itself was a beautiful bell; but whether of the kind that calls people to meals deponent sayeth not. The present writer fails to see what merit attaches to the gentleman for which he should receive a reward. He evidently occupied the seat assigned to him.

As regards this novel performance, comment I think is unnecessary, except to hope that a physician was not called to any of the party during the night. They had partaken of a dinner of seven courses, these extending through a period of four hours, and ending at a time when sensible people are supposed to be asleep.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

## Poetry and Dressmaking.

THE warmth of summer's tender glow  
 ["I've cut the sleeves out, here they are;  
 Baste them together neatly,—so."]  
 Spreads over blossoming fields afar.

The mated birds beside the nest  
 Flutter and chirp ["Remember, dear,  
 Those inside seams must all be pressed."]  
 With ringing notes of love and cheer.

Sweet dream of beauty! ["Yes, oh yes,  
 A bias lining for the cuff."]  
 Let all my soul expand. ["I guess  
 An inch will be quite wide enough."]

Fair summertime! ["Shirr in the top."]  
 What thoughts the poet's soul may nurse  
 While ["Oh, good gracious! must I stop  
 Right in the middle of a verse?"]

Bright hope! ["The facing is too long;  
 Slope it just where the curve begins;  
 Or, here!—Adieu, my unsung song!—  
 Hand *me* the scissors and some pins."]

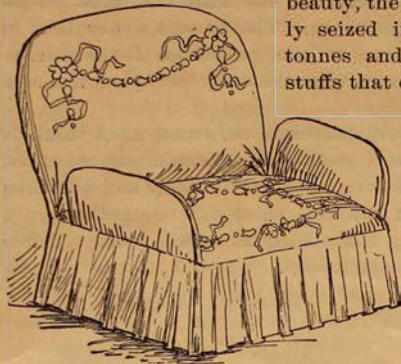
MADLINE E. BRIDGES.

A TUG OF WAR, our colored supplement for this month, is a humorous water-color which will afford much amusement to the small people, and also offers a good study for the young art student. The nursery story-teller will be able, by drawing slightly on her imagination, to tell how the battle ended, and whether feathery chick or Mr. Frog gorged himself with the delicious morsel.

# Home Art and Home Comfort.

## Some Uses of Denim.

**W**HEN denim in all the soft artistic shades was put upon the market, the housekeeper found a long-felt want had been supplied. Its strength and durability had so long been known in the despised "blue jeans," that when those qualities were coupled with actual



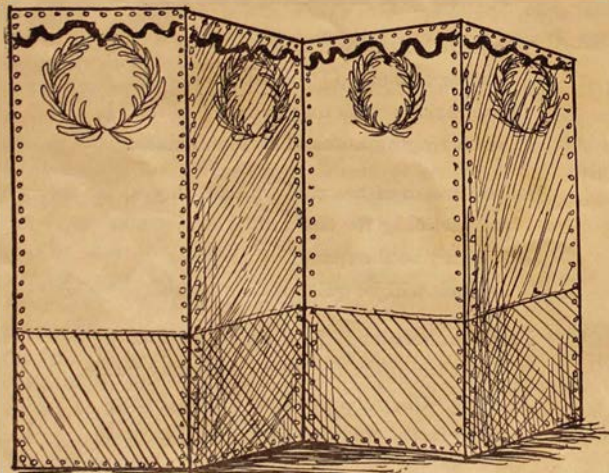
1. SLIP FOR CHAIR.

beauty, the new goods was eagerly seized in place of the cretonnes and many other pretty stuffs that only wear for a time.

Now the new denim is used for everything; portières, chairs, curtains, floor coverings, even outing dresses, while the small boy goes scatheless of nails and dirt in his denim kilts.

For renovating purposes it is particularly

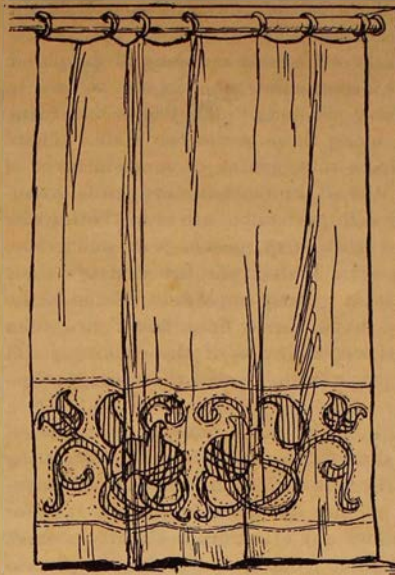
useful, its cheapness putting it within everybody's means. The housekeeper, in despair over worn-out upholstered chairs, can, with a little time and ingenuity, re-cover them herself by making tight-fitting slips. The chair in illustration 1 is covered in old blue denim embroidered with heavy white linen floss. The embroidery is quickly and



2. SCREEN OF DENIM.

easily done in outline stitch, and for greater convenience should be worked before the cover is put together. Tear off squares the size of the back and seat, and have some simple, bold design stamped upon it, or drawn by the home artist in chalk and then inked in ready for working.

Unless the chair is of peculiar shape (in which case it might be well to first make a pattern out of old cloth), the denim can be pinned and cut to fit the chair. It should then be basted and tried on before stitching,—a little trouble that may save a good deal in the end,—and then stitched by machine to form a French seam on the outside. This makes a

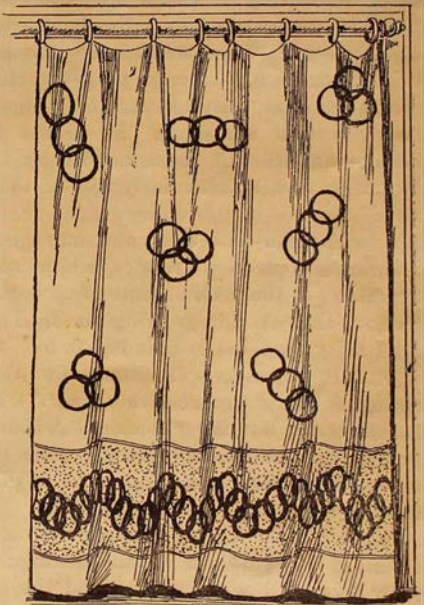


3. A DENIM PORTIÈRE.

finish in place of cord. The result will be well worth the trouble. For a screen that has outlived its beauty, but not its usefulness, denim makes an excellent covering. The screen in illustration 2 is covered in old-rose and green, the lower third of each panel being of the latter color, firmly stitched together, so that it will not pull apart when stretched. The wreath and ribbons are worked in shades of brown and green linen floss, with touches of gold thread. Cut out as many panels as there are folds to your screen, allowing enough to turn in on the edge, and fasten with brass-headed tacks put closely together. Finish the back in the same way. Common tacks may be used here instead of brass ones.

Portières of two shades of denim can be made very effective with little work. Cut out from the body of the portière some simple design for a border, and back it, the depth of the border, with another color. Turn in all the cut edges in the design, and baste down smoothly to the background. Now stitch all around the edges of the design with a loose machine-stitch in thread of the opposite color. This is shown in No. 3. Suitable designs can readily be traced from wall-paper.

Still another portière is shown in No. 4. It was made for



4. A DENIM PORTIÈRE.



5. COUCH COVER.

a Delft room, and so, of course, is of blue denim, ornamented with irregular groups of circles cut from the denim and couched on with blue and white art linen floss. The light side of the denim is used for the ground, the rings being put on dark side out; and the band across the bottom is dark with a chain of light rings. This is such rapid work, and requires so little attention or mental effort, that it is just the thing for idle summer hours on broad porches when friendly groups of women chat together. Serviceable divan pillows and chair cushions are easily fashioned in the same way; and stars and crescents are other pretty figures to scatter in the same irregular manner.

A couch cover, of crimson denim, made on the same principle (see No. 25), has an all-over pattern of *fleurs-de-lis* cut out and stitched down with black thread upon a backing of lighter red, the reverse side, with the white threads showing in it, being used for this.

These are only a few of the many uses to which denim can be put, and may serve to suggest other ideas particularly suited to the needs and requirements of the readers.

EDITH MARIE ALLEN.

### For Baby's Patterns.

ONE of the daintiest gifts which could be made for a young mother, and one, too, which she would be sure to appreciate and find very useful, is a case for the patterns of baby-clothes, which will be sure to accumulate. To make such a case you must purchase one dozen large white envelopes at least nine and a half by four and a half inches in size. Very handsome envelopes may readily be made from some of the heavy white art-papers sold at any art-stationery store, by using a common envelope

for a pattern. When the envelopes are ready, cut a small hole through each lower corner of the entire twelve. Now place them in a pile, all opening the same way, and run a piece of white silk elastic through the holes at each end. Do not draw it tightly, but sew the ends loosely together so that the envelopes may be opened like the leaves of a book. Where each elastic is joined, sew a pretty bow of white ribbon. To the under side of the upper bow attach a piece of white baby ribbon about ten inches long, to which fasten a short lead-pencil having a rubber in the end. Next make a band of the white

elastic which shall fit rather loosely around the bunch of envelopes, and fasten it, where it is joined, to the under side of the lower bow. This is to serve to keep the whole in shape when filled with patterns, and is made loose in order to take in the requisite number.

If the giver is skillful with brush or pen and ink, a pretty

baby's head or child's figure may be painted or drawn upon the outer part of the upper envelope, and beneath it, the word "Patterns." If the drawing cannot be done, the words may be applied with fancy lettering in gilt, or, prettier still, in silver. If the pencil attached be not white, it may be given a coat of gilding or silver, according to the color chosen for the lettering.

If it is desired to make the gift quite elaborate, a sketch may be made upon each envelope, or, in place of the sketch, a line or a verse may be lettered upon several, if not on all. Any of the following would be appropriate:

"The fashion  
Doth wear out more apparel than the man."  
SHAKESPEARE.

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."  
POPE.

"Order is heaven's first law."  
POPE.

"Oh, what a world of beauty fades away  
With the winged hours of youth!"

"Nae shoon to hide her tiny toes,  
Nae stockin' on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
Or early blossoms sweet.

"Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimplet chin,  
Her puckered lips and balmy mou'  
With nae ane tooth within."

"Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw."

It is not wise to place the names of the patterns of the wardrobe upon the various envelopes, as the mother will find it more convenient to write these in pencil upon the flap of the envelope so they may be erased and re-written when the patterns are changed.

The same idea may be carried out for the patterns of the household as well as those for baby, and manilla envelopes may take the place of the more elaborate white ones.

J. D. COWLES.

### Life in Death.

ALL life must fade. The scented damask-rose,  
The hawthorn buds that burgeon on the spray,  
The dews that dry before the sun away,—  
All these, to man, a tale of death disclose.  
Yet Life stands smiling o'er these transient woes:  
" 'Tis true," he says, "the crimson rose must fade;  
Sweet hawthorn buds lie scattered on the plain;  
The dews no longer pearl the grassy lawn;  
Yet flowers of May spring forth to deck the shade,  
Dewdrops dissolving fall in summer rain,  
Roses in odorous sweetness live again,  
And silver starlight melts in golden dawn."  
Then shrink not, man, nor faint and fear to die;  
Life crowns *thy* death with immortality.

M. C. R.



PATTERN CASE.

## What Women Are Doing.

Miss Annie Dawson, an Arickaree Indian, a graduate from the Hampton School, has been appointed field-matron at Berthold, N. D., by the United States Government.

Mrs. Edmund Yates is said to carry about with her the ashes of her dead husband in a casket fitted into a little traveling-bag.

Women are pursuing post-graduate studies at Cornell University in the President White School of History and Political Science, for the advanced degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Women have been employed as instructors in the University of Kansas since 1867, the second year of its existence. There are at present three women on the faculty, and the librarian and three of her assistants are women.

Miss Jessie Ackermann, "second round-the-world missionary" of the W. C. T. U., in her seven years of travel and organization has covered a distance equal to three times around the globe. She founded the Australasian National W. C. T. U., and was its president until last autumn, when she returned to America.

There are three buildings in Philadelphia in which the elevators are exclusively run by girls: the Woman's Christian Association's big building, at Eighteenth and Arch Streets, the Girls' High School, and the Normal School. In the first building all the employees are women except the engineer and fireman.

Miss Lilian Chandler is the conductor of an orchestra in Boston which numbers forty-five women. The women have overcome the difficulties of the flute, clarinet, and trombone, and hope soon to overcome those of the bassoons, horns, oboes, and trumpets, which men are at present employed to play.

Mrs. Plumtre, an English woman, has just finished a dictionary for the blind in Braille type. It has occupied her nearly two and a half years, working at it four, five, and often six hours a day. It fills 3,200 pages, contains about 26,000 words, and will make fifteen or sixteen large volumes.

Miss Alice J. Hands and Miss Mary N. Gannon, two young women of New York, have solved the problem of sanitary tenement-houses. In order to study the subject thoroughly they assumed the duties of health inspectors and took up their residence in a very poor tenement district. They are about to erect a "woman's hotel" with model plumbing and ventilation, also a studio building.

The Countess Schimmelmann, formerly a lady-in-waiting at the court of Berlin, addressed the workmen of Copenhagen the other day, and announced that she intended to sell her large villa near the Danish capital and devote the proceeds to the poor. She had lived, she said, in the palace of an Emperor and in the huts of fishermen, and she had become convinced that the poor are happier than the millionaires.

Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, of East Lyme, Connecticut, who lately celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday, four days previous to that interesting event led forth a party of women to mend the roads she had vainly petitioned the selectmen to repair. Several petitions had been presented to the town fathers without avail; but the women and children, with old Mrs. Smith at their head, cleared the loose stones from the road and made it fit for travel.

Dr. Emma Johnston Lucas, who has been appointed Health Commissioner of Peoria, Ill., is the first woman in that city to hold any public office. The medical men of Peoria, as well as the Women's Club, strongly indorsed her candidacy. Mrs. Lucas is a native of Peoria, where she has been practicing medicine for about a year. She stands high in the profession and has built up a good practice. She is the daughter of one physician and the widow of another.

Women came out ahead in an examination recently held for library cataloguer and library clerk for the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C. Of the thirty applicants for the former position, all of the men failed to pass, while only five out of the sixteen women did so. Of the ten applicants for the latter, eight men failed and two women passed. Although Secretary Morton wanted men for the places, he was moved by these results to change his mind, and appointed Miss E. B. Wales, of Chicago, clerk, and Miss G. F. Leonard, of the Albany State Library, cataloguer.

## Chat.

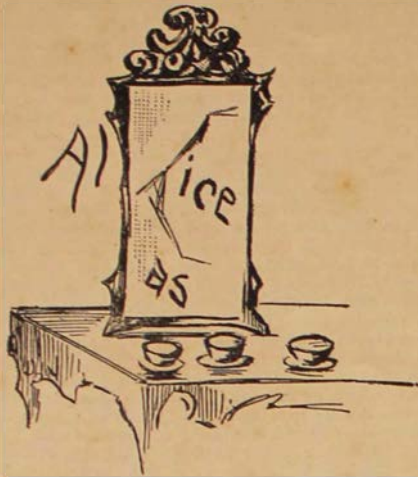
The summer girl is out of the running this season unless she has gone in for athletics. In order to be a successful summer-girl she must be past mistress of two rôles; the gauzy, butterfly girl—a bewildering maze of *frou-frou* ruffles, ribbons, and lace, whose marvelous parasols and Gainsborough hats accentuate the deadly execution of her flashing eyes—is only for evening and garden-party use; in the morning, she is quite another creature. Down to breakfast—often at the heathenish hour of eight—she comes, in triggest athletic attire, and she eats her breakfast, too,—a healthful one of fruit, with a dainty chop or omelet and watercress or tomatoes; and then the business of the day begins. If a yachting-trip be planned, the dress is nautical,—blue serge or white duck, according to the temperature; if a spin on her wheel, our girl is as ready for a mountain climb as for a bicycle ride, for her neat and convenient dress is adapted to either pleasure; and though, of course, being the *fin de siècle* girl she is, her golf and tennis gowns are specially designed for those games, yet, under the influence of the bicycle gown, they, too, are shorter than heretofore, give their wearer perfect freedom of motion, and could be used for bicycling, or *vice versa*. If a sail occupies the morning, the yachting girl becomes a sea-nymph about twelve o'clock; then, after luncheon, to which she comes in her golf gown, she will be found on the links in hot pursuit of flying balls. And she is no mean competitor; she gives her opponent all he can do to win, for she is in deadly earnest in everything she does. What a transformation when evening comes, and our girl, in daintiest Parisian gown, proves that in pursuing health she has forgotten not one of her feminine graces and fascinations!

A unique wedding anniversary will be celebrated in the early autumn, when a daughter will be married on her parents' silver-wedding day, which is also the fiftieth wedding-anniversary of her maternal grandparents. Thus, the golden and silver weddings of mother and daughter will be marked by the added festivities of the granddaughter's bridal. The grandmother, *grande dame* to her finger-tips, and only sixteen when married herself, is a magnificent example of what life is doing for women now, being as full of energy and interest in many benevolent and charitable schemes as "a woman of forty"; she has never relinquished her place in society, is a club woman, and expects to celebrate her diamond-wedding anniversary. Both the mothers will wear their white satin wedding-gowns; but the low-neck of the grandmother's will be covered with a broad shoulder-collared cloth of gold, and her slippers will be of the same. The silver-wedding gown is to have sleeves and collar of silver-brocaded satin, and silver-finished slippers will be worn with it. The bride of the day will wear the superb veil and laces which were first worn by her grandmother; and the clergyman who is to perform the ceremony married her father and mother, and is a son of the clergyman who married her grandparents.

The same church will be the scene of the third wedding, and the reception will be held in the home to which the first bride came after her honeymoon. Gold and white chrysanthemums will be used in great masses for decoration, and wherever possible they will be arranged in silver vases and bowls. Abundant use will also be made of silvered wicker baskets in disposing of the queenly blossoms. After the "Virginia reel," which the bride will dance with her grandfather, the bride and groom will start in their own dog-cart for a driving trip in which they will retrace the honeymoon trip of fifty years ago; but what the route is little birds must not tell, for that would spoil the fun.

Houseboats are growing in favor, and many families in the vicinity of New York are taking their summer outings on them. There is a restfulness about the life only to be compared to a caravan outing, and it has the added charm that it is possible to surround oneself with more home comforts, and even luxuries, without increasing care. Families who have, heretofore, spent the summer at watering-place hotels are enthusiastic over the enjoyment of the change; and some gentlemen come in to business every day, but have the rest and pleasure of the water-home at night.

Puzzles.



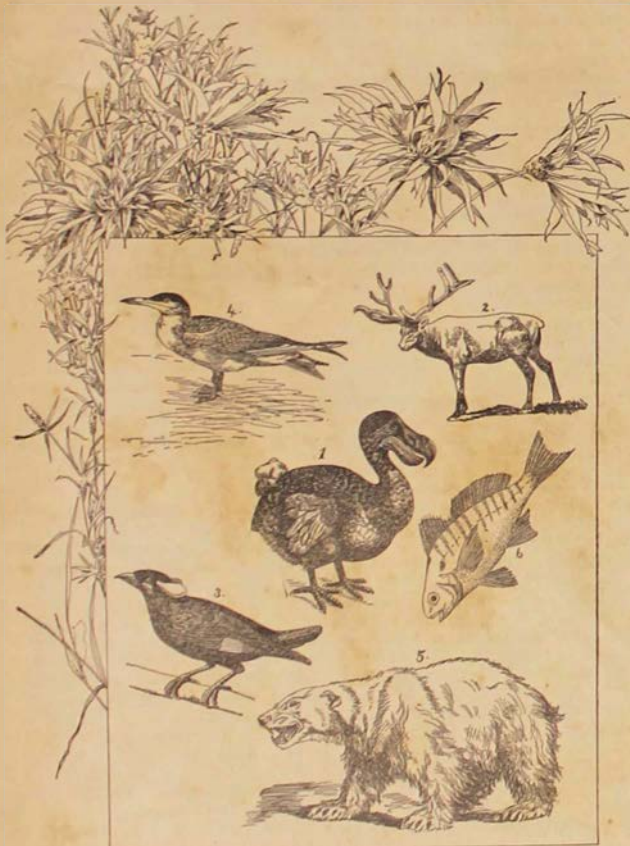
PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

WHAT well-known books and how many do you find in the above picture?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- |                |                      |
|----------------|----------------------|
| 1. A conjurer. | 4. A town in Italy.  |
| 2. A flower.   | 5. A preposition.    |
| 3. A poison.   | 6. A useful article. |

My initials and finals read downwards form the names of two fruits.



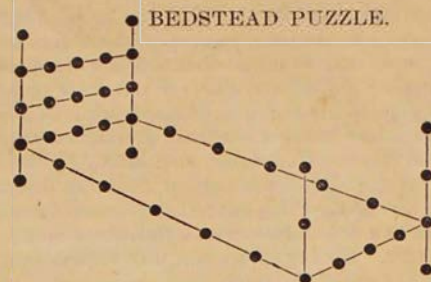
PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

FIND the names of the objects contained in the above picture, and write them in order as numbered. Each name contains but four letters; beginning with a certain letter and taking every third letter in order as written, a name honored in many lands will be found.

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

- |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Absriei.      | A country.     |
| 2. Fardweii.     | A girl's name. |
| 3. Sirnvsene.    | A town.        |
| 4. Pyrirapet.    | A county.      |
| 5. Bzare.        | An animal.     |
| 6. Gdenanl.      | A country.     |
| 7. Trrboe.       | A boy's name.  |
| 8. Cltrnaaes.    | A county.      |
| 9. Nyhavoc.      | A fish.        |
| 10. Gnhelgntail. | A bird.        |
| 11. Ydrhoto.     | A girl's name. |

My letters transposed and my initials read downward form the name of a country.



LEFT head-post, to make happy.  
Right head-post, a line of poetry.

The letters in the headpiece spell three words across and three words from top to bottom:

Words across: 1, a letting for hire; 2, keenly desirous; 3, boiling slowly.

Words downward: 1, to take food; 2, a long period of time; 3, one of woman's common duties.

Left side-piece, a division.

Right side-piece, very earnest.

Foot-piece, musical characters.

Left foot-post, to tear.

Right foot-post, to cleanse.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

- I. Longfellow, Saxe, and Emerson (M R's on sacks).
- II. T-r-i-l-b-y (take o from boy).
- III. Pineapple.

IV. N arcissu S  
E mme T  
W aterlo O  
M imi C  
A steris K  
R adis H  
K angaro O  
E ntai L  
T o M

V. Charity extenuates, alleviates, and allays any excess, but envy enlarges upon small faults and excuses nothing.

VI. A rower with his laden boat.

VIII. Winnie.

VII. O yster  
g R a i n s  
j a c k e t  
b u s h e l  
t u r n i p  
r a m r o d

O tter.  
R oof.  
D onald.  
S teal.  
W ater.  
O ught.  
R utland.  
T ee.  
H arold.

IX. Ribs; swear, snarl, scoff, scold, shirk, steal, smoke. Spaces; revel, loaf, fraud, drink, kill, lie. Handle; gamble. Curve; hate.

## 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.

### Walter Quinton Gresham.

The death of Secretary Gresham has cleared away the obscuring clouds of partisan opinion, and we realize that the United States has sustained the loss of one of the most upright, dignified, and able men it has yet produced. On account of his own high character we may be proud that the late Secretary was an American citizen; but there is a deeper and more general reason why his life reflects credit upon this country. Of lowly birth, the social conditions in many countries would have shackled him and kept him down. Under our institutions his career was a possibility; his distinction was born of American democracy.

One of the last of the "log cabin" statesmen, Secretary Gresham was born in a rude farmhouse in Harrison County, Indiana, March 17th, 1832. His birthplace was then remote from civilization. His father was distinctively a pioneer in a wild, backwoods country, and was killed when the boy was three years old, in the performance of his duty as sheriff while attempting the capture of a desperado. Hard work was the lot of young Gresham's youth. What education he obtained was due solely to his own fixed determination to improve himself. He worked as clerk in the county auditor's office for means to attend the Corydon Academy, from which he went to Bloomington "University," where he spent a year. In 1854, after studying law in Corydon, he was admitted to the bar. Lawyer Gresham had the political ambition common to the young advocates of the day. The Republican party had just been formed, and with great ardor he threw himself into the work of advancing its principles. Stumping the State had a literal meaning in those days, and Mr. Gresham performed this arduous task so energetically and enthusiastically in the campaign for Fremont that, although his candidate was defeated, he received the personal reward of an election to the Legislature. The next year, when the war-clouds had broken into storm, he refused a renomination and enlisted in the Thirty-eighth Indiana Volunteers as a private, although he was already a captain of militia. Soon afterward, however, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. At Shiloh he fought his first battle. There and at Vicksburg he so distinguished himself that the attention of Sherman, his immediate commander, and Grant, was attracted to him, and both united in securing his appointment as Brigadier-General. He served with Sherman till a severe wound in the knee, received before Atlanta, and from which he never fully recovered, incapacitated him from further campaigning. In March, 1865, the brevet of a Major-General of Volunteers was conferred upon him "for gallant and meritorious service."

General Gresham resumed the practice of law in New Albany after leaving the army. His ambition was in a purely professional direction, and he refused President Grant's offer of the Collectorship of the Port of New Orleans. He accepted, however, the President's appointment of District Judge of Indiana, and immediately proved his fitness for judicial honors. During the twelve years of his administration not one of his decisions was reversed. President Arthur made Judge Gresham Postmaster-General in 1883. Upon the death of Judge Folger he became temporarily Secretary of the Treasury, and afterward was appointed United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh District. Judge Gresham performed much valuable public service while on the bench, his perhaps most important work being the disposition of the famous Wabash cases.

Throughout these years Judge Gresham had been a steadfast Republican; but the tariff issue gave rise to a difference of opinion between himself and the party, and in 1892 he declared his intention of voting for Grover Cleveland. Public confidence in him was so great that his action was a prominent factor in the Democratic victory. It was, doubtless, recognition of this service, as well as his ability and high character, that led President Cleveland to invite him to become his chief cabinet officer. Mr. Cleveland, who from intimate association is well qualified to judge his late Secretary, has paid this tribute to his memory: "The President, in making this distressing announcement to his fellow-countrymen, speaks from the depths of a personal bereavement to remind them that they, too, have lost a pure and able public servant, a wise and patriotic guardian of their rights and interests, a manly and loyal American, and a generous and lovable man."

### To Search for the Southern Pole.

A great wall of ice encloses the southern pole and shuts it from the world. What is beyond that wall no man knows; no exploring vessel has yet crushed into the southern floe. It is a land of mystery, and it is thought to be a dead land, devoid of all forms of life. Certain it is that there is no life on the ice-wall, nor on the slopes of the volcanic peaks Erebus and Terror. Yet it has been almost conclusively proved by Capt. Larsen, a Norwegian whaleman, who sailed further south than anybody else, that at some period in the remote past man lived in extreme southern latitudes. On Seymour Island, which lies near the Antarctic Circle and has been reached only by Larsen and three others, he found fifty clay balls and pillars which were undoubtedly the work of human hands; and many fossils and petrified trees gave evidence of a once luxuriant vegetation. These discoveries indicate that, although the peaks and ice-wall loom up so cold and lifeless and forbidding, there may be interesting things behind them; forms of life, perhaps, that man has never seen. The scientific possibilities and mystery of the region have attracted Dr. Cook, who had Arctic experience as surgeon to Peary's first Greenland expedition. To solve, if possible, the problem of life within the Antarctic Circle, and to study the traces of human habitations there, the doctor, accompanied by a small body of scientific observers, will leave New York early in September in two vessels bound for the far South. The party will stop at Buenos Ayres, Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands, and then take a southerly course to the Gulf of Erebus and Terror, effecting landings wherever practicable. Then they will steer east and cross the Antarctic Circle near the fortieth meridian. Dr. Cook intends to establish his headquarters at the most southern point possible. The larger vessel will be sent back to Buenos Ayres, and the party will spend thirteen or fourteen months in scientific investigation. The expectation is that they will reach New York again about the first of August, 1897.

### The Bridging of the Chasm.

Like dead vines, memories cling tenaciously. Until the generation of those who fought and were defeated on the Southern battlefield has passed away, the great wound given the country in the sixties will not be altogether healed. Yet the error of assertions that "the South will never forget her wrongs nor forgive the North" is constantly becoming more manifest. The indications are that the people of the South and the people of the North, both broad-minded enough to put aside forever the thought of grievances of the past, will in a few years have completely closed the chasm that has yawned between them, and will stand with equal spirit and enthusiasm beneath the flag, and feel the same hopes for its long-continued glory.

A recent significant sign of the gradual passing of the former animosity is found in the fraternal greetings of the old soldiers of the North and South upon the occasions of the dedication in Chicago of a monument to the memory of Confederates who died in the Federal prison at Camp Douglas, and the re-union of the United Confederate Veterans at Houston, Texas. At the Chicago ceremonies thousands of veterans of both armies participated on the common ground of American citizenship and good fellowship, and Commander Lawler of the Grand Army of the Republic wrote to a prominent ex-Confederate soldier who was a prime mover in the dedication: "I admire your zeal in the noble work of marking the last resting-place of brave men. We are all Americans." The Southern veterans were equally hearty in their expressions of fellowship and good-will. In a speech at the encampment in Houston, Commander John B. Gordon of the United Confederate Veterans said: "Go forward in the cultivation of a national fraternity, giving no heed to imprudent and thoughtless efforts to stimulate sectional animosities in any quarter. I rejoice in the privilege of bearing you greetings from the great body of brave men who confronted you in battle." Coming from the soldiers themselves, these words are full of promise to the country.

### A Mile Below the Surface of the Earth.

In their search for a startling novelty the managers of the Exposition to be held in Paris in 1900 have hit upon the plan of sinking a shaft a mile into the earth, and equipping it with elevators so that sight-seers may visit a point nearer the center of our sphere than anybody has been able to reach heretofore. It will be seen that this great hole is the converse of the Eiffel Tower idea, the direction now being down, instead of up. The plan, which is to be carried out on a most elaborate scale, will involve the digging of eight vertical shafts, one below another. Each shaft will be furnished with two elevators, and at the end of the journey of each of these there will be a gallery where, under the blaze of electric lights, visitors may indulge in sight-seeing and various forms of recreation. The first gallery will contain a representation of the North Pole, the second will be an auditorium for amusements of different sorts, the third will be for smokers, the fourth will contain restaurants, the fifth will represent mines and mining, the sixth, the bottom of the sea, the seventh will contain mineral springs, and in the eighth, and deepest, which is to be forty-eight hundred feet below the surface, will be exemplified life in the tropics. The excavations will be thoroughly ventilated, and it is believed that the novelty of the descent for such a great distance into the earth will keep the elevators full of passengers. In addition to its popular interest, the projectors think that the shaft will be an aid in the solution of some of the subterranean problems that are bothering scientists, particularly the question as to the change of temperature as increased depths in the earth's crust are reached.



### The Permanency of the Woman's Wheel.

Now that almost every woman owns a bicycle, or would like to own one, questions as to whether the wheelwoman is to be a permanent institution, or is merely a creature of the hour, are interesting. Will the girl of the future love her "bike" as she of the present does, and spend her time rolling along the city boulevards and country roads? or will her wheel lie forgotten in the attic with her roller-skates and other impedimenta of passing fads? Dr. Champonnière, a prominent French physician who has made a careful study of the subject, says emphatically that instead of drifting apart women and the bicycle will become more closely identified as time passes. His reasons are interesting. "The invasion of modern society by cyclism," says the doctor, "seems to us destined to play a rôle that no system of physical training has played, and that no social custom has ever succeeded in attaining. The bicycle is a question of the present. A fashion has been born for it and through it. This fashion will not pass like other fashions. It is no more destined to pass away than railways are, because, like them, it responds to a social need. The most curious result of the movement is the adaptation of the bicycle to women." Dr. Champonnière states that it is the harmony necessary in the riding that causes the triumph of woman on the wheel. She cycles well as she dances well. "Women's use of the wheel," the writer goes on, "has brought about marked and beneficial physical changes, and these react upon the mental and moral nature. The spirit of discipline is greatly wanting in woman. In taking exercise regularly on the bicycle she sees very quickly the necessity for this discipline for attaining success. Another transformation is the acquisition of that kind of courage which is so commonly lacking in woman. She may be endowed with true courage, often of a higher kind than that of man in trying circumstances, in the face of great events, or in the presence of death; but before petty dangers, in accidents of mediocre importance, she lacks the calmness which would be most useful to her and hers. In fact, the bicycle requires a special kind of courage. Its movement is attended with a crowd of little dangers, more apparent than real. The necessity of meeting them with coolness shows itself rapidly, and a woman learns the habit of doing so every instant."

### Potato Patches for the Poor.

The army of the unemployed seems to be growing steadily as the years pass, and the social problem such a condition presents becomes more and more serious and perplexing. A novel plan for its solution was tried in Detroit, last summer, and proved so successful that the municipal authorities of other large cities, among them New York and Boston, are thinking seriously of adopting it. Vacant lots in the suburbs of Detroit, loaned for the purpose to the city, were divided into half-acre sections, which were distributed among poor families to be cultivated by them for the production of potatoes and other vegetables. A committee appointed by Mayor Pingree had general supervision of the work, and furnished seed and the necessary implements. Men, women, and half-grown children eagerly took up the work and tilled their patches of ground so assiduously that an exhibit at the State Fair of vegetables grown on this land, fertilized by tin cans and old boots, was awarded a diploma. At an expense to the committee of \$3,600, which sum was raised by subscription, crops amounting in money value to nearly \$14,000 were obtained, and a thousand families, who otherwise would have been destitute, were enabled to pass the winter without recourse to charity. Detroit is enthusiastic over the plan. It will be carried on in that city this year on a larger scale than last summer, and the indications are that it will eventually be adopted by many cities. Even as far away as Europe it is receiving careful attention. It seems a very sensible idea. Mother Earth will yield bountifully the necessities of life if she is called upon; and to accept opportunities to till the soil is not accepting charity. The plan goes no farther than to make it possible for the poor to help themselves, and, unlike most charities, involves on the part of those it benefits no loss of dignity or self-respect.

### The Celebration at Kiel.

The waters of the harbor of Kiel, on the Baltic Sea, showed a braver and greater gathering of mighty war-vessels last month than the world had ever before seen. There were a full hundred ships of war, four of them being cruisers of our own navy, which were there as participants in the ceremonies attending the formal opening by the German Government of the great ship-canal between the Baltic and the North Seas; and their presence was most appropriate, for the reason that the great artificial waterway, saying, as it does, to mariners, about twenty-two hours in time, and obviating the necessity of taking the old hazardous course around the peninsula of Denmark, will be a direct advantage to all commercial nations. Yet this great assemblage of war-ships had an interest of its own, aside from the event, and is a manifestation of a deeper and more vital fact. These vessels were embodiments of the nations' distrust and fear of each other. Bristling with tremendously effective agencies for the extinction of human life, they strikingly emphasized the fact that, in spite of civilization and vast progress in many things, man is still the fighting animal he was when he wandered through primeval forests clad in skins. The only difference is in his weapons. Science has given those of these later days a deadliness undreamed-of by the man of ancient times. Despite his savagery, perhaps he would have shrunk from them with horror. This raises the query, Has not the progress of the world during historic times been a scientific, material advancement, rather than an ethical one? No doubt this is a deep question, and we

shall not attempt to answer it; but the ships at Kiel are an impressive illustration that at least the fighting instinct has survived in all its vigor the march of civilization.

### In Arctic Latitudes.

Mrs. Peary, wife of Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, has been a very busy woman this summer. By lectures and other means she has procured a sufficient sum of money to fit out an expedition which started last month to Greenland for the relief of her husband, who is still there. It cannot be doubted that Mrs. Peary has been an anxious woman as well as a busy one, for she left her husband last summer in the wastes of Greenland, and for months nothing has been heard from him. This is not strange, considering the fact that he is undoubtedly hundreds of miles north of the most northern post-office or route of travel, and outwardly at least Mrs. Peary is most cheerful and hopeful of his speedy return to civilization. Yet she is a very womanly woman, and as such it would be strange indeed if the uncertainty as to her husband's whereabouts and condition were not trying to her. His purpose when Mrs. Peary left him in Greenland last summer was to cross the mountains and glaciers to the north, and, on dog-sleds, to journey to the Pole, if possible. What his experiences in this undertaking have been, or whether he has been successful, is, of course, not yet known. Many of his former experiences, however, were remarkable. Probably no human being, with the exception of his own companion, has endured an equal amount of cold. On the ice-cap of Greenland, while he was there about a year ago, the average temperature for forty-eight days was 32° below zero. During the worst weather there were thirty-four hours with an average temperature of 50° below, and the mercury reached at times 60°, and more, below. The average velocity of the wind was forty-eight miles an hour. This experience has convinced Lieutenant Peary that the human frame can stand almost any degree of cold without permanent injury. It may be added that man's invulnerability to the effects of extreme temperature extends to heat. They have been known to enter ovens of 400° F. It is possible to endure such heat because of its dryness. Should the atmosphere be moist and evaporation thus prevented, death would soon ensue.

### Telegraphing Without Wires.

Heretofore it has seemed wonderful enough that we should be able to almost instantaneously transmit messages over unlimited distances by the use of wires; but in England a method has been successfully employed which makes it possible to dispense with even the transmitting wire. Messages are now sent daily over a lake between two points which have no wire connection with one another, and which are several miles apart. The process is attracting widespread attention, and the English operators of the line are receiving much credit for their ingenuity in devising it. It is not, however, an English idea, but one which was born in the brain of an American scientist and inventor, Prof. John Trowbridge, of Harvard. Some years ago he stated that, theoretically, it would be possible to send telegraphic messages across the Atlantic without a cable. His plan was to have powerful dynamos placed at some point in Nova Scotia for the generation of the electricity. One end of the wire receiving the fluid thus generated would be grounded near the dynamos, and the other end would be grounded in Florida, the earth completing the circuit. The wire would be of great conductivity and carefully insulated from the earth except at the two points of contact. After grounding the ends of the wire, the next step would be to find on the coast of France, or some other convenient place, two points of land of a different potentiality from those in this country, that is, not charged with the same amount of electricity. The electric fluid sent into the earth from the wire on this side of the ocean would, under the laws of electrical activity, manifest itself at the points in France, and telegraphic signals could be transferred to the ear by means of a low resistance telephone whose wires would be run into the earth at the points there. By this method the earth plays the part of the wire used in ordinary telegraphing. The plan is almost identical with that employed in England. Its advantage is, of course, that it obviates the necessity of laying cables under great bodies of water.

### A Gigantic Sea-Wall.

Holland seems to be the victim of a great hunger of the sea. Perhaps it is because she is such a dainty little morsel that old Ocean longs to swallow her; but however that may be, the people have been forced to construct great dikes to keep at bay the white-crested waves that grind upon the shore like devouring teeth. And even the dikes do not altogether keep out the sea. Five centuries ago the land which is now covered by a great inland body of water called the Zuyder Zee was green with waving forests and dotted in the clear places with farms and pretty cottages. But little by little the sea ate it up. The Hollanders have determined to reclaim it, and with this end in view are about to begin the construction of a gigantic sea-wall which is to extend from North Holland to Friesland, and will enclose much of the inland sea. Thus the tides will be shut out, and the water in the enclosure gradually drained off through a central channel. It will be the work of years to drive out the sea, but the undertaking has been pronounced a practical one by eminent engineers. It is anticipated that twenty-five thousand acres of land will be annually reclaimed when the wall, which is to be two hundred and sixteen feet wide at its base, has been completed.

## Common Errors in Speech.

"Language is a city to the building of which every human being brought a stone."

**N**OTHING more indisputably marks cultured persons than the distinction they observe in uttering certain vowel sounds; and especially by their delicate but clear and distinct utterance of unaccented vowels, like the *o's* in *victory*, *memory*, and *factory*, and the *e's* in *pottery*, *mockery*, and *misery*. Not only the uncultured but the careless speaker who knows better turns both these vowel sounds into a slovenly *u* and says *vic'tūr-y*, *mis'ūr-y*, and *mauck'ūr-y* (*măck'er-y*); and, alas! some speakers take even greater liberties, and drop the vowel entirely, talking about "the *vict-ry*," "the *fact-ry*," "the *pot-ry*," etc. The same people, who do so much to corrupt the "well of English undefiled," pronounce such words as *manage*, *orange*, *cabbage*,—*manige*, *oringe*, and *cabbige*.

The list of similar corruptions is almost endless; and even when attention is attracted to these errors it will require constant watchfulness and self-criticism to correct them, because habit is so tyrannical a master, and the ear will require training as well as the organs of speech. Of a different class, and much more easily corrected, are the host of words coined without authority because the dictionary has never been consulted. A careless eye which only half-sees the word when reading, and the mistakes of the ignorant, are the source of these errors, which are copied and perpetuated by the heedless.

That pleasant place on top of a house in hot weather is a *cū'pō-lā*, not *cū'pā-lō*; *crēek* is not *crīk*, whether it is in your neck, or running through the woods and meadows. It is an *in-dis-pū-tā-ble*—not *in-dis-pū-tā-ble*—fact that hearing the best speakers in the lyceum—*lī-sē'ūm*, not *lī'sē'ūm*—is an admirable—*ād'mīr-ā-bl*, not *ād-mī'rā-bl*—school for an attentive ear. If you drink Kissingen water, remember that it is a German word and the *g* is hard; ask for *Kis'sing-ēn*, not *Kis'sin-jen*. One who aids you in an enterprise is a *cō-ād-jū'tōr*, not *cō-ād-jū-tōr*.

An error frequently heard in speech, and even, occasionally, creeping into print, is the use of *like* for *as*. *Like* must not be used with a verb following; it is correct to say, "She is like her sister", "This cup is like yours;" but do not say, "She is like her mother was at her age." *As* should be employed whenever a verb follows or is understood: "Watch me, and do as I do," not "like I do." In the sentence "You look like you would faint," *as if* should be used instead of the word *like*.

Many well-educated persons fail to observe the nice distinction which should be made between *as-as*, and *so-as*. An easily remembered rule is that the former should be used in affirming a fact, and the latter in sentences with a negative. Do not say, "She is not riding *as* fast *as* her brother," "Ruth does not like Ocean Grove *as* well *as* Asbury Park;" correct usage requires "not riding *so* fast," etc. "*So far as* I know it is all right," should be "*As far as*."

The key\* given below should be carefully studied when pronouncing the corrected words.

\* *ā* as in fate; *ā*, fat; *ā*, care; *ā*, ask; *ā*, father; *ē*, me; *ē*, met; *ē*, her; *ī*, pine; *ī*, 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.

I ACCOUNT a pure, beautiful, intelligent, and well-bred woman, the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister, and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of the home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence.

HOLLAND.

## Household.

### Hints Concerning Marketing.

IV.

#### VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

**T**HERE is nothing in the way of marketing that gives more pleasure than the selection of vegetables and fruits. Not only do they present a greater variety than any other class of foods, but their very appearance is pleasing to the eye and tempting to the appetite. The varying shades of green among the cool, crisp leaves; the rich, dull shades of red and yellow among the succulent roots; and the brilliant hues of almost every kind among the fruits, make an artistic group at the market, so that the æsthetic as well as the physical senses are gratified.

There was a time, not many years ago, when these attractive articles of food could be obtained only during a limited season, and that mainly in the spring and summer. But the facilities for transportation have so improved that in all the large cities, and even in most of the large towns, they are nearly all to be had the year round; so that if there were no other way than by their presence of telling that they are in season, we could never know when they are at their best. Fortunately there are other ways; not only are the imported and the hot-house productions much higher in price than the seasonable vegetables and fruits, but they are distinctly inferior in quality.

It is much better to try, as far as possible, to buy vegetables in their proper season, not only because they are then more palatable and more wholesome, but because they give greater zest to the appetite by their comparative scarcity. Every housekeeper knows how hard it is to find new and appetizing things in the way of vegetables at all seasons of the year, and it becomes all the harder if we yield to the impulse to buy the first imported and inferior article that we see in the market, and thus destroy the relish we would otherwise have for the vegetable when it finally comes to us fresh and perfect.

For this reason one should learn to know and to use as many different kinds of vegetables as possible, so that she will not fall into the way, so common in many households, of having the same vegetables day after day as long as they can be obtained, because the family seems to like them. Many families have thus been deprived of any enjoyment in certain articles of food because they have been so surfeited with them that they never have an appetite for them again.

The vegetables which are used for salads come more nearly to being in season the year round than any others. They are the only vegetables that are almost as good when raised in a hot-house as when grown out-of-doors. I say "almost as good," for they really are not quite so good from the hot-house as from the open air. The leaves may be as crisp and as pretty, and sometimes even more tender; but they lack that fine flavor and suggestion of vitality which the leaf has when grown in the open air, and often taste of the moist and moldy earth. But even with this disadvantage it is important that one should use salads at all seasons of the year, because they are particularly wholesome and refreshing, and thus help to keep unjaded a normal appetite for more substantial food.

The only important thing to observe in buying any kind of vegetable for a salad is that the leaf shall be fresh and tender; and if one cannot get it so she would better not purchase at all, for nothing is less appetizing than wilted, stringy leaves in a salad; and since it is used not so much for nourishment as for relish, its value is gone if it is not tempting. Sometimes in hot weather the leaf will seem wilted when it has been

plucked for only a few hours; but if the surface of it be still dry and warm and green it is yet good, and can be made perfectly crisp and delightful by letting it lie in very cold water for from thirty minutes to an hour. If, however, the leaf has become ever so slightly moist and soft or yellow it cannot be freshened again, and is not fit to buy.

Of all the vegetables for salads the ordinary lettuce is the best known and the most steadily popular; but since it can be had during the entire year, and many others cannot, it is wise to use, as far as possible, those which have a limited season, and save the appetite for the lettuce when it is almost the only salad in the market, which often happens along late in the winter. This is not its best season, though; and one will never know its best flavor unless she uses it occasionally during the summer months.

It is a common mistake concerning all salad vegetables which grow in heads, to consider the pale inside leaves the best; but it is a mistake, notwithstanding. They are sometimes more tender, and nearly always more crisp; but, like the tenderloin of the beef, they are tasteless as compared with the outside pieces, and lack the fine flavor of the leaves that have been more exposed. If the head is old, the outside leaves soon lack the desired delicacy; but so long as it is tender the outside leaves should be used.

Other leaves which are used for salads are: Romaine salad, which is a very choice variety of lettuce that grows in long, narrow leaves, does not head, and is very sweet and tender. It is best during the summer and early fall. Escarolle has something the appearance of curly lettuce, but is thicker, tougher, and sweeter, and is good until late in the winter. Chicory grows in a flat, open head resembling the common dandelion, and is sometimes called winter lettuce. It has a pleasant, bitter taste, and is best during cold weather. The ordinary dandelion when very young makes an excellent salad, and the several varieties of water-cress make very appetizing salads in the spring.

It is not possible to enumerate here the delightful variety of vegetables grown in a moderate climate, from the tender asparagus, radishes, and onions, which come in May (and in the South much earlier), to the tougher roots, such as turnips and parsnips, which are not used until cold weather; but a few suggestions can be made that may help the inexperienced marketer to select the best when she is buying.

Asparagus is of two kinds, the green and the white. For some reason the white is more abundant in the markets, which would indicate that there is a greater demand for it. The green stalks, however, are much the tenderer and sweeter, as well as the more economical; for the whole stalk can be eaten, while in the white only the tender tips are used, and the rest is stringy and watery.

Perhaps the most tempting of the early vegetables is the radish; and it is quite worth while to buy them because of their fresh appearance, which, as well as the taste of them, gives a relish to an early spring meal. One must expect a little disappointment, however, for the earliest varieties, and especially the little turnip-shaped ones, are apt to be soft and spongy inside. The long white ones which come later are much more solid, and better; but we have other vegetables then and do not care so much for them.

New potatoes come in the early part of July in small towns and the country, though in the large cities they are imported as early as March and April. It is best to buy the old ones as long as they remain mealy, except for an occasional variety, because the new ones are both indigestible and expensive. But the old ones are quite as harmful when they have become watery, so it is easy to make the mistake of using them too long. They are usually good until home-grown new ones come in July, but they vary somewhat from season to season, and it is sometimes difficult to get good

old potatoes even in May. The best variety is different in different localities; but it should always be firm, and have a clear, unspiced skin. It is more difficult to tell a good sweet-potato by its appearance, since they are often fair to the eye and are watery and tasteless when cooked; but a little experience and observation will teach one to recognize a certain warmth and vitality in the skin of a good sweet-potato which a poor one lacks.

Good cabbage should be very firm in the head. When loosely headed it is coarser and not so sweet. The white is the most delicate, but some persons like the red cabbage for cooking.

Cauliflower should be creamy white in color; when it is yellow it is old and strong, and when it is greenish it is not sufficiently mature. Brussels sprouts look like diminutive cabbage-heads, and should be crisp and fresh to be good. It is a pity they are not more widely known and grown in this country, for they are delicate and most delicious.

Corn is in prime condition when the grains are full and firm and yet when the thumb-nail is pressed into a grain the milk will spurt out. Although tomatoes are in market for several months they are only good when they are firm and thoroughly ripe. They should be bought for canning in July and August. Cucumbers when fresh have a slightly fuzzy, frosty appearance. They should not be eaten after they have been picked more than a day, and are better if eaten within an hour. Green peas are fresh when the pods are green and dry and cool. If they are ever so slightly moist and warm or yellow they are beginning to spoil and have lost their best flavor. It is imperative that these, as well as cucumbers, be freshly picked. The same characteristics are true of shell-beans when green; the string-beans should be crisp, whether they are of the green or yellow variety. There is as much difference in the flavor of fresh and stale vegetables as there is in sweet and sour bread; but many people do not know it, and go on eating what their market-men send them, ignorant of what they are missing both in savoriness and wholesomeness.

Fruits, while in best condition when freshly picked, unlike vegetables, retain much of their fine flavor and wholesome qualities for a long time, and in many cases will bear shipping great distances from the places in which they are raised. This is particularly true of oranges, lemons, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and most kinds of grapes. If one is not fortunate enough to live where fruits of this sort can be obtained perfectly fresh, she can still find them very luscious and sufficiently satisfying. So long as they are neither decayed nor withered, they are in fit condition to be used, and should be used freely. When one is far away from the city market where she can purchase in small quantities, any of them can be bought nicely packed in boxes, and in cold weather will keep for many weeks. It is well worth while for small town and country housekeepers to buy in this way such fruits as are not native, and thus have a wholesome variety of fresh fruit to vary the monotony of the winter's diet.

Small fruits, such as strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries, lose their flavor very soon, and are worse than no fruit at all unless quite fresh. There is no wisdom in prolonging their season by using the inferior qualities which have been shipped a long distance.

The same thing is true of melons, which lose their richness and flavor and become stringy after they have been pulled a few days, even though they maintain a tempting exterior. It is difficult to select a good melon; but the most trustworthy method is to depend upon the sense of smell, though one must first learn how a good melon smells. If the melon is firm and fresh-looking on the outside, press with the thumb-nail on the stem end of it, and if it gives out a rich, luscious odor, one may be fairly certain that it is good. A little experience helps one a great deal in this, as in every other department of marketing. JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS. — AUGUST.

### PATTERN ORDER, Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 623.

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.

DEMI-SAISON importations of late summer gowns show the influence of Louis XVI. styles, and in these are found a hint of change to come. Garden-party gowns of dotted Swiss and flowered organdies lend themselves to these modes with charming effect. The full, almost straight, skirts, finished with tiny ruffles at the bottom, are hung over light-tinted taffeta silks, matching the dot or figure of the gown; the full waists are open in a low V in front, and have graceful Marie Antoinette fichus of the organdy or Swiss, simply hemmed and bordered with insertions or trimmed with lace-edged ruffles, or else with wide lace frills; they are draped low on the bust, and the ends hang to the knees or below. The elbow sleeves are small compared with recent developments, but their two full puffs lined with taffeta and finished with a ruffle are graceful and quite large enough for beauty.

Other gowns carry the style still farther, and show combinations of two, or even more, fabrics, as silk, wool, and lawn, or changeable taffeta combined with figured. The skirts open in front to show contrasting petticoats in the true Marie Antoinette fashion; thus, a gown of Dresden-flowered taffeta is opened in front to show a petticoat of green-and-rose changeable silk finished at the foot with three tiny overlapping ruffles. The middle forms in the back of the smoothly fitted corsage extend into a short postilion; the front is slightly pointed and laps across below the bust where it is fastened by a double row of jeweled buttons. A lace-frilled lawn fichu drapes the upper part of the corsage, and the ends fall half-way to the knees. Such gowns have a quaint old-timey look, and are effective for garden-parties and receptions, but perhaps their greatest merit is that they will not become common.

A note of black continues to be recognized as giving a striking effect to many light gowns; often a large black hat covered with nodding black plumes is worn with a white or

pale-tinted organdy, and a bunch of roses, violets, or yellow primroses is added to match the gown. Sashes and stock collars of black satin ribbon are seen with gowns of pink lawn, yellow dotted Swiss, or primrose-flowered organdy; and, again, only the girdle and a smart bow at the side will be black, while the stock-collar will be of puffed *chiffon*.

Charmingly simple afternoon-gowns are made of white and pale-tinted Swiss muslins with hair-line stripes or pin-head dots of black. They are hung over petticoats of taffeta or lawn the color of the ground, and the full waists and sleeves are trimmed with many rows of narrow lace, black, white, or yellow, put on very full.

The revival of batiste is a veritable *fureur*; it enters into many of the smartest gowns, in the form of blouse fronts, shoulder-collars, revers, and cuffs, and is also used for entire costumes. A lovely gown for a young girl is of batiste with a perfectly plain skirt hung over pale green silk; the blouse waist has insertions of guipure Vandykes through which the green silk glints, there are deep cuffs of the same guipure on the full *gigol* sleeves, and a chameleon ribbon,—green and rose,—with rose-colored satin edge, is used for the sash,—fastened on one side of the front, with long, flowing ends,—shoulder-knots, and stock-collar.

Accordeon-plaited *mousseline de soie* or India silk makes lovely blouse-waists in combination with Dresden-flowered or *chiné* taffetas and satin-striped challies. A gown of ivory challie, showered over with purple violets, has sleeves and under-arm forms of the challie, while the front and back of the corsage are of violet accordeon-plaited India silk; a yoke is defined with rich lace insertion, and three strips of the insertion droop from yoke to belt in front, or there may be a yoke of tucked and lace-frilled lawn, Swiss, or batiste. Dark challies are relieved by large collars of embroidered or lace-trimmed batiste, and have no other trimming, except a belt and stock-collar of ribbon or velvet.

All heavy, washable fabrics, as piqué, duck, and coarse linens, are made up in strict tailor styles; the flaring gored skirts—the "Ripple" is a favorite pattern—are finished with a hem at the foot, and they have either cutaway jackets, short blazers, or round, box-plaited waists. On the latter, deep, round collars are finished with heavy, lace-like embroidery; and the revers and cuffs of blazers and jackets are similarly finished.

**A Simple Taffeta Gown.**



**Consola Waist. (BACK.)**

A CHARMINGLY simple gown, affording a model as suitable for *crépon* and challie as for the taffeta of which it is made. A narrow bias band of the silk piped with black satin and pale green taffeta—matching

vest is of the same light cloth, fastened with a double row of tiny silver buttons. The skirt is the "Spencer," illustrated and described in the July number. It is especially adapted to wide fabrics, and measures six yards at the bottom; but if a narrower skirt be preferred, the "Ripple" is commended. The jacket—the "Kilmeny"—shows the popular length this season; short enough not to crush when seated, but long enough to be held down by its own weight. It is fitted trimly in the back by the usual seams, which flare in the skirt, making modish *godets*. The model is commended for all woolen fabrics suitable for traveling or street gowns.

the tiny figure—finishes the bottom of the skirt, the pattern of which is the "Delavan," illustrated and described in the May number. The full blouse-waist—the "Consola"—can be worn with any skirt, and is especially pretty with those of black *crépon* or silk. A fitted lining holds the fullness in place; the yoke is of embroidered batiste without lining, showing the neck through the lace-like meshes; and the bias shoulder-bands and girdle are finished to match the bottom of the skirt.



**A Simple Taffeta Gown.**

CONSOLA WAIST. DELAVAN SKIRT.

THE new taffeta *plissé* and one of the new *crépons* resemble the woven lawn puffing formerly used, a Shirred or goffered stripe being held in its puff by a plain stripe.

Bows are important features of summer gowns. A large one placed squarely in front of the belt is in very good style, and often a row of bows, graduated in size, descend from the bust to the waist, the largest one at the top.

HATS are trimmed more gracefully and naturally than for many seasons past. There is little, if any, regularity, and flowers are used on everything but the Alpine hat, and with everything. A whole garden bouquet is often seen on a single hat,—violets, roses, lilies of the valley, and anything else that chances to be near.

A FAVORITE round hat has a medium width brim, straight all around, with low crown, in black, tan, or burnt straw, and is trimmed with rosettes of *chiffon* or a large, careless bow of ribbon on



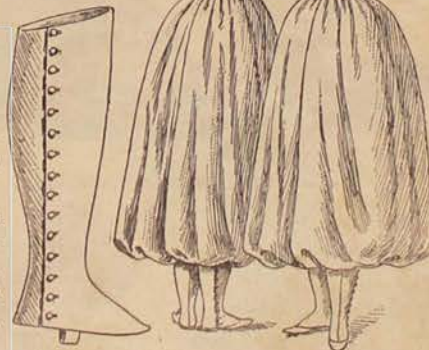
**Traveling-Gown.**

KILMENY JACKET. SPENCER SKIRT.

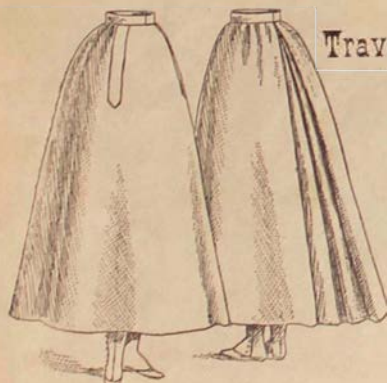
TAN-COLORED covert-cloth is the fabric of this smart gown, the severity of which is relieved by cloth bands and scroll appliqué of a lighter shade; these are stitched underneath instead of over the gown fabric, in the new way called "in-laying." The plain

one side, and clusters of flowers on the other.

LAST summer's gowns are freshened with big shoulder-collars of batiste, lawn, or Swiss, which sometimes descend in revers to the waist.



**Lady's Bicycling Skirt.** (See Page 608.)  
**Lady's Bloomers, or Full Knickerbockers.** (See Page 608.)



**Lady's Bicycling Skirt.**  
(See Page 608.)

### A Smart Waist.

THIS is one of the popular models either for a separate waist or for the simple corsages most liked this season for fancy silk and *crépon* gowns. The pattern is the "Loretto," and it is fitted both front and back over a fitted lining. The original waist is of batiste made over a pongee lining; the collar is trimmed with lace insertion, and black satin ribbons come down from the shoulders beneath the collar and fasten at the waist under rosettes. With gowns of checked and striped taffetas or *crépon*



A Smart Waist. "THE LORETTO."

the broad collars are of white Swiss muslin, sheer lawn, or batiste, according to individual fancy; and the ribbons are chosen of any becoming color.

### Jaunty and Becoming.

THIS novel jacket may be made of silk or light-weight serge. The blouse front is of batiste, and it may have several fine tucks each side of the center box-plait, or be trimmed with lace or embroidered insertion; the cuffs match the blouse, and frequently the revers, which form a square shoulder-collar in the back, are covered with tucked or embroidered batiste. Fine pipings of the silk or serge, or else rows of *sou-tache*, finish the edges of revers, belt and basque. The skirt piece is cut separate-



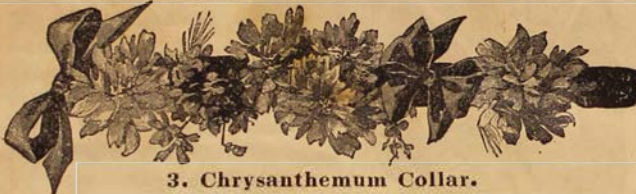
Jaunty and Becoming. NORWOOD WAIST.



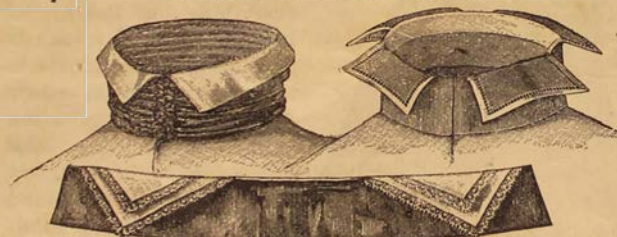
1. Lawn Collar and Cuff.



2. Ribbon Stock-Collar.



3. Chrysanthemum Collar.



4, 5, and 6. Modish Collars.



7. Collar and Cuff of Hem-stitched Lawn.



9. Stock-Collar with Jabot.



8. Grenadine Stock-Collar.



10. Lawn Collar and Cuff.



11. Stock-Collar of Chiffon and Flowers.



12 and 13. Blouse-Fronts.

Toilette Accessories.

(See Page 606.)

THE season is prolific in dainty designs for the dressing of the neck; and the abundant use of white lawn and batiste with becoming lace frills is especially cool and summery-looking. Most of these attractive things are easily fashioned at home, at trifling expense; but when time is the greatest consideration the making of the lawn collars and cuffs is greatly facilitated by purchasing the little hemstitched or lace-frilled points, turrets, and bands, which come in many degrees of elaboration, and require only a few moments' work to finish.

No. 1.—Collar and cuffs of black-and-white striped lawn, laid in side-plaits and finished with white Valenciennes.

No. 2.—Stock-collar of Dresden-flowered, heliotrope ribbon.

No. 3.—A yellow chrysanthemum collar mounted on black velvet, fastening on the side, with a single tawny blossom under the chin.

No. 4.—Collar of linen lawn turning down over a shirred band of bias black satin.

No. 5.—Collar of hemstitched batiste turrets turning down over a band of sapphire-blue satin.



1. Fancy Straw Hat.



3. Tan-colored Chip Hat.



4. Back and Side of No. 5.

and cuffs of tucked white lawn trimmed with Chantilly lace.

No. 6.—White lawn points trimmed with yellow Valenciennes, and mounted on a band of heliotrope moire.

No. 7.—Collar and cuffs of hemstitched linen lawn.

No. 8.—Stock-collar of gayly plaided grenadine, with bow of lace-trimmed lawn in front.

No. 9.—Stock-collar of rose-colored *chimé* ribbon, with jabot of *Lierre* lace.

No. 10.—Collar

No. 11.—Stock-collar of heliotrope *chiffon*, with clusters of violets and their leaves.

No. 12.—Blouse-front of black-and-white checked silk, trimmed with fine platings of the same.

No. 13.—Blouse-front of white India silk, with cluster of black smocking in front.

Seasonable Hats.

No. 1.—A yellow, fancy-straw hat, trimmed with knife-plaited black *chiffon* and black ostrich-feathers.

No. 2.—White rice-straw hat with brim of plaited straw, trimmed with pink roses, white *chiffon*, and white plumes.

No. 3.—Tan-colored chip hat, trimmed with brown ribbon, pink roses, violets, and *panaches* of plaited black lace.

No. 4.—Back and side views of No. 5.

No. 5.—Coarse white rice-straw hat, the brim of which is plaited in bold convolutions around the face, and trimmed with bunches of dark purple violets, knots of black satin ribbon, and erect black plumes. No. 4 shows the side and back views.

No. 6.—A becoming hat of black chip, with brim of knife-plaited Brussels net, and trimmed with black plumes, black satin ribbon, and American Beauty roses.



2. White Straw Hat.



5. Rice Straw Hat.

CHANGEABLE SILK umbrellas in rich golden brown, deep garnet, and dark blue or blue and red, with crook sticks finished in enamel which imitates goldstone, jacinth, etc.,

are a novelty and a pleasant change from the regulation black ones.

ETON suits of duck, galatea cloth, and the new Teviot suiting, will be much used for young girls. The skirts are perfectly plain.



6. Black Chip Hat.

**For Bicycling.**

(See Page 605.)

FRENCH coaching-twill is a popular fabric for bicycling suits, when it is intended to make one suit do all the service; for it is a medium-weight fabric which can be adapted to any change of temperature, so smoothly woven that it repels dust, and soft and fine in texture. Women who ride a great deal have several suits of varying weight, from covert cloth to white duck; and are partial to alpaca or brilliantine for long and dusty rides.

We give patterns for a bicycle skirt, knickerbockers, or bloomers, and leggings. The leggings and knickerbockers are sent together for one pattern coupon, and the skirt requires another. Any Eton jacket, blazer, or short coat pattern, according to preference, may be chosen to complete the suit. If it be desired to make the skirt and knickerbockers of the same fabric, so that on occasion the wearer can ride without the skirt, it will be best to line the skirt with silk; unless the fabric used is so smooth that there is no possibility of the two garments clinging to each other when both are worn. The skirt measures about three yards at the bottom, and fits easily over the hips, the fullness being laid in overlapping plaits at the back; in length it should reach the boot-tops, and may come an inch or two lower. If alpaca be the fabric used it will be best to have black Jersey leggings or those of gray or tan corduroy.

The knickerbockers are fulled slightly at the waist, and should be fastened on the right side; an elastic band confines the fullness below the knee. If made of silk, satin, coaching-twill, or alpaca, they need no lining; but if India silk be used a lining of debeige or cheap challie, or even thin cambric, will increase its service. It would be best to avoid a placket in the back of the skirt, and to make one on the left side under the short bias band corresponding with that on the right side, which covers the opening into the pocket.

These patterns are commended also for mountain and golf gowns, and are just the thing by which to make a camping outfit. The skirts should be conveniently short, so as to leave the hands entirely free, which lessens the fatigue of a long tramp immeasurably. Strong storm-serges and covert cloth are the best fabrics for mountain and camping wear, as they must stand hard service.

**Standard Patterns.**



Princess House-Gown.



Sabina Morning-Dress.



Jenason Waist.



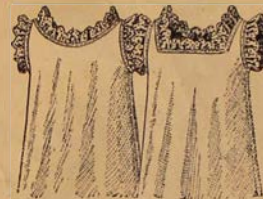
Manon Waist.



Recamier House-Gown.



Henly Blouse, Lady's Drawers.



French Sacque Chemise.



Sans-Souci Dress.

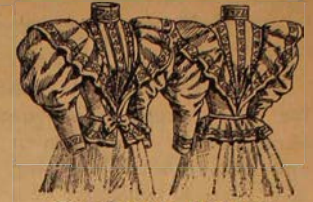


Kilt Skirt.

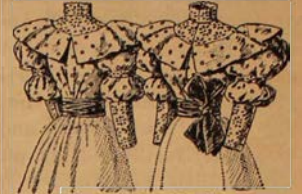
Norfolk Jacket.



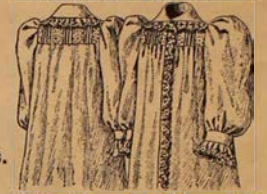
Kennebec Dress.



Colebrook Basque.



Guthrie Waist.



"Mother Hubbard" Night-Gown.



Wingate Dress.



Lesbia Waist.



Myrzalla Blouse.



Cora Waist.

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.



BATHING-SUITS have quite full knickerbockers, which are either buttoned to the full, high-necked waist, or sewed to the same band; the short skirt only reaches

frill forms the brim, and knots of white ribbon are the only trimming.

No. 4.—Chip shade-hat, trimmed with India silk.

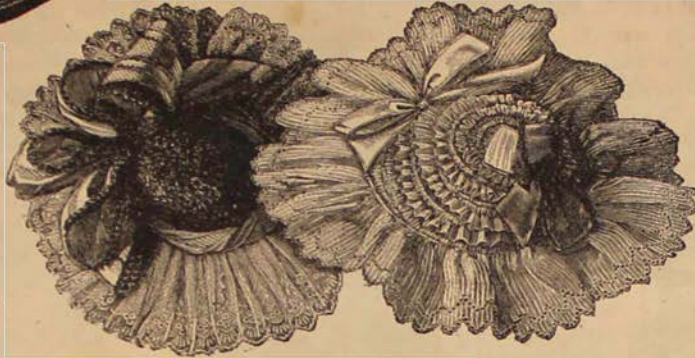
No. 5.—White Leghorn flat, trimmed with white *chiffon* and daisies.

No. 6.—Brown hat of rough straw, trimmed with black and-yellow striped ribbon and clusters of primroses.

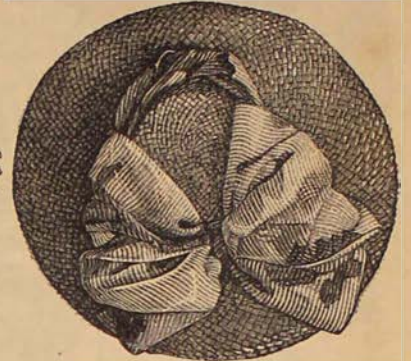


1. Hat of Burnt Straw.

to the knees, and is not more than two yards and a half wide. Alpaca is much liked for these suits, because it sheds the water so readily; and black is the favorite choice.



2 and 3. Lace and Dimity Hats.



4. Chip Shade-Hat.

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.—Evening corsage of rose-colored satin trimmed with spangled passementerie.
- 2.—Dutch bonnet trimmed with jetted wings and masses of lilacs.
- 3.—Dutch bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with black satin ribbon, pink roses, and an osprey allegrette.
- 4.—Fancy waist of striped satin, veiled in front with white *chiffon*.
- 5.—Diamond-set bow-knot brooch.
- 6.—Modish coiffure; hair waved à la *Pompadour*, and arranged in finger puffs on the crown of the head.
- 7.—Châtelaine watch, set with diamonds.
- 8.—Dinner-gown of rainbow-hued silk, trimmed with Venetian gulpure and black velvet ribbons.
- 9.—Black lace hat trimmed with black satin ribbon and primroses.
- 10.—Black-enameled châtelaine watch, with bow-knot pin set with diamonds.
- 11.—Bow-knot brooch set with a sapphire and many diamonds.
- 12.—Reception-gown of tan-colored *crêpon* and Dresden-flowered taffeta.
- 13.—Cinderella scarf-pin set with a pearl and diamonds.
- 14.—Fancy waist of green silk and *chiffon*, trimmed with black lace.
- 15.—Crescent brooch set with pearls.
- 16.—House-gown of pin-head checked taffeta; velvet girdle and neck band, and trimming on cuffs and over the shoulders of lace and passementerie.
- 17.—Diamond-set bracelet with two moonstones.
- 18.—Sword lace-pin; hilt and sheath studded with diamonds.
- 19.—Reception or dinner gown; black satin skirt, with corsage of white *chiffon* and gulpure lace, trimmed with ruffles of narrow Chantilly lace.
- 21.—White satin evening-gown; the neck is garlanded with rose petals, and a bow of black velvet is placed exactly in front.
- 21.—Garden-party gown of white Swiss-muslin, accordion-plaited, and trimmed with wide insertions of Valenciennes lace.
- 22.—Reception-gown of pearl-gray *crêpon* with sleeves of black-and-white striped silk, and trimmed with bands of black velvet embroidered with silver.
- 23.—Enameled clover-leaf brooch set with diamonds.
- 24.—Morning gown of white duck trimmed with bands of dark blue linen.
- 25.—Visiting gown of blue-and-red changeable *moire* trimmed with black velvet and jet. Yellow Leghorn hat trimmed with black satin and pink roses.
- 26.—Garden-party gown of figured *crêpon*,—gray, blue, and white,—with corsage of black satin and white *chiffon*.
- 27.—Gown of striped silk combined with plain the color of the stripe; founces of Brussels net trim the skirt, and a yoke of gulpure lace the corsage.
- 28.—Changeable taffeta gown with corsage and sash of stilettoed silk.
- 29.—House-waist of blue India silk and figured challie.
- 30.—Gown of pink-striped organdie made over pink lawn, and trimmed with puffs and ruffles of Valenciennes; girdle and shoulder-knots of pink-and-black striped ribbon.



5. Leghorn Hat.



6. Rough Straw Hat.

Boy's Kilt Suit.

(See page 610.)

FASHION changes little from season to season in the clothing of the small boy, and the reason is not

far to find; every mother likes to impart an air of mannishness to the garments of her little man as soon as he is able to run alone, and no styles can be devised that do this in a prettier way than kilt and sailor suits. The suit illustrated is of white piqué trimmed with rows of

white cotton *soutache*. The plaited shirt-front is of white linen, but plain and figured lawns and percales are also used. Heavy linens—dark blue and natural color—are also liked, and both cotton and linen duck, as well as the heavy galateas, are used for the suits. For use at the seashore, white and navy blue serge and flannel are employed. The design of the pattern—the “Alvin”—is fully shown in the front and back views, and it is in sizes for two and four years of age.

Summer Comfort.

(See page 610.)

THESE dainty little folk can go butterfly-catching or flower-picking without detriment to their immaculate freshness, but even should they chance to be tempted by the fascinations of sand fort-building their garments are so simply fashioned as to be no terror to the laundress. Mothers should certainly bless the modes of the present day, which enable them to dress their children so simply, yet so attractively. The little boy's suit is one of our standard patterns—the “Harold,” in sizes for six, eight, and ten years. The blouse in the original pattern is double-breasted, but can easily be made as in the illustration, by turning back the extension beyond the middle of the front and allowing only for a wide hem.

The little girl's frock—the “Metra”—is of pink Chambéry. The straight skirt is finished with a narrow hem and three tucks. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the “baby” waist in place, which is finished at the shoulders by a tucked yoke. If preferred, the yoke and sleeves can be made separate, as a *guimpe*. The shoulder-frills are of white lawn with a wide border of lace-like embroidery. A hat of pink Chambéry with shirred crown and brim of embroidered ruffles is worn with this charming little frock. The pattern is in sizes for six and eight years.

Summery Hats for Little Folks.

- No. 1.—Round hat of burnt straw, trimmed with white silk muslin and a cluster of fine *coq* feathers.
- No. 2.—Round hat with crown of yellow straw and brim of wide, ivory lace, trimmed with Dresden-figured ribbon finished on one edge with a braid of straw like the crown.
- No. 3.—Shirred hat of blue-striped dimity; an embroidered

**A Yachting Suit.**

THE yachting boy is everywhere this summer, and even if he never has the ecstatic delight of treading the deck of his own yacht, he likes to look, in the eyes of his small world, as though that pleasure were an everyday affair. Consequently, his usual dress is of a nautical character, whether he plays in Central Park or up in the mountains, or takes a long transcontinental journey. When



**Boy's Kilt Suit.**  
THE "ALVIN."  
(See Page 609.)

sailing his own boat on any of the pretty inland lakes it is eminently proper that he should wear the new "Commodore" suit. Navy blue serge and flannel are the favorite materials for these suits, and the vest and collar may be of white or light blue, and trimmed with black, dark blue, or gold braid. The pattern, the design of which is fully shown in the front and back views, is in sizes for four, six, and eight years.



**Summer Comfort.**

HAROLD SUIT. METRA FROCK.  
(See Page 609.)

**A Pretty Challie Frock.**

THIS attractive little gown is as suitable a model for washable fabrics as for challies and India silks. The model frock, of cream-colored challie dotted with forget-me-nots, and trimmed with blue ribbon, is given a *guimpe* effect by having the yoke and sleeves of white India silk, and those who prefer the real *guimpe* can make them separate; many washable gowns have the sleeves and yoke of the same, and sometimes the yoke is of tucked lawn. The pattern—the "Lizana"—is one which every ingenious worker will find easy to adapt to many variations. The "baby" waist is full in the back as in front, and the straight, full skirt is sewed to it. The pattern is in sizes for eight and ten years.

**A Dainty Mull Gown.**

THIS charming gown for a young girl is commended for all washable fabrics and also for challies and fancy silks. As illustrated it is of pink-dotted mull, with stock-collar and belt of pink ribbon, and one of the popular wide shoulder-collars of sheerest India lawn edged with Valenciennes.

The skirt is the "Tadelford," a five-gored pattern; but many dressmakers in making washable gowns do not gore the back breadths as they find the straight ones launder better. In this way the front and side breadths only of the pattern are used, and from two to three straight breadths, according to the width of the fabric, are put in the back; making the fullness of the skirt at the bottom about three yards, or, for a tall girl, and for very thin material, even four yards or more. Most of these gowns are simply finished with a deep hem.

If it is desired to make them more dressy, very narrow, overlapping, lace-edged ruffles trim the bottom, or several rows of insertion are placed above the hem. The waist of the gown—the "Wingina"—is a simple blouse with box-plait in front, and it can be modishly worn with any skirt. The broad collars are usually



**A Yachting Suit.**  
THE "COMMODORE."



COMMODORE SUIT.  
(BACK.)



**A Pretty Challie Frock.**  
THE "LIZANA."

made separate, for convenience in laundering. The waist pattern is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years; the skirt, for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.



**A Dainty Mull Gown.**  
WINGINA WAIST. TADELFORD SKIRT.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 609.)

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

## Jim's Wife.

HAD often noticed her, and each time with growing curiosity as to whom she was waiting and watching for so patiently. A rather small, shrunken figure she was, dressed in skimpy, faded garments, a dilapidated straw hat, and presenting altogether a washed-out, storm-beaten appearance.

I frequently encountered her in my goings to and fro in the better part, if there be any better part, of the slums of New York, and she was generally hanging around the outside of the liquor dens. My constant companion and protector, a large, intelligent Newfoundland, enabled me to go and come with perfect safety in the accomplishment of my self-appointed task of searching up the poor creatures in need of assistance in this low, dirty part of the city.

There was something so infinitely pathetic in the resigned, patient face of this "puir wee bodie," that I was much attracted, and had more than once been on the point of accosting her, but noticed that she shrank from observation. I generally saw her lingering about the doors of the low, vile saloons, oftentimes going from one to another till she heard what she was evidently seeking, a drunken song or laugh in a voice which she knew; then she would shrink and cower close beside the door, quietly waiting and watching.

On one occasion, it was at night, and the electric light as I came up glittered brightly on a saloon entrance, and, crouched near it, the "puir wee bodie" I had so often encountered. I paused, half-way making up my mind to speak to her, when I saw her start forward as a man, pretty far gone in drink, reeled and stumbled out on the sidewalk. She stepped hastily to his side, and taking hold of his arm said, quietly,

"Come wi' me, Jim; don't go any further tonight."

"D—n you! get out of my way; you're forever hangin' 'round, spyin' after me!" he blurted out, and roughly shook her hand from his arm.

Again, in the same quiet, pleading tones, she said:

"Come home wi' me, Jim. Do, please, I've a warm supper waitin' for you. Come now," and she again laid her hand, coaxingly, on his arm.

With a terrible oath he jerked away and struck out at her with his heavy fist. I had paused a few feet back of them, and stood with my hand in Jack's collar; at this juncture, my brute companion, with the instinctive chivalry of his almost human nature, bristled up and gave vent to a growl of disapproval. I felt his body quiver under my hand, and tightened my hold on his collar. The man in his drunkenness striking out wildly, she avoided the blow, and after a bit more coaxing and pleading she got him off, filling the air with his oaths, and barely able to keep upright even with her help.

They were presently met by a policeman, who, to my surprise, paid no heed to the disturbance more than to scowl ferociously at the man as he passed them. I knew many of these "guardians of the peace" by sight, this one by name. Hurrying forward, with my hand still in Jack's collar, I said to Officer Gordon as I met him,

"Who are those people? What are the circumstances? I'm sure you know."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, and his tone indicated that his ire had been aroused by the above scene. "I do know something, but I don't suppose anyone but that patient little woman knows all. She's no doubt thankin' me in her heart this minute for lettin' that brute have one more chance to kill her, instead of lockin' him up, as I ought to. Their name is Finch; they came from the country a year or so ago, and the fellow was steady enough then, and ready and willin'

to work when he could get anything to do; and you'd hardly believe it, ma'am, but that poor, faded little woman was bright and cheerful, and had a real pretty face and plump little figure. But he couldn't get any steady work, and after awhile he took to drinkin', and now every penny that he makes, when he can get a job, goes for whiskey, and she supports them both, and then looks after him at night, tryin' to keep him straight, as you see her just now, ma'am. There's hardly a policeman that will arrest him because of her; she begs so hard with her eyes,—doesn't speak a word, only just looks at one so pitiful and wishful, that we just have to pass on as quick as we can and not notice him. 'Children'? No, ma'am; they had one little one when they came here, but it died,—fell down stairs, I think, one day when the mother was out, and was killed. That is all that I know about them, ma'am, and it's no good of him."

Thanking the officer for his information I continued on my way, ruminating, as I went, on the absurd incongruity of the appellation of "the weaker vessel" as applied to woman.

Several days passed, and not once did I encounter the little woman who had aroused my pity and admiration because of her sorrow and faithfulness, so I concluded that the brute of a husband had killed or disabled her. Him I saw frequently, so I knew they had not left the neighborhood.

One day I had occasion to visit a young woman in Bellevue Hospital in whom I was much interested, and as I walked beside the nurse between the long rows of cots, conversing with her in low tones concerning my protégée, I paused at the foot of a cot, and, to my surprise, discovered in its occupant the little woman whom I had missed from the streets for several days. She was sleeping, and I knew from the rapid, irregular breathing, that she had fever. Looking at the nurse questioningly I motioned towards the sleeping woman.

"Yes," she nodded, "picked up on the street in a dead faint a week ago; no chance of recovery, all run down, half-starved and over-worked; may have had a good constitution, but it is all broken up. She is a patient, quiet little body, and gives but little trouble."

The next day I again visited the hospital, and a friend in the country having sent me a great bunch of fragrant, spicy pinks and sweet, old-fashioned roses, such as our grandmothers grew in their gardens, I took these and a small basket of fruit with me. Making my way straight to the cot occupied by my little woman, I discovered that she was awake; and as I silently placed the flowers in her hand and the basket on a small table near the cot, a flash of pleasure illumined her face, and quickly raising her eyes, tear-dimmed and grateful, she exclaimed, rapturously:

"Oh, ma'am, how can I thank you? They are like the flowers that grew in my mother's garden, and it has been so long since I have seen any like them." Her voice quivered and broke, and she buried her face in the fragrant blossoms, hiding the emotion which she was so little accustomed to betray in the presence of strangers.

Taking a seat beside the cot and an orange from the basket, I devoted myself to preparing it for her, talking to her the while about the flowers and the friend who sent them. She quickly recovered herself, and as I fed her with the sliced orange she peered in my face with a deal of interest, as though trying to locate me. At length she succeeded, and a flash of recognition accompanied the words,

"Ah, yes! I've seen you before, ma'am. I thought I had, and now I remember."

"Yes," I replied, "I have seen you many times, and had wondered what had become of you."

A flush of shame swept over her face as she remembered where I had seen her. Looking at me wistfully, she said, with some hesitation: "I'd be glad for you to know, ma'am, that 'twa'n't Jim—that is my husband—that caused me to be here. I remember you were standin' not far from Jim and me the night before I was picked up and brought here. But Jim never hurt me; I had just overworked myself a bit, and kinder fainted on the street, that was all, and I'll soon be all right again."

Every day I visited her, always carrying fruit and flowers. Having written about her to my kind friend in the country, every day or two I became the happy recipient of a delicious, old-fashioned posy from her country garden, which duly found its way to the hospital. One day, especially, the flowers seemed to open the floodgates of her memory, and as she smelled and caressed them she rambled on about her girlhood, and then, with some hesitation, stepped over the border into her married life. She had hitherto avoided all such allusion; but, the ice once broken, she talked on unreservedly:

"He had a nice place in the country, Jim had; he was employed on a dairy farm, and we had a cozy little house furnished us, and we were gettin' on well, and had the dearest little baby girl!" Here her lips tightened to still their quivering, and the tears stole out from beneath the closed eyelids. Presently she continued: "But he had high notions, Jim had, and he wanted to get rich. Well, we couldn't do that in the country, though we had plenty of all we needed. Finally he got to hankerin' to come to the city. He thought if he could just get to the city he could get work at high wages, and would soon get rich; and so, after a bit, he give up his place, and we came here to live.

"We had saved up a little money to keep us till he could get something to do, but we soon found there was more people who wanted work than there was work for them all, and he could get only an odd job once in a while. Then we had to give up our comfortable lodgings and take cheaper ones in a dirtier part of the city, and after that 'twa'n't long before our little Rosy began to pine for the pure, country air she'd always lived in, and from bein' the plumpest, rosiest baby when we moved here, she fell away and lost her pretty color till she didn't look like the same, and I kept seein' that she was growin' weaker and weaker, and there was nothin' that I could do, for I knew 'twas the stiffin' heat and vile, filthy air that was killin' her. And then—and then—one night when Jim came home I see that he'd been drinkin'. Oh, ma'am, I give you my word that was worse than all; I had never seen him so before.

"The next day I asked Mrs. O'Riley, a kind-hearted Irish woman livin' on the same floor of the tenement, to try to get me some work, and she got me a place in a laundry not far from where we lived. Jim had never let me go out to work; he had always boasted of his great, strong, strappin' health, and he said 'twas enough for me to do the work at home, that 'twas his place to provide for the family,—and so he did, ma'am, when he could get anything to do.

"We got on a little better now. I was paid regular for my work, and Jim had a steady job in a livery stable, though 'twas a bad place for him, and I'd 'a' been glad if he could 'a' got work elsewhere; but beggars mustn't be choosers, and we were lookin' up a bit, only my baby kept on dwindlin' away, and Jim said 'twas her teeth, and not the city air, that was the matter with her. Mrs. O'Riley looked after her for me while I was away at my work.

"I had never left her before, and it wrung my very heart to have to go away from her, and she with her little arms stretched out to me and cryin' 'Mammy, oh, mammy!' so pitiful when I would leave her. I've wondered so many times, ma'am, how in the world the rich ladies who need never lose

sight of their babies can give them up to the care of servants as they do; and I would 'a' been so happy just to stay with mine.

"One day, I shall never forget it, when I was startin' off, it seemed harder to get away from her than usual, and after I got to the door I went back and took her in my arms and kissed her over and over, and it seemed like I just couldn't leave her; but I knew I'd be late to my work and would lose my place, so I took a bright-colored picture from the mantel and put it on her lap, hopin' 'twould amuse her, and hurried out of the room, but still she reached out her arms to me, cryin' and callin' me.

"Somehow, all day I was restless and anxious, and kept hurryin' with my work, knowin', too, that that wouldn't help me get through any quicker, for I was compelled to stay so many hours; but it seemed like all the time I could hear little Rosy callin' 'Mammy, oh, mammy!' and once I thought I would quit everything and go to her. Then I said to myself that would be so foolish, for I should lose my place and might not get another, and I knew that I must keep in work, for Jim was not makin' much, and it cost so much to half-way live here. So I kept on and tried not to think of my little one; but when I was free to go, it seemed like I just flew along the street and could hardly stop to walk.

"About a square from home, as I was hurryin' along, almost breathless, I spied Mrs. O'Riley's little Mike runnin' towards me. I called to him, but without waitin' for any question from me, he panted out that somethin' had happened to little Rosy. I didn't stop to learn what, but tore along the street like a mad woman. Mrs. O'Riley met me at the head of the stairs, cryin' and wringin' her hands and blamin' herself. I rushed past her into the room, and there, on the bed, all white and still, without a motion o' life—"

The tear-laden voice, quivering and low, became inarticulate; and taking her hand in mine I said, as well as I could, "There, stop, it is torture to you to tell me this." Looking quickly up she replied, earnestly:

"Oh, ma'am, it is a pleasure and relief to be able to talk to someone about my troubles, especially one who seems to feel so kindly towards me as you do. No, ma'am, what I'm tellin' you ain't doin' me any harm; but I won't try to tell you what I suffered, and how I blamed myself for not goin' to my little child when somethin' told me to do so.

"Mrs. O'Riley said she had been restless and fretful all day, and had tried two or three times to get out into the corridor; but as the room opened out close to the head of the stairs, and the child could just toddle about, the door was kept carefully shut till just a few minutes before it was time for me to get home, when somebody passed through and left it open. Mrs. O'Riley had her back to it and was tellin' the baby that 'Mammy' was comin', 'Mammy' would be here presently, for she had cried and whimpered for 'Mammy' nearly all day, when she heard little Mike say, 'Come back, Rosy;' and whirlin' 'round to see after the child, she at once spied the open door, and heard a fall and a scream. The baby had fallen down stairs, and they picked her up—dead.

"Poor Mrs. O'Riley! she blamed herself till it seemed like she would go distracted; but I never blamed her for it. I never knew a kinder-hearted body. She went to see the owners of the laundry and told them my trouble, gettin' them to keep my place for me till I could go back, which I did, after a while; but I could put no heart in my work, and felt like I was doin' it just like machinery does, without any feelin' at all about it. And there was no need for me ever to hurry to get through now, for there was no one at home waitin' for me. Jim had taken to the drink regular since little Rosy died, and had lost his place at the stables; but 'twas only when he didn't know what he was about that he was ever unkind to me.

"He was naturally kind-hearted, Jim was, and if I just could 'a' got him to go back to the country I believe he would 'a' been all right again; for 'twas comin' to the city that ruined him, and bein' without any steady work for so long. And after the baby died it just seemed like he couldn't stand the trouble; but he wouldn't consent to leave, so I just had to do the best I could and try and watch over him and keep him out of trouble, for I was anxious about him all the while, because he's got a quick temper when he's drinkin', Jim has.

"I've worried a good deal about him since I've been here. I'm certain he don't know where I am, and I dreaded to send a message to him for fear he might come in a condition that it would hurt me for anyone here to see him in, and then I thought I'd be up and about in a few days and be able to go home; but somehow I don't seem to get strong, and while the fever's not very high, still it don't ever leave me.

"Sometimes I think maybe I won't ever get over it; so I got Miss B., the nurse, to send a message to Mrs. O'Riley today, askin' her to tell Jim where I am, and maybe he'll come. I don't know."

She lay still, with closed eyes, the flowers held caressingly near her face; and as I sat and watched her, thinking of her patient young life so early wrecked, I remembered that, in all her story, not once had she blamed Jim. It was "comin' to the city," or "bein' out o' work," or "the death o' the baby;" never once was it "Jim." Oh, true and faithful wife! deserving of a diamond crown, if there be such in Heaven.

I picked up a palmetto fan lying on the foot of the cot and began waving it gently to and fro over the fever-flushed face, and pretty soon I discovered that she had dropped into a doze. Quite a comfortable nap she had taken, when I observed that someone had entered with the nurse, and was coming towards us. I glanced up, and my eyes encountered a strapping figure, tall and broad-shouldered, and a face which I knew had been handsome, but, alas! was now besotted and bloated. The little wife on the cot must have heard the step in her sleep, though he moved carefully and lightly; for she opened wide, expectant, eager eyes, and as she caught my gaze said, under her breath,

"Jim!"

Yes, it was Jim, coming hurriedly forward, and I saw from his face that the nurse had told him the worst.

I rose from my chair as he approached the cot, and stepping aside motioned for him to occupy it; but noiselessly he pushed it out of his way, and dropping on one knee by the cot he clasped in his own the small, toilworn hands outstretched to him, and said, in choked, sobbing tones:

"My God! Rosy, I didn't know of this,—didn't know till I got the message just now where you was. I thought you'd got tired and left me, and I didn't blame you a mite. Oh, little wife, it's my fault, it's all along o' my doin's that you are here like this!"

"There, Jim, hush! I ain't blamed you any;" and she loosed her hands from his and drew the red, bloated face down to her shrunken bosom, passing her fingers softly over the tangled, unkempt hair.

I could see his great, strong figure heaving with sobs, and turned away and left them.

I still continued my daily visits to the hospital, always carrying flowers, and fruit or jellies, something to restore strength to the frail, fever-wasted little body, and I knew that the kind-hearted nurse and doctors were striving their best to cure her. But all in vain; she grew weaker daily.

Jim rarely left her; but one day when I had taken his place beside her she said,

"Mrs. M., Jim has promised me to go back to the country after—when there's no need for him to come here any more,—and you don't know how glad it makes me. If I could

only live to go with him!" And the patient blue eyes looked up in my face so wistfully. "But it's all right," she went on, resignedly, "I know it's all right, and best, somehow, though I can't see it; for who is goin' to take care of Jim?" Holding her hand in mine I leaned forward, and pointing upward said:

"He who doeth all things well. He will take care of Jim; just ask Him and trust Him, that is all!"

She nodded her head, her voice too full of tears for her to speak. A few days more, and on making my daily visit I found the cot empty.

"Yes," answered the nurse to my question, "she passed away last evening, as gently as a babe falling asleep. And that great strapping lout of a husband did take it so hard! I don't know that he is really deserving of pity, but one can't help but pity him. He took her out in the country, where their little child is buried."

As I walked sadly away, thinking of the poor victim, I said to myself, "She is only one of a great army. God help them!"

MRS. B. F. MAYHEW.

## How He Was Cured.

"THAT night I come home sober,—'twas a rare thing, you must know.

As I stumbled through the kitchen—'twas about two years ago—

The bedroom door was open, an' I couldn't help but see My little chap a-prayin' at his mother's knee.

"I drew back in the shadder,—they both looked sorter beat,—

I knew they didn't ever have more 'n half enough to eat. He clasped two little scrawny hands, desp'rit white and slim, As if to show 'em up in heaven how I treated him.

"The purty yeller hair, that I called his golden crown, Over an old patched nightgown floated softly down. An' there side of his ragged frock lay a little shoe, An' because I was his father, *that* was ragged, too.

"As I stood there a-listenin', this is what I heard him say: 'Bless dear papa, an' bring him home to us, I pray. Tell him how we want him an' how we love him'; then, 'Make poor mamma stop cryin', for Jesus' sake, amen.'

"'Amen!' She said it, too; how she could I cannot tell. I promised square to cherish 'er, then made her home a hell; I hadn't said a lovin' word to her for many a day; I swore at her that mornin' before I went away.

"'Amen!' She kissed the boy an' tucked him into bed. Then laid her face on the pillar close to his curly head; I heard a sob an' some stifled words,—I tell you I got a scare; I seemed to see the bottomless pit yawn for me right there!

"I slunk out o' the house an' into the garden patch. With God on their side them helpless ones was a good deal more'n my match; Down there among the cabbage an' the squashes I dropped on my knee An' begged the merciful Lord to have mercy on me.

"There's somethin' up above us that pulls when we hitch on; It drew me out o' the mud an' mire when I was nigh clean gone; An' I tell ye what 'tis, fellers, if I've turned out middlin' fair, 'Tis all along o' that boy o' mine namin' me in his prayer."

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

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The New Way of Holding Dress Shields. . . .

No Stitching.

**THE Eureka Patent Corset Cover**

Has open pockets for holding Dress Shields. The Shields are held firmly in place and can be instantly removed for laundrying garment. Invaluable for shirt waists and light dresses.

"Eureka" Shields are made to fit the pockets.

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BROOKLYN:

- F. Loeser & Co., Wechsler Bros. & Co.

BOSTON:

- Jordan, Marsh & Co., Houghton & Dutton,
- Gross & Strauss, Houghton & Henderson.

- John Wanamaker, Philadelphia,
- Woodward & Lathrop, Washington,
- Hutzler Bros., Baltimore,
- Marshall, Field & Co., Chicago,
- Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo.,
- Thompson & Kelly, Nashville, Tenn.,
- Hunter, Glenn & Hunter, Detroit, Mich.,
- T. A. Chapman & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.,
- Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Never breaks down on the sides.

If not in stock at your retailer's, send \$1.00 for a Corset, free by mail, to

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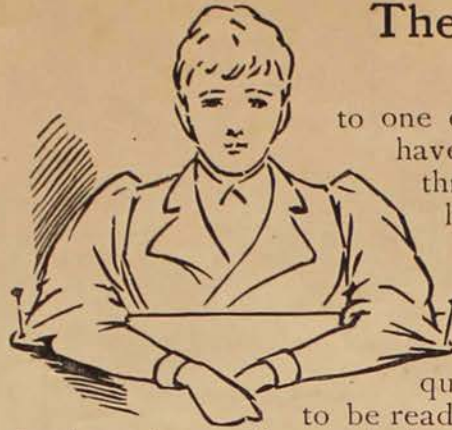
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**Correspondence Club.**

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 or 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.

"ANXIOUS."—Black cog feathers are worn all the year, and especially in the summer for traveling and at the seashore, as they endure hard usage so well.

(Continued on page 617.)



The woman pinned down

to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline. 470

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PAYNE'S

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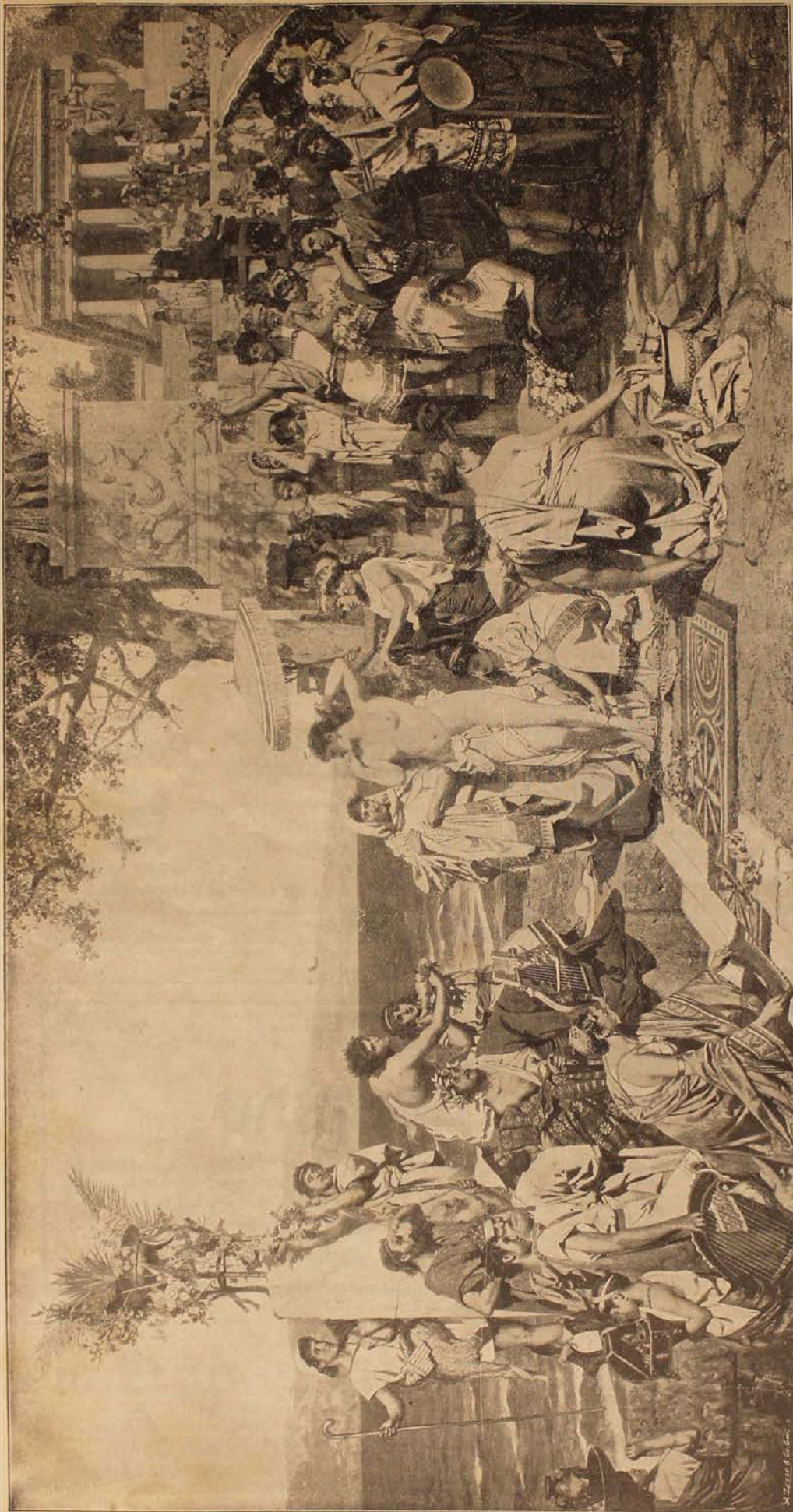
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(Continued from page 615.)

"MARRIED GIRL."—The pressure on these columns has prevented an earlier reply. Hope you have followed your sensible friend's advice and made your infant's dresses twenty-seven inches long; it is a practical and comfortable length for summer. You could make one or two best gowns a yard long.

"RANDOLPH."—The bride's cloth traveling-gown should be made in tailor fashion without trimming; a waistcoat of white moire or cloth, or of fancy *peau de soie*, or a blouse front of tuckered and lace-frilled batiste, would be pretty and suitable, and the revers and cuffs of the coat could be of embroidered batiste, as described in the last Fashion Review.—Wear pearl-colored gloves and black shoes for the ceremony. Shoes never match bright colors except for evening wear. For traveling, tan-colored gloves and shoes will look well with the cadet blue cloth. The groom also wears pearl-colored gloves.

"JESSIE."—July 9, 1880, was on a Friday.

"K. L.," "N. P. L.," "IGNORANCE," "S. S. T.," and others.—The name Svengali has the accent on the second syllable and there are no silent letters; pronoun *Sven-ga'li*. The sound of French *u* cannot be exactly rendered in English; an approximate key to the pronunciation of Dumas is *Doo-ma*. *Mousseline de soie* is nearly like *mooze-lean du soe*; candelabra is *can-de-la-bru*. *Godet* is *go-day*; *fiancée* is in three syllables with a nasal sound to the second which cannot be exactly rendered in English; the closest key is *fe-ong'say*. *Abutilon* is pronounced *ah-bu'ti-lon*.—We never publish our patterns a second time; they can always be obtained within twelve months of publication by sending pattern orders.

"N." and "T. G."—The answer to your letter, with a host of others, was crowded out last month.—A Circulating Library ought to be an amusing and profitable entertainment for your college society. The ladies represent books, and are drawn by the gentlemen as partners in the dance or to converse with. There is of course a librarian, who has a catalogue of his books, collects fees when they are drawn, and fines when they are kept overtime. The ladies' costumes can be very simple; but if ingenious will afford great amusement.

"MOUNTAIN PEAK."—There is no question of propriety or etiquette as to which person should begin conversation when a gentleman is introduced to a lady at a private entertainment. After the exchange of the usual courtesies of greeting, conversation naturally follows; but if it should chance that either person is embarrassed it should be the effort of the other to relieve that embarrassment by talking upon trivial topics.

"SUBSCRIBER."—It is a matter of taste entirely whether a stiff lining is used in the sleeves of washable gowns. Some gowns of organdy and Swiss muslin have sleeve-linings of sheer white lawn, cut just the size of the outside.

"Mrs. W."—The model for "A Dainty Spring Gown" in the April number would be suitable and becoming for your black-and-white India silk. Insert a six-inch piece of tuckered and lace-frilled lawn or Swiss in the blouse front, and have collar and cuffs to match it. Trim the edges of the jacket-revers with a frill of narrow Valenciennes.—Your letter, like many others, was too late for an earlier reply.

(Continued on page 618.)



"Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,  
Such as attence might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere.

Right hard it was for wight which did it beare,  
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;  
For all that pleasing is to living care,  
Was there consorted in one harmonice;"

With what spirit of prophecy the Poet of old was gifted in thus foretelling the wonderful results which the **Plectra-phone** attachment, to be found only in

**THE EVERETT PIANO**

renders possible! The beautiful effects of the harp, mandolin, guitar and zither may be produced at will by any performer. The Everett has all newest improvements.

If not for sale by your dealer, write us for information.

**The John Church Company,**

Chicago, Ills.

Cincinnati, O.

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

**Does**  
**Your House**  
**Need Painting**

INSIDE OR OUT?

When buying HOUSE PAINTS ask for

**Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,**

in paste or liquid form. **The Best is always the Cheapest.** Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. **Durability lessens cost of labor.** Send for Catalogue to

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**

NEW YORK:  
Post Office Box 3499.

CHICAGO:  
Masury Building, 191 Michigan Avenue.

BROOKLYN:  
44 to 50 Jay Street.

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

**FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists**

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.

Quality, Workmanship, and Shapes, unequaled. **Over A MILLION** Mothers, Misses, and Children, wear them.

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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.

**VELVET-SKIN SOAP**

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST

For the Hygienic care of the skin...

Exquisitely and delicately scented with Violets.

VELVET SKIN POWDER for the BELLE'S BOUDOIR and the BABY'S BASKET

AT ALL FIRST CLASS DRUGGISTS

Send ten cts in stamps to DEPT. A, PALISADE MAN'G CO., YONKERS, N. Y. for complete set of samples.

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



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 practically 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.

## ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS

For Fall, 1895, and Spring, 1896, Planting.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS, LILIES, CROCUS, RANUNCULUS, IRIS, AMARYLLIS, GLOXINIAS, PEONIES, DELPHINIUMS, GLADIOLI, DAHLIAS, ETC., ETC., in Thousands of Varieties, New and Old.

The flowers which, if planted indoors in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

The largest catalogue of the above and all new and rare bulbs is published by the famous growers, ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN (near Haarlem), HOLLAND. (Est. 1832) All intending purchasers are respectfully invited to apply to undersigned American Agent, or to Messrs. Roozen direct, for the above catalogue, which we take pleasure in sending to such free. Prices greatly reduced.

J. TER KUILE, General American Agent, 33 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Our own Book on Cultivation for 30 cents.

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

**LADIES** WHO WILL DO WRITING for me at home will make good wages. Reply with self-addressed, stamped envelope. MISS FLORA JONES, South Bend, Indiana.

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

**PROF. NORTH'S** make the DEAF hear. Send stamp for circular. 6 Pleasant Ave., Somerville, Mass.

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

(Continued from page 617.)

"X. Y. Z."—For your second guest-chamber get white enameled furniture, and use blue-and-white draperies as described in "Household Hints" on page 556 of Demorest's for July.—The dotted muslin curtains are good; hang them from brass curtain-poles, let them just reach the floor when hanging straight down, and tie back with white ribbons.—Sash-curtains of dotted muslin hung on brass rods would be pretty in the white, or Colonial, room, under full drapery curtains of blue-and-white *hechina crepe*.—An article on draperies—"The Drapery Era"—in Demorest's for April, 1894, would be helpful to you.

"Miss H."—Write to any large jewelry firm in New York for the iridescent moonstone.

"M. R. L."—The space for the Correspondence Club was filled before your letter was written.—Your own suggestions of a tobacco-colored skirt with blouse-front waist of chamois color, for the wedding traveling-gown, are good. If you have read our recent Fashion Reviews carefully you have perhaps substituted a blouse of tucked and lace-frilled batiste, which is the only change we would suggest.—A toque of fancy burnt-straw trimmed with brown ribbon and black *coq* feathers is the best choice.—The clergyman who performs the ceremony should know when to put on the ring.—Send announcement cards immediately after the wedding to friends not invited to be present.—For the information of new subscribers we give again a form for wedding announcements:

*Mrs. & Mrs. Gordon*  
announce the marriage of their daughter,  
*Janet Fiske Gordon,*

to  
*Dr. James Warren,*  
on Thursday, June the sixth,  
Eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

3516 Fifth Avenue,  
New York.

"OCTOBER."—Have the wedding invitations read, "Alice, to Dr. Edgar Everett Allen."—Let the ceremony be at high noon, and follow it with a wedding breakfast, which can very well take the place of the country noon dinner. Seat your fifty or seventy-five guests at many small tables, with one larger one for the bridal party. The following menu is suitable, but could be varied according to convenience of markets: First course, any fruit in season; then, *bouillon* or any clear soup; lobster *coquilles* or salmon with sauce *Tartare*, and rolls; lamb chops with green peas or chicken croquettes, and scalloped tomatoes; a nice salad and cheese-sticks; conclude with jellies, ices, and coffee.

"Mrs. A. M. H."—Your sample is a light quality of grosgrain, a standard silk that is always worn, though not especially stylish just now. It will make a handsome skirt if cut over by one of our recent gored patterns.—Your little girl of eight years can wear the piqué jackets; they are liked for small girls of even ten.—Postage stamps are accepted in payment for the frames, but it is perfectly safe to send the amount in silver. It can be pasted onto a card.

### A Big Drop in Sugar.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., better known as the Cheapest Supply House on Earth, at 171, 173 and 175 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., are selling 40 lbs. of the very best granulated sugar for \$1, and other groceries at proportionately low prices; they ship their goods to anyone anywhere; they will supply you if anywhere within one thousand miles of Chicago, selling granulated sugar 40 lbs. for \$1, and everything accordingly. Send no money, but cut this notice out and send to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, for full particulars.

**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 Linnen 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.

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**BEST & CO**



90c.



For this short dress of fine Nainsook, gathered at the neck—collar and cuffs trimmed with embroidered ruffle—or with lace—full skirt—deep hem. Sizes 6 mos. to 2 yrs.

By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

This is another of our series of little dresses that the very low price and remarkably good value have made so popular. For

700 other illustrations

of what we are doing all the time for children, see our new catalogue, free for 4 cents postage.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

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

Your Corset Cannot Break

if you wear

Pearl Corset Shields

Broken Corsets made as comfortable as new

Sold everywhere. If your dealer hasn't them, send his name, your corset size and 25 cents for sample pair to EUGENE PEARL, 22 Union Square, New York. Lady Agents Wanted.



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

**YPSILANTI DRESS REFORM UNDERWEAR**

The only Sanitary Underwear. Endorsed by physicians throughout the country. This is a good time to become acquainted with the merits of Ypsilanti—for 1895 you will find

**PRICES DOWN.**

Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear, and How to Wear It." They are free.

**HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI, MICH.**

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

**THE MUDGE PATENT CANNER**

makes canning a pleasure. Lightens labor, retains flavor, preserves form. Gives certain results. Write for circular. JOHN L. GAUMER CO., 1101 Race St., Philadelphia. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Our Book Shelves.**

"THE FACE AND THE MASK," by Robert Barr, is a collection of charming short stories which run through a gamut from pathos to humor; they sparkle with the daintiest wit and quaintest fancy, betraying great versatility of invention. The book is uniform with that delightfully unique story "In the Midst of Alarms," by the same author, and is just the book for the traveling-bag. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"STORIES FOR ALL THE YEAR," by Katherine McDowell Rice, is a volume of fascinating stories for little folk which have appeared from time to time in the children's favorite magazines. It is beautifully illustrated from original drawings by W. St. John Harper, and is a desirable book to take to the country, with which to beguile the children on rainy days. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"A GIRL'S LIFE IN VIRGINIA, BEFORE THE WAR," by Letitia M. Burwell, is a valuable contribution to the rapidly growing list of historical books, which, without aiming at the dignity of history, yet are doing for the young people of this generation a most important service,—preserving graphic pictures by eye-witnesses of life and customs rapidly fading into the distant past, and so different from our own day as to possess all the charm of romance and story. The book is especially commended to that large class of Northern readers who have never known much of the Southern character, and who have often misunderstood it. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"AN ERRANT WOOING," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, which has just finished its course as a serial in "The Century Magazine," is now issued in book form with the addition of many beautiful full-page illustrations. Like all Mrs. Harrison's stories it introduces the reader to a circle of pleasant people in good society, who spend their days in delightful, leisurely travel, here, there, and everywhere in this beautiful world. Of course they take the Mediterranean trip, and are at Tangiers, Granada, and Seville, "in the season"; and equally, of course, a charming thread of romance is woven through the whole. Published by the Century Co., New York.

"THE PHANTOM DEATH," by W. Clark Russell, is another convenient little book for the traveling-bag. It is a volume of short stories that can be picked up or laid down at any moment, yet so filled with adventure and written in so graphic and dramatic a style that the weariest mind must be interested. Mr. Russell evidently knows his Pacific *au fond*; and the scene of his stories being generally laid on shipboard and most vividly portrayed, he really makes his reader feel that he, too, knows it. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"DRESS," by Mrs. Oliphant, is a recent volume in the "Art At Home Series." The subject is treated both historically and critically, and the book contains some amusing illustrations of how not to dress, as well as much good advice upon correct and artistic dressing. Published by Porter and Coates, Philadelphia.

"THE STORY OF PATRIOTS' DAY," by George J. Varney, is a timely and interesting addition to the valuable historical records of the Revolutionary War. In very compact form it gives us the story as told by eye-witnesses of "The Battle of the Minute-Men" which opened the war on April 19, 1775. This day has been declared a legal holiday by the legislature of Massachusetts, under the name of Patriots' Day; and, consequently, great interest has been awakened in every incident and event of the day. The whole story of Paul Revere's famous ride, as told by himself, is quoted in full, and every effort has been made to establish beyond dispute the accuracy of all details. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

"IN THE SADDLE," by Oliver Optic, is the second volume in "The Blue and the Gray,—On Land" series, and the boys who became interested in the characters in "Brother Against Brother" will enjoy following them through the exciting events of the Civil War. Like all Mr. Adams' stories, reality and, in this case, romance are attractively united, while lessons of courage, fidelity, and loyalty are happily inculcated. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.



A FEW OF THE STRONG POINTS OF THE B & H LAMPS

Best Light. Easy Lighting Device. Double Centre Draught.

Our Little Book Free, Telling more about them and our line of Gas and Electric Fixtures, Art Metal Goods, &c.

Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn. New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia.

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

**W.B. CORSETS**

Guarantee a perfect fit and graceful appearance to any variety of figure, and are comfortable and durable.

Made in short, long, extra long and extremely long waists; four, five and six-hook clasps. \$1 to \$5 per pair. Don't take any corset your dealer offers you. Insist on having W. B. Corsets. Sold everywhere.

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Lactated Food Saves Babies' Lives

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.

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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.

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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.

**GEM PHOTOS**

Send picture to copy and get 12 Gem Photos, size 2x3 in. for only 50 cents. Picture returned with Gems. B. M. LAMBKIN & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

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**WALL PAPER.**

Samples free from largest Wall Paper concern in U.S.  
**KAYSER & ALLMAN** 332-334 Market St. Philada., 418 Arch St.

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**INVALIDS.** If you can't find at **SARGENT'S** what you need in all such things as Rolling, Reclining, Carrying and Commode Chairs, Tricycles, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Tables and Invalids' conveniences generally, you may as well give it up. Write, stating just what you want. No charge. Address **Geo. F. Sargent Co., 814 Broadway, New York.**

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

**No**  **So**

**Hook and Eye**

"HANDY AS A PIN."

Five Minutes to Put on a Set. Neat and Firm.

The only Hook and Eye that needs no Sewing. Samples on application.

**THE H. DAVIDSON CO.,**  
Union, City, Ct.

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THE NEW  
"B. W."  
Sleeve

(Price, 50c per pair, post-paid) **Distender**

holds the sleeve to the stylish fullness. Made of fine Braided Wire. It is light, cool, comfortable and very durable. Made in two sizes, large and medium.

THE NEW **W. & W.**  
**Skirt Distender.**  
STYLE AND COMFORT.

Made of fine Braided Wire. Gives the proper fullness to the back of the skirt. Is light and cool, and distributes the weight of the skirt. No crushing of the pleats.

9-inch length, 35 cents.

12-inch length, 50 cents.

By mail, post-paid.



The Health  
Braided  
Wire  
DRESS  
FORMS

are light, cool  
and cleanly.

(Price, 50 Cents, post-paid)

**THE WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO.,**  
1110-1116 Noble Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### Cleanings.

#### A NOVEL ART CLUB.

A SOCIAL and educational club has been formed in upper New York, called the Washington Heights Art Club, the object of which is so practical and beneficial that it might well be imitated in other places. Every member brings a bit of work to the monthly meetings and has the benefit of criticism from artists present. The host of the evening provides a draped model and bric-à-brac for half-hour sketches. The students of several uptown schools are members of the club, and the month's portfolio of sketches is circulated through the art departments of these schools.

#### STRONG SPIDERS.

THE strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in and around Santa Agua, California, is astonishing. One of them had in captivity in a tree in that town, not long ago, a wild canary. The ends of the wings, tail, and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious pulley arrangement. The bird hung head downward and was so securely bound with fine threads that it could not struggle, and would have soon been a prey to its great, ugly captor had not a looker-on rescued it.

#### BUILDING A RAILWAY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE Siberian railway has been opened to Omsk, 2,200 miles from St. Petersburg, and it is possible to go from one place to the other in four and a half days. In building part of the line the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which four thousand were bought for the purpose.

(Continued on page 621.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in



This Elegant  
**'New Rochester'**  
Nickel or Gilt  
Sewing  
Lamp

without glassware  
will be sent ex-  
press paid to  
any address

for **\$120**

Chimney and Shade  
sold everywhere, or we  
can supply you.

We make 70  
other styles of  
the famous  
'New Roch-  
ester,' now  
greatly improved.)

The desideratum for a Summer Lamp; sufficient  
light with one-quarter the heat of larger sizes.  
**Bridgeport Brass Co.** Bridgeport, Conn.  
19 Murray St., N.Y.

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



Going  
TO  
Build  
A  
Home?

If you are, begin right. Get our beautiful book  
of Designs and Plans,

**"ARTISTIC HOMES No. 2"**

Richly illustrated—entirely new. The  
unique book published. 10c. in silver pays for  
**GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects**  
Box 26, Knoxville, Tenn.

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

**THE PEERLESS  
STEAM COOKER**



Cooks a Whole  
Over One Burner

on gasoline, oil, gas or common  
stove. The steam whistle blows  
Cooker needs more water. No  
in the house! No offensive  
Burning, scorching or  
cooking impossible. Vegetables  
always lose much of their flavor

become watery, soggy and indigestible by boiling.  
made dry, light and healthful. Meats and poultry,  
matter how tough, are made tender and palatable. Will  
pay for itself in one season for canning fruit.  
The Housekeeper's Friend; the Agent's Bonanza.  
Agents Wanted, either sex. Exclusive territories.  
Address **PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N.Y.**

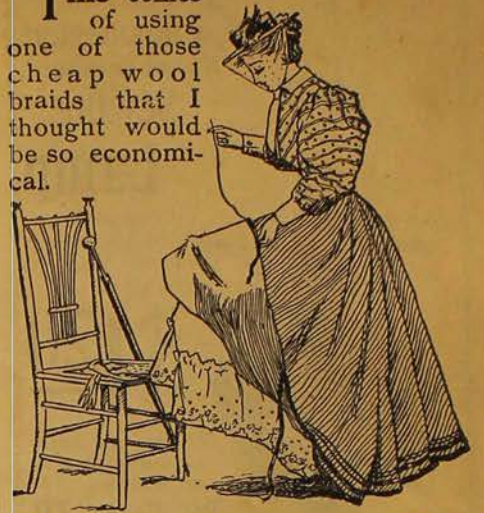
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**A CHAUTAUQUA RECLINING CHAIR FREE**  
WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP  
FOR \$10.00. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

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colors. Every picture may be taken out  
two weeks with the privilege of renewing  
once; no charge is made, and no security  
quired beyond the identification of the pe  
drawing it, with name and address,—me  
the same precautions that would be taken  
public library.  
It is to be hoped that this new idea v  
quickly followed in the church and uni  
settlements everywhere, for its educ  
value cannot be overestimated; and the  
ure and comfort to the sick poor, which  
a bit of pleasantness upon which to rest  
weary eyes could give them, would oft  
more efficacious than medicine.

"THIS comes of using one of those cheap wool braids that I thought would be so economical.



I'll never again have anything but the

**"S. H. & M."** BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS."

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 609, N. Y.

**"S.H.&M." Dress Stays are the Best.**

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

**WOMEN** should know that **TOKOLOGY** is a complete guide in health or disease. The whole family will be benefitted by its teachings.

A purchaser writes: "I feel as though Tokology was saying: 'Make haste, for I have come to save you people much suffering!'" Sample pages free.

Price, \$2.75 **Best terms to agents.** Address ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., - 285 Madison St., Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**FREE Sample Tube** of... **Dr. Tarr's Creme Dentifrice**

Sent upon receipt of 2-cent stamp. It preserves the teeth, prevents decay, perfumes the breath. More economical than powder or liquid. Full size tube at all druggists, 25c. **DR. W. W. TARR** Dept. G, 146 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

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.

Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y. Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**WANT DIRECTORY.**

**WANTED—MALE:** hundred thousand good healthy subjects to ride the KNIGHT CYCLES.

**WANTED—FEMALE:** very young lady in America to send immediately for a catalogue of the Ladies' Knight.

**WANTS IN MACHINERY:** hundreds of handsome and up-to-date Bicycles to be sold to waiting purchasers.

**FOR SALE:** The Invincible red wheels, with all appliances, must be sold before the first signs of spring, or the order can not be filled. All stock now on hand, spoken for.

**LOST AND FOUND:** In 1895 a Bicycle was found by the KNIGHT CYCLE CO., which proved the ideal mount of the year. It is very valuable, and you need one. Send two-cent stamp for catalogue of our KNIGHT ERRANT.

**KNIGHT CYCLE CO., St. Louis, Mo.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**WANT ALL PAPERS**

3c. to \$3 Per Roll.

your choice from an unlimited Variety of Patterns.

Information regarding application of colors, color effect, etc., upon request.

Send 8c. stamps for selection of samples.

**JELSON S. CUBBERLEY,**

10 Columbus Ave., New York City, 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.

# Spice Box.

HE:—"Well, I must be off. Going to the station to meet my wife's eldest sister."  
 SHE:—"But she can find her way to your house."  
 HE:—"She can. But if I meet her in public I sha'n't have to kiss her!"

"If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married," said a wife to her husband.

"I have been suspecting that for some time," he replied, with a chuckle.

WHAT is the only pain of which everyone makes light?—A window-pane.

"OUR engagement is quite a secret, you know," she said, sweetly. "So everybody tells me," he replied, with a smile.

"MAMMA, will you come here, please?" asked the athletic girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the anxious mother.

"I have got my bicycle suit and my bathing suit mixed up, and I can't tell which is which. I don't see why that foolish tailor didn't label them."

THE LADY had implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman. "Madam," he said indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter." "Well," she replied testily, "you needn't get cross about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."

THE PHYSICIAN was surprised to find the head of the household at the door with a shotgun.

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered the doctor.

"That there medicine you give my wife, she says is makin' her feel like a new woman. And I want you to understand that no new woman business goes in this house. Fust thing I know, she'll be out makin' speeches."

"I DON'T like hash," remarked the musical boarder at breakfast. "It is not rhythmical."  
 "Maybe not," replied the landlady, as her eyes emitted a baleful fire, "but you will always find one word to rhyme with it, and that word is cash."

(Continued on page 624.)

## Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

**JOHN JACOBUS RING-ME-UP-TUMBLE-BONE-STRING'S** Love Adventures. New booklet with comic pictures and colored covers, post-paid, 6c. M. C. BURKEL, 479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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.

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## We'll tan your skins

for RUGS or ROBES. Soft, light, moth-proof. Get our tan circular. We make Frisian, Coon and Galloway Coats and Robes. If your dealer don't keep them get catalog from us. Liberal discounts to early purchasers.

The CROSBY FRISLAN FUR CO., Box 7 Rochester, N. Y.

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## WANT MY FINE PERFUME

And other samples handed your friends or neighbors. Pays well. Send 10c for 5 trial bottles Satio-Scent Perfumes, and receive special offer to you. ALBERT D. WOOD, Perfumer, Wood Av., Detroit Mich

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# Spots on the Son

will readily yield to Copco when you are obliged to say: "Just look at yourself! now don't you come into this house until you're clean," temper justice with mercy; hand him a cake of Copco and he will soon be out of quarantine; and notice one thing, please; if he has used

# COPCO

TRADE MARK.

soap, the dirt has not stuck to him and been wiped off on the towel—it has been washed off in the water.

Result: Clean boy, clean towel, prompt dinner.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS.

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## ON HUSTLING.

Hustle in your application for agency, and we'll HUSTLE you our terms. They will compel you to HUSTLE an order to us, and we'll HUSTLE to you the finest wheel you ever saw. You can quickly HUSTLE it out on the street, thereby HUSTLING some easily earned money in your pocket.

**HUSTLERS WANTED BY A HUSTLING BICYCLE CONCERN.**  
 Send two-cent stamp for catalogue.

**KNIGHT CYCLE CO., St. Louis, Mo.**  
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## A NEW ART

Bartholdi's New System Painting, no drawing required. Taught by mail. Ladies, decorate your homes. Any one can learn to paint canvas, china, tapestry, portraits, or sketch from nature rapidly. Inclose 10c. for catalogue and samples.

**BARTHOLDI'S ART SCHOOLS, East Hampton, L. I., and Lakewood, N. J.**

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A necessity for the TOILET in warm weather is **MENNEN'S Borated Talcum**



## TOILET POWDER

Be sure to get "Mennen's."

Endorsed by highest Medical Authorities.

Positively relieves Chafed Skin, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. Delightful after shaving. Makes the skin smooth and healthy and beautifies the complexion. **For Infants and Adults.** At Druggists or by mail, 25 cents. Send for sample (name this magazine). **FREE.**

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

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## WANTED—LADY AGENTS.

Hygeia Corsets are the best sellers. Big profits. Easy work. Catalogue free by sending to **WESTERN CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

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## For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired. Example: 1. Albertine Basque, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure. Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and Number, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Post-Office, \_\_\_\_\_  
 County, \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_

1. Loretto Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 2. Norwood Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 3. Consola Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 4. Kilmerly Jacket, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 5. Lady's Bicycling Skirt, Medium and Large.  
 6. Lady's Bloomers and Leggings, Medium and Large.  
 7. Wingina Waist, 12 and 14 years.  
 8. Lizana Frock, 8 and 10 years.  
 9. Metra Frock, 6 and 8 years.  
 10. Commodore Suit, 4, 6 and 8 years.  
 11. Alvin Suit, 2 and 4 years.  
 12. Princess House-Gown, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 13. Récamier House-Gown, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 14. Sabina Morning-Dress, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 15. Jeunson Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 16. Colebrook Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 17. Guthrie Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 18. Manon Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 19. Henley Blouse, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.  
 20. French Sacque Chemise, Medium and Large for Ladies.  
 21. Lady's Drawers, Medium and Large.  
 22. "Mother Hubbard" Night-Gown, Medium and Large for Ladies.  
 23. Lesbia Waist, 14 and 16 years.  
 24. Cora Waist, 12 and 14 years.  
 25. Myrzalla Blouse, 10, 12 and 14 years.  
 26. Wingate Dress, 8 and 10 years.  
 27. Kennebec Dress, 6 and 8 years.  
 28. Sans Souci Dress, 4 and 6 years.  
 29. Boy's Norfolk Jacket, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.  
 30. Kitt Skirt, 4 and 6 years.

PATTERN ORDER

The patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine are given as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

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

"It's So Nice"



**G=D**

**CHICAGO WAIST**

**\$1.00**

Wear one, and discover what real comfort means. It allows perfect freedom of movement and perfect development of the body. Gives grace to the form and imparts to the entire person a sense of absolute ease. Made of Sateen—white, drab or black, or White Summer Netting, with clasp or button front. Sizes, 18 to 30.

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DURABILITY**

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**Racine Yacht & Boat Works,** RACINE JUNCTION, Wis.  
Send for 64 page Catalog.

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**MUSIC BOX** Latest Metal Cylinders. **CAPITAL** Tunes unlimited. See! Hear it!  
**MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE**  
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

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**DIXON'S**  
American Graphite  
PENCILS.

Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.  
**JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from page 623.)

**EFFIE:**—"Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me."  
**UNCLE ARTHUR:**—"Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday."  
"Well, we can let the bishop win."

AN Englishman recently had his life saved by a \$500 wad of greenbacks, which warded off a bullet aimed at him. With such simple means of precaution as this at our very elbow, everybody should be prepared for an emergency.

"WHY?" asked the philosopher,—"why is it that a man,—the noblest created object,—why is it that a man should have such doubts of his ability to win a woman's affection, when he considers the success in that line of a popeyed, pudding-shaped, pretzel-tailed pug dog?" But the assembled listeners answered him not.

"WHAT did you learn at Sunday-school, Harry?" said his mother, after his first visit to that institution.

"Nothing."  
"What did the teacher talk about?"  
"Only that they put dandelions in the lion's den, and he wouldn't eat them."

**TOMMY:**—"Pop, what's the difference between a *bon mot* and a joke?"

**TOMMY'S POP:**—"A *bon mot* is something you tell a friend, and a joke is something a friend tells you."

"I WOULD not be so downhearted," said the sympathetic lady. "You do not know what good fortune the world may have in store for you."

"What is the use," moaned Mr. Dismal Dawson, "of the world havin' anythin' in store fer me, when it is a dead sure thing I can't git no credit at the store."

HE had stolen a kiss, and she scolded him very properly.

"You'll forgive me, won't you?" he asked.  
"Will you promise never to do it again?"  
"No."  
"Then I forgive you."

HER eyes flashed. "I would do anything for a great name!" she exclaimed.

He glanced uneasily in the direction of the door. "Madam," he faltered, "I must venture to inquire if you have matrimony in view or are you an autograph fiend?"

He was plainly upon the verge of hysterics, in spite of his effort to be calm.

(Continued on page 625.)

**LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?**

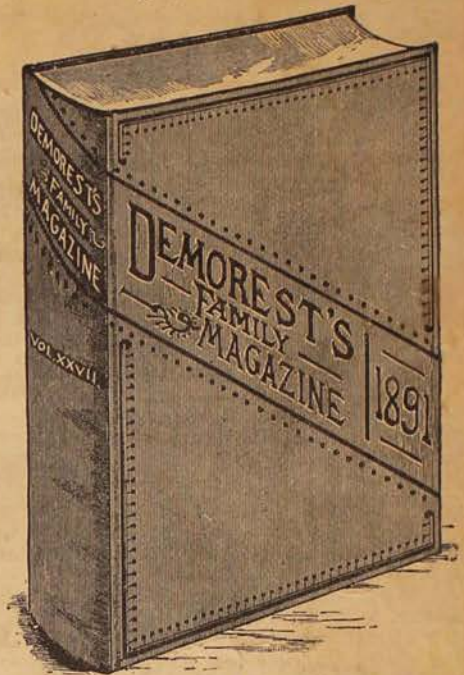
**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**

When you can get the BEST at Cargo prices in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of Premiums given to Club Agents. **Good Income** made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. 1/4-lb. sample Tea sent on receipt of this advertisement and 15c in stamps. "D."

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
P. O. Box 289. 81 and 83 Vesey St., N. Y.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**BINDING OF VOLUMES.**

CASES of Peacock green, embossed in Gold, Red, and Black, Twenty-five cents, or by mail, Forty cents. Volumes bound for One Dollar; or with Gilt Edges, One Dollar and Fifty cents.



The postage to New York and return will be Forty-eight cents each, added to the above, when forwarded by Binding by Mail. Place in two packages, unsealed and securely tied, with your name and address outside for identification.

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110 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

Subscribers ordering a change in the direction of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE must give the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the fifth of any month, and any order reaching us after that date the change will be made for the month following.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY COMMENCE AT ANY TIME. We receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for back numbers, while others wish them for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

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If sent, with two cents for return postage,  
Before September 15th, 1895.

Address: **DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO.,**  
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Send your Correct Address in full.  
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Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after September 15th, 1895.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE]

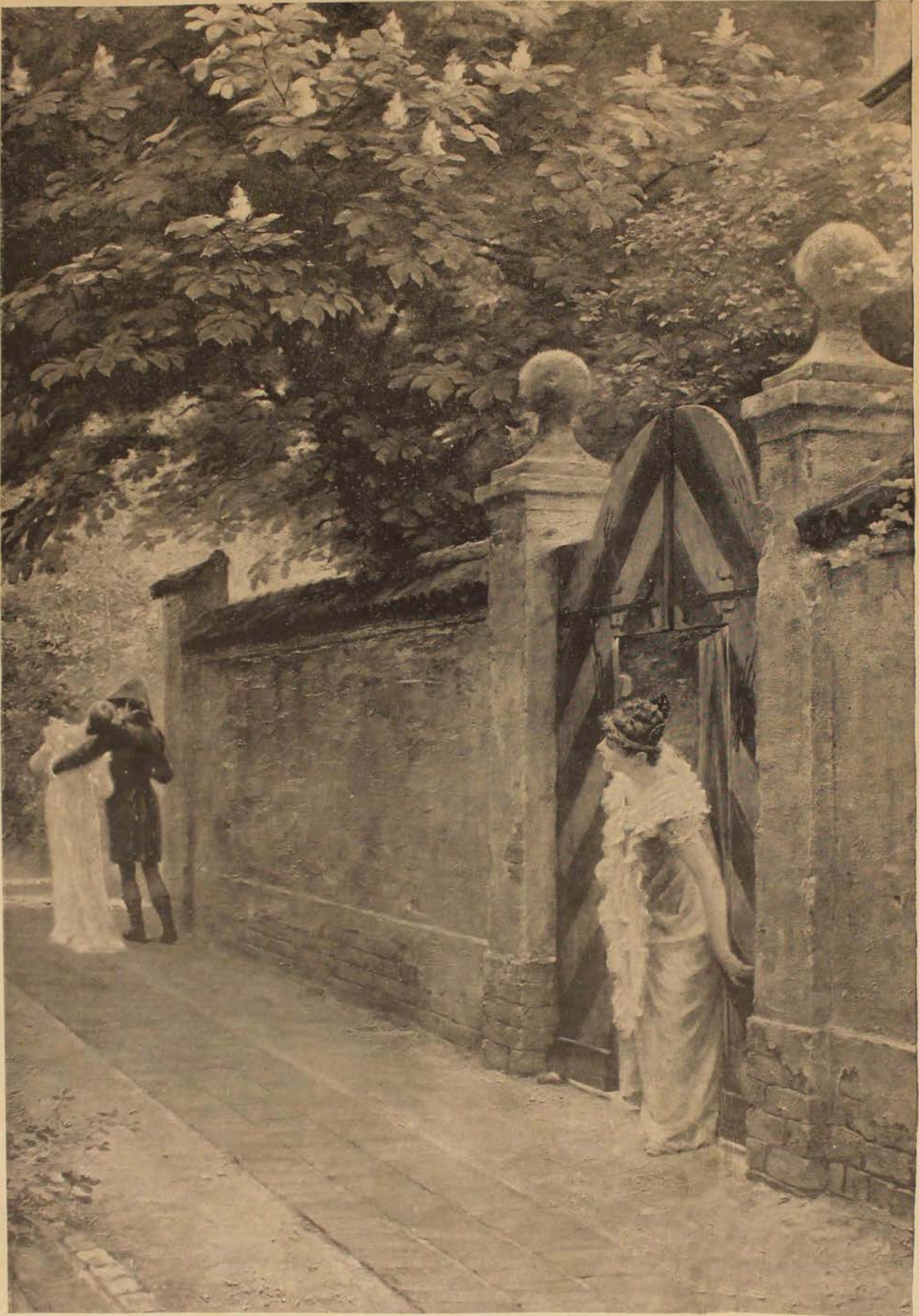




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(See "The Races for the America's Cup," Page 624.)

## ON A SUMMER SEA.



(For Page of Description, see "Contents.")

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.