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FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF THE SOUTH.

THE "New South" is a land of startling paradoxes, of most egregious contradictions. Differing climatically, topographically, organically, in no degree from the South of *ante-bellum* days, when a languorous enchantment, a restful opulence, pervaded all the land, and men dwelt in a Utopia of plenty, peace, and fealty to old traditions, it is yet, this South of ours, essentially transformed.

The rush and progress of a modern civilization have laid their untender clutches upon this fair, dreaming land of sunshine, and ruthlessly awakened it to its commercial duty, to the rich possibilities, the boundless opportunities, that lie within its grasp, and it has shaken its sloth from it as a garment, and girded up its loins and gone into the fray with a zest the greater for long husbanding.

This new condition of affairs, the result of a natural evolution, is a welcome one. Yet there are those, inbred with centuries of conservatism, who fain would stretch forth a detaining hand, who cry, "Old things are best, old memories hallowed: the new era is iconoclastic. Surely sentiment and beauty and faith count as highly in the sum total of human weal as temporal gain. Must all the poetry of our fair, brave land be wrested from her?"

Who can foresee? And yet the crowning characteristic of the old *régime* remains immutable. It is that innate chivalry, that gentleness and reverence toward all woman-kind, which stamps the Southern man and confers within itself a sacred knighthood. Chivalric regard for woman is an inevitable equipment of the true Southern man, of whatever condition in life. It is an ethical attribute, unaffected by extraneous circumstances. It is the Southern woman herself who has engendered it.

As long as the Southern woman is the creature she is, the men will be chivalrous. As long as men are chivalrous, the Southern woman will be what she is,—lovely of person, gracious of manner, noble of purpose. May not even physical beauty, especially feminine physical beauty, be encouraged by congenial mental environments? Isn't a fair girl the fairer for the flush on her cheek and the light in her eyes born of a consciousness of power to please? The coquetry, the pretty, slow trick of speech, the picturesque taste in personal adorning, the thousand subtle witcheries of which the Southern woman is capable, have been fostered by gallantry which approves and encourages. Heredity, too, has brought her, through ancestors of high degree, the

pretty imperiousness of mien, the proud self-security, that underlies every varying mood, since *noblesse oblige*. Another birthright is the light-hearted, *débonnaire* temperament, an element of beauty transmitted from remote parents of culture and luxury, who had no mind to bequeath to posterity a heritage of demoralized nerves and hard visages that come of the sordid clamor and strife of a later civilization.

Again she is beautiful, this typical daughter of the South, because she breathes the beauty about her,—the balm of the atmosphere, the radiance of the skies, the fragrant secret of many roses.

"The beauty born of murmuring sound
Has passed into her face,"



MRS. SALLIE WARD DOWNS.

and all the pleasant things she lives amongst have merged their influence into her own fair personality.

It is the co-operation of these various forces that has produced the exquisite type of Southern womanhood of which Miss Adele Horwitz is an exponent. Miss Horwitz is an emanation of Baltimore, that city renowned for lovely women. She is the only daughter of a distinguished lawyer, and granddaughter of the late Dr. Gross of Philadelphia, the most eminent American surgeon of his day. At every fashionable resort Miss Horwitz has been a power. The women marvel at her bewildering toilets, and the men succumb in legions.

There is a radiance, an effulgence, a certain magnetic quality in her beauty, that fascinates, and makes other



MISS ADELE HORWITZ.

women, even as critically fair, flavorless by contrast. She has fathomless brown eyes, hair the russet brown of autumn leaves when the sunlight falls, a daintily nostriled Greek nose, and a well-developed mouth and chin that bespeak force and intellectuality. She is tall and sinuous, with an alertness of physique and a certain *chic* and *diablerie*—there are no English synonyms—which make her an incomparably charming woman.

The beauty of the women of Kentucky, which is a proverb, a foregone conclusion, was never more notably typified than in the case of Mrs. Sallie Ward Downs, the greatest toast and belle, perhaps, the charmed section ever produced. Her career has been a series of gay triumphs since she made her first fluttering courtesy to society as the lovely Sallie Ward of Louisville, in crinoline and furbelows, before the war began. Her history is as checkered and eventful as that of a nation. She is rich in all worldly experience and in those subtle qualities which constitute the most potent fascination.

Her marriage, while still in her early



MRS T. G. GAYLORD.

teens, to Mr. Bigelow Lawrence, of Boston, a man of the utmost culture, wealth, and prestige, was made "void in law" in course of time, the beautiful young wife's post-marital adherence to the pomps and vanities of life occasioning the "rift within the lute." Her second matrimonial venture was with Mr. Hunt, a brilliant Louisville lawyer, who was gathered to his fathers within six months of his wedding day. His lovely widow in due season gave him a successor in Mr. Venie P. Armstrong, also a prominent Louisvillian. Divorce made prompt work of this alliance. For the fourth time she suffered herself to be led to the



MISS LOULIE LYONS.



MRS. DELOS MELLEN.

altar, Mr. G. F. Downs, a man of enormous wealth, becoming her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Downs, the latter of whom is as brilliant a factor in the gay world as in the first heyday of her youth, live in the greatest luxury at the Galt House, Louisville, and dispense lavish hos-

pitality. Like Ninon de L'Enclos, Mrs. Downs has made a truce with time, and retained the graces of her youth.

Truly,

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety,"

and Mrs. Sallie Ward Downs will go down to posterity as one of the most notable women of her day.

In Mrs. T. G. Gaylord, Louisville supplies another famous beauty. As lovely Alice Brannin she "spread her conquest far," nor is her dominion less assured now that she is a demure young matron, the wife of a wealthy man much her senior. She is one of those rare women with an influence and a fascination that defies limitation or analysis. One need not reason, he only *feels* that Mrs. Gaylord is one of the most charming of her sex. Tender lights and shadows play upon her daintily molded features as she talks: she

is a brilliant conversationalist, and throws a thousand gracious meanings into the mobile face and soft hazel eyes. Her hair is ripply and pale brown, and her complexion is infantile in tint and texture.

Mrs. Gaylord is a thorough "society woman," as the stock phrase goes, and principally so because society appropriates her, leaving her no choice. She has a lovely, sympathetic voice, plays delightfully, and is thoroughly versatile and clever.

Certainly "a child of nature's rarest making" is Miss Loulie Lyons, of Virginia. She is a masterpiece in minia-



MRS. "WILLIE" ALLEN.

ture, an incarnation of youth and health and gladness and most exquisite beauty. Her two grandfathers, Hon. James Lyons and William Deane, were among the most distinguished Virginians of their day. Her father was an eminent medical practitioner, and her mother a brilliant war-time belle.

With two older sisters, scarcely less fair to see than her own seductive self, Miss Loulie Lyons makes a captivating triangle of beauty at the picturesque Ashland home. She is a coquette, from the rose in her hair to the buckle on her tiny slipper. She is tactful and witty and sympathetic, with soft, caressing cadences in her voice, and ways that enchant. Her hair is the color of ripe wheat, and her eyes are the blue of harvest skies. Her features are absolutely perfect in proportion and contour. She might well be labelled "Flawless." Miss Lyons creates a *fureur* wherever she goes, and is frequently quoted as one of the most notable of American beauties.

New Orleans, that city of lovely daughters, finds noblest representation, perhaps, in Mrs. Delos Mellen, who is conceded to be phenomenally fair, and who is the center of a brilliant and cultured social circle. Mrs. Mellen, until two years ago Corinne Costillanos, is a creole, as her name would indicate, laying double claim to that picturesque distinction, since her mother is of French and her father of Spanish descent. Disregarding the congenital obligation which



MISS LOUISE BRAUGHN.



MISS SAIDEE GLADYS WILLIAMS.

would impose upon her an Andalusian duskiness of eye and skin, Mrs. Mellen, with the whimsicality of nature,—or of woman,—is radiantly blonde. Her features are as clear-cut as those of a Greek medallion, and fair and delicate.



MISS MARY PEARCE PHELPS.

Besides the beauty which has won her such renown, Mrs. Mellen has attainments which in themselves would bring, unaided, a lavish quota of social power. She is brilliantly intellectual, paints with an inspired brush, and has the sweetest *mezzo-soprano* voice in New Orleans.

Another prominent New Orleans beauty, like Mrs. Mellen crowned with a wealth of golden hair and with Anglo-Saxon coloring, is Miss Louise Braughn, daughter of the late Judge Braughn, one of the first criminal lawyers of Louisiana. Miss Braughn's stately, striking beauty was paid a deserved tribute when she was crowned queen at one of the world-famed *Mardi-gras* carnivals of New Orleans.

A social record of almost unparalleled brilliancy has been achieved by Mrs. "Willie" Allen, whose name has become almost a synonym for beauty and fascination. The charm of her personality has been felt from Bar Harbor to New Orleans, from Richmond to the Pacific Coast. She has been



MISS MAY HANDY.

fêted and admired and extolled until only her own wholesome common sense has stood between her and total demoralization.

The secret of her charm—what is it? Does it lie simply in the rich brunette beauty, tender or sparkling as the mood dictates? in the gracious curves of her lithe young body? her infectious gayety, or the wit that arouses and stimulates like a magnetic current? Is it a combination of these forces, or a subtle, indefinable quality about her,—a *je ne sais quoi* that baffles classification, and is the portion of one woman in ten thousand?

Mrs. Allen was born Minnie Anderson, daughter of General Robert Houston Anderson, of Savannah, a prominent army officer and a scion of the oldest family in Georgia. When only sixteen, lovely Minnie Anderson was married to Mr. William Allen, an aristocratic and wealthy young Virginian, proprietor of the magnificent ancestral estate of "Claremont," on the James River, just below Richmond. Her



MRS. WM. F. DRAPER.

married life has been one continuous series of triumphs and pleasures. Adulation has been to her as the breath of her nostrils, and her fame will go down in tradition as a belle and a beauty unsurpassed in her era.

The woman usually conceded to be the handsomest in all Tennessee—that section so favorable to feminine beauty—is Miss Saidee Gladys

Williams, of Nashville. Her renown has gone abroad throughout all the land, and her very presence insures a flutter of excitement wherever she may be. She is tall and regal looking, with superb dark eyes and a creamy richness of complexion. Her manners are typically Southern—sympathetic, cordial, buoyant. Mrs. Astor has declared her to be the most beautiful woman she ever beheld.

A vested right of beauty seems the portion of the Richmond girl as a genus. Yet she who individually bears the palm, and who wears her bellehood's honors as a crown, is Miss May Handy. With the rare exceptions of Mrs. Philip Haxall, Mrs. Albert Ritchie (*née* Cabell), and Mrs. Willie Allen, no Virginia woman ever enjoyed so glorious and far-reaching a social supremacy. In manner she is still and statuesque. The style is suited to her proud, patrician bearing and the clear-cut regularity of her features. She is

tall and finely formed, and an English blonde in coloring. Miss Handy, step-daughter of the late Judge Ould, of Richmond, is entirely an orphan, and, with a pretty young half-sister, sways the scepter over her handsome establishment in fashionable Franklin Street.

Miss Mary Pearce Phelps is the daughter of Dr. Alonzo J.



MISS LOUISE MAGUIRE.

Phelps, a wealthy cotton-planter of Mississippi, who was Assistant Surgeon-General on Gen. Grant's staff, and afterwards Medical Director of the Army of the Cumberland. Her mother, formerly Miss Vick, is a granddaughter of Major Burwell Vick, an influential capitalist, in compliment to whom Vicksburg, Mississippi, is named.

Miss Phelps has the rich and haughty beauty of a young duchess, and a figure that is regally imposing. Her wealth, attractions, and prestige have been an "open sesame" to her everywhere, from the White House to the uttermost parts of the country, and her blonde beauty is universally extolled. Her home is at "Nitta Yuma," the quaint Indian name for their fine old Mississippi plantation.

Miss Mary Maben Cullen is the pretty daughter of Dr. J. S. Dorsey Cullen, of Richmond, Virginia, one of the most eminent physicians of the South. He was Assistant Surgeon-General on Gen. Lee's staff.

Notable among the handsome women of the South, yet who claims the South no longer for her home, is Mrs. Wm. F. Draper, now the wife of a prominent Massachusetts man worth several millions,—formerly Miss Sunie Preston, of Lexington, Kentucky,—a scion of perhaps the proudest and the noblest families in the State. Her late father, Gen. William Preston, former Minister to Spain, scholar, soldier, orator, and otherwise distinguished in the history of Ken-



MRS. PHILIP HAXALL.



MISS MARY MABEN CULLEN.



MISS MARTHA BURWELL DABNEY BAGLEY.

tucky, was one of the most prominent men of his generation. His daughter has inherited his versatility and scope of intellect, his fine physique and noble bearing. She is a magnificent-looking woman.

The statement might be made, and yet not be voted hyperbolic, that Helen of Troy scarcely enjoyed among the ancients a more assured repute for beauty than did lovely Mary Triplett amidst her own people of the South. Almost since her pinafore days her beauty has been accepted, by those who knew her, as a standard, a perfect type, and her name has been almost a synonym for physical feminine perfection.

The South's own idol, Gen. Robert E. Lee, declared her the loveliest creature he had ever seen, when he first met her as a child in Richmond, during the war. Though for many years a matron, the wife of Mr. Philip Haxall, of Virginia, there has been no abatement in the charm that won her her first renown. Her record for conquest has been unsurpassed by any woman in the land. Men

have battled for her favor and have died because she was so fatally fair. She is infinitely good to look upon. Her hair is of the veriest gold that Nature ever spun. Her coloring is like a flower, and the contour of her face is as pure and æsthetically correct as that of a sculptured goddess. Verily she is "La Belle Americaine" that the Parisians dubbed her.

Miss Louise Maguire is a glorious type of "blue grass" beauty, a "lily maid," as fair as ever Elaine was pictured. She is slender, tall, and radiantly blonde. Her eyes are strictly violet-tinted, set with the darkest lashes. Her hair is the yellow of ripe wheat. The outlines of her face are a model for an artist. She is considered among the most beautiful women of Kentucky.

Miss Martha Burwell Dabney Bagley, of Virginia, is deliciously patrician, from the crown of her proud head to the tip of her dainty toe. She boasts an illustrious line of ancestors, of which she is no unworthy scion, and is a fascinating, piquante little thoroughbred, all the way



MISS CORA TOWNSEND.



MISS IMOGEN MORRIS.

den, unexpected flash. She has created an unqualified *fureur* in the social world, from one end of the Union to the other.

Miss Imogen Morris is a Virginia beauty of widespread renown. She is a thoroughbred, from the crown of her proud little head to the sole of her shapely foot, a fitting type of the Old Dominion's vaunted aristocracy. Her noble ancestry is revealed in the stately patrician bearing that sits so prettily upon one of her youth and gay buoyancy of nature, in the sweet intelligence of her wide gray eyes, the delicate chiseling of nostril, lip, and contour of face. She is a lissome, slender thing, with a soft neutrality of coloring, all tender harmony that never jars, and a sweet courtesy of manner. She has been a royal belle since her first "coming out," a year or two ago.



MRS. JAMES E. PEPPER.

through. Her late father was Dr. George Bagley, the foremost humorist of the South, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Mozziz Addums," convulsed the whole country with the wit and drollery of his writings. His daughter is a notable belle.

Again Dixie adds a laurel to her crown when she stands sponsor for such a noble specimen of young womanhood as Miss Cora Townsend, who shines a brilliant luminary among

the innumerable radiant dames and damsels that shed such luster upon New Orleans. Miss Townsend has a face that is eloquence conveyed in soft flesh-tints and the most sculpturesquely correct features. An underlying intensity of expression gives her rare countenance at times a certain force, half tragic, that can turn into a *riante* coquetry in a sud-



MISS CURRY DUKE.

Mrs. James E. Pepper embodies almost all one's preconceived ideas of the typical "blue grass" woman,—beautiful, wealthy, *chic*, and Juno-esque in stature and in the sumptuous outlines of her physique. She is Titian-tinted, with sunbrown hair, languorous brown eyes, and superb complexion. Her carriage and presence are imperially handsome.

Miss Curry Duke is the daughter of Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Confederate fame. She is a great toast and beauty, and a noted violinist, a pupil of Joachim in Berlin.

It is an old, old story, this legend of fair women, and one as endless as the pedigree which is dearer than her beauty to the typical daughter of the South. And yet with every recurring version there comes a new and individual interest.

Beauty is divine, eternal; and the love of beauty in any form implanted in God's universe is but the human heart's meet tribute to the Giver of this and all other noble gifts.

DAISY FITZHUGH.

A Girl's Analysis of a Flirt.

SITTING on the verandah of one of the large hotels at an autumn resort, I idly watched the different groups before me, and wondered if those young people, so gay and bright they seemed, ever had a care or thought beyond enjoyment and flirtation. As I watched them, one pretty girl, attended by a young man, strolled toward me.

"Let us find a comfortable corner and talk sensibly," said the girl. "I am tired of so much chatter and nonsense."

I must here confess that I am an English bachelor, very shy, and very critical of American girls. "Good Heavens!" I thought, as they stopped before me, "I hope they will not try to talk 'sensibly' too near me. I shall go if they do: I can't stand their senseless chatter."

The girl looked at me with a rather haughty, questioning air, as if she wanted to know by what right I had taken a seat in one of the cosiest, most secluded, corners on that large piazza.

"Go bring some chairs, Niel," she commanded. Her willing slave hastened to do her bidding, while she, turning her back upon me, apparently ceased to notice my presence.

"Niel, when we are married I hope you will never condescend to flirt," she said, gracefully seating herself in the low wicker chair which he had brought, her childlike face upturned to his, her large brown eyes full of contempt at the mere thought of a flirt.

"Oh," thought I, "engaged, are they! They do not seem to mind my presence in the least. I shall not move."

Niel, bending over her for an instant, smilingly said, "No danger, darling; but what *is* a 'flirt'?"

"'A flirt'?"—pausing a moment, apparently in deep thought,—"I don't know. Go and get your chair, and we will think it out."

The lover was soon seated near her. "Now, Jack, your theory on flirtation and flirts in general," he said.

"'Jack'! odd idea to call a girl 'Jack,'" thought I, "but one must cease to wonder in America. I would like to hear her ideas if she has any, but must, I suppose, remind them that they have a listener." Closing my book with some force and coughing loudly, I threw myself back in my chair, and pulling my hat over my eyes made somewhat noisy preparations for listening.

I saw the little golden head turn quickly, then, with a jerk of her chair, which more effectually gave me to understand that she ignored my presence, the wise little oracle began:

"Are you listening to me, Niel, or to those silly girls there?"

"To you, dear, of course," Niel meekly answered, turning his eyes from the merry group which they had left; "but you were not saying anything just then, you know."

"Well, but I am going to tell you what a 'flirt' is."

"Oh yes: what is a 'flirt'?"

"I have never thought of it until now," she said musingly. "You have called me 'a flirt,' Niel: never do it again.—But you did not know what you were saying, so I forgive you."

"Thanks," he answered dryly. "No, I did not know: tell me."

"Of course flirts are attractive," she began.

"Why?" interposed Niel, with rather a mischievous expression in his eyes.

"I suppose because they are usually eloquent, although their thoughts are almost always shallow." The little woman seemed to be thinking aloud, while Niel valiantly kept his eyes away from the group which had proved so attractive to him before.

She continued: "They are men or women who strive to win the love of the opposite sex, not because they value it for itself, but because when obtained it helps to feed the fires of their vanity: when gained it loses its charm, and the chase begins elsewhere."

"Ye shades of Solomon! where will the wisdom of these fragile, doll-like American girls end?" I meditated. "She can't be more than nineteen, at most, she thinks her thoughts aloud, talks like a book, and still keeps this poor boy at her feet."

"This proves them inconstant and insincere," she continued. "In order to gain the love and admiration they are in search of, they generally feign to love the one with whom they are flirting. Any man or woman who is attractive in appearance can flirt, so long as he is eloquent, self-confident, selfish, and heartless."

"Well, Jack, you are rather severe, aren't you, on poor Kitty Starr and myself?"

"Kitty Starr and yourself?" she inquired, with a charming air of innocent amazement. "Niel! Oh, of course, 'a guilty conscience,' you know. Then you *have* been flirting with Kitty. Confess! I saw she was flirting with you, but you were only being fooled, that was all, dear," she hastily said, seeing an expression of annoyance on his face. "She is a real 'flirt.' Do not allow yourself to be so easily taken in again."

With a motherly, patronizing air she lightly passed her hand over his hair as he stooped to raise her fan, which had fallen from his hand. This little act seemed to propitiate Niel, who laughed good-naturedly as he rose.

"Tell me how to be a 'flirt,' Jack, so that I may meet Kitty with her own weapons."

"Oh, if you want to be a 'flirt,' and it is not in your nature, you can easily acquire the art," she answered. "First, always think well of yourself, never appear shy or self-conscious. Do not be afraid to talk or ventilate your opinions: if you have no original ideas, you can borrow a few (as many as you can remember) from other persons or from books. Above all, learn the art of flattery: nothing suits a flirt better than giving and accepting flattery. It seldom goes amiss."

"Well done! Jack," he said, rising. "See! I have got it all down in short-hand. I'll study it over to-night before the dance, and you will see that I have profited by your instructions."

It was evident that this alarmed the young lady exceedingly.

"Give me the paper, Niel, I did not mean it," she cried.

"Alas ! for my little Minerva," I mused. "She has the weakness of all her sex : she is jealous where she loves. She could rule this strong, handsome boy, throughout his life ; but this failing loosens her hold on him. Although unconsciously, perhaps, recognizing her superiority, he may in time crush the joy from her life, by making use of the power he has found of wounding her."

Here a lovers' quarrel appeared imminent. Jack was flushed, angry, and almost in tears, while Niel, sullen and somewhat contemptuous in his manner, obstinately refused to give up the little scrap of paper on which he had written Jack's advice.

I hastened away reluctantly, almost longing to point out to them their error.

In the evening I went to the dance, solely, be it known, to see Jack and Niel : but she was not there. Poor Jack ! was she disconsolately weeping somewhere, over perhaps her first quarrel with her lover ? I wished that she could have taken my place and watched Niel, for he began his

evening gaily, spending much of his time with a tall, stylish young lady, whom, upon inquiry, I found to be Miss Starr. He certainly seemed to have already profited by Jack's instructions, and to have acquired the art of flirtation with wonderful rapidity ; but as the evening wore on he took his station by the door, an anxious expression on his handsome face, while he eagerly watched the arrivals.

Midnight came, but no golden-haired, brown-eyed little Minerva came to make Niel happy, and before long he left the rooms. Ah, Jack, if you only knew your power and where you fail !

On the following morning I left the hotel, but had the satisfaction of seeing Niel join Jack and her mother at their breakfast-table.

The lovers had evidently met before breakfast : their happy faces told that the storm was over for the time, and Niel did not even glance at Kitty Starr as she slowly sauntered past them on her way to her table.

L. DANTON.

THE ROMANCES OF PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES.

I.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT DISCOVERIES THAT LED TO THE FINDING OF AMERICA.

NO more romantic story is told of the discovery of any country than the one related of "that most rare and pleasant land of Madaria."

Long believed to be a fable, late investigations have furnished indubitable proof that, though variations exist, the story, in the main, is not a fiction, and has been discredited more on account of the romantic character of the incidents than from any lack of confirmatory evidence of its truth.

It appears that about a century and a half before the discovery of America, during the reign of the doughty Edward III. of England, there lived in the city of Bristol, in that country, "a certain merchant venturer," named D'Arfit, a ship owner, who occasionally employed, as commander of one of his vessels, a handsome young fellow whose name was Robert Machin. Intended for commercial ventures, these vessels by no means neglected a military armament, and were prepared and equipped for attack as well as defense ; for in those stirring days every vessel afloat was more or less a pirate, and neglected no opportunity to prey on weaker craft, without inquiring too particularly into the character or nationality of the victims.

Resolution and courage, combined with circumspection and prudence, were demanded in a commander under such conditions, and D'Arfit was rejoiced to have at his service, in the person of Machin, so rare a combination of natural endowments. Had he anticipated the use to which these valuable qualities would be put, it is not likely he would have congratulated himself. Returning from his adventurous expeditions amid the great trading ports of the Mediterranean, where he sought booty and profit for his employer, Machin's necessary presence and protracted visits to a certain cosy little parlor, used as a business office by the ship owner, were made the occasion of wooing and winning fair Anna D'Arfit, the only child of the merchant. As in the case of the Moor of Venice, she loved him for the dangers he "had passed," and he "loved her that she did pity them."

As the affairs of state would call her father, who was a city dignitary, away from home, Anna D'Arfit found opportunity to meet her lover. The line, however, that separated the caste of the prosperous merchant, known and welcomed at the court of Edward, and that to which Machin belonged, was too rigidly drawn to hope D'Arfit would step across it to meet an obscure ship-captain. The love of the sailor lad and the merchant's daughter was too true to escape verifying the proverb or to run smoothly. Many stolen interviews at last led to detection, and the merchant was furious. His daughter's hand, he said, had been pledged to a noble lord, and he must have a care lest she disgrace his station by alliance with one of his vile Jack-tars. This nobleman, we are told, was not only as old again as his purposed wife, and deformed and ugly in temper, but his manners and habits could not be otherwise than distasteful to her.

Both father and daughter stood firm in their determination : the first to force his daughter into a marriage utterly repugnant to every instinct of delicacy and womanly feeling she possessed, and the latter to wed no other than her own true lover, whatever might betide. The father, using his influence at court, succeeded in procuring from the king his warrant and decree banishing Robert Machin from the realm of Britain and the jurisdiction of its courts, as is attested by the parliamentary rolls as late as the 7th and 8th of Henry IV., when, in ignorance of the fate of the lovers, the entry was made and can be seen to this day, "Machin banished, time extended."

Banished, however, and by the royal warrant, Machin, by the aid of friends, found means to elude the authorities and secreted himself in England. Determined at all hazards to secure his sweetheart and make her his wife, he induced one of his companions to enter D'Arfit's house in the character of a domestic and to act as a go-between, thus establishing communication between Anna and himself. All things being ripe for the execution of his carefully laid plans, on a certain evening toward the close of September, in the year of our Lord thirteen hundred and thirty-four, his gallant craft lying off Shirehampton, Machin made ready with priest and book to receive an expected visit from his lady-love.

Little suspecting he should never see his daughter again,



1. Curious ship of the 14th century, showing castle in the bow, from which comes our name for that part of a vessel, "forecastle": and also showing how the stern was opened to receive freight and passengers. 2. Machico. 3. Costumes of the 14th century. 4. Sailors of that period.

D'Arfit willingly gave her leave to exercise on her palfrey, accompanied by a faithful serving-man, who, of course, was no other than the disguised friend of her lover. Thus having stolen away from her father's house, with a heart

prepared for any fate but that of the hateful alliance to which her father urged her, she willingly became Machin's wife, and embarked with him to share his banishment and console him for the loss of his country and his friends.

Once at sea they began to realize that they had chosen an unfortunate season for a voyage. They were scarcely well away from the land before the wind and sea rose together, and they were struck by one of those equinoctial gales so dreaded by the crews of the clumsy rattle-traps of vessels of that day and generation. It is not at all likely they had the aid of a compass, for compasses were little known, and less used, in the fourteenth century. Driven and drifting, a mere wreck at the mercy of the gale, away from the course usually taken by vessels, constantly surrounded by driving spray and impenetrable fog, into unknown waters, they came, at last, on the fourteenth day, to the end of the storm and in sight of land at one and the same time,—not the coasts of France or Spain, to which they purposed to make their way, but a new land, a land of forests and mountains.

The sailors who visited the shore brought back encouraging reports, and Anna, much in need of rest, little prepared as she had been by her life in a luxurious mansion to encounter such rough experiences, was borne by her husband from the wretched cabin of the vessel to her island home. At first the delightful climate of that favored land seemed to revive her, and she gathered a factitious and temporary strength. They had feared the island might prove to be a country filled with brutal savages, or the haunt of more brutal pirates; but they found it unpeopled. Theirs seemed to have been the first footprints impressed on its soil, theirs the first human voices that waked the astonished echoes accustomed to repeat only the song of birds or the inarticulate clamor of the winds and waves.

As they walked delighted amid flowering plants and orange groves that offered their golden fruit “temptingly to the hand,” amid vines whose purple grapes were “none the less full and sweet from never having known the pruner’s knife,” the lovers believed they had found the long-lost Fortunate Islands, renowned in song and story. Here the wild olive, the guava, and the banana united in producing their luscious fruits, and there melons trailing their vines on every side deposited their swelling globes on the earth enameled with the greenest of mosses and the brightest of wild-flowers. Trees of gigantic proportions, amid which were laurels and evergreens, bent over crystal streams that, falling from rock to rock down the mountain side, haunted the woodlands with their pallid sheets of spray. No venomous reptile or beast symbolized the guile and violence of evil in that peaceful place, but flocks of white-fleeced sheep, and the mingled music of birds, and the perfume of blossoms made it an earthly paradise, in which it seemed to the lovers it would be happiness to roam forever.

Alas! how soon would they tire of their Eden and seek refuge from it in death. They climbed a pleasant hill, the summit of which was crowned by a large and magnificent tree affording refreshing shelter from the heat of the day. The spot was so agreeable that, as the quaint old chronicle goes on to say, “they adventured there to sojourn after that they had so much endured of terror and weariness in their journeyings. Of the limbs of that great tree they did make them bowers wherein they lay through the night season, while all the day they wandered much and much sought out what manner of place was that whereunto they had come.”

These wanderings, it may be surmised, were not participated in by the poor little English bride, who so greatly needed repose and quiet. The sailors began now to busy themselves repairing and refitting their broken and dismantled vessel, and Anna looked forward with hope and joy to again setting foot in a civilized country; for she had set her heart upon a reconciliation with her father. Some of the seamen were employed in gathering the necessary supplies on shore, and others in storing them on board, and in using the materials brought them, in mending the ship.

At last all was prepared. Machin, who had remained on shore to care for his wife, was to take her, accompanied by that part of the crew who were with him, to the vessel, and again embark for France. The next day would see them weigh anchor and start with favoring winds for their destination. For several days the wind had blown a pleasant and steady breeze from the west; but in Madeira it is the west, and not the east, wind, that brings storm and rain. That very night the wind increased to a gale, the rain poured in torrents: the frail shelters erected by those on shore were prostrated, and they were exposed unsheltered to the fury of the elements. Seldom do violent storms occur on these favored coasts, and the force and vehemence of this one appeared so exceptional that the easily aroused superstitions of the sailors were awakened. It seemed that Heaven threatened them and the fugitive lovers with vengeance, and that a father’s curse had called up the tempest.

Trembling lest she should be struck down by one of the blinding thunder-bolts, Anna passed the night almost crazed with terror. In the morning it was found the ship had gone: she had broken from her moorings and disappeared forever from the despairing eyes of the poor castaways. It was a terrible shock to Anna Machin: already so much enfeebled by the fatigue and exposure of the night, and deeply impressed with a sense of guilt (so do we sometimes err and reproach ourselves for our best deeds), the effect of the blow was fatal. She was, indeed, struck dumb with horror, and three days afterwards they laid her to rest beneath the beautiful tree.

Her husband did not long survive her. He begged that he might be buried with her, and five days after her death the bodies occupied the same grave. Over them their companions erected a rude wooden cross and marked it with an inscription giving an account of their landing in this unknown land, and praying any Christian that might afterwards find the place to build there upon the hill a chapel to Jesus the Saviour.

Thus landed and thus perished the rediscoverers (for it was probably known to the ancients) of the beautiful and fruitful island of Madeira. The part of the coast where they landed (and where a chapel still stands above their remains), together with the town built there some twenty miles east of Funchal, was named, and is still called, “Machico,” after Machin. The surviving crew escaped from the island on a raft, and being captured by the Moors, communicated the discovery of the island, years afterwards, to a fellow prisoner, Don Juan Morales, a Spaniard, who, escaping from the Moors and again being taken captive by Don Juan Gonsalvo Zarco, a gentleman in the service of Henry of Portugal, communicated to his captor the existence and situation of the island. Zarco lost no time in informing his sovereign, and that enterprising prince sent out an expedition and took possession of the island.

Thus was inaugurated the wonderful series of explorations that culminated in the discovery of the continent of America.

J. CARTER BEARD.

To a Dreamer.

If you would gather what of life is best,
For four-leaved clovers make no idle quest;
But pluck the fragrant blossoms nearest by,
Ere the sweet treasures charm some other eye.

HARRIET SMEAD.

HER SOUL'S SECRET.

BY MME. JEANNE MAIRET.

CHAPTER I.

THREE women upon the portico of the chateau were exchanging prolonged adieux, each one having a last word to say.

"Since you are going to walk back I will accompany you to the park gate. Will you come too, aunt?"

"What? three-quarters of a mile, at least, in this heat? Thanks! It is easy to see that you weigh only a hundred pounds and have the same legs you had at sixteen."

"It is not so long since," said the young girl, laughing.

"Read her a lecture, baroness. She will listen to you, perhaps. I have exhausted my eloquence. Besides, she never considers anything I say as serious. I don't see why."

"Because you are younger than I, Aunt Rélie, and you are so little, and have such a habit of laughing at everything."

"So as not to weep, as they say."

"What shall be the topic of my lecture, Madame Despois?" said the baroness, giving a last hand-pressure to the little lively plump woman who answered to the name of Aurélie Despois, otherwise "Aunt Rélie."

"Marriage, if you please. A fine healthy girl like that, who will have none of marriage,—it is not common sense. Ah! it is not for one's pleasure that one marries,—I have had my experience,—and she is right to be a young girl as long as she can, a little beyond the limited time, perhaps. But she must come to it at last. It is a patriotic, a civic, duty to marry. It is, as one may say, obligatory on a woman to marry, and it is for a Frenchman to bear arms."

"All right, I will lecture her. Come, Marthe."

The jocund sun of June gave life and gayety to the old chateau, an imposing mass of gray stone, flanked by two enormous towers with long, narrow loop-holes. This chateau, perched high on the hillside, had an almost forbidding appearance with its bare *façade* irregularly pierced with tiny, leaded windows. But nothing could look desolate under such a splendid sunlight; and the baroness, casting a last glance which included the habitation, the garden, sparsely sown with flowers, the immense extent of

woodland around, and the marvelous view of the sea in the distance, cried, "How I admire your solitude, my dear Marthe!"

Marthe Levasseur smiled and said quietly:

"I am only happy, here. I am a savage: I adore my forest. The odor of the tree-trunks, the crackling of the dead leaves under my feet, pursue me in my social life. The three months in Paris, which seem so ridiculously insufficient to my aunt, are a time of exile to me. She does not comprehend, poor woman! she does not know that when I spend whole hours among my trees I am never alone,

that the branches know me, that the birds hover round me, that the sky seen through the tree-tops looks fairer than the most radiant open sky. You see how well I am fitted for the ordinary life of women,—and how well disposed to take Aunt Rélie's advice."

"Nevertheless, my child—"

"True," said Marthe, laughing. "You promised to give me a lecture."

The baroness d'Ance! suddenly paused in the middle of the fine avenue the two women were following. Her rather thin, bony face was lit with a lovely smile which made her seem almost beautiful for a

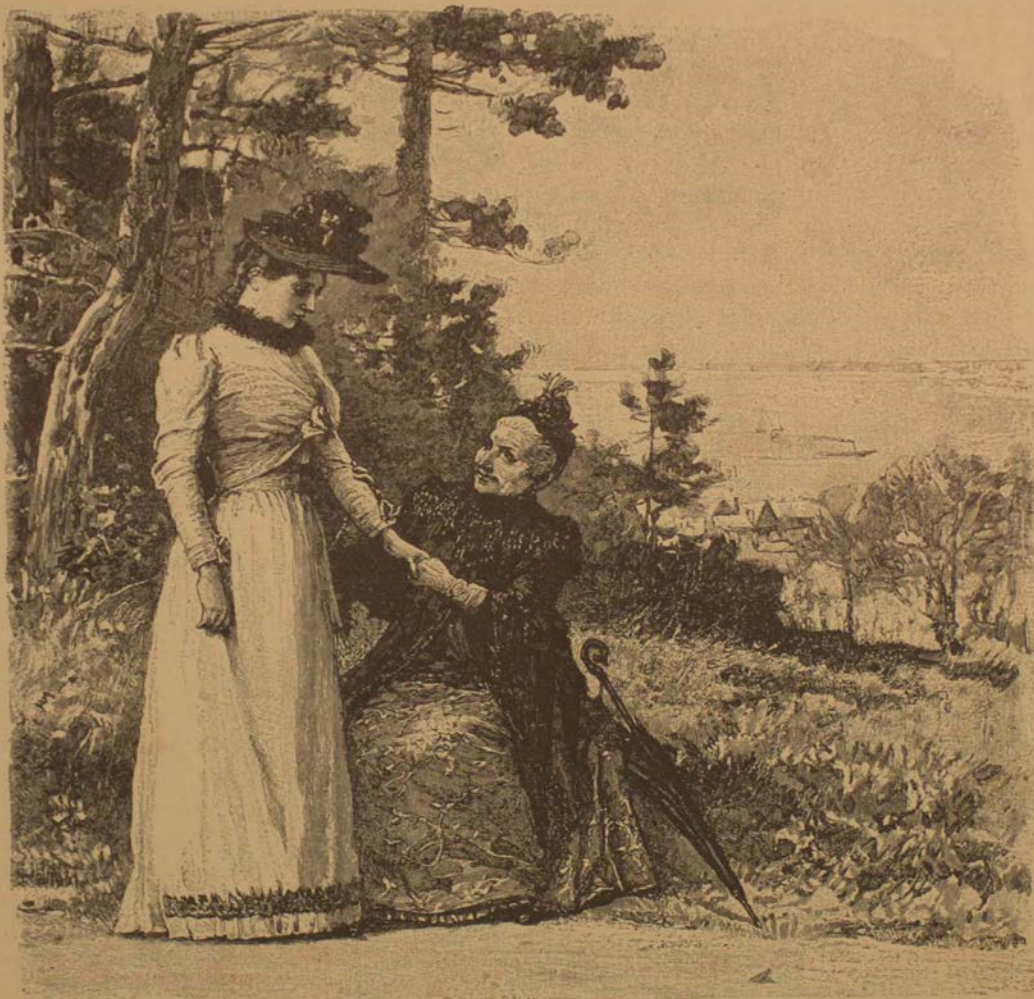
moment, her eyes sparkled under her gray hair.

"Ah! I cannot preach to you, Marthe. I can only say what comes from my heart to my lips,—and you know that I want you for my daughter. I would love you well,—almost as much as I love my only son."

The young girl, deeply touched, kissed the older woman: she said nothing, but as she raised her eyes the baroness saw tears in them.

"I do not wish to pain you, Marthe!"

"Ah! dear madame, you pain me? Only, you see, in this same spot, more than twenty years ago, I saw my mother weep. I was quite small, I did not understand; but I sobbed in her arms, seeing her so sad. Afterwards, I understood. I can never breathe this odor of the pines on a sunny summer's day, nor see yonder curve of the shore, without recalling the scene of that day and telling myself that marriage, when the woman is the only one to love, is



"AH! I CANNOT PREACH TO YOU, MARTHE."

certainly the saddest, the most heart-rending, thing that can be."

"All marriages are not unhappy, poor little disenchanted one."

"So many are. I am twenty-six years old, and I have already more than one unhappy friend who dreamed a girl's dreams of happiness."

"I am sixty years old, Marthe, and my faith is stronger than yours. I have known absolute happiness, I have seen it around me; and I have also seen that one is often master of one's own destiny, that happiness, compromised for the moment, can be reconquered and guarded. I do not say this of your poor mother, whom I loved so much. In that case, one of those terrible fatalities which seldom happen occurred. Your father seemed as if bewitched."

"Yes: mamma died of his neglect, and he was happy: he married the one he adored, he became a husband again,—and a father. He forgot me."

"He wished to take you with him, but he respected the last wishes of your mother, who gave you to her sister. He loved you, though."

"A good ways off, then. But do not think that I am hard. A long time since I forgave the neglect which at least preserved me from odious contact. Only I should have wished to embrace my poor father before his death. Now all that is past and gone: I am free to lead the life I choose, to be happy in my own way. That is a good deal."

"But then—my hopes: must I renounce them? I am only an old dreamer. If you knew how many splendid castles in the air I have built to lodge you two children in! I said to myself: 'Robert is a very serious boy, a worker, a heart of gold, made to appreciate the rare qualities of my little neighbor. They both love the country, long, studious days, evenings *en famille*. She will be deeply interested in his studies, she will aid him: it will be a union of intelligences, as of hearts. They are well matched. All conspires to unite them: all the requirements of age, fortune, family, all are there.'"

"And probably because all these are so satisfactory the marriage will not take place. We have grown up together: Robert has only seen in me a companion, a sort of sister."

"But from his letters it seems to me that this winter, when you saw so much of each other, the mutual sympathy took a more tender character, and that the idea of this much-desired marriage did not terrify so much. Has Robert, like his mother, had illusions?"

Marthe was silent for a little, and seemed very much absorbed, and touched also. Finally she turned and looked at her old friend, who was struck by the sad expression of her somber eyes.

"Listen to me and try to understand me. I will tell you all, and let you read my heart. My dream, which I have secretly cherished from my childhood, has been to be Robert's wife and your daughter; but he does not love me. Do not misunderstand me. Sometimes he believes that he loves me, for he has a deep affection for me, and also a lively esteem. He wishes to marry me, and he believes, in good faith, that he would be happy in this union. He deceives himself, I am sure. If I marry, I want to be loved, adored, by my husband. Without that I do not wish marriage: it would be awful to me, and I should die. And I am incapable of inspiring the passion which I would be, alas! very capable of feeling. Why? I lack something,—a charm, an attraction, a grace, which makes women loved who are much uglier than I am. I suffer on account of it, believe me. It is not that I have not been courted: I am rich enough, intelligent enough, well-educated enough, for more than one to have thought of me. Mothers, especially, have courted me."

"Like me?"

"Ah! you—if you knew how I long to say 'Yes,' at once, and throw myself into your arms, weeping for joy!"

"Then you love him?"

"Perhaps: I question myself. It seems to me that when one really loves, one does not question: one knows. Do you wish that we should make a compact? Robert is coming to spend the summer with you. We are neighbors and intimate friends: I will put a little more animation into our social life. I was thinking of inviting some friends, anyway. This would make a natural occasion for our meeting without any embarrassment. Before autumn we shall know what to do, Robert and I."

"May I tell him of this arrangement?"

Marthe hesitated.

"Yes, if you desire it. Only it must be understood that we are both free, absolutely free. At the first doubt one may say to the other, in all loyalty, in all frankness, 'I do not love you as you should be loved.'—I know Robert: he is worthy of the confidence I have in him. Like me, he will say, 'anything rather than a marriage which would not be an absolutely perfect union.' And, above all, let the secret rest among us three. Say nothing to my aunt: she would be so happy with such exuberant happiness, that I should be disgusted. I understand myself: I should give it all up."

"Then, my child, I will be as silent as the grave. But I hope—I hope."

They had reached the great white barrier which at this point separated the park from a cross-road leading down to the highway from Honfleur to Trouville. The baroness was nearly home. She kissed Marthe more affectionately than usual: it was almost like taking possession of her. Instinctively Marthe drew away a little, her untamed nature suddenly aroused.

At that moment a servant came by with the mail for the chateau. Marthe stopped him and took several letters addressed to herself, and bidding adieu to her would-be mother-in-law went by another road to return to the chateau. This was a hilly path which led the young *châtelaine* to the highest point of her property, where a large stone cross was erected. Here the trees had been cut away so as to afford no obstruction to the magnificent view, not only of the sea, but of all the surrounding country.

Marthe sat down on a step of the little broken stone stairs leading to the foot of the cross, and began to dream. Had she told all to her old friend? She scrutinized the depths of her heart, and, little by little, as she lost herself in reverie, a great joy, an ineffable sweetness, a sensation of triumph, almost, filled her entire being, and she said aloud: "I love him! Ah, Heavens! what happiness! I love him with all my heart, with all my strength!"

Suddenly she heard the bell from the chateau. It was the first bell for dinner: she must have been dreaming for hours. She sprang up, and then remembering her letters from Paris sat down to read them. Among them, all with the same slanting penmanship, regular and expressionless, written by Lucy and Marie and Yvonne, her schoolmates, one, similar enough to the others, nevertheless struck her as unfamiliar. She opened it first and read:

"DEAR SISTER:—

"For you are my sister. I found, at my father's death, photograph which he always carried with him. I took it, and I have learned to love it. It represents a little girl with large, serious eyes, one of those little girls who never break their dolls, and who, when they find a young bird fallen from the nest, take it and care for it tenderly. I am a bird fallen from the home nest before my wings have grown. I am all alone in the world and in distress I

turn to you, my sister, saying: 'Take me, love me. I love you well, I who have never seen you.'

'My mother died more than a year ago. I have a guardian whom I detest, and to whom I am only a nuisance. I am yet at boarding-school, but I am eighteen, and I am so tired of it! My mother's relatives would ask nothing better than to have me with them; but, although my mother was adorable, her people,—what shall I say? They are too theatrical, and the theater is not for Mlle. Levasseur. My guardian wants to marry me to someone I do not know, who would take me for my fortune; and I do not wish to do that.'

'You are my elder sister: you must be good, for these eyes cannot lie. Open your arms, dear sister, and let me find a refuge in them. I will love you so much, I will kiss you so often, that you will be glad to have found

'Your little sister,

'EDMÉE LEVASSEUR.'

CHAPTER II.

THE train from Paris to Honfleur rolled into the station. Two young men sprung lightly from a compartment, but with one accord remained near the door. A young girl, so pretty that every traveler's head was turned to look at her, prepared to descend. Her skirt caught, and she was about to be thrown forward as she alighted. The two young men sprung forward to aid her.

'Thanks, gentlemen.'

And the beautiful eyes thanked them also, distributing their grateful glances with touching impartiality, and their owner, followed by a maid of discreet age, hurried towards the door.

'Who is she? Where is she going? I know Honfleur and the vicinity as well as my pocket. I have never seen this little wonder—'

'Let us follow her and learn who she is. Of course she is some fashionable girl, and yet there is something about her she did not learn at her convent.'

The one who spoke was a fine young fellow, who, in spite of his citizens' clothes, looked soldierly. His bold eye, his provoking moustache, his somewhat brusque manners, indicated that this young officer was not very gentle in command. His companion was not so fine-looking; his blue eyes were those of a dreamer, a student.

Edmée hastened her steps. With outstretched neck and eager gaze she looked for someone, and Marthe Levasseur as soon as she espied this young girl's face quivering with emotion recognized it immediately. She advanced resolutely, her own face pale, and said, 'You are Edmée Levasseur, are you not?'

Edmée, ready to cry, flung herself with feline grace into the arms of her elder sister.

'My sister,' she murmured.

Marthe kissed the young girl in the most cordial manner, and this kiss sealed a compact to which Marthe had only consented after a terrific struggle.

'Do you know I think you are a charmingly pretty sister?—simply lovely!'

'I wanted so much to please you.'

The two young men were witnesses to this scene. Marthe noticed them, and her pale face flushed suddenly.

'You, Robert? Your mother did not expect you until next week.'

'I am going to surprise her.'

'I will take you, then, for you will not find a carriage, and we pass your door.'

Then, seeing him looking at Edmée with curiosity, she said, not without a little effort, 'My sister, Mlle. Edmée Levasseur, Monsieur the Baron d'Ance!'.

There was a little subsequent confusion. It was necessary

to see to the maid who had accompanied Edmée, and who asked to be returned to Paris by the first train. Robert was perhaps a little over-zealous in his attentions. Finally he took his place in the landau opposite the two girls. Then, only, he perceived his friend, whom he had completely forgotten, casting annoyed and envious glances at him. As the other passed near the carriage, Robert called him with a gesture.

'Marthe, will you permit me to present a college friend of mine who is come to pass his convalescent leave at Trouville? Captain Bertrand, whom I have promised to present to my friends, will be a valuable recruit for the entertainments my mother says you contemplate. Bertrand, Mesdemoiselles Levasseur.' Then the landau rolled off.

The captain stood a moment motionless. He felt himself misunderstood: he could not tell why, for Robert had presented him. Edmée had looked at him rather hard, in returning his bow. Again, it seemed to him that her glance did not seem to accord with a convent education. After all, perhaps, she had not been brought up in a convent. She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, with her great black eyes,—the same eyes as her sister's,—her carnation color, and her blonde hair. It was a wonderfully piquant contrast. Marthe, on the contrary, was clearly brunette, with dull complexion, and almost black hair worn in shining bands. She was rather good-looking than not, but who would look at her a second time beside the little wonder?

When Robert had left the two girls, Edmée took her sister's hand.

'How glad I am! if you only knew!'

Marthe smiled: she was conquered by the charms of this child, who seemed to demand her affection, to claim her protection. She comprehended vaguely that this sweet and charming fashion of demanding aid and protection would be an irresistible attraction to men. The mother of Edmée had perhaps looked at her father as Edmée looked at her; but this thought was an exquisite pain. She gave herself up to the delight of having found a weaker creature than herself, to love, to pet, and spoil in every way.

'Listen, Edmée. In the letter which I wrote you I did not tell you all. An aunt, Madame Despois, my mother's sister, lives with me. You must make a conquest of her,—it is worth more to you than you know,—for she is opposed to your coming here.'

'Quite naturally. She only sees in me poor mamma's daughter. I will do my best to make her look upon me as your sister.'

'How reasonable and sensible you are,' cried Marthe admiringly.

Edmée rippled out a pretty, purling laugh. 'It is very simple: make yourself loved and you can get anything you want.'

This profession of faith made the elder sister open her eyes; but it was said so simply, as if the matter did not admit of discussion, and was followed by a pretty burst of admiration on the beauty of the country, that Marthe very soon forgot the impression received. When the carriage entered the superb avenue leading to the chateau Edmée became almost thoughtful.

'And it is all yours, this immense woods?'

'Yes,' smiled Marthe.

'Then you are very rich.'

'Not extraordinarily. Property like this costs dear, although I do not give myself a great deal of trouble to keep it up, as you see. I like the woods better than a park, and it costs less. The fortune of my—of our father was divided in two. This property comes to me from my mother. According to what I have understood, you must be richer than I.'

"Possibly. Papa speculated with mamma's money and increased it tenfold. Anyway, we shall not starve. It must be awful to be poor."

"Who knows? To earn my own living would not terrify me very much, at least I hope not."

Edmée shivered. To work like the unfortunate under-teachers in the *pension* she had just left! The luxurious little creature would not have been capable of it.

They reached the house. The servants, all curious to see the new "young lady," were assembled on the porch to receive her. Edmée responded very politely to their welcome, and was immediately voted "charming, sweet enough to eat, and not proud."

As for Madame Despois, it was necessary to go to her boudoir to find her, where she was embroidering, an enormous embroidery-frame half-concealing her plump little person.

"Aunt Rélie, here is my sister Edmée."

Marthe said these words with a peculiar intonation. She loved her aunt, but she was mistress at the chateau, and, on occasion, she did not hesitate to make this felt. Her aunt suddenly found her hands so entangled with silks and wools that she could not give the new arrival a single finger.

"Good-day, mademoiselle. Did you have a pleasant journey? A little dusty, was it not? I have a perfect horror of the railway myself."

"I came all right, thank you, madame; but I beg of you, —I am called Edmée, simply Edmée, and Marthe addresses me so."

"Oh! Marthe does as she pleases. It is she who invites you here: she says you are her sister. I ask nothing better. Only, while I am her aunt I am not yours. Her mother was my sister, a sister whom I adored——"

"I know it, madame. You do not desire my presence. It is quite natural. But if you would look once in my eyes —like that—you will see that I am not bad, that I am distressed to be the cause of a moment's coldness between my sister and you, and—and I will do my best if you will only pardon me for being my mother's daughter."

Then, enervated by all the emotions of the day, Edmée



"EDMÉE BURST INTO SOBS."

burst into sobs, violent, childish sobs which she could not restrain, and which had to be consoled. Very much annoyed at this scene, Madame Despois precipitately left her work.

"See, mademoiselle, see—Edmée."

"Pardon, madame," faltered Edmée, between two sobs, while her sister soothed her. "I did not mean to do so: it was too much for me. It is over now."

"Then I must kiss you to keep the peace?"

"Ah! If you would only not hate me."

"But I do not hate you at all: it is the past which I hate. Come, do not speak of it any more. There! Are you satisfied?" And Aunt Rélie kissed her on the forehead with not very good grace, but she could not resist Marthe's appealing glance.

The storm passed as it came on. Edmée laughed and wept together, and thanked Madame Despois in phrases broken with sobs.

Seeing the two girls go off, the arm of the elder around the younger, Aunt Rélie murmured: "Well, if anyone had told me that I should kiss her! But with such eyes! As for Marthe, she is bewitched. Bah! we will marry the little one off in no time,—she will not rebel at marriage,—and then we shall have peace again. She is certainly lovely enough."

Edmée, little Parisian as she was, seemed delighted with her new life in the country, which had the charm of the unforeseen and novel. But the ideas in her little head were astonishing to Marthe.

"And you are going to receive, to give entertainments? How delightful! It was that gentleman—what do you call him?—who said so. You have known him a long time? It is funny that he has not thought of marrying you, since you are neighbors. A country life ought to make one want to marry."

"You see it does not, since I have not done so."

"It will come. He pleases me very much, this gentleman, although he has such round shoulders: he must write a good deal, bending over the table. The other, you know, the military man, is charming too. We traveled together in the same compartment, these two gentlemen and I,—I did not tell you? I was really amused. They kept looking at me, and every little while I dropped my book or my handkerchief, just to see them try to be first to pick it up. Once they bumped against each other: I thought I should die. Then when I got out I was about to fall, and both ran to catch me: each had one of my best smiles, so that I should not make anyone jealous!"

This childish prattle only half-pleased Marthe.

"I hope, my dear Edmée, that you are not a coquette?"

"I don't know—perhaps I am. I must confess to you that I have a multitude of faults."

CHAPTER III.

MARTHE had never had an intimate friend to whom she could tell everything. This possibly explains why, since her early youth, she had been in the habit of keeping a journal, and often, when all her household were wrapped in slumbers, she took from her secretary a locked book whose pages only opened for her. Several similar volumes in safe seclusion contained all the little happenings and the fugitive thoughts of her youthful years. Sometimes she opened one at random, and blushed for her eighteen-year-old judgments, and the little ebullitions of romance, the first chapter only of which had been written. But still she kept all these volumes: she learned from them to know herself a little, to have indulgence for those who, in their turn, ripen slowly and show intolerance, violence, or inconsequence, as fruits are hard and acid before the time of maturity. She learned also to be patient with herself and not to despair when she surprised herself in some flagrant fault of pride or intolerance.

One evening, when her sister slept the sleep of a tired child, Marthe opened her journal.

"Tuesday, June 30.

"And the last date is the sixteenth, the day when, after a sleepless night, after having struggled much, after having

prayed much, I had resolved to receive Edmée and to treat her as a sister. After that, nothing more. It is not idleness, it is not even the somewhat frivolous life we have led for more than a week, which hinders me from writing: it is rather that I do not clearly understand myself, that I am not trying to do so.

"At the very time this child entered my life I was thinking of making a radical change in this life. I began to say to myself, low,—very low, trembling.—'I love.' Pride, which kept me silent and cold with Robert, which stiffened me, which put me on the defensive as soon as his mother wished to speak to me of him, melted by degrees,—and how happy I was becoming! I feared lest I should not be loved as I loved, should be married for good reasons, and because everything seemed so suitable. For the past few months this fear has abated gently and delightfully.

"At Paris, I do not know how it happened, Robert and I were together continually. He did not act like a lover, to be sure, but he was a devoted, almost affectionate, friend. If I admired a picture, a play, a book, he became enthusiastic over it. His work interested me; I was even a little useful to him: I read some German books and made notes for him. Once he exclaimed, 'How delightful it is to work with you, Marthe! I see better with your eyes than with my own!' And suddenly I had a vision of a happy life; and from

that moment I felt that I loved him, with all the force of my nature. I guarded against letting him see it, but his mother must have related our conversation to him.

"Yesterday we were alone in the garden for a few minutes, and he said, with a sort of resolution, almost hard, in his eyes and in the tone of his voice: 'Marthe, it is not right either for you or for me to remain in a false position. You see, we act as if—as if nothing had been arranged. And yet we expect to be married sometime?'

"I felt myself frozen. Why? What demon made me thus cold at the very moment when my inmost heart overflowed? Possibly it was because I looked for a certain vibration in his voice, something which would cry out to me, louder than words, 'Do you not see that I love you?'

"Before replying I paused to gather a rose, and my voice was steady when I finally said:

"Listen, Robert. I do not want to be engaged. Ques-

tion yourself as I question myself. Before the summer is over, either we will part good friends or we will get married. Until then, let us remain free, absolutely free. If one of us says to the other, 'I do not love you as I would wish to love you,' let us agree to feel only gratitude: the worst disloyalty would be to accept a marriage without love.'

"Robert looked at me a long time. He seemed to seek in my face what was not to be found there. I felt myself turned to marble. It seemed to me that it would be a disloyalty to him to let him see how much I loved him. He sighed, either as if discouraged or impatient. Then he said:

"I admire your calmness, your good sense. Remain free. As for me, until the day when you say, 'I do not love you,' I shall be your betrothed.'

"No, no! That would not be just,' I replied.

"I trembled with emotion, and my voice sounded strangely in my ears. Perhaps he saw that my calmness was all assumed.

"As you please, Marthe.'

"And let no one suspect.'

"No one shall suspect,' he added, bitterly, 'it would be difficult from your manner to believe that we thought of any intimacy other than that of old friends.'

"This was a strange betrothal: one would have said a combat between two wills. But, in spite of all, I am happy, and it seems to me that Robert is more at his ease. He has given himself a vacation, and

enjoys himself like a school-boy. His mother is radiant. I am really contented in the atmosphere of joy which environs us, and I am growing young again. I hardly know myself; and even Aunt Rélie, seeing me so contented, almost pardons Edmée, for it is to the arrival of my little sister that she attributes this sudden change.

"And certainly, Edmée has a good deal to do with it. Robert has made us acquainted with a number of young people in the neighborhood and at the watering-places near by, and these young people surround my little sister as moths do the flame. This something which attracts, this mysterious gift which has nothing to do with beauty, this particular charm of the woman eternally adored, this thing which I have not, she possesses to a degree which is almost terrifying. The peasants who respectfully salute me turn to look after her.

"She is such a child, my little Edmée, so affectionate,



"BEFORE REPLYING I PAUSED TO GATHER A ROSE."

so full of gratitude for the tenderness I lavish on her, and so caressing! How shall I not pardon her girlish faults? Aunt Rélie said to me, the other day, 'Caressing? Yes, of course. My cat is, too, only she caresses me, which is quite different; but not in the way Edmée caresses you!' In spite of this severity of judgment, Aunt Rélie also yields to the magic of her enchantress. I do not believe Edmée extraordinarily intelligent. I doubt whether the great problems of good and evil, of the immortality of the soul, or even of social questions have very much occupied her; but she is very keen in practical matters. And she flatters my aunt with the interest she takes in her exquisite embroideries."

CHAPTER IV.

ACCORDING to all predictions, Robert d'Ansel was destined to a life of wildness and folly. The only son of a widow, master at an early age of a fine fortune, there was nothing to impel him toward grave studies or great ambitions. Happily for him, at the age when passion wakes he felt himself strongly attracted by the pleasures of the intellect. He conceived the idea of a work which he meant to entitle, "History of the Dukes of Savoy in the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries," and for which considerable research was necessary, and years of toil. Then he appreciated this competence which permitted disinterested study, voyages, minute researches, all things which those who had to earn their living were obliged to deny themselves.

Robert was thirty years of age. He had not yet written the first chapter of his book; his notes accumulated, his studies increased as his work progressed; he sought to dominate his subject, he had begun to struggle with it, and often he had become discouraged: but still his work impassioned him, absorbed him, made him taciturn, and the swift years thus passed him silently. He had an infinite tenderness for his mother, who, since her widowhood, only lived for him; but he could not initiate her into his anguish of toil. She would only suffer, and would not understand.

Naturally, his mother wished him to marry. Her neighbor, Marthe Levasseur, according to her, according to good Madame Despois, according to many others, was the ideal wife for this serious youth. For some years Robert would not hear of marriage. How could he offer a woman a husband all dusty with rummaging in old archives and musty yellow parchments? Then, every time he saw Marthe more intimately, he realized that she was not like ordinary young girls, eager for pleasure, luxury, and excitement. The aversion she showed for a marriage of convenience, her obstinate refusal to let herself "be married," her wildness, all this, as he reflected upon it, interested Robert. At length, the real attraction which he felt when they were thrown together during the winter augmented, and the young savant sincerely believed that he was in love with his neighbor, wanted her for a wife, that he would be happy as her husband, and that life with such an intelligent and serious woman would be a very sweet thing. So when his mother, a little tremulous at the initiative she had taken, related the conversation she had with Marthe, Robert said nothing for some minutes. Then he rose and knelt by his mother as when he was a child. Putting his arm around her he said:

"Then you would be pleased to have a daughter as well as a son?"

"So pleased, Robert, so pleased!"

"I understand, poor dear mother! whom I neglect, to bury myself in my everlasting notes."

"But I do not wish you to marry on my account. If you love Marthe, marry her: if you do not love her, it would be a cruel error, both for her and for you, to take her as your wife."

"What a sentimental mamma I have. Love is a great big word. Several times, like everyone else, I have believed myself in love, and, between you and me, I deceived myself completely. You know, it was no great affair,—no storm, no cries, no despair, no foolish intoxication,—a little contraction of the heart when I was—what shall I say?—replaced, then a little work and it all passed away."

"I hope, my son, that when you think of Marthe it will have no comparison with——"

"None, mother, none. I love Marthe, very much: I believe I have always loved her. If Marthe becomes my wife— Do you know when I said that an infinite sweetness filled my heart? Perhaps it is love, the grand passion, after all. If she becomes my wife, I promise you she shall be happy, and I shall be delighted! Will that satisfy you?"

"Me, yes: but I do not know about her. She saw her mother suffer, and, though she was a child then, children understand without understanding. Well, you have the season before you to decide."

"I would rather have it decided at once. Once my word were pledged, I know I should look neither to the right nor left; but these engagements which are not actual engagements——"

"They keep you from your work, do they not?" asked his mother laughing.

"That is just it."

That was it, indeed; but there was something besides. Robert, in evoking the image of Marthe, always saw it accompanied by another. The two sisters, always together, were a perfect contrast: the one tall, slender, serious, with beautiful deep eyes, the other, dainty, sparkling as sunlight, dimpled, exquisite in coloring, whose every glance attracted, whose every smile was intoxicating; and he was not sure that he listened to the finely cadenced grave voice rather than to the rippling laughter, that the glance of the elder followed him longer than that of the younger sister. An uneasiness resulted, which he refused to define, almost a remorse, which he was unwilling to analyze; and every day more and more he regretted that he was not bound by lovers' vows to her whom he wished to marry.

Nearly every day Robert was at the chateau: he had determined to lay aside his studies and put himself "out to grass" during the summer, to live in the open air, to swim, to ride, to dance, and to be frivolous in every way. Upon some pretext or other Captain Bertrand and he were always at the chateau.

The faults of this young captain were accented by his garrison life and his position of command. He voluntarily related how he made himself feared by his men; he regretted that it was not permissible to treat them as brutally as formerly, saying that an army is only really strong when its soldiers are reduced to the level of machines.

One day he told the two sisters how he had conquered a rebellious soldier, never losing sight of him, finding fault with him eternally, overwhelming him with injuries, with punishments, with humiliations, with attacks of all sorts, mastering him, finally, and making a brute of him. Then one day the brute revolted anew: the soldier had disappeared, and was branded as a deserter. "It was a good riddance," he added. "His bad example was affecting the others."

"And so," said Marthe, indignantly, "a man was lost, thanks to you. I cannot compliment you, captain."

"It was the thistle plucked and cast out of the wheat-field, mademoiselle. Passive obedience is necessary with the soldier."

"It seems to me that in an officer something besides severity is necessary."

Edmée listened without saying anything. Captain Bertrand, with his hard, cold blue eyes, attracted her strangely. She thought Marthe severe in her criticism, and was relieved to hear the captain reply as if a feminine opinion in such matters could not be treated seriously. It did not displease Edmée to think this man terrorized his soldiers, was even capable of violence and injustice; for with her he was submissive and gentle, vanquished in his turn. There was no doubt about it, Captain Bertrand was at her feet: she did as she pleased with him, and he flushed and paled as she was gracious or cold to him. This amused the little coquette extraordinarily. The sermons of her elder sister had no effect, and Marthe for the first time learned that creatures apparently weak and easily influenced have sometimes a power of resistance, an elastic obstinacy, that nothing can overcome: reason has no effect upon them. "It amuses me." Edmée did not stir from that. The whole world and all its inhabitants should of course, in simple justice, wait upon the good pleasure of Mlle. Edmée Levasseur, because she was very pretty, charming, in a word, lovely.

Marthe, coaxed and caressed, ceased her homily. After all, the captain could defend himself if need be, and, provided Edmée would not ask her to accept him as brother-in-law, she would say no more.

"Marry him? Oh! no indeed! To be the wife of an officer dragged from garrison to garrison, only to be spoken of in the intimacy of the barracks and the promotions of favored comrades! Never in the world!" And to be called "Madame Bertrand," she who only liked names with "de" before them; and the silly girl stopped, a little confused, and reddened. Then she began to laugh, and flung herself in her sister's arms saying coaxingly:

"But, for all your scolding, you do love me, don't you, Marthe?—although I cannot talk about great serious books, only of swimming lessons and hops and gay and pretty things. I am only a little *chiffon* of a girl."

"I love you tenderly, dearly. Until now my heart was shut: to you it opened. I love you as a sister, almost as a mother. I wish to see you happy and good.—good, especially; and there is nothing I would not do to make you happy."

"Nothing?" murmured the little sister.

"Nothing!"

Edmée was silent a moment. Then she said, quite seriously:

"Marthe, it seems to me that I deceive you. You believe me better, more affectionate, more worthy of being loved, than I really am. I have tried to make you understand how many faults I have. I do not wish you to be disappointed in me, you who are worth ten times more than I am."

"Love me, Edmée: that will suffice me always."

"Ah! as to that—" and a fond kiss finished the sentence.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME D'ANSEL lived very retired, but she gave a grand dinner in honor of Edmée Levasseur, whose arrival at the chateau of Côte-Boisée had been much gossiped about. In the country everything is known. Everyone knew the history of "poor little Madame Levasseur," who, as it was still repeated, died of grief, or, at all events, grief hastened her end; and the adoption of this half-sister by Mlle. Levasseur, the admission of the daughter of the enemy into the house of the victim, had been very diversely judged.

Monsieur the *curé* highly approved of his young parishioner. She had performed a difficult, a painful, duty, and in this case, at least, virtue was its own reward. By taking this lovely child from her dangerous surroundings, where her soul would have been in peril, Marthe had found a gay and youthful companion, an affectionate and grateful sister,

who was the joy of all who saw her. Monsieur the *curé*, the best man in the world, in preaching his little sermon on Sunday was delighted to see the chateau pew so well filled, and Edmée like a little saint at her devotions. So the *curé*, like all his parishioners, succumbed to the charm of this young girl.

The two sisters, accompanied by Aunt Rélie, arrived early at Madame d'Ansel's residence on the day of the grand dinner. They were both dressed in white, but Marthe's gown, in soft woolen, was a trifle severe, without the least shred of lace, while Edmée's toilet, of light silk-muslin, shirred in foamy fullness about her waist, and brightened with pale rose-colored ribbons, gave value to her fragile blonde beauty and great black eyes.

As Edmée had as yet seen only the drawing-room and the garden of the elegant modern house in the style of an Italian villa, Robert took the sisters on the inevitable rounds of the first visit. The hillside slope was so abrupt that the house had almost a story less in the rear than in front. From a garden alley one could walk directly into an immense room filled with bookcases and rather plainly furnished with a desk littered with papers and books badly arranged. Edmée, curious, craned her pretty neck.

"Do you work in there, Monsieur d'Ansel? You are writing a fearfully serious book, I am told."

"That is my retreat, mademoiselle. I am very quiet here: this corner of the garden is almost always deserted, and, as you see, in two steps I can be in the woods."

"Confess," said Marthe, laughing, "that you do not always take your way out by the door, but jump out of the window."

"It is true. It is a boyish habit I have not given up. It is so convenient; and no one need be a gymnast to enter in the same way. You see, houses built in defiance of common sense still have their good qualities."

"And are you never afraid? If you can enter in that way, others can do the same. I should dream of burglars every night, if I occupied such a room," cried Edmée, who did not pose as courageous.

"There is no danger, mademoiselle. Besides, look. On this table my mother compels me to keep a fine revolver,



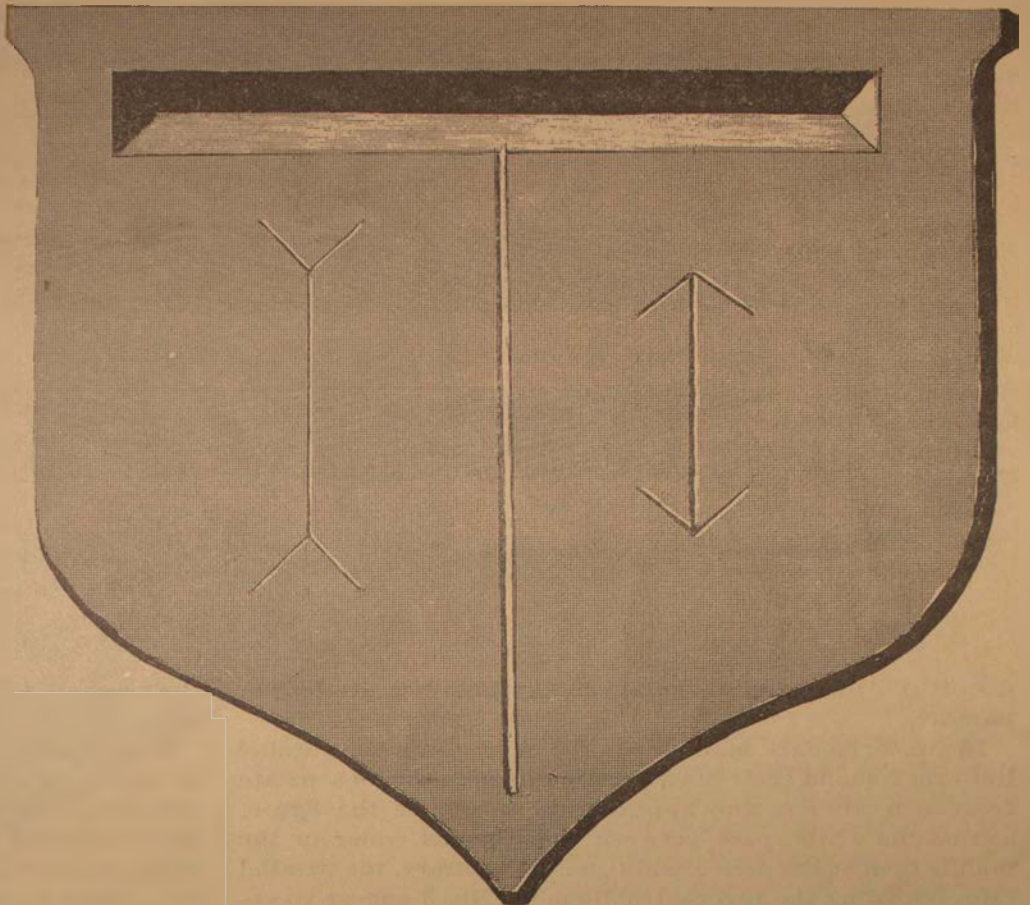
"SHE HAS ARRANGED THIS FINE TROPHY FOR ME."

which has rested thus for years, in its case. Besides, she has arranged this fine trophy for me, less as an ornament than to make believe that I am of a very bellicose disposition. Still I trust rather in the quiet of the country than in my reputation. But we have still an hour before dinner, and you have not seen our poultry-yard, a model if you please: that at the chateau cannot come near it. Come, let us visit the outside of this window which interests you, and we shall be better able to appreciate mamma's dinner. Between ourselves, she has not slept for a week for fear her dinner will not equal the occasion. For years she has only entertained the *curé* and our two ladies from the chateau. Let us go and look up a good appetite."

(To be continued.)

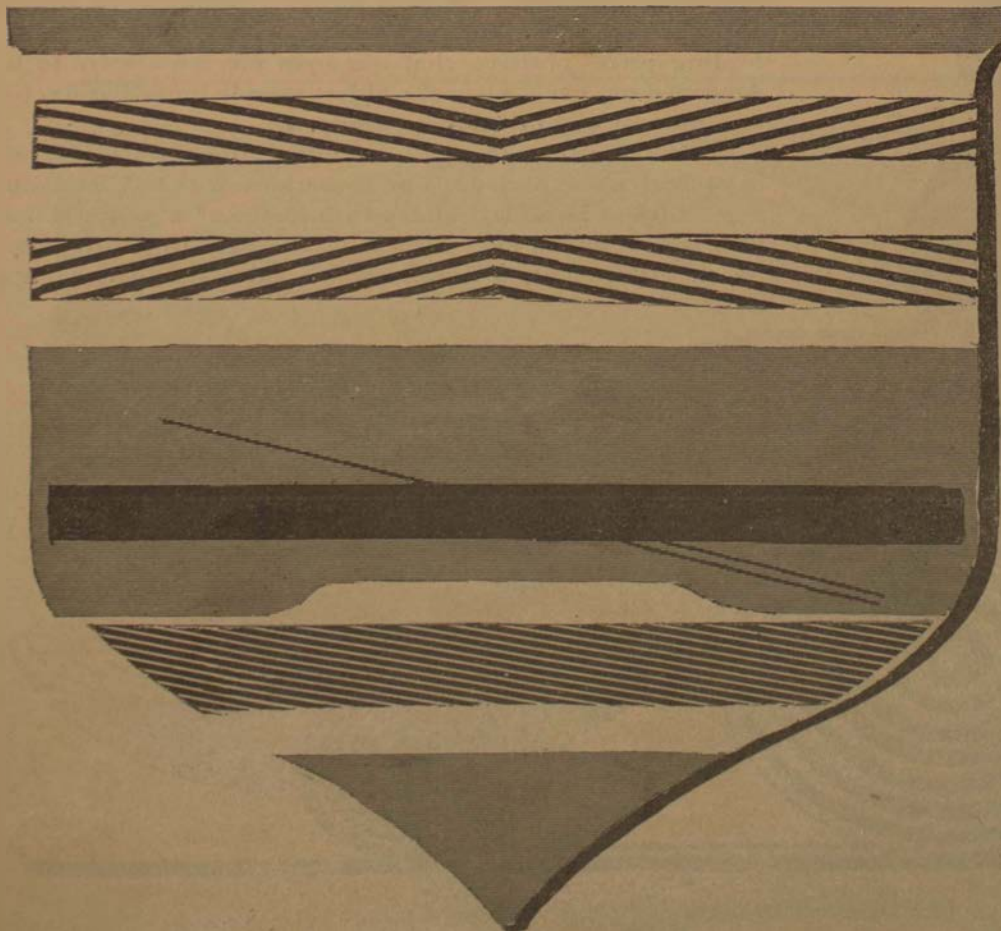
Can We Believe Our Eyes?

NOTHING can be more fallacious than the old truism, "Seeing is believing," in the sense that seeing is necessarily an incontrovertible proof of the existence or non-existence of the things seen. It is apt to be forgotten that we interpret phenomena by experience and not intuitively, by association of certain effects with certain appearances, and that when these appearances are, as they often can be, produced dissociated from the generally accompanying effects, the eye, or, rather, the judgment, is completely deceived.



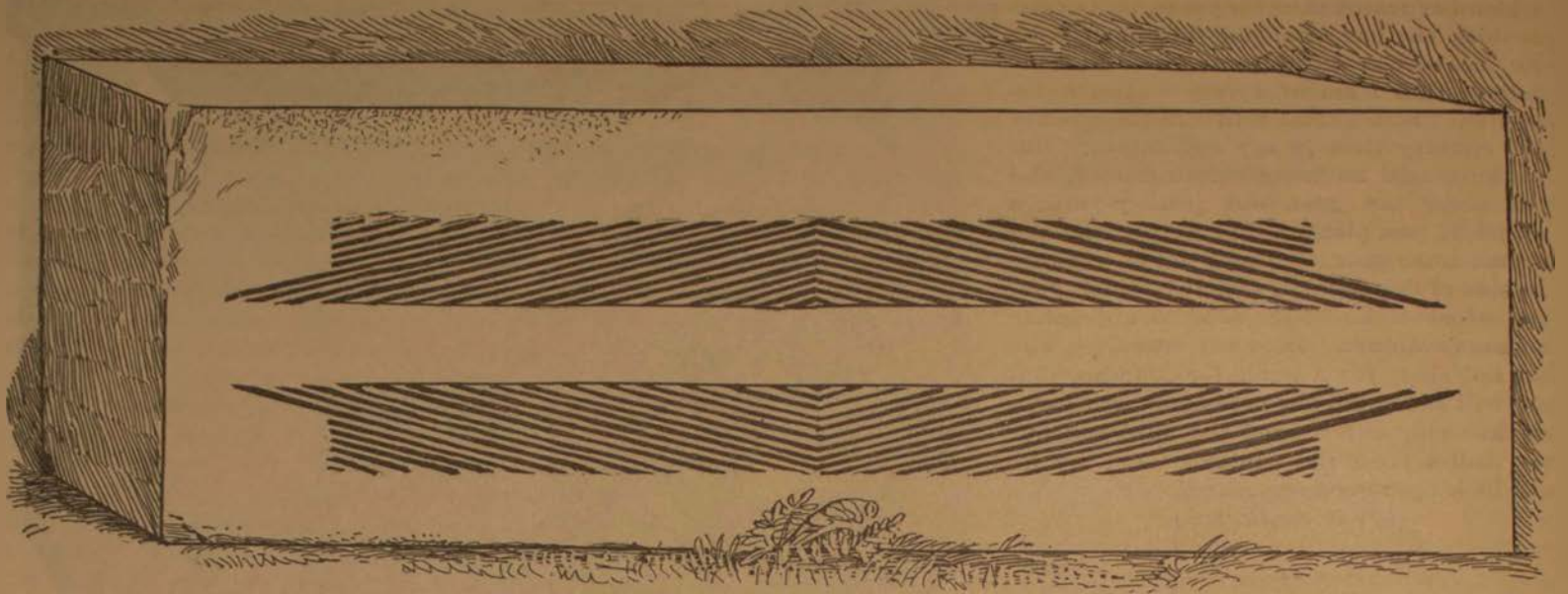
NO. 1.

A very familiar but a complete instance of this occurs while looking from a car window in a stationary train, at a train moving on a parallel track: we cannot, from anything our eyes tell us, discover whether it is the train in which we are, or the one upon which we are looking, that is in motion; but there is generally an impression present with us that we are moving and the other train is motionless. A very curious example of a similar false impression is experienced by a passenger on the cable road on the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge as he looks from the car window upon the foot-passengers traveling in the same direction as himself along the raised path built for them alongside the tracks. In this case as the cars overtake and pass them the pedestrians seem actually walking backward, and the illusion is so strong as to be really laughable.



NO. 2.

The judgment, in estimating the reports of the optic nerve, does so in view of surrounding objects. Thus, while the comparative length of two lines drawn perpendicularly to each other is correctly appreciated if the lines are of equal width, if one is much heavier than the other a surprising illusion is the result, the narrow line appearing much the longer. A similar effect is produced by drawing two lines of the same width and length, but terminated, in the one case, by convergent, and in the other, by divergent, lines. See No. 1. Series of oblique lines drawn above and below straight parallel lines



NO. 3.

distort the lines and make them anything but straight or parallel.

In No. 2 the dark marks upon the stone make the parallel lines that bound their inner terminations appear to separate from each other as they approach the center of the figure, so that the white space between them seems wider in the middle than at the ends; while, on the contrary, the parallel lines bounding the reversed oblique in No. 3 appear to approach as they near the center, making the white space nar-

rower as it nears the middle.

the other, it will be seen that they are of the same dimensions. Several years ago a number of advertisements appeared on cards, accompanied by a series of black concentric circles like those seen in the wheels of the car below. By giving the illustration a rotary motion, as if it were at the end of a crank, or, in other words, by keeping it right side up and moving it more or less quickly in small circles, the wheel will appear to revolve. When black and white lines of the same width are drawn parallel to each other, the white lines appear of a different width from the black ones, as is seen at the bottom.

The writer, of course, claims no originality in these figures: they have appeared in various ways at various times and on different occasions; but such instances are interesting as affording proof positive that our eyes are not always to be depended on, even when the object seen is immediately before us, and within our very grasp.

Habit determines the meaning of our sensations. If we have had no experience our sensations will tell us nothing. Bishop Berkeley relates an instance of a young blind man who obtained his eyesight at the age of twenty-four. As an experiment, a small wooden cube, a sphere, and a

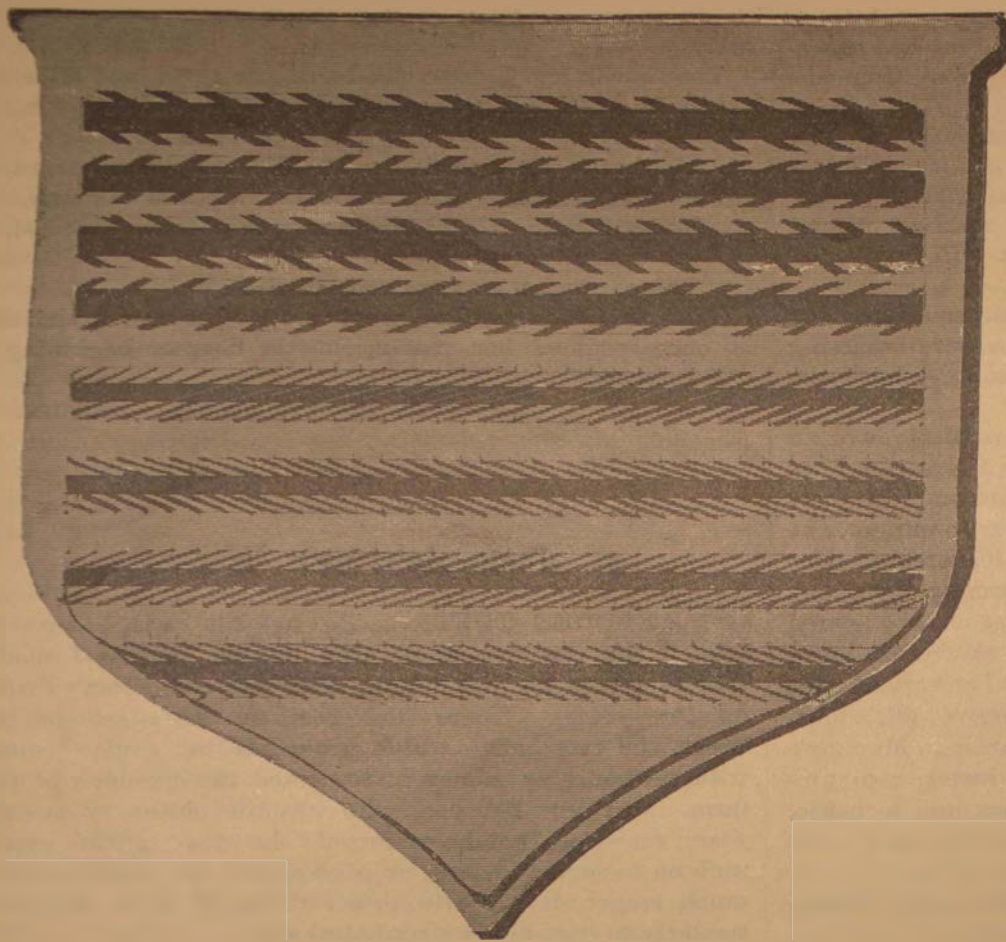


REVOLVING WHEELS.

rower as it nears the middle.

In No. 4 the pairs of heavy black lines appear to approach each other at opposite ends, although they are parallel. In No. 2, also, the oblique line produced above the black stripe appears to be an extension of the lower line below the stripe, whereas if a straight edge be laid along it it will be found to coincide with the upper line of the two.

If it be asked which segment of an arch in No. 5 appears to be the larger, the answer must invariably be, the lower one; but if the two arcs be traced and one applied above



NO. 4.

pyramid were placed before him, and he was asked if he could name their shapes from seeing them. This he could not do, and had to feel them before he could connect the sensation derived from them with their proper names. The cat coming to him, he caught hold of and felt her fur, ex-

claiming, as he let her go, "Ah, pussy, I will know you next time I see you." He had harnessed his sensation to its proper mental conception, never again to be dissociated. It is related that when he went about the house he closed his eyes to find his way.

We know nothing of anything apart from our sensations and our reasonings from them; and as our sensations can in a great number of instances be shown to be absolutely fallacious, it follows that we have no absolute knowledge at all, and that it behooves us to be modest in asserting our convictions, founded as they are entirely on relativity, and consisting as they do, not of truth, but of truth as it appears to us.

HAROLD MACY.

The Haunted Boot.



MISS CAR'LINE! Miss Car'line! I cahn't stan' it no mo'. You jis' come and hark to dis yeh step up garrut. It ain't no win', an' it ain't no doah, an' it ain't no mouse. It's a man's step, like he's hoppin' 'long on one foot, oneasy like. I heached ole Mammy say dat de ole Cunnel of all, de granfahder of de Majah's fahder, lost he leg in de wahs,

way up to Eurup somewhar, an' den he come down here an' died on a sofy in an instunce, wid he hyeart. An' ole Mammy she's heached a step, when she's a gal, in the chillen's room, right oberhead in de garrut, an' Pete he's heached it; an' now I ain't done nuffin' dis blessed night but shiver and creep wid heahin' dat step. O Miss Car'line! You jis' come an' hark to it once you'se'f."

"You drive me distracted with your steps and your mammy and 'ole Cunnel of all.' It's all your lively imagination and Pete's nonsense."

"You wouldn' say dat, Miss Car'line, if you jis' heached de step once."

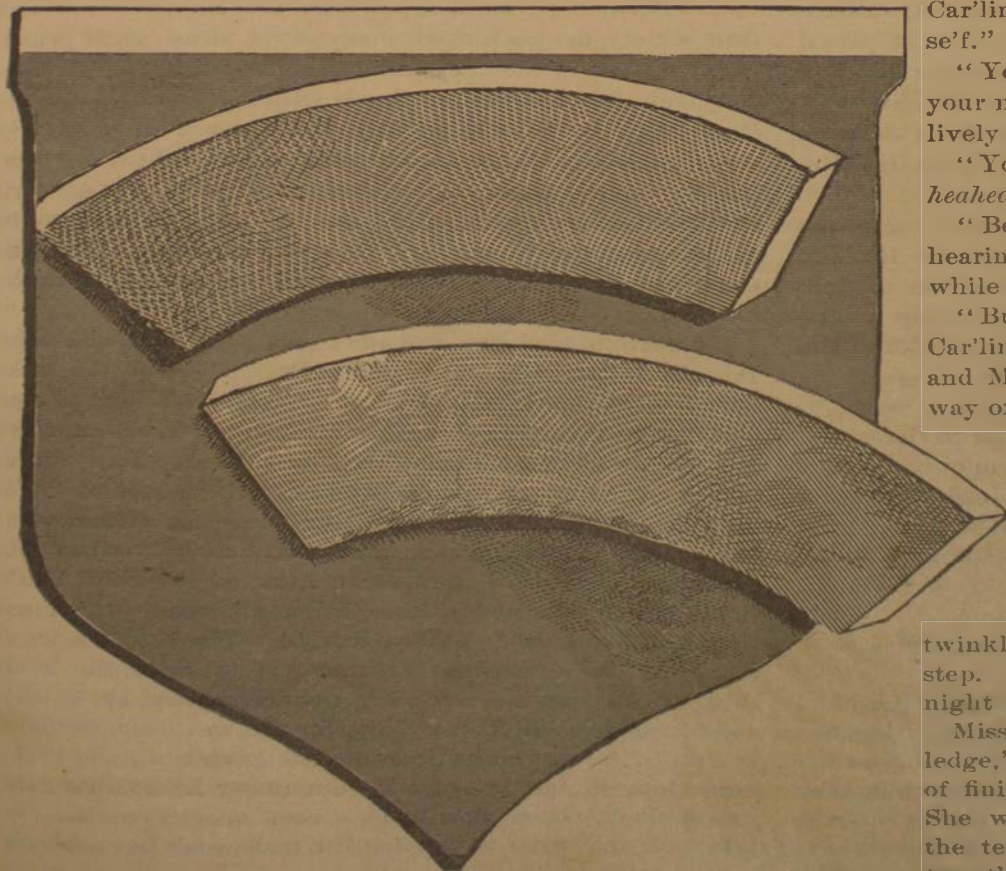
"Besides, if it *is* anything, what is the use of my hearing it, and being frightened out of my wits while Major and Madam are away?"

"But de step is powerful loud dis night, Miss Car'line, an' Mammy say *she* dunno whe'r Majah and Madam done got suthin' the matter wid um, way off whar dey 's gohn."

"Wait till they come home, and then we'll all come hark to it, and the Major will challenge the one-legged 'ole Cunnel of all' to mortal combat, if he doesn't stop that step."

"O Miss Car'line! You wouldn' laugh an' show you white teeth an' hide you twinklin' eyes that way if you once heached dat step. I cahn't sleep a wink o' sleep dis blessed night if suthin' ain't done 'bout dat step."

Miss Caroline Woodford was reading "Rutledge," and she had promised herself the pleasure of finishing the delectable morsel at one sitting. She was governess in Major Peyton's family. In the temporary absence of Major and Madam Peyton, the house servants looked to her as provis-



NO. 5.

ional "missis," but she carried her honors as lightly as possible, as she bore everything else that fell on her graceful, shirking shoulders. She mechanically rose from her chair.

"Cassie, I will *not* go and cultivate goose-flesh this cool evening harking at your ridiculous step; but if you'll get all the people in the house together, and bring them to the garret stairs, I'll head the procession, and we'll go up and take steps in the garret ourselves. That will settle the 'ole Cunnel of all,' if anything will."

Cassie looked aghast, but Miss Caroline released the dainty forefinger that she had imprisoned between two distracting pages of her novel, and resumed her reading where she stood.

After a moment's hesitation the little mulatto woman glided out of the room, and fifteen minutes thereafter Miss Caroline heard on the stairs a patter of numerous feet, most of them bare, and keeping her page with her forefinger, she sallied forth to assume her self-chosen leadership. Her merry peal of laughter greeted the oncoming host, the whites of whose eyes grew ominously large as they neared the haunts of the awful step. Cassie had mustered eleven recruits of different degrees of duskiness and of various ages and sizes, from "ole Pete" and "ole Mammy of all," down to "little Liz," who clung in speechless terror to Mammy's skirt. Brooms, shovels, fans, a feather-duster, two umbrellas and the dinner bell, a set of bones and a banjo, were the weapons offensive and defensive of this droll company.

Miss Caroline gayly stepped to the fore, and waving "Rutledge" in the air, commanded a halt:

"Now, when we get to the foot of the garret stairs I'll dash up, and you all after me as fast as you can go. Pete and Mollie and Sam and Jim present—no! *poke* with the brooms, shovels, and umbrellas; the girls wave the fans and flirt the feather-dusters; the boys play the bones and the banjo and ring the bell; and little Liz and Mammy sing "Gr-e-a-t Tribulation!"

She paused to note the effect of her harangue, which was marked. The whites of the eyes had perceptibly diminished, and glances of ivory between a dozen pairs of parted lips flashed all along the corridor. Cassandra herself felt the magnetism of the leader, and darting into the children's room brought forth little Missie's tambourine, which she deftly rubbed with her thumb, and set all its bells a-jingling.

"Bravo!" shouted Miss Caroline. "Onward!" And she led the way to the foot of the garret stairs, where the fun was to begin. She was by this time several paces in advance of her host, who saw her change color, drop "Rutledge" by her side, and gaze upward with a perplexed and serious air that was not reassuring.

"Pete! Sam! Look here!"

Pete and Sam were the mighty men of valor to the rest of the crowd, and it would never do for them to quail. They came to the front, one on either side of the leader, and *they* gazed upward with wide-eyed astonishment.

"Fur de law'!" cried ole Mammy, "It's de ole Cunnel, shoah."

"Nonsense!" shouted Miss Caroline.

But what was it that held her spellbound at the foot of the stairs?

The garret door stood open at the head of the flight, and on the second step from the top was a huge boot that was actually coming down stairs of its own motion. Oh, horror! It wobbled and thumped and floundered, but while they looked it flopped off one stair, turned on its side, and from within there issued, first an unmistakable squeal, and then, with one more mighty throe, a big rat rushed forth from

its durance, completely routing the feminine wing of the army.

The shovels and brooms stood firm, however, and after a desperate fight the "ole Cunnel of all" breathed his last, with no "sofy" to soothe his bursting heart.

Amid peals of laughter the light infantry hopped down from their perches on chairs and balustrade and bureau, and the leader stepped forth from the wardrobe in which she had taken sanctuary.

"There! Cassie, *now* are you satisfied?"

With this Miss Caroline swept away to her own room, and at once resumed her reading at the chapter beginning: "Felicie fled."

MARY J. JACQUES.

Uncle Zebedee's Will.



EBEDEE TUFTS made up his mind to go to the city on a short visit to his brother Jotham, whom he had neither seen nor corresponded with for ten years. There had been an estrangement between the two men, which grew out of some dispute with reference to money matters and the business of the farm. But now Zebedee, who was the oldest by twenty years, reasoned that he "'lowed" he was "gittin' pretty nigh on to seventy," and, as his lease of life could not run much longer, it was wise to set things in order, and particularly to "make up" with Jotham.

"I'll gin into him," he said, reflectively. "I'm the oldest, 'n' I s'poze I oughter set the example. Besides, I want to l'arn how Roxy Ann's gittin' along, 'n' I'd best go 'n' see."

Zebediah was, to use his own expression, "honery." He was large of head, thin of neck, scraggy of shoulder, and lank of limb. At his best he had never been good-looking, and it was because of the knowledge of his inferiority to other lads as to personal appearance, that he had withdrawn from society, denied himself many of the pleasures of youth, and had lived in the old homestead all his life a single man. Very few people were privileged with a glance beyond the stone steps of his front door, and these were generally strangers. Sometimes a wandering pedler claimed his hospitality for the night, and sometimes when he was at work in the field the curious children of the neighborhood would peep through the blinds into what they considered the wonder-world behind them, for the house was said to be haunted.

"I have no idee how the work gits done up," said Miss Dorothy Little, commonly called "Doty," one of the most harmless of the village gossips. "Men don't gen'ly know nothing about tidying things, 'n' Miss Tufts, Zeb's mar, she was the workin'est creeter that ever lived. That house is full of furniter, what isn't stowed in the barn, 'n' a good deal of the stuff in the Tufts place come from crost the water. La! how she used ter polish up them old mahogany drawers o' hern,—five hundred years old, I sh'd think by the 'pearance of 'em. 'N' her andirons—what must they look like now! Luddy, luddy! Why it took a week in spring, 'n' a week in autumn jest to shine the brass things in the house. I've often wondered what she's been doin' in heaven all these years, for she was a master hand at cleanin'. I do think she would rise from her grave if she knew how things is goin' to ruin under Zebediah's rule. I r'a'ly don't b'leeve that house's been opened nor the carpets took up for ten years; but if a man won't hev a woman 'round, what kin you expect?"

Miss Doty would willingly have taken upon herself the care of the place, either as wife or housekeeper, and had tied her blue bonnet-strings and smiled her sweetest at him for years and years; but beyond receiving a nod from the old man, occasionally, as he passed her window, she had accomplished nothing.

Meantime Zebedee had taken his best clothes from the old family chest, and after a thorough ventilation of those much-creased habiliments, on a line outside the kitchen door, to banish the strong odor of camphor, and a careful inspection, to be sure there were no rents or moth holes, he proceeded to array himself in them.

Having kept their original size the garments did not take kindly to his shrunken figure, but so folded and wrinkled over his long, lank limbs that on seeing him one involuntarily thought of a walking skeleton. It did not matter at all to Zebedee, however; he had long ago recovered from his shyness, and did not care what anybody thought of his appearance now. He was well satisfied,—the clothes suited him, they were his best, and it was some time since he had treated his neighbors to a sensation. When they saw Zebedee marching down the main street, which was a very steep one, on his way to the station, a carpet-bag of swollen dimensions in one hand, and a bulging umbrella, that had not been used for years, in the other, the women leaned from their windows, the men rested from their labors, and all stared open-mouthed at the unusual sight.

"Luddy, luddy!" cried Miss Doty, as she tied the strings of a white apron of generous proportions about her angular waist. "Noah's ark has emptied itself at last, and there goes the cap'n 'n' the crew. Well, of all the lean figgers I ever did see! There isn't enough of him to make a good-sized fishing-rod, and he's clean buried out o' sight in them clothes. Where kin the man be a-goin' to, I wonder? That hat ain't been wore sence the last days of Pompeii, 'n' looks as if it was fished out o' the crater somewheres. Ef he is goin' to town I pity his city relations, that's all. He certingly is a scarecrow."

What cared Zebedee for the opinions expressed by his towns-people as he swung on towards the depot? He had been so long the arbiter of his own destiny that the ways and doings of other people never troubled him. His isolated mode of living had made him independent of the help and sympathy of the men and women around him, or even the ordinary clannish interest that exists in small communities among people of the same calling. Full of the idea of breaking the long silence that had existed so many years between him and his brother Jotham, he had no thought for the people and things he had left behind.

"Joe's bin wonderf'ly prosp'rous," he said to himself, as his hob-nailed leather shoes painfully labored over the city streets. "I s'pose he lives in tip-top style now, so I guess I'll go to the office, fust, 'n' see him by himself."

The pompous city man was the most astonished of the two when Zebedee came lumbering into the store, too much fatigued with his long walk to more than gasp out a word when he met his brother near the door of his private office. Jotham hustled the old man into *the sanctum sanctorum*, and pretended to make him welcome, bulgy umbrella, misshapen carpet-bag, and all. What the visit could mean, he racked his brain to solve; but he rushed out and telegraphed to his wife:

"Brother Zeb has come from Hubbard Centre. Get up a twelve o'clock dinner: we shall be home in an hour."

It happened that the merchant's wife was out on some society business, and Celeste, the oldest daughter, received and read the telegram, which spread consternation through the household.

"He must be going to die," said Cynthia, the second daughter.

"And company coming to-night," gasped her mother, who came in just then and heard the news. "What on earth shall we do with him? Of course he's a sight. The last time I saw him he was a scarecrow, what must he be now? for he's ever so much older and uglier. And I'm sure Jotham don't like him,—there's no love between them. I hope he hasn't come thinking he can live on us: we must put an end to any such anticipation, at once! He is probably getting too old to farm, and thinks we can give him a comfortable home. Oh no: Jotham must be decided there. He might allow him something to live on, but he can't come here."

"He may have money," said Celeste, "and want to make up with father so as to leave it to us."

"Money! off that old farm?" said Mrs. Tufts, with a sniff. "No: Jotham has often said he didn't see how his brother made a living off of it. No, I am sure he has made up his mind to come and live on us."

"Well, you don't know yet. My advice is that you had better be civil and treat him well. We can easily get him out of the way in the evening. Martin will take him to the theatre, to-night, or find some way to amuse him. It's awful, though, to have such queer relations! There's Roxy: the more we do for her, the more we may. She is never satisfied, and hasn't the faintest idea of gratitude. When I gave her my old black silk yesterday, she actually said she didn't believe she could make it over. As if it needed making over, when she's just my size!"

It was Celeste who spoke, conscious that her dress was only two seasons old, and not yet worn threadbare.

Josiah Tufts, merchant, brought his brother to the house in a close cab. There was little dignity in the way he hurried him up the costly marble steps and into the great hall, on whose splendor of decoration the old farmer gazed with open mouth and awestruck visage. Nor was his astonishment lessened at sight of the two daintily dressed daughters, who each vied with the other in their rather stilted attempts to make him feel at home.

"What nice-looking gals you be, upon my word!" he said at dinner-time, looking admiringly from one pretty, high-bred face to the other. "Fair-complected, like your grandma. She was a wonder in her day, your grandma,—you've no idee. Ain't many women like her left. I've knowed her to git up 'n' bev breakfast for fourteen hired men 'n' send them off to their work at half-past four in the mornin'. Wasn't a lazy bone in her body; 'n' as for strength, she'd take a b'iler—a big wash-b'iler—'n' kery it down to the spring, a hundred yards from the house, 'n' fill it chuck full, 'n' bring it, 'thout the least 'parent exertion, clean to the house. Few women stronger in their arms than your grandma. Wonderful woman she was; an' knew how to bake pies 'n' puddens 'n' beans, to a turn. I never knew her to fail on baked beans; 'n' her b'iled dinners were good enuff to make yer mouth water. Well, I don't s'pose ye'll ever be called on to work like your grandma did, 'less Jotham should be took back in business; 'n' it don't look like that was ever goin' to happen. I'm the only poor man in this family;" and he chuckled, conscious of the looks of dismay mother and daughters cast upon each other.

"But I thought ye had Roxy Ann with ye," he said after a moment of silence. "John's gal is along o' you, ain't she? I hain't sot eyes on Roxy sence she was a peart little one four years old. Where's Roxy?"

"Oh, yes. Roxy,—she can't come down just now," said Celeste; but Cynthia was bolder and broke out with,

"Roxy has a dreadful headache, Uncle Zeb, and they

generally last her all day. I think likely she will be glad to see you this evening."

"Oh, well, I'll git a chance to talk with her by 'n' by," said Zebedee; but he had noticed the hesitation that caused the tongue of Celeste to falter, and seen the restless glances passing from face to face. A very shrewd old man was Zebedee.

Roxy was the child of his only sister, the little girl he had loved as he had never loved anyone else, and who had angered him by marrying a man unworthy of her. Now both father and mother were dead, and Roxy had found a good home, as her Uncle Zebedee had been led to believe, in the city, with her Uncle Jotham.

After dinner, as soon as the ladies had disappeared, Uncle Zeb, who was ostensibly busy with the newspaper while they were present, sauntered downstairs by the back way, and after passing through several rooms came to the kitchen. The upper part of the door was of glass, on account of the darkness of the passage leading from there to the butler's pantry, and there he took his post of observation.

"Thought so," he muttered. "Drat them girls! Thought they could pull the wool over my eyes, didn't they!"

Yes, that could be no other than Roxy, that slight girl with the gold-brown hair and the violet eyes, clad in an ugly kitchen-garment consisting of a long-sleeved apron of blue check, that covered her dress completely. She was bending over a great pan of dishes, and looked through the steam that surrounded her a veritable Undine.

"That's how they take care of Liddy's child, is it? They upstairs, with their fashionable doin's, and she down here, cleaning knives 'n' dishes 'n' kittles. Good Lord! it makes me mad to think of it;" and, to the astonishment of the cook and the terror of Roxy, he plunged into the kitchen, forgetful of the step that led to it.

"I missed the step, that's all," he said, catching hold of chair and table to save himself. "Well, Roxy, whatever air you a-doin' here? Don't know me, do you? Forgot your old uncle."

"You must be Uncle Zeb!" cried the girl, hastily drying her hands; and running towards him she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The old man stood still, overcome for a moment by this impulsive welcome, so different from the prim, conscious manner of the nieces upstairs. He recovered himself sufficiently, however, to shake hands with her, and to trace in the sweet countenance, now plainly in sight, the features of the sister he had loved so dearly.

"Wal, Niece Roxy," he said, with a curious quaver in his voice, "I thought ye hed a *home* here."

"And so I have," said the girl, a half-smile parting her pretty lips; "but when the second girl goes away, why, sometimes I take her place."

"And many another time," muttered the cook, audibly.

"And they keep ye washin' dishes 'n' scouring knives 'n' cleanin' kittles, do they?"

"Well you know, uncle, I——"

"An' waitin' on them gals, 'n' makin' beds, 'n' then give an excuse to your old Uncle Zeb that ye're sick with a headache. Ain't that about the size of it?"

"O uncle—you know—I hate to be so dependent. I must work for my board,"—she tried to wink back the tears which now filled her pretty eyes.

"Ye must, must ye? down in the kitchen, eh, scrubbin' 'n' scourin'. I'll be—dredged if ye must! Put on your bunnet, child, 'n' go home long o' me. My sister Liddy's little gal a-waitin' on them high-flyers, 'n' a-spendin' her life in slavery! Not if I know it. Do they send ye to school?"

"N—no, uncle, but they will, perhaps: they said they would," she faltered.

"'They said'! I wouldn't give a rotten pertater for *their* word. I've done all I wanted to on this visit,—showed my brother that I don't hold no enmity toward him,—and now I'm a-goin' home. 'Tain't a p'tickly nice home, like this grand establishment,—no plate glass, no verandys, no new furniter or statutes, or picters, 'n' all that sort, 'n' you might hev to work a little; but you won't bind 'n' drag for a lot of high-flyin' gals, 'n' stay down in the kitchen, slavin', while they're a-enjoyin' themselves. Git your bunnet, 'n' go back with me,—that is, ef you've a mind to."

"O uncle! *do* you mean it?"

"If he *do* mean it," said the cook, who had been standing with arms akimbo, "now's your time. You go!"

"You may be used to the lies of fashion, but I reckon I don't hev to repeat my meanin's to them that knows me," said honest Zebedee, his homely face growing red.

"O uncle! I didn't mean—oh you don't know how gladly I'll go with you," said Roxy, hope in her beautiful eyes. "I'd work for you with pleasure. And then to be in the country! It makes me happy only to think of it!"

"Then you git ready. As I said afore, you may hev to work some, but yer time 'll be yer own, anyhow, 'n' there won't be any toppers there, like your cousins. Land! how they did soft-sawder me! Felt as if they hed to let themselves down a little, I s'poze, to suit my comprehension. Jest so. I comprehended they was a-deceivin' me 'bout you, 'n' I tuk the matter inter my own hands; 'n' I'm glad I did. You shall go to the 'Cademy on the hill, too,—first-rate 'Cademy, four terms, two in winter 'n' two in summer, 'n' you shell hev your chance. You're a-missin' it here, by Jinks!"

It did not take Roxy long to make up her small bundle: and to the consternation of her aunt and cousins she came to bid them good-by as the cab Uncle Zeb had ordered drove up to the door.

"Uncle wanted me," she said simply, "and I love the country."

"It wasn't so much the leaving," said her aunt, in speaking of it afterward to her husband, "as the underhand way in which it was done. Who would have dreamed of his going down into the kitchen? He probably considers us a deceitful set; but I don't care. We're well rid of them both; only I suppose if he has any money he will leave it to her, now, and we are out."

Roxy felt at once *en rapport* with this strange uncle. To be free from the slavery of the great house, where she was tolerated in her own proper person only on rare occasions; to see the blue sky she loved so well, not in narrow strips, between tall houses, but great, beautiful breadths of sunshine and sweet air; to hear the birds sing in the early morning; to miss the curt orders of her fashionable cousins.—all these filled her innocent heart with ecstasy. She had known but little real comfort in her life, this young girl of sixteen.

"Well, I du say!" cried Miss Dotty, holding up both hands as she fell on a chair in an exhausted condition. "Ef that old man hasn't gone and brought home a young wife!—young enough to be his grandchild. I knew he wasn't goin' to the city for nothing. Well! well! the ways of sich men is duberous; 'n' I don't believe there's another person in this town that see through him as I did. What? His niece, did you say? Law me! I might a knowed it! Liddy's daughter Roxy. Well, yes: I guess her rich relations didn't want her. I thought it was queer of him at his time o' life to git married, one foot in the grave," she added to the neighbor who enlightened her. "His niece! Well, I

s'poze, as he's gittin' old 'n' sickly, he got her fer jest what she kin do. He ain't got no love in his mis'able heart, 'n' I, for one, don't begrudge her the place."

If she could have seen Roxy going from room to room, and in her quiet way evolving order out of confusion, till the dust no longer lay an inch thick on the fine old furniture, till the unused brasses shone again, she would have given even stronger emphasis to the fact. Zebedee was fain to confess that it was good to come home now to a well-laid table and a cheerful fire, and wondered why he hadn't thought of it before.

So the years passed happily on. Roxy went to school and profited by every opportunity to improve mind and body, till one day, when the girl was nineteen, her uncle was seized with a mortal illness, and in a few weeks Roxy was left alone in the ancient farmhouse, a sincere mourner for the old uncle who had been so good to her. In his last hours he called her to the bedside and gave her a brief outline of his intentions towards those who survived him.

"Brother Joe is to have the homestead, if he will comply with my conditions," he said; "and as I can't last long, now, I want to tell you what to do the day of my funeral. Bring down all the things you see in the closet of the corner bedroom, and put them on the back parlor table,—it's an old lot, but no matter for that,—and mind, what your cousins refuse to take, as per my will, you are to have. I know you will appreciate them for my sake. After all is over, and I am put in the ground, go to the old bureau in that same room. You'll find a letter there, writ for me by my man o' business, before I was took sick. I want you to act upon that letter, which is reely my last will 'n' testament. You've ben a good girl, Roxy, and took good care o' me 'n' the old house, an' you'll never feel sorry you came,—take my word for it, child."

It was generally expected in the little town that Roxy would come in for all of the old man's property; therefore, when the will was read the disappointment was general and vividly reflected in the faces of those who were present. Many were the ohs and ahs, the resigned foldings of black-mitted hands, the glances of condolence bestowed on Roxy, who did not seem in the least cast down when she heard the will, which read as follows:

"I, Zebedee Tufts, farmer, being of sound mind, bequeath to my brother, Jotham Tufts, the house, barn, and premises belonging to me, providing he will put improvements on the buildings to the extent of five hundred dollars, and allow our niece Roxy to occupy the premises till she marries; my brother to see that the farm is kept going for the said Roxy's support. If the terms are not to his mind, then the homestead goes to my niece Roxy.

"To my brother's daughter Celeste, I bequeath her grandmother's bonnet, black silk gown, and mantle of black satin, and I hope she will keep those relics of a good woman, whose memory is blessed, or make them over into fitting garments for her own wear. To my second niece, my brother's daughter Cynthia, I give my mother's old Bible, and her grandmother's portraits. To my brother's wife I bequeath my best umbrella, my mother's work-table and basket, wherein is left the work she was busy on an hour before she died, and the set of blue china. To my niece Roxy I give the sum of five hundred dollars for clothes and schooling. To my friend and nearest neighbor, Miss Dorothy Little, I bequeath the swinging glass with bureau in my front bedroom; and to Peter Pickins, my old rheumatic pensioner, my best suit, together with my best boots and two pocket-handkerchiefs." Then followed a few more trifling bequests, and the reading of the will was over.

To describe the astonishment, indignation, even downright anger, of Jotham Tufts' family, would be quite impossible. When the neighbors had gone they gave vent to their spleen in no measured terms.

"Just to think of it!" said Jotham's wife, the blood mounting to the roots of her black hair. "Did anyone ever hear of such a ridiculous will? I wouldn't have the old house on any conditions.—miserable old, tumble-down thing! And to think of his insulting my daughters in that way, and leaving Roxy five hundred dollars! And then you are to spend five hundred more in fixing things for her comfort and support. I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"It isn't worth that much with the land thrown in," said Jotham, "and I know nothing about farming. What good would it do me? I wouldn't spend a shilling on the old shell. Roxy may have it, and welcome, and so I told Ogleby, who drew up the will."

Opposite a table which was set in a recess at the back of the room, stood Celeste and Cynthia, laughing at the miscellaneous heap of old finery, which, after a rest of nearly twenty years in darkness and seclusion, had been brought out of the obscurity of the fusty old wardrobe, into the garish light of day. Very antiquated looked the bonnet, scoop-shaped and of a ridiculously large pattern, its glossy surface of silk—the best that money could buy in its time—shining in spots, the flat bows and rumpled strings giving melancholy evidence of its age and inutility; the mantle, much creased; the silk gown, rising neck and shoulders above the miscellaneous garments; the much worn old Bible; and the portraits in faded oils, that stood against the wall.

"I wonder if he thought we would burden ourselves with such trash!" exclaimed Celeste, with a scornful toss of the head. "I wouldn't so much as touch them! Roxy may have them all, and welcome: I wouldn't give them house-room, not one of them; and I'm sure mother wouldn't touch that horrid old horn-handled cotton umbrella, or that ricketty, three-legged table. I believe Uncle Zeb was crazy, to make such a will. And then to leave that girl five hundred dollars, and not a cent to either of us!"

Roxy was getting tea for them all in the old kitchen. There was plenty of bread, meat, and cake, and one of the neighbors, Miss Dotty, was busily engaged setting the table in the dining-room adjoining, when Jotham announced his intention of leaving.

"But tea is almost ready, Uncle Jotham," said Roxy, as she came in, her cheeks rosy from exercise. "Of course you will stay to tea?"

"It's not worth while," said her uncle, while his wife adjusted her velvet cloak, looking over the head of the girl as if absolutely indifferent to her presence. "I've given up our share: you're welcome to it all. The will is in the hands of the lawyer, who will know best what to do; so the things are all yours,—bonnets, baskets, umbrellas, tables, house, and all."

"Well, I declare to goodness if they're not a pretty set!" said Miss Dotty Little, as she stood at the table, her hand on the knob of the tea-pot. "Here I've got down your grandma's best gold-band chiny, that I cleaned yesterday, and exerted myself to make the table look nice, city style, and they're gone and left us jest at tea-time, when there's a full hour to the train time."

"It can't be helped," said Roxy, "they wouldn't stay. We must take tea by ourselves."

"And all this splendid chiny showing for nobody! I declare it's too provoking!" bemoaned Miss Dotty. "Well, it's all turned out for the best, for you. I hearn him tell that young Mr. Ogleby that he didn't care about property

that imposed an obligation, or something like that, and he should have nothing to do with any of it, be or his ; so I don't know but what you're as well off as they are."

"How unkind of them!" said Roxy, as she poured cream into the dainty cups; "I mean in view of uncle's remembrance."

"I should think it master kind, myself," said Miss Dotty, "and 'much obliged to 'em,' says I. I'm not one that refuses anything. That glass 'll come quite handy in a certain corner of my bedroom, and I'm real obliged to the old gentleman for remembering me. I only wish the old blue chiny tea-set had fallen to me,—grandma would be so pleased with it."

"You may have it, and welcome," said Roxy, heartily. "I don't want it."

"Well, raly now, how handsome of you! But I don't know's I'd oughter take it," was the reply. "I certainly would 'a' chose it of all the things, but—p'raps he wouldn't like it."

"What does he care now? and, indeed, I'll be glad if you'll take it. There are only two pieces gone, and I'm not very fond of that color, so you're welcome."

"Thank you, Miss Roxy, then I don't know but I will. Land o' Goshen! how strange it must seem to you to be all alone, this way. Of course you won't stay here to-night,—you'll come home 'long o' me?"

"No, thank you, I'm not a bit afraid," said Roxy; "the old house is home, and I might as well get used to staying alone."

Miss Dotty went away with her china in a basket, and, not long after that, old rheumatic Peter Pickens came after his legacy, and looked rather disappointed that it was nothing more.

"The ole gentleman said as he'd remember me handsome," he muttered, ungratefully, but nevertheless took his gift and went on his way.

Roxy had been accustomed to being alone. She was such a merry-hearted creature, going about her daily work singing and talking to her two canaries, that she never knew what it was to be without company, or to feed on morbid fancies as some girls in her situation might have done. But in the long evenings it had been different. Her uncle had then sat beside her in the red firelight, smoking his pipe, reading his paper, or talking of matters pertaining to home and farm business. As she took her accustomed seat and the fire snapped and brightened, and now and then a coal fell, or a burnt stick broke in two, she almost looked for his outstretched arm, for he was fond of brightening the fire or picking up brands with the tongs, and once or twice she fancied he spoke. Could he have been there, patiently seated in his own chair, and wondering why she did not see him? Did she feel his presence in a shadowy way as she looked at the wavering figures on the wall, that danced up and down as the firelight quickened or faded out?

"I won't be nervous," she said resolutely to herself, and all at once the dying words of her uncle occurred to her. He had left a letter for her to read after he should be laid away. She ran upstairs and found it by the flaring light of her candle, and presently was sitting beside the little old work-table, the letter in her hand. As she opened it a little shudder went through her frame, "as if for all the world," she said to herself, "uncle were here." And thus the missive ran:

"MY DEAR NIECE ROXY:—

"I have an impression that the house and all the other things will revert to you, as I sincerely hope will be the case. If that happens, you will find that I am a much richer man than my neighbors or relations suppose, having invested in

certain stocks which have always brought me money. In my will I have left you five hundred dollars. If my brother Jotham gives the property into your hands by refusing to be bound by my conditions, you will find in a small iron safe, in the boarded room where I kept my potatoes, the sum of six thousand dollars for your sole use and benefit, which would otherwise have gone to my brother Jotham if he had been willing to agree to my terms. In the lining of my mother's old-fashioned bonnet there are one thousand dollars in greenbacks. Behind the canvas of my mother's portrait is a similar sum, while under the linen cover of the old Bible are two bills of five hundred dollars each. In the tea pot of the old blue china set are bills amounting to five hundred dollars, and in the trousers of my best suit of clothes, willed to old Peter Pickens, one hundred dollars in the left pocket, and the same in the right. In a small box in the drawer of my mother's work-table are five hundred dollars; in the frame of the swinging looking-glass will be found fifty dollars. Should the bulk of these fall to you, which I foresee they will, knowing my brother's family so well, consult with the Messrs. Ogleby, in Front Street, in the city, and they will aid you in taking such care of your little fortune as I have advised. You are not to confer with anyone else, or make known the contents of this letter to the rest of my family. Remember your uncle speaks to you from the dead, and take into your confidence only tried friends.

"G. A. Ogleby,
"For Zebedee Tufts."

Roxy sat for a moment quite dazed by the nature of this communication, unable to realize her good fortune, and, strangely enough, sorry for her Uncle Jotham's loss. It was now nine o'clock. The fire had burned low, but the moon shone in, quite eclipsing the moderate rays of the lamp by her side. How strange it seemed to be sitting there, mistress of a little fortune, she who had known so much want and sorrow in her short life.

"O mother, if you were only alive!" she murmured.

Three quick, distinct raps sounded, startling her out of all self-possession for the moment. Then she gave herself a little shake and went bravely to the door, saying to herself that she knew what it meant. As she had expected, Miss Dotty stood there. The woman was pale and agitated, her hair thrust behind her ears, not crimped in her usual tidy fashion, and her bonnet set awry. As she came forward she stared helplessly at Roxy, and seemed not to know how to begin her errand.

"Well, child," she said at last, "I never expected to have no such tussle with myself for honesty's sake, but 'come to it you must,' ses I. The fact of the matter is, somebody left a big sum of money in the blue chiny tea-pot,—you remember how the cover was tied on,—and here it is. It did look for a minute as if I was goin' to git the dove-colored silk I've coveted all my life, 'n' the shawl 'n' outfit for next summer, and a nice new pair o' blankets for granny; but, ses I, 'though the tea-set is yourn, havin' been give through a good heart in her as give it, she didn't know of the money, which in course is hern.' So I determined to settle the thing afore I went to bed, less the enemy should make me change my mind"; and she held out a package of greenbacks. "Here it is: every dollar of it's safe."

"I know all about it," said Roxy, gently, as she put back the extended hand and smiled in the now eager face.

"You don't say!" cried Miss Dotty, aghast. "Luddy, luddy! you might knock me down with a feather."

"And the money," continued Roxy, "was meant to go with the gift."

"Sakes o' life!" cried the woman. "Roxy, air you in your right reasonin' powers?"

"Yes, I'm quite sane, and quite sure about it. My aunt refused the set, and I gave it to you. I'm able, so buy your dove-colored silk, and get your summer outfit, and the blankets for granny; and I'm very glad you've got it."

Miss Dotty stood transfixed for a moment, then she looked at the money, and a very solemn expression came into her face.

"I never thought he was stingy," she said, partly to herself, "but I never dreamed of sech a thing in my wildest dreamin's."

"And there are fifty dollars in the frame of the swinging glass," said Roxy, smiling.

"The land o' Canaan!" ejaculated Miss Dotty, and tottered to a chair, into which she sank from sheer inability to stand up under the overwhelming pressure of this additional good news.

"I dunno what to say," she half-groaned, the tears running down her cheeks, "only it'll keep granny nice 'n' comfortable to the day of her death,—and ef you're sure I ain't doin' wrong in keepin' it—"

"Sure! Why of course I am. Whatever uncle and his family didn't want, comes to me. You're just as welcome to it as if Uncle Zeb had bequeathed it to you in his will;" and Roxy's smile was as sweet and bright as May sunshine, as she looked into the spinster's pinched face.

"Well, all I've got to say is, 'the Lord bless ye!' I never dreamed I should be so lucky, and I can't hardly believe it now," she half sobbed; "but there it is—there it is!" and she patted the money lovingly.

One other visitor called on the following day, nay, two, for the old wife of Peter Pickens came, hobbling slowly after him.

"I sort o' thought there was a mistake," he said, as he thrust his trembling hand into the pocket of the blue vest that had fallen to him. "There was a matter o' two hundred dollars in the trousers of that air suit o' clothes, 'n' lots of loose bills in this here vest. You don't s'pose he left that to me, do ye?"

"I know he did," said Roxy.

The old man stared at her, then turned his bleared blue eyes away, then his glance came back upon her as he pulled at the thin gray lock on his forehead.

"Well, miss," he gasped, as soon as he could find his voice, "that'll keep me 'n' Molly from the poorhouse. I humbly thank Heaven: it'll keep us in food the little while we've got to live. Well, well," he added, talking to himself, "I was a mind to keep it, but Molly here, sbe said, 'better come and see,'—and—I humbly thank the Lord."

He bowed his old head, and after a few gentle words from Roxy, who, standing in the sunshine, her fair hair gleaming like gold, her brown eyes soft and bright, looked like an angel to him, he joined his old wife, and they went away as happy as two children.

After that Roxy carried on the farm with the advice and assistance of the young lawyer to whom her uncle had referred her, and whom eventually she married. Jotham's family did not find out what a dire mistake they had made in refusing the bequests of their brother and uncle, till long afterwards, and then, as regrets were useless, after a brief period of disgust for themselves, and anger towards Roxy, they forgot and forgave. And as Roxy now lived in as good style as any of them, they called on her, and ever afterwards were proud of speaking of their cousin Mrs. Roxy Ogleby.

MARY A. DENISON.

Our Girls.

Lessons in Riding.

RIDING was probably never so general among ladies as now. If not a "healthy duty," it may certainly be classed among our healthy luxuries; for it is a most invigorating recreation. A smart canter or a swinging trot along some country lane will bring a set of muscles into play that often otherwise remain unused, rouse the torpid liver, and plant many a pale cheek with roses. Ride, by all means, if you have the chance; but, in order that you may ride in comfort, start with the fixed idea that riding is an art worth some pains to acquire, and not an instinct which will enable you to take to it as readily as a duck takes to water.

In olden times the women rode on pillions; but the young Queen of Richard II. introduced the side-saddle. Even so



A SMART CANTER.

recently as the beginning of the present century the pillion was in use among country people, the bad state of the roads, often otherwise impassable, rendering this the most convenient means of traveling for women. A cushion was strapped at the rear of the saddle, with a rest for the feet attached to it, and here the fair one was enthroned, her sole concern being to hold on to her cavalier.

But times are altered: she who now aspires to a seat on horseback must, if she would acquit herself gracefully and with ease, know how to ride. It is with the intention of giving some useful advice and general directions on this subject, that this article is written. To those happy mortals who have known what it is to own ponies from babyhood, and who are consequently at home in the saddle, many things that I shall say will perhaps seem too simple and self-evident to need saying at all; but others, commencing their equestrian performances later in life, without, perhaps, the assistance of a professional teacher, and conscious of a certain want of *savoir faire*, which turns what ought to be a season of purest enjoyment into a period of positive discomfort, may find something to help them, if they have patience and perseverance to put these hints into practice.

Without patience and perseverance nothing can be done well, not even riding; although it is a strange fact that many people seem to think the only things necessary for becoming a rider are the possession of a horse and the courage to mount it. Nobody expects to excel in music by merely purchasing the instrument to which he has taken a fancy, or to skate well without taking pains to learn the rules; and yet, because a girl finds it easy to sit on a quiet horse by the side of a master whose familiar voice and presence control the animal she is on without any exertion on her part, and who is ready to seize the rein at the first diffi-

culty, she imagines that she can ride, that there is nothing more to learn. The result of this notion is sure to show itself when the mistaken one is thrown on her own resources, deprived, it may be, of a reliable escort, or placed upon a horse which requires some handling. Either she goes along in a harum-scarum fashion, totally unconscious of the risk she runs and how entirely she is at the mercy of her steed, and is simply saved from an accident by his good temper and training, or the merest chance, or she is overpowered by a nervousness which makes her helpless, and her uncertain hands soon communicate that fact to her four-footed companion, who, unable to rely on his guide, quickly becomes unmanageable. In this case the excuse will probably be, "I have not sufficient strength;" when it would be more correct to say "I have not sufficient knowledge." Strength is, of course, required to restrain, for instance, a very free-going horse, or to hold together a powerful one; but then women, as a rule, are under no necessity to ride animals that need a man's muscular exertion. Coolness, tact, and judgment are more often wanted, and, when employed, save a lady from appearing in the slightest degree masculine, even in her hat and habit. It is the combination of gentleness and force which makes the sight of a graceful woman on horseback a pleasant one to see.

A careful toilet should precede the ride. The rider will be in a conspicuous position, and for this reason, if for no other, it is well to present as neat and appropriate an appearance as possible. Buttons, collar, etc., should be securely adjusted, bearing in mind that their re-arrangement may prove a matter of difficulty. Floating ribbons and ornaments generally are quite out of place: the most elegant costume is the simplest. A well-cut and easy-fitting habit of blue, brown, green, or black cloth, relieved at throat and wrists by snowy collar and cuffs, gloves that neither cramp the hands nor hang upon them like bags, thereby destroying the delicacy and firmness of the touch, and a comfortable, safely fastened hat, either a silk one or a derby, form a very attractive *tout ensemble*. If a veil be used, it must be so worn as not to flutter in the wind. Trousers in the place of petticoats are highly essential, both for comfort and appearance: fasten them with straps under the boot. In short, the aim of the fair equestrian should be to dress in such a manner that she may look as neat and trim at the end of the journey as at the start; and having accomplished this to her satisfaction, we will suppose the horse to be at the door ready for her to mount.

I need not dwell upon the advantage it is to be able to mount and dismount gracefully; and with a little care this is easy to accomplish. We have perhaps laughed at the spectacle of some fair rider helplessly poised in mid air between the horse and the assistant, or making several efforts



MOUNTING.

before a successful one lands her on the saddle. The first of these misfortunes is occasioned by standing too far from the horse; the second, by not straightening the left knee well in taking the spring. Stand with the right shoulder as close to the horse as convenient, place the forefinger of the right hand between the reins, the hand on the pommel; put the left foot into the hands of the attendant, the left hand on his shoulder, and spring strongly from the right foot, into the saddle. Now if at this moment you are careful to straighten the left knee sufficiently, you will find yourself in your place without the slightest trouble; otherwise your whole weight falls on the hands of the person assisting you, with the result that you are pushed up by main force, and what should be an elegant action is converted into an awkward scramble. The whip all this time is held in the right hand, but not in such a manner that you will sit upon it when you spring. The whip is a necessary adjunct, as we shall presently see; but never carry a very limp one: it is apt to tease a horse if carelessly handled. The whip should be straight, moderately supple, and light.

Having gained the saddle, with the right hand slightly ease the habit, before placing the knee over the pommel;



FAIRLY MOUNTED.

then put the right knee into position, the left foot into the stirrup, and you are fairly mounted.

In order to alight, disengage the foot from the stirrup, and remove the knee from the pommel; on this same pommel place the right hand, with the left take hold of the habit, and thus, as you slide down, prevent the feet from becoming entangled. There is not so much danger of this now as formerly, and the short skirt at present worn is certainly more sensible than the cumbrous and flowing garment of years gone by. If assistance be proffered to break the jar of the descent, avail yourself of it by placing the left hand, which can still retain the habit, on the hand of friend or attendant, and as you reach the ground make the faintest possible rebound; the word sounds almost too decided, the movement is so slight, but it gives a certain elasticity to the frame, and does away with the sudden jerk often experienced.

Be careful never to lift the knee from the pommel until you are quite ready to quit the saddle. I once narrowly escaped an accident by neglecting this simple precaution. I had been riding a young horse with great care, and he had conducted himself so much better than was expected that when about to dismount I relaxed my vigilance. The groom was at his head. Carelessly leaving my hold of pommel and stirrup, I turned for a moment to speak to a companion, and in that moment Bucephalus began to kick. The man shouted, "Keep to your saddle, ma'am!" Nobody would



"BUCEPHALUS BEGAN TO KICK."

more willingly have followed his advice than I; but deprived of all support, save that to be obtained by seizing the pommel, it was, of course, impossible. I described a flying, and, it is to be hoped, graceful, curve in the air, and came down on my feet, but on the off side, and still clutching the pommel. Bucephalus resented this unusual proceeding by renewed plunging: it would be useless to attempt to retain my hold much longer, and to let go was to risk being trampled or kicked. In this dilemma I threw myself backward, and immediately rolled over and over, away from those threatening heels, escaping unhurt, with the exception of a bruise or two, occasioned by the fall, and a terrible wound to my *amour propre*.

Having mounted, you are ready to settle the length of your stirrup. Novices invariably prefer this too short. It gives them a sense of greater security if they can feel the leg wedged in between the stirrup and the third pommel, or leaping-head, but it is a mistake. Too short a stirrup destroys all freedom of the limbs, and throws the body over to the right. Better have the stirrup too long than too short. Indeed, it is capital practice to ride occasionally with a longer stirrup than usual, or even with none, provided you resolutely guard against all tendency to lean to the left. It will teach you to balance yourself in the saddle, and to adapt your movements to those of your horse with a degree of ease that will amply repay any exertion you may find it at first. Learn to alter your stirrups without aid. The balance-strap is ready to your hand on the off side, and renders this a very simple operation.

The seat and the hand must be perfectly independent of each other. A steady seat is never gained while any

assistance is taken from the reins; therefore it is a good plan for the learner to have her horse led at first. Sit square, so that you look straight between the horse's ears; keep the right shoulder well back, and let the weight of the body fall exactly in the center of the saddle. Do not bear

on the stirrup: the ball of the foot must rest steadily on the stirrup, the knee slightly bent, and the toe pointing to the horse's shoulder; and if the left knee is kept well against the saddle in such a way as to turn the heel slightly from the horse, the shoulder will be in its proper place. Keep the elbows close to the hips, but not stiffly: it is painful to see them held as if not belonging to the body, and impossible, then, for the hands to work properly.



CORRECT POSITION.

It is surprising how many girls, really ambitious of riding well, never take the trouble to understand thoroughly the management of the reins. They know that the bridles generally used have

two, and that these two are called respectively the curb and snaffle rein; but they are by no means certain what difference exists between them, and they would not unfrequently be puzzled to decide in a hurry which. The natural inference is that they have been badly taught; but the pupil is oftener to blame than the master: she is too apt to consider the ride only as a pleasure which it is not worth while to spoil by paying too much



"SIT SQUARE, RIGHT SHOULDER WELL BACK."

heed to the mild injunctions to "shorten the snaffle," or the plaintive reminders that "those reins have slipped again."

There are, as before stated, two reins. The upper rein



SHORTEN SNAFFLE, REINS SLIPPED.



INCORRECT POSITION.

belongs to the bridle, or snaffle, and this is united in the middle by a buckle; the lower one belongs to the bit, or curb, which, instead of a buckle, has a sewing. They are, therefore, readily distinguishable; but, in order to obviate any confusion on the part of a beginner, and also because her hand is too harsh and uncertain to be trusted with the means of severer restraint, it is usual to place the snaffle rein only in her hand, and when she has become accustomed to that to supplement it with the curb.

Of the different modes of holding the reins the following is perhaps as convenient as any: With the right hand take

up the curb rein at the sewing; place the third finger of the left hand between this rein (so that you can lightly feel the horse's mouth), and turn it smoothly through the hand and bring it out between the forefinger and thumb. Next take up the snaffle rein at the buckle, pass the second, third, and fourth fingers through it, and turn that also smoothly through the hand outside the other rein. Then, to guard them from slipping, place the thumb upon both.

In this simple way the reins keep the right position, the curb in the middle, the snaffle outside. If you wish the

bridle hand at liberty, a change is effected by holding the right hand over the left and inserting the third finger in place of the second, the second in place of the third, and the first in place of the fourth. Then the right thumb presses the reins between the first and second joint of the forefinger, the ends of the reins hanging to the left. To shift them again, place the left hand over the right, drop the little finger be-

tween the two left reins, and let the others follow in natural sequence, a finger between each rein; turn the ends over the forefinger, press them with the thumb, and the former position is restored.

It is quite correct, though not so convenient, to hold the reins with both hands. The curb rein should be passed between the third and fourth fingers of each hand, the snaffle rein outside the fourth finger, and then both reins passed through the hand and held by the thumb to prevent their slipping, the same as if all four reins were in one hand. The wrists should be bent so that the knuckles will point straight ahead. The hands should be held as low as possible, and about two-thirds the distance back between the right knee and hip; and it is essential that they be kept perfectly steady, so they will not communicate to the horse's mouth the motion of the body in rising.

Make yourself quite familiar with these movements; and

if you do not ride very often, and are anxious to get on quickly, practise them at home with properly arranged tapes, changing from all in left to all in right, from all in left to both and back again, from all in right to both and back again, and from all in left to both and then to all in right. If these are fastened to something firm by an elastic band, it will give a good idea of the action of a horse's mouth on the hand.

Besides being expert at shifting the reins from hand to hand, it is necessary to be able to adjust them skilfully, and, without altering the pace of the horse, to the required length. Since the hold upon them must be easy and pliant, they will sometimes imperceptibly slip, although not to any great extent if the thumb is kept where it should be. To shorten or lengthen both reins at once, take them up at the buckle and sewing with the right hand, and so keep your hold on the horse, then opening the fingers of the left hand slip it up or down the reins to the desired distance. If one rein only requires altering, and not the other, hold the one to be altered at the buckle or sewing, as the case may be, and slide the bridle hand to its place. If one require lengthening and the other shortening, the whole of the reins must be slipped too long, holding them carefully meanwhile with the right hand, then, retaining in that hand only the one to be shortened, slide the left hand down until the proper feeling be obtained. Much depends upon these directions being really understood.

The hands are the very soul of riding, just as expression is the soul of music. It would be idle to pretend that any amount of theory will give that quick sympathy with every movement of the horse's mouth, that sensibility, adapting itself at once to the different peculiarities of different animals, which go to form good hands; for these are, to some extent, natural gifts, or, at least, the result of life-long practice. Still, much may be done by a careful consideration of the chief requisites, and then turning our power to the best account.

The hands should be light, firm, and never inactive. When the horse is walking, no less than in his more animated movements, the "correspondence," as it is called, between his mouth and the guiding hand must be maintained, and this is equally lost if the reins are held so tightly as to impede his natural action, or slackened until he is deprived of all support.

When this latter fault is indulged in, the horse gets into a careless, shambling gait, is liable to stumble, and is tech-



THE REINS ALL IN LEFT HAND.



REINS IN BOTH HANDS.



REINS HELD SO TIGHTLY AS TO IMPEDE NATURAL ACTION.



REINS TOO LOOSE. "DISUNITED."

nically termed "disunited." In order to "unite," or "collect," him again, raise your hand, with a quickening touch on the reins. The fingers of the bridle hand should always remain sufficiently unclosed to allow of their free play, and as he lifts his head gently bring him up to the bit with a simultaneous pressure on either side with the leg and whip. Thus he is "united," and the "correspondence" restored. To preserve it, the hand, while its motion is so slight as to be almost unseen, must follow the impulse of the horse's head as it advances and recedes with every step. This "give-and-take" movement is the foundation of all understanding between the horse and his rider. A heavy hand makes a horse pull or else hang upon the bridle.

You are perhaps surprised to see some horses that annoy you in this way ridden apparently without fatigue, or even effort, by other ladies. The reason is not far to find: You trust to your strength, in which you are no match for your equine friend; they, to the delicacy of their hands, which, gradually eased to his peculiar bearing, enable them to feel his mouth and bring him under control, to his comfort as well as their own. Lightness, then, is the first essential; and the hand which accomplishes its object with the least display of force is the most perfect hand. But decision should mark it also, for indecision prompts those jerks and snatches at the reins which are sure to spoil the temper of the horse. Every operation of the hand is to be gentle and gradual, that he may learn to rely on the will that directs him; and remember that any unsteadiness of the elbows gives fickleness to the hands.

In turning to the right, increase the bearing on the right rein, by a slight movement of the wrist, which brings the back of the hand upward. In turning to the left, bring the nails upward, and the third and little fingers will press the left reins. The extra bearing on one rein must not, however, lead you to neglect all feeling on the other, or you lose the power of steadying the horse. For this reason, the common custom of making the turn by pressing the outer rein against his neck is to be avoided, for then the inner one is slackened, and just when he most needs support it is withdrawn.

We will now proceed to put our horse through his paces, beginning with the simplest, the walk. Horses, like human beings, differ considerably in their manner of walking. Some carry the head low, moving loosely and carelessly; some insist upon ambling,—a nondescript gait between a walk and a trot; and some step out well, with that freedom

and animation which are the perfection of the pace. In the first of these instances you must rouse your careless steed with quickening touches on the reins, to make him work up to the bridle, for if not kept well in hand he may stumble; and, further to emphasize your wishes, press the left leg and whip lightly against his sides. In the second, to overcome the ambling, he should be pulled up and made to start afresh. It is a habit not always unpleasant, but better discouraged, because it spoils the other paces. In the third and last instance, when the horse, carrying his head well, walks away with a firm and regular step, all you have to do is to keep the hands steady and pliant, so that you feel every beat of his action, yield to his movements, and enjoy the result. When wishing to stop, slightly throw back the shoulders at the moment of increased bearing upon the reins; this, with an instant's pressure of foot and whip keeps him together, and prevents him from making the stop on his shoulders.

The trot is the most difficult pace to learn, and some years ago was very rarely attempted by ladies. Now, however, it is practised as much as the canter. The rein belonging to the snaffle is sometimes called the trotting rein, being the one generally used in this pace. At the commencement, therefore, it should be rather shortened. The



"UNITED."

alternate action of the horse in trotting makes it necessary for the rider to rise and fall in the saddle in regular time with his step. If this time be not regularly kept, a jar ensues which is fatal to all elegance, to say nothing of comfort. At a certain point the movement gives an impetus to the body, and when once this can be felt and taken advantage of, the first difficulty is overcome: you have learnt to rise. What you have now to avoid is the awkward habit of twisting yourself to the left, and rising too high or so quickly that you fall twice when once would be better. The instant the impetus is given, a light pressure of the foot in the stirrup, induced by a momentary straightening of the knee, the latter being all the time kept close to the saddle, will cause the rise to be made squarely and without a bend at the waist; but if you persist in pointing the left foot and, consequently, the knee outward, or neglect to keep the heel lower than the toe, you will never trot comfortably.

Do not fancy the faster the trot the greater the skill displayed, but regulate the pace that your horse may not break into a canter, which he is likely to do if trotting at full speed. Should it so happen, bear strongly on the right or left rein (snaffle): if the right, using the first finger and the thumb of the right hand. This will throw him out of his stride, and bring him back to the trot.

The canter is an artificial pace, and one that, constantly adopted, causes a strain upon the horse. Hence, if you are wise, you will, as a rule, reserve your canters for any nice stretch of turf you may be fortunate enough to meet with, and trot on the harder road. In the canter the great thing is to have the figure pliant and easy. Sit well in the center of the saddle and keep as close to it as possible, consistently with accommodating yourself to the movement. The horse leads principally with the right foot when cantering, but can generally be made to do so with either, if, in starting, the bearing on the opposite rein be slightly increased. Directly the action is established, maintain an equal feeling on both reins: you will be sensible of the cadence of every step if you have him well in hand. Should he change to the trot of his own accord, employ hands, heel, and whip, to collect him, and make him resume the original pace. When stopped he will almost invariably trot a few paces before halting; be in readiness for this, or you will, by jolting helplessly in the saddle, make a bad finale to your canter.

From the canter to the "hand gallop" is an easy transition. The first inclination of a horse to gain upon the hand



"HOLD HIM STEADY, FOR HE MAY SWERVE."

must be checked, lest he by degrees break away and defy control, and what would have been easy, if taken in time, prove a task beyond you. As soon, then, as the inclination is perceived, at every beat of his fore feet on the ground draw the reins gradually and firmly upward to the waist. So you pull him together by an alternate easing and feeling of his mouth at every stride. But it is possible he may still resist the hand, and a gallop threaten to end in his running away. In such a case, avoid, above all things, a dull, heavy pull at the bridle, which will have no effect on his speed, and only take from you all power of guidance. While you retain presence of mind and can guide him, you are still comparatively safe. The voice will often soothe an excited animal, and he is greatly influenced by the calmness or terror of his rider. Speak to him, and remember that any display of fright will make matters worse. Besides, you are not yet at the end of your resources. Sitting well back, bear heavily on each rein alternately. This kind of sawing motion on the mouth will probably soon stop him. If not, slacken the reins an instant, and then draw them suddenly up with all your strength, the body inclining backwards, and care being taken that the shock of the halt does not throw you on the pommel. So much for run-aways.

A lady ought never to ride a vicious horse; but the quietest animal may take a freak into his head, and it is well to

be prepared for emergencies. When a horse rears it is of the utmost consequence to cease bearing on the reins. The hand must be eased immediately, and the body inclined forward to throw the weight on his shoulders and force him down. The least touch of the whip, or tightening of the bridle, or pressure of the heel, while he is in the act of rearing, will cause him to rise higher, and possibly to fall backwards; but as his fore feet near the ground give a smart stroke behind the saddle, being prepared meanwhile to keep your balance in case of a plunge forward. It will not do to bear on his mouth too suddenly, for fear of inducing him to rise again; and one can afford to allow a little more law this way, as horses which rear much do not often kick. If the intention to rear be perceived in time, prevent it by slackening one rein and bending him with the other, keeping the hand low. He is thus compelled to move a hind leg, and his attempt frustrated. To divert him from making another, turn him around two or three times.

A horse that is given to kicking must be kept thoroughly in hand, for while his head is up you may be sure he cannot do much harm with his heels. The first symptom of kicking should be met by a sharp reminder from the bit, chiding at the same time with the voice. If continued, sit back, raise the hands, not to pull at him, but to give you the power of snatching his head up at every effort he makes to get it down. It is worth while to remember that kicking may occasionally proceed from an ill fitting saddle, and to ascertain as soon as possible whether anything is causing pain.

When riding a horse that is apt to shy do not forget his weakness, and on meeting with anything likely to alarm him, slightly turn away his head. Your aim is to prevent him from noticing it; and by touching him slightly with heel or whip on the side to which you are bearing, and speaking kindly, this will perhaps be accomplished. But if, seeing the object, he suddenly turns half around, do not try to force him back. Turn him completely around, and then endeavor to soothe and coax him until he will approach and pass what has occasioned his fright. Ease the hand, yet be prepared to hold him steady, for he may swerve and fly hastily past the obstacle.

The rider's proper side of the road is the off side; but if you wish to pass anything going in your own direction, that must be done on the near side. If about to ride with several others, when mounted, move forward a few paces, and then keep your horse perfectly quiet, or he may make his companions restive while your friends are mounting. Always start gently. It is unwise to excite a horse directly he leaves the stable, and equally so to bring him home heated with a hard trot or a long canter. Let him walk a short distance, at least, before you dismount.

In going up hill, give him his head freely, and on a bad road do the same,—so far as is consistent with keeping a



RIDING MASCULINE FASHION.

watchful hand upon him,—that he may pick his way safely. On a newly repaired road ride where the stones are thick rather than where they lie loosely scattered about the hard ground.

The question of women riding astride, in masculine fashion, is one that has been quite thoroughly discussed, but the shape of a woman's thighs, as well as other reasons,—especially in the case of short or stout women,—also the sense of propriety, are against the innovation. The dis-

cussion, however, has resulted in various suggestions for a suitable dress for the purpose, the most practicable of which is illustrated herewith. This consists of a jacket, skirt, and tight-fitting or loose trousers, the skirt divided back and front, but provided with buttons and buttonholes so it may be closed at pleasure, which covers the rider's limbs modestly, and is held in near the ankles by straps on the inside. But the masculine method of riding will hardly attain popularity,—with this generation, at least. MARIE DESPARD.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Mottoes for Various Uses.

SOME one asks for an appropriate motto for a tea cozy. I came across one the other day that I thought rather good, and hope it may please the fair questioner. Here it is :

Lovely woman is the sugar;
Spoons, alas! men always be;
Matrimony is hot water;
So we make our cup of tea.

The cozy itself, by the way, was rather unique, being made of slate-colored chamois, painted with Japan lilies, and the above legend put on in up-hill down-dale fashion with gold paint.

While on this subject of mottoes I am going to record some others, as I have been making a "collection," at odd times, with a view to birthday gifts.

A motto very suitable for traveling bags, etc., I saw the other day on a brown canvas bag which was quietly reposing on a seat at the Grand Central Depot. Not to neglect my opportunities, I committed the motto to memory :

HERE IS THE PILIT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM!

It was an agreeable variation from the threadbare "Bon voyage," which is forever meeting one's eye.

For a bedspread, the lines from "Marmion" are suitable :

To all, to each, a fair
good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers
light.

For a Christmas gift upon which a legend is appropriate, may be worked or painted or etched or hammered one of the following :

Peace on earth. Good-will to men!"

Lo!
now is come
our joyful'st feast!
Let every one be jolly!

LET US SING
"AMID OUR CHEER,
CHRISTMAS STILL COMES
ONCE A YEAR."

Or simply

A MERRIE XMAS!

Or, for a New Year gift,

A Happy New Year!

For a mirror frame,

Be to my virtues not unkind,
And to my faults, a little blind.

This is not especially new, however. A Fifth Avenue lady has this couplet above her dressing-table :

I'll be as patient
as a gentle stream,
And make a path of
each weary step.

Above her dressing-case is this extract :

Show your wisdom daughter,
And in your close patience
Have faith and endure.

Her library wall bears this sentence quaintly spaced on a pale blue ground :

Out of the silence yet I picked
a welcome.

A legend for a fireplace or carved mantel is,

The ornament of a house is the
guests who frequent it.

This is pretty done in old English lettering, and is the motto, by the way, over the fireplace in Mark Twain's drawing-room, at his charming Hartford home.

For a wood-box, two mottoes used are :

The wind blows chill *
* Pile high the fire

BLOW HIGH,
BLOW LOW,
NOT ALL THE WINDS
THAT EVER BLOW
CAN QUENCH OUR HEARTH-FIRE'S
RUBBY GLOW.

For a rose pillow, and this is the very latest for the cozy corner of one's boudoir, embroider within a wreath of roses the words from Tennyson :

The
Red rose cries,
"She is near,
She is near!"

Pretty mottoes for a pine pillow are the following :

HERE LIVES AND MURMURS THE SPIRIT
OF THE PINES.

A DREAM OF THE FOREST.

A pretty verse to put on bookshelves, or it may be carved out on the wall above an easy-chair and set of bookshelves, is :

Oh for a booke,
And a shady nooke
Far from the cries of the streets!

This may be done in old English or Gothic lettering. Stands for holding music may be decorated with some such mottoes as,

If
Music
BE THE FOOD OF LOVE,
PLAY ON.

Where music dwells,
lingering.

Music's golden tongue.

Some pertinent quotations for tray and carving cloths, table scarfs, doylies, and *serviettes* are the following :

Good cheer all the year.

Small cheer but great welcome.
make a merry feast.

Various are the tastes of men.

Man's a carnivorous production,
AND MUST HAVE MEALS.

HUNGER IS THE
BEST SAVORY
FOR MEAT.

EVERY DAY BRINGS
US WITH
SWEET BREATH.

BETTER HAVE A LOAF
THAN NO BREAD.

CRUMB NOT
YOUR BREAD
BEFORE YOU TASTE YOUR
PORRIDGE.

BREAKFAST
WITH WHAT APPETITE
YOU CAN.

WHY ARE PLEASANT HOURS
SO SHORT?

Extremely pretty are the little books, like needle-books, made to hold darning-cotton and needles. They are made of card-board covered with any material which is suitable for embroidery or painting. A very pretty one, which I have seen, was covered with fine brown linen, with a little design etched in sepia, and the motto :

Be sure to mend both
heel and toe,
As out into the world
you go.

The illustrations show different styles of lettering (which can easily be enlarged to suit any purpose), all so simple that anyone can copy them in any of the familiar methods used for mottoes,—drawing, painting, and the various embroidery stitches, or even in carving, etching, or hammering, if used on wood or metal. The widest latitude is allowable in the lettering and arrangement of a motto ; and its happy adaptation to the article it is used on or the design accompanying it is often an index of the artistic ability of the one doing it. Zig-zag and irregular arrangements are generally most effective for short mottoes, but two or more lines of poetry usually look best in easily read lettering and straight lines ; and even to these a pleasing irregular effect may be

imparted by commencing each line a little further to the right than the preceding.

It is not essential, neither would it be so artistic, to have every letter made absolutely perfect, nor every a or e or h, etc., exactly alike ; but all the letters in a motto should harmonize in outlines. Painting or etching with ink looks well on almost every material : in painting, two colors or two shades of one color, chosen to harmonize or contrast with the material, are much liked, one color being used for the first letter of each word ; and sometimes the two are combined in all the letters, thus giving a broader effect. Gold or bronze paint is appropriately used on anything not of a washable character, the strokes as fine or broad as desired.

For embroidery, the Kensington is the simplest stitch that can be chosen for the purpose, and is generally employed when an outline or fine-line letter is used : for heavier letters, Kensington and other embroidery stitches are appropriate.

FRANCES STEVENS.

The Government of the Nursery.

IN bringing up children we must always look beyond the present moment : we must beware of getting rid of a present inconvenience by any means which may incur future evil, and this will always be the case when the means we use are wrong or foolish. If you frighten a child into doing as you wish,—threaten it, coax it, or deceive it,—you will hereafter find that you have lost all control, and that it either fears, hates, or despises you. It is much easier to teach than to *unteach*.

Over-indulgence will produce evils of a different kind. It is quite impossible to give a child all it wishes for, therefore never, even at the earliest age, give it anything it ought not to have. It is natural that a baby should desire everything that looks pretty, that moves, in short, whatever pleases its senses ; but it does not follow that these wishes are to be gratified. Give it nothing to-day that it may not have to-morrow.

Suppose you allow it a cup to play with, one of common delf, and the next day the child again wishes for a teacup. No, it can't be indulged to-day, because the cups are of china. The poor babe does not know, nor can it understand the difference, and a fit of crying is the consequence. If it could speak it would say, "Why did you give me a teacup yesterday, and deny it to-day?" If you had at first refused the cup, and given the child, instead, some proper means of amusement, all would have been well.

When a child is very young, it is better to turn its attention from the objects of its wishes, if not suitable, because it cannot understand a denial ; but as soon as it can comprehend you, show it that it is refused for a good reason. This is very easy to do with things that will be destroyed, or that will do injury to the child ; for instance, it would not be difficult by words and signs to show the consequences of playing with knives, scissors, needles, pins, china, or glass, and you would thus, at the same time, be teaching the child the properties of things. It is difficult to find suitable toys for babies : unfortunately, those most usually offered for sale in toy-stores are painted or easily broken. Buttons of various kinds upon strings, empty cotton-spools, old pill-boxes, or any harmless things of this kind afford constant amusement for young children, and they can harm neither their treasures nor themselves.

Once form a plan for the amusement of infants, and you may adapt it to any age. You will of course set out with the desire to please their senses : your next step will be to employ them. This must be done by gentle degrees,—step

by step. A child of ten or twelve months may be well and happily occupied in trying to put a box-lid off and on; setting one little piece of wood on the top of another and knocking it down again; covering a handkerchief or paper over its collection of "rubbish," as we call a baby's treasures; or with a little brush to rub them; or, when older, a pencil to scratch up and down a slate. A book with cloth leaves, upon which prints may be pasted, is a profitable and desirable source of amusement, for it cannot be easily torn.

When the child can run alone its dangers will increase, for its activity of mind and body is increased. Teach it, therefore, to be cautious; show it what to avoid and what it need not fear; and afford it every means to employ its activity, for employment it will have. The children usually called "mischievous" are those who are very active in mind and body, and who are not sufficiently provided with proper means of amusement.

It is very important not to distract a child's attention by directing it to several objects at once, or in rapid succession. Allow it time to observe and to think and to understand, or it will hereafter be difficult to fix its mind long enough to learn anything.

You must always endeavor to find out the character of the child under your care. If it imitates quickly, and is very lively, it is most likely inclined to be passionate. It is your duty in such a case to be gentle and firm, and when it is violent to calm it by drawing its attention from the cause of excitement. Scolding, frowning, or strong opposition will only increase its violence; for it will immediately imitate all these actions. Neither must you laugh or seem amused by its childish rage, but, on the contrary, look grave and sorrowful. If the child loves you (and it will love you if you have treated it rightly), the expression of your countenance will have a great effect upon it. The faults of passionate children are often confirmed and strengthened by the anger of their nurses. I have heard it recommended to allow a child to scream till it is tired, and that thus it will cure itself; but I am sure such a plan only confirms the evil.

If, on the contrary, the character of a child is silent, and it is slow in noticing or imitating, it will very likely whine and fret. With such a disposition, keep it continually in action by talking to it, playing with it, and directing its observation to the things about it; and, after a while, encourage it by every means to find amusement for itself. Such a disposition will require more activity on your part than the quick, lively child, but less watchfulness. It will require to be roused to exert both its mind and body, while with the active child it will perhaps be necessary to find amusement that will keep it quiet. With all children, however, proper amusement must be found, or they will be either mischievous or stupid.

In the management of young children there are many good inclinations to be taught and encouraged, many evil inclinations to be checked and rooted out. Among the good to be encouraged are truth, gentleness, kindness, and generosity. Among the evil to be checked are violence, selfishness, deceit, greediness, and the inclination to quarrel.

Example is one of the means by which all this is to be done; but it is also necessary to implant a love and admiration for virtue, and a dislike and detestation of vice. Reward and punishment will assist in doing this, and another means may be found in relating such simple tales as will show the beauty of goodness and the deformity of wickedness. With regard to the encouragement of virtue, it is best, in general, to trust to the approbation of those they love, and the happy feelings which follow upon goodness.

It is a bad custom, invariably to reward children for doing right. They should learn to act from good motives, rather

than from the hope of reward or praise; for, as these cannot possibly always be given, when they are not received as usual there will be disappointment and less inclination to do right. Reward should follow upon any successful exertion to overcome bad feelings, but when there has been little temptation to err, approbation will be found sufficient. The kind of reward must be dictated by the character of the child, directing the encouragement to the best parts of its nature. For instance, it would not be wise always to reward a child who is fond of eating, with the means of gratifying its appetite; yet this inclination must be a little favored, because if you do not succeed in giving a child what will please it best, you in fact confer no reward at all.

Where children have been well trained from their infancy, punishments will be little needed, and, when necessary, need not be severe. Obedience is one of the first duties they have to acquire. It is obvious that they must learn everything from their parents, nurses, or teachers, and that they must learn by attention and obedience. As soon as children at all comprehend that they are to do as they are bid, the practice of this rule must be insisted on, and all wilful neglect of it punished. Obedience, like all things else, must be first taught in little matters and by slow degrees. Never desire a very young child to do that which is too difficult, or impossible, or beyond its powers of mind and body, or which you think will arouse any defect of its temper; because, if you are obliged to give up your point, you lose authority and respect, and in gaining it you risk confirming and strengthening, by opposition, the natural violence or obstinacy of the child. If you have studied the child's character and find it obstinate, endeavor to convince and lead it to what you wish, but never force it. The moment it suspects it is to be *made* to act as you please, its determination to resist will overpower all better feelings. By fighting the battle you may hope to cure the defect, but you will only confirm the habit.

Punishment, like reward, must be adapted to the feelings and pleasures of the child, and, therefore, few absolute rules can be laid down for its regulation. For bold-spirited children, restraint in a closet may be useful; but with a timid child it will be hurtful. A child who likes eating may be punished through its stomach; one who is anxious to possess, may be refused the object of its wishes; one who is selfish and quarrelsome, may be obliged to play alone, and not permitted the advantages of uniting with the companions to whom it has behaved ill. But, whatever the kind of punishment, it must be administered as an act of justice and necessity, not as the effects of anger or revenge. If this be not attended to, the child believes itself punished because its nurse or mother is cross, not because they have found it necessary to restrain the evil disposition of the child. The incessant scoldings and upbraidings usually heard among persons who, from ignorance or disinclination, are unfit to bring up children, are very injurious. The little creatures may hear the everlasting phrases, "Do not do so!" "Let that alone!" "Be quiet!" "Do not make such a noise!" "How tiresome you are!" "I never saw such a child in my life!" "I'll tell your mama"; but they soon cease to regard them, and by such means a habit of disobedience is early taught and confirmed.

I have endeavored to show the importance of habit as regards the mind and conduct: it is equally so as regards the body. All children should be early taught to do as much as possible for themselves, and this will also be a means of amusement. I have seen a child delighted to lace its own boot. It will do it wrong many times before it succeeds, but all things must have a beginning, and nothing is perfect at first. Let it have some box or drawer in which to keep its toys, and accustom it to fetch thence what it

wants, and return them again when no longer needed. Children are generally delighted to fancy themselves giving assistance, or to be busy, and, if this feeling is not natural to them, it should be encouraged, since it is the first seeds of industry. There are many occupations in the nursery in which a child may take a share. If your charge be a girl, she may early be trusted with a needle and thread and a pair of pointless scissors, some yarn to wind, or anything of that sort, provided your eye is always upon the child, and you show it the right method.

When you have three or four children under your care, you must have no favorites; and should one of them (which is not unusual) be of a more endearing character than the rest, you must not let your very natural preference interfere with justice; for any error of this kind will be detected by them immediately, and you will thereby lose respect and authority. Nothing will excite rebellion so soon as any unjust preference; and if you make one child envious of another, the favorite will become overbearing and tyrannical, and the child you have wronged will hate the object of your favor.

It is not unusual to seek to reduce children to obedience, or to deter them from doing what is wrong, by holding up one of their companions as an example, or as a warning. Mutual dislike is thus created, together with feelings of envy and jealousy, destructive of the affection and kind wishes which ought to animate the breasts of young children. Love should inspire the government of the nursery, —love from the children to the nurse, inspired by her kindness, watchfulness, gentleness, firmness, mirth, her power of contributing to the amusement, employment, and instruction of her charge, her even temper, her consistency, her truth, and love of justice. These qualities, and their example, will give rise to similar virtues in the little imitative and observing creatures around her. Love invariably follows upon virtue, and that beautiful Christian precept "Love one another" should find its beginning in the nursery. It is there the seeds should be sown, and the plant take root: it will be more likely hereafter to bear up against the tempests of passion, and to bloom amidst the withering influence of bad example, the temptations of vice, and the disappointments of adversity.

GEO. CURRICILL.

Lydia.

(See Full-page Engraving.)

THIS radiant daughter of the Orient, representing that sumptuous type of beauty and intellect which the artist, N. Sichel, loves to portray on his glowing canvases, is an ideal Lydia, whose sweetly thoughtful features and deep, musing eyes speak eloquently of her "whose heart the Lord opened." Not much besides this are we told of Lydia, save that she was "a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira," and that she worshipped God, and was baptized, she and her household.

Our artist has exquisitely depicted the lovely Jewish convert. In the prime of matronly beauty, ripened to luxuriance under Eastern suns, and of that exalted intelligence usual among the Hebrew women, these charms of person and of mind are completed and enhanced by the spirit of love and devotion towards her Lord and his disciples, which, notwithstanding her calling as a "seller of purple," which made her well-known in Thyatira, she was not ashamed to acknowledge openly. All these characteristics are evident in the beautiful figure of our engraving, representing Lydia in her baptismal robes, awaiting the sacred rite.

Sanitarian.

Woman's Dress Hygienically Considered.

I.*

THE UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING.



GREAT deal is being written of late on the subject indicated at the head of this article; and certainly there is need. But, unfortunately, it is a very hard theme to write on. If, first of all, we could forget the past, and be guided solely by reason, common sense, the dress question would not be so difficult to handle; but this is not the case. In the next place, we have for the most part to address unwilling ears: there is a prejudice in favor of what is and against anything like innovations.

I do not propose in this article, nor in any article, to describe the ideal dress for women. I shall simply take up the average "woman's dress," and examine it from the standpoint of physiology and hygiene; for I consider it a self-evident proposition, that whatever is contrary to the requirements of physiology and hygiene must go to the wall, perhaps not this year, the next, nor the next, but sometime. This "sometime" is a wonderful factor in things: there is ample room to work in, and we need not be in a hurry.

A good plan, it may be, in writing on this subject, would be to take up that of dress in general, and to ask why clothes are worn. If we can answer this question it may help us to answer others. Dress, as I understand it, is primarily a protection against the inclemencies of the weather. It may have other purposes to subserve, but they are of secondary importance. Among these latter requirements of dress I might name the following: utility (whatever that may mean), convenience, beauty; and I may as well say, in the beginning, that nothing can be truly beautiful which is not in harmony with the thing or things required of it. It will not do to call a thing beautiful or becoming, simply because we are accustomed to seeing it, nor ugly nor hideous because we have not seen it before. We must have a standard by which to judge whether the thing is really beautiful or not, and that standard must not ignore the object or objects for which clothing is designed.

So much by way of introduction. We will now take up the subject piecemeal, and see what we can make of it. I take it for granted that all will agree with me on the first point, that the primary object of dress is to supply warmth to the body, or, rather, to help the body to retain its own heat, that which it generates; and that in order to do this the clothing should be so equally distributed over every part that there will be an equalization of temperature. In other words, there must not be more clothing worn upon one part of the body than there is upon another; for if the distribution is unevenly made, that part which is covered with a surplus amount of material will be too warm: it will

* Article II. in this series will include the following: Hints on the disorders that are produced by the unequal distribution of clothing; comments; obstacles in the way of reform; looseness of clothing a physiological necessity; how the brain and other organs are congested; constrictions the cause; the corset dissected and analyzed; its effect on the muscles that lie beneath it; what muscles are sub-paralyzed, and how natural breathing is interfered with; effect of whalebones on the function of the lungs; some illustrations; abnormal conditions produced, and the reason for them; why habitual corset-wearers cannot breathe naturally; ways to test the breathing capacity; effect of diminished breathing power on the system.

be overheated, congested. That is to say, the individual who wears clothes in that way will lay the foundation for disease, and in process of time may become "the support of the doctors."

Now it has been whispered in medical societies that

"Woman, lovely woman,
God's last, best gift to man,"

has already become that very thing,—the principal support of the practicing physician; and I am afraid I shall have to add, of the surgeon as well. Can it be possible that woman's dress has anything to do with it?

Let us see if we can find out. But we must take nothing for granted in the matter: on the contrary, let us proceed, as the lawyers say, to take evidence. Let us carefully examine woman's entire wardrobe, and see whether its construction and adjustments are such that it will preserve in beautiful balance those great vital forces on which life and health depend. In this process in which we are now about to engage, we must call to our aid the science of mathematics; at least so far as that simple computation in arithmetic, known as addition, can assist us. There is nothing like counting, provided it is accurately done.

We will take, on this occasion, the usual outfit worn in cool weather. Let us now proceed to business, starting from the skin outward. The first garment is the knitted vest; this will count one. The next one is the knitted drawers, which makes two. Then the cotton drawers, which makes three. Now we have the garment called a chemise, making four. Above these garments comes the corset, which is made of thick cotton material, as drilling, and its interior is a mass of whalebones: it is so thick and warm that we shall have to call it, not five, but six. Next in order is the short flannel petticoat, which is thickly gathered to a band, making it equivalent to two thicknesses: it must therefore count as eight. Then comes another petticoat, which is usually full of gathers behind, but we will be generous, and only count it nine. Now we have the dress-skirt proper, which is usually lined throughout, making two more thicknesses, or, in other words, eleven; and when the plaiting is done there will be an equivalent of at least two or three extra folds, making, for the very smallest "count," thirteen. Should there be an over-skirt, or a basque and its plaitings extending over the upper part of the skirt, this, with its linings, will make three or four more, rounding up the number to about sixteen; and I have known the "count" to run as high as eighteen or twenty.

Perhaps you imagine there is not much weight in all this, with folds, braids, or other trimming at the bottom, to say nothing of jet ornaments, laces, etc. I have seen dress-skirts that would weigh ten or fifteen pounds alone, or even more; and when hoops are worn, these (which are heavy) make an additional weight.

However, we are just now dealing, not with weight or pressure, but with heat distribution—temperature; and we have found that the pelvic portion of the body is decidedly overclad, and therefore overheated. We will now look at the extremities, upper and lower, and note the condition of things. I think we shall find that these, in the average dress of the ordinary woman, will be covered with folds of cotton or woolen goods, ranging anywhere from one to three thicknesses.

Now how does this compare with the clothing that is worn upon the hips? Is it any wonder that the circulation becomes unbalanced? That the blood is drawn from the underclad extremities, leaving them cold, and the tissues badly nourished? Or that the central organs of the body are overheated, congested? That the blood-vessels in these parts are well-nigh filled to bursting, and that the blood


itself has often to part with its serum, causing dropsical effusions?

Or is it strange that the pelvic organs, being habitually overheated, take on a state of chronic congestion, and that their mucous surfaces become inflamed? Or that this inflammation causes sloughing from these surfaces, and even hemorrhages? Or that the muscular layers become thickened in size, increasing the weight of these organs, and finally producing displacements? Or that after years and years of inflammatory conditions, which even a surface sloughing cannot wholly relieve, there sets up a morbid action or growth in the system, producing fibroid tumors, polypi, cauliflower excrescence, and other cancerous or malignant formations? How, indeed, could it be otherwise?

Nature is an accurate accountant, and she will not be cheated. Life will make many struggles before it finally gives up the ghost.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Dangers from Impure Soap.

 F there be any one thing physicians shrink from recommending, it is soap; and yet a pure, reliable soap is of the greatest importance. In the treatment of many diseases, and in giving advice on hygiene in general, medical men are continually searching for a safe, non-poisonous soap. Adulteration in manufacture and the admixture of dangerous chemicals to make up in appearance what is lacking in quality make this a subject well worthy of professional consideration.

For use in the bath-room, and for general toilet purposes, a thoroughly reliable soap is of the greatest importance. Many cases of eczema have resulted from the use of a soap extensively advertised and recommended as absolutely pure. Physicians are frequently asked concerning the care of the hair. Many ladies have ruined a handsome head of hair and turned it prematurely gray by using ammonia in the bathing-water, or the suds of some much-advertised soap containing dangerous ingredients. In the treatment of chronic eczema of children, and especially in that form known as "baby's sore head," a pure soap is positively requisite in effecting a cure. It would be well to remember this.

Many people purchase their soaps at the counters of dry-goods stores and of groceries, for the simple reason that they are being sold at "reduced rates," and are therefore cheap. In many instances the result is that they are obliged to consult some physician for some skin disease or some "humor of the blood." Not infrequently medical men are perplexed in the treatment of skin disease by the obstinate continuance of the malady, and the cause is sought for without satisfactory result. It often happens that some apparently simple skin disease is aggravated by the use of impure and dangerous soap, the character of which has not been suspected by the patient, and is unknown to the medical attendant.

The abuse has reached such proportions that some legal protection against adulterated soap is unquestionably needed. Soap is very commonly used for injections (*enemata*), and this generally without medical advice. Where an inferior soap is used, containing injurious ingredients, the delicate mucous membrane of the bowel is injured, and, as a result, constipation is induced, perhaps obstinate rectal disease originated.

In general, it is safe to avoid perfumed soaps, and never to buy any kind except of some reliable druggist; and, if possible, the medical attendant's advice in this matter is well worth having.

W. THORNTON PARKER, M.D., M.M.S.S.

Celestial Foot Distortion.

FASHION everywhere appears as an arbiter of human destinies, her rule extending to the utmost of earth's confines, neither class, rank, nor condition being exempt. Absolute in "court, camp, and grove," she exacts blind submission on the part of her worshipers, regardless of aptitude or reason.

To one of the most tyrannical and absurd freaks of the "fickle goddess," the fair ones of China are indebted for a deformity that is at once the marvel and disgust of western civilization. In no part of the globe, save this one corner of the Orient, is the beauty of the female form so jeopardized. Elsewhere, heads may be flattened and elongated, noses, ears, and lips pierced, busts obliterated or abnormally developed; but the feet, those indispensables to grace and comeliness, are inviolable.

To the Caucasian, a rounded calf, trim ankle, and well-turned instep are synonyms of good *understandings* on the part of the fair possessor; but the Celestial, loathing the springy, half-gliding, half-undulating step of the perfect woman, sees grace and beauty only in broomstick legs, clump feet, and a hobble suggestive of the cloven extremities of the sable Asmodeus.

The freak that instituted this barbarism is buried amongst the mysteries of the past: the Celestials themselves are forced to take refuge in legendary tales, that oftentimes are quite irrelevant. Confucius, who descants with wearying accuracy upon most, even the minor, details of life, here is wholly silent, and other classical writers are equally remiss. Some of the minor historians, however, profess to derive the custom from a period antedating the imperial Tsins, claiming the record to have been lost by the destruction of literature that marked a portion of the reign of this vandal dynasty, B. C. 248-206.

Of other traditions, the one most widely obtaining evolves from Tanke, an infamous empress of the twelfth century A. D., who is said to have combined the wisdom of Semiramis with the beauty of Cleopatra and the morals of Mesalina. Born with deformed feet, yet her personal graces were such all men became her devoted admirers and slaves. Exquisitely sensitive regarding a physical fault that tempted the adverse criticism of her own sex, she cajoled her imperial lord into issuing a decree that defined clump feet as models of elegance, and commanded their adoption by all females of seven years and under.

Another comes from the province of Kwang-tung and south-east portions of the empire, and narrates the misfortunes of one Pwang, a concubine of Yang-te, an emperor who flourished during the seventh century A. D. Consigned to the imperial harem in childhood, and a constant sufferer from *bromidrosis*, or fetid feet, the attendants of this poor creature, in order to render her presence tolerable, resorted to aromatics and spices that, sifting through openings in the hollow of the shoe communicating with the imperial stamp upon its sole, left, as she walked, the perfumed imprint of the yellow lotus. This is the origin of the flattery with which gentlemen of Kwang-tung and Fuhkien are wont to tickle the ears of maidens possessed of exceptionally small feet: "Your step procures the golden lotus." These efforts proving ineffectual, the court physician demanded that her feet be tightly bandaged, with a view of limiting circulation, and thus repressing the secretion.

Deformed feet, however, are by no means universal in the "flowery kingdom," in spite of the insinuations of travelers to the contrary. They are forbidden to ladies of the imperial court, and among people of rank are conspicuous chiefly by their absence, though every noble of wealth aims to possess one "beauty-crippled" wife for the

self-same reason that the American "blood" deems it essential to drive an English thoroughbred and London-made dog-cart. The custom, in fact, is a badge of the middle and lower, rather than the upper, classes, particularly tradesmen, craftsmen, etc. In many provinces it is almost as much of a novelty as it would be in New York or Boston; and in Tartar and Mongol districts, southern Manchou excepted, has never been tolerated. More than once it has fallen under the ban of imperial displeasure, and during the Ming dynasty met with a blow from which it has never recovered, being then prohibited on pain of death: in fact, it is surely, though slowly, dying out.

Neither is it, as commonly surmised, a concomitant of infancy: it is reserved for a period embraced by the sixth and eighth years. Experience, probably, has taught the fallacy of meddling with bones and tissues until they have attained a degree of development consistent with plasticity; besides, there is the risk of overloading the general circulation with effete and decomposed products, for which it necessarily must be the eliminating channel.

Glancing for a moment at the relations of the feet, we find during the first ten years of life there is no portion of the human frame that undergoes greater osteological and physiological changes. In the adult the foot takes the form of an arch, convex above, concave beneath, the highest point being the pedestal that forms the support for the leg: through this pedestal (*astragalus*) the weight of the body is transmitted to the ground by a series of articulations between the heel and the digits. Observe that convexity of the superior or upper surface is essential to the greatest possible freedom of motion on the part of the leg, and to permit of innumerable changes in position of the body without endangering the center of gravity; and that the concavity, from the great number of bones entering into the formation of the sole, insures strength and accommodation to irregular surfaces. Again, the under surface of the foot is marked by two arches, one lateral, the other longitudinal, reaching from the heel to the ball, and when brought to the ground the immediate points of contact are the extremes of the longitudinal arch,—the anterior lower portion of the heel, and the anterior inferior extremities of the bones behind the digits (*metatarsals*).

In the infant the sole is flat, and even the convexity of the upper surface a matter chiefly of conjecture, owing to the abundance of soft tissues provided by nature with a view of affording maximum nourishment. The bones are irregularly developed, largely cartilaginous in structure, and united by soft, tissue-like bands that, later in life, if not interfered with, develop ligaments of great firmness, elasticity, and power. For months the support of any material weight is impossible, owing to lack of ossification and dependent relations, and the soles turn inward and upward, each approximating to the other; also, the foot is longer and broader in proportion to height than with the adult. During development, however, the anterior foot and the inner border outstrip the posterior and the outer border, whereby straightening is accomplished, the changes being brought about by alteration in the structure of the bones themselves. In the fact that osseous development does not approach its *fastigium* until about the seventh year, and that the bones are scarce ever firmly resistant for four or five years more, we see the philosophy of postponing the molding and shaping necessary to distortion until infancy shall be merged into childhood.

Almost from the time the little one is able to comprehend speech she is taught to look forward with expectation and favor to the distortion of her feet. By the completion thereof she is ushered into womanhood and becomes marriageable, regardless of mental and physical develop-

ment, or fitness for the duties of maternity. Wives who have not attained the eleventh year are by no means uncommon in the Celestial marital relation, and as polygamy is allowed, a matron and an unbudded maiden often hold like relation to a common lord and master.

The torture—and it is no less—is instituted amidst relatives and friends bidden to grace the occasion and do honor to the feast that follows. In order to render the tissues amenable to the squeezing process, the feet are first submitted to the prolonged action of hot water, and subsequently liberally dusted with powdered alum, to insure complete contraction of the capillary vessels. Then the bandages, newly wrung out of hot water, are applied with all the combined strength of two operatives,—one of whom presumably is an expert professional,—the child meantime extended on a couch and forcibly held by attendants, who do not scruple to stifle her cries beneath the hand, unless, as sometimes, though rarely, happens, the narcotic powers of opium are invoked. The bandage employed is a stout, inelastic web, woven especially for such purposes, two to two and a half yards long by two inches wide.

The four outer toes are doubled under and confined to the sole, the intervening interstices meantime packed with the astringent powder, when the bandage is given a turn about the point of the heel and returned over the instep, and over and beneath the digital articulation. Powerful traction is now made, expression, kneading, and like aids being also called into requisition, and in a way to crowd the bones of the anterior foot (*metatarsals*) upon those of the instep, which are thus forced down to meet the heel, that, by the same act is drawn downward and forward to occupy a position in the same plane with, and perpendicular to, the bones of the leg. Finally the whole is wound laterally as high as the ankle joint, every effort being made to limit the blood supply.

Every fourth or fifth day during the first month—after that only once in six weeks—the bandages are removed, each undoing bringing away considerable quantities of exfoliated cuticle and dead tissue, whereby more or less superficial bleeding is provoked. Usually, too, there is some excoriation and ulceration, and, not infrequently, patches of circumscribed gangrene. The hot-water bath supplements a cursory cleansing, more alum is applied and packed into the creases and raw places, when the bandages are replaced with still greater severity and vigor. It is only when the deformity assumes a hemiconoid, of which the great toe is the apex and the sole the flat surface, that the operation is deemed at all satisfactory.

There are fashions even in deformity, however; and various modifications obtain in different districts, the most notable, perhaps, being that peculiar to southern Manchou, where the great toe is also confined to the sole, and an attempt made to as nearly as possible secure a model of the equine hoof, a resemblance that is increased by the form of boot worn.

From two to three years are required to bring the foot to the *fastigium* of Celestial perfection, during which the little one is positively never for an instant free from suffering. The anguish which demands she shall pass all her waking as well as sleeping moments in the recumbent posture, with legs dangling over the edge of the couch, that circulation may be impeded sufficiently to benumb the parts, may better be imagined than described. Never by any accident are the feet permitted to touch the ground, lest the process of molding be interfered with; and by disuse and lapse of time paralysis is induced, and the muscles below the knee lose their rotundity, becoming loose, flabby, and incapable of responding to any demand of the will. As a sequel, we find not only a shapeless leg devoid of calf, but displacement of articular relations everywhere below the ankle joint, save within the great toe.

Now it is the posterior lower portion of the heel, the inferior borders of the bones of the arch, and the upper surfaces of the digits, that form the sole of the foot. Soon the doubled-under toes, relieved of their bones by processes of absorption, are incorporated with the sole, defying definition, and the bones throughout the member coalesce to form an osseous lump rendered doubly hideous by reason of scars and cicatrices resultant upon ulceration. Indeed, foot and leg resemble nothing so much as an inverted bludgeon with knobbed head, and exhibit the dead appearance and clammy sensation to touch that always accrues to paralyzed and atrophied tissues.

During life the bandaging is never discontinued, once it is begun. Child, maiden, matron, widow, the wraps ever supply the demand that is met by hose among the belles of Western civilizations. Their removal is ever a matter of some hesitation and moment, since re-application entails the services of an expert, consequently the "beauty feet" are exposed to the air and action of fluids as infrequently as is consistent with the texture and wear of their coverings. To view them is to experience the most intense loathing, and is "like unto holding an inquest on a half-decomposed corpse,"—to employ the simile of an English officer who once shared with me this privilege. It is a disgrace which the Celestial belle, like the "beautiful and unfortunate" Pwang, seeks to obviate by perfumes and aromatics concealed within her shoe; and though the result may satisfy the Oriental, its effect is quite the reverse to Anglo-Saxon senses.


On one occasion, examining the foot of a little maiden who had first been put to the torture six months before, the removal of the wraps disclosed a ragged ulcer on what should have been the prominence of the instep, at the bottom of which might be discerned the upper extremities of two metatarsal bones, denuded of their percostial covering; and the doubled-under toes were shriveled, dry, and black, affording indubitable evidence that gangrene had supervened. In spite of warnings spoken, the father proceeded to re-adjust the bandages, lending his whole strength thereto, without the slightest regard for the suffering of the child. A month later I recognized the little one in the ward of the Foreign Hospital, both feet having suffered spontaneous gangrenous amputation at the ankle joints.

That this is by no means a rare sequel of the pernicious custom will be borne out by any medical man who has passed any considerable time in the coast cities of China. Immediate resort to the amputating knife and the fitting of stumps with artificial feet of the desired pattern would seem much more humane and reasonable, as entailing less torture and suffering, and less danger to life and health. And yet I doubt, when all are studied in their physiological bearings, whether the clump-foot is more absurd or pernicious than the modern steel-ribbed corset or the French-heeled shoe, so widely affected by the fair of our own land. *Quien sabe?*

ARCHIE STOCKWELL, M.D., F.Z.S.

The Song of Love.

(See Photogravure.)

 HIS exquisite picture, representing a group of young people in the costumes and times of the Empire, nearly a century since, tells its own story. The beautiful hostess sings the favorite song of love for her guests, while her tiny daughter, with upturned face, much marvels at the "sweet sorrow" which clouds the lovely features of the fair girl visitor. The mournful beauty has another close observer, but what he thinks, who can tell? The expression of his back is, however, contemplatively lover-like.

Artistic Notes.

Frau Clara Ruge has just finished in New York City a characteristic portrait of Christobel Rojas, the young South American artist whose romantic career has touched so many hearts. His picture of the "Purgatorio" received the gold medal from the Paris Salon. He had gone home to Venezuela to die, and on the heights of the mountain near Caracas he met the son of the distinguished German patriot Arnold Ruge, who with his artistic wife often went sketching amid the beautiful scenery.

Rojas, until his twentieth year, was a self-taught historical painter. His undeveloped genius attracted the attention of Guzman Blanco, then President of Venezuela, who sent him to Paris to study. The artistic success of Rojas was felt as a reflected glory by the citizens of Caracas.

Carl Gutherz keeps his studio in Paris all the year around, because the French artists are so enthusiastically appreciative of the poetical character of Gutherz's figure painting. Jules Breton calls him the "father of modern religious painting."

The engravings which form the frontispieces of magazines, if carefully taken out and laid flat with a piece of tissue-paper over the black ink, will, in time, form a collection. Make or buy a portfolio large enough to project an inch beyond the pictures, and have a separate portfolio for French, English, German, and American pictures. Make a title-page index of white Bristol-board, and write in legible letters the name of each artist, the dates of birth and death, and the title of the picture that represents his work. These portfolios will be found to be a great help in entertaining visitors, art being a neutral topic, and not likely to provoke the clash of opposite convictions, like personal beliefs in religion or politics.

The time is past when family photographs should be taken out to entertain the caller. All near relatives are not endowed with personal beauty, and the unfortunate visitor must exercise the greatest tact in making remarks about family portraits.

Photography, strictly speaking, is not art, but it is the handmaid of art. A photographic portrait gives the expression of a moment, "selecting nothing, rejecting nothing." A portrait from the hand and eye and brain of an artist gives the most characteristic expression.

It is not uncommon to hear a photograph spoken as if it were the mirror of truth,—never, however, when it is a personal portrait. "Photography lies so," is a studio saying, for the fiction of photography is more apparent to an artist than to a man of science, unless he be a very great man; then he demands a characteristic picture and not an accidental likeness. The nearer an object is to the camera the larger it is taken. If the perspective is too violent, the object photographed looks ugly or awkward. Art is the commemoration of beauty and grace, and not of accident.

Twenty-five years ago the study of perspective was thought by the large majority to be entirely beyond the strength of the feminine mind. To-day perspective is taught to children in the public schools, without stopping to discuss the difference in mind.

Friezes going out of fashion? No: one might as well prophesy that architects would build without using arches. Fashion is a force set in motion by social leaders and commercial dealers. The social leaders get their ideas from artists. If the commercial dealer has brains enough to see two years ahead, he buys some designs from artists, and then they are adapted to what is called the "popular taste," which is the suiting of the plan to mechanical means of wholesale copying made possible by modern inventions.

Chippendale furniture was made over a century ago in England, by Thomas Chippendale, who published according to Act of Parliament 1753 a huge folio volume of steel engravings from his own drawings and designs of furniture. The volume is dedicated to the Earl of Northumberland, "one of the Lords of the Bed Chamber to his Majesty." The practical work of Chippendale on furniture in England seems parallel to the good influence of Wedgwood in pottery. In the United States we see good examples of Chippendale's best method, which was not to try to

make wood do the duty of metal, but to employ both in one piece of furniture.

The resemblance of Eastlake to Chippendale furniture results from the same artistic intention; viz., an attempt at correspondence between the architecture of the dwelling and the furniture of the house. Eastlake, of this century, used his pen to waken the English public to the absurdities of a jumble of styles in the same room. Chippendale says, in the few lines describing the page designs, "these chairs are to suit Chinese furniture;" and hints broadly to his wealthy patrons that the walls had better be covered with India paper. He was not a writer, but an enthusiastic admirer of architecture and a designer and maker of good furniture.

The difference between Eastlake and Chippendale furniture is the difference of a century, but that one century represents the most remarkable progress in mechanical invention. Eastlake saw, with the highly cultivated eyes of a figure painter, the mechanical monstrosities in modern furniture made "for the market." With the courage of his convictions he expressed in published words the idea that those who benefited by the modern improvements, as manufacturers, owed a duty to the public. He showed that it was vulgar to copy in wood and metal, when only wood was employed, the designs made of old for hand-work, and that it was a cheat to make furniture by machinery that was neither useful nor beautiful. Eastlake was an artistic innovator, a reformer, who rebelled in polished sentences against the reign of the golden calf. Even if a man rolls in wealth, he is not comfortable if a polite thinker makes him ridiculous.

Eastlake pointed out that wood was only suitable for straight construction; that wood did not hold together well if curved; that furniture could not be beautiful if it was not useful; that furniture which would not stand the strain of daily use was a sham. Like all great artists, Eastlake abhorred ugliness and cheating, and thought that to allow mechanical invention to deprive the daily lives of the masses of all beauty in the civilized necessities of their surroundings, simply because a few English manufacturers were in a hurry to get rich and too stingy to pay for designs, was a national disgrace. Eastlake promulgated these ideas, and the result was a revolution in furniture, called, after the artistic reformer, Eastlake.

Chippendale's designs were worked out by hands that had inherited centuries of training, by people who never fed a machine, and for customers who considered a cabinet a lifelong possession, to be left in good order to posterity. Chippendale used silver and brass and silken drapery in carrying curves to contrast with the natural straightness of wood.

A pedestal of majolica, or other variety of pottery, is a recent device to hold a bust, vase, or lamp. Anyone living near a pottery can have a cylinder of terra cotta made from the same kind of clay as our common flower-pots, if the potter is skillful in making butter-jars. The height of it should be determined by the height of the room in which it is to stand. The cylinder should be closed at one end, to constitute a top on which the bust or vase is to stand. This terra cotta pedestal may be treated in two ways, to make it smoother to the touch and finer to the eye; for whatever the housekeeper has to handle should satisfy two senses. The cylinder may be stood in a tin pan with linseed oil, for several days. The oil will spread upwards, making the cylinder heavier at the base, which is very important. Take a brush or rag and spread the oil all over the surface, inside and outside: this will have the effect of making it smoother to the touch and darkening the color of the base. Where the pedestal has stood in the oil it will be very dark, and thus there will be a pretty shading for the lower part. The pedestal may also be made of various colors and glazed in effect only, by using tubes of cobalt, Indian red, and yellow ochre, applied with a palette knife and plenty of brown Japan dryer. Mix the colors on a glass slab or an ordinary piece of clear glass laid over white paper. Quick handling is imperative. With the palette knife, which in this case should be of horn or bone (an ordinary paper-folder may be used), place the paint on at the top, with the same motion as if you wished simply to scrape off the paint from the knife. Let it run down, and the colors will blend themselves in varieties of secondary and tertiary colors.

Alice Donlevy,
Of the "Ladies' Art Association."

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.

Oklahoma Open.

On September 22d, according to previous proclamation, the new lands in Oklahoma were opened, and a wild scramble for possession took place, leaving the rush at the opening of Oklahoma twenty-nine months ago far in the background as regards the scenes enacted. At that time, on April 22, 1889, the people who went to the new lands were compelled to cross the Cherokee Strip before they could reach the coveted land, and the entry was a mad race across that twenty-mile tract and a scramble for the best portions of the territory. This time the rush has been made at close range; and while there were not so many people, there was less land to grab for. There was room in the new lands for about five thousand settlers, allowing 160 acres to each, while on the border awaiting the available land were at least fifteen thousand persons, which made three for each section. Cowboys and counter clerks, preachers and gamblers, *bona-fide* settlers and speculators, missionaries and tramps, men in carriages, and men in prairie schooners, men on horseback, men afoot, entered the race. The horsemen, of course, had the advantage of all others. One lady beat forty men to a fine claim, and then rode twenty-five miles to file it, and stood in line all night at the Land Office. Half of the good claims were taken up by "sooners," or boomers who entered the land before the legal time. Many of such claims will be contested. The proud boast that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," hardly seems verified by the reports of the wild invasion for possession. On the whole the rush was peaceable, if noisy, the only real difficulty being occasioned by a woman who fired on a marshal and was disabled; but many quarrels and discussions began which may end in feuds and murder. The lawyers in Guthrie will doubtless reap a fat harvest from the contests which have ensued.

Balmaceda's Suicide.

The suicide of ex-President Balmaceda of Chili, who shot himself at the Argentine Legation in Santiago, on Saturday, September 18, was a complete climax to the most extraordinary political drama of which South America has been the theater. It was a drama in which a remarkably able and popular President, reluctant to lay aside his power at the end of his term of office, sought to prolong it by perilous, and, in this case, fatal expedients. With the battle of Valparaiso and the surrender of Santiago on August 29th, the Congressional party finally triumphed in the six-months' struggle, and Balmaceda became a fugitive. His intention was to go on board the vessel *Condell*, which he expected to find lying in San Antonio Bay. Upon arriving there, he discovered that the *torpedero* had sailed, and after a vain attempt to escape he went directly to the Argentine Legation, where after considering different schemes of flight he finally determined to die rather than give himself up. Jose Manuel Balmaceda was born in Santiago fifty-one years ago. His family was well known, rich, of high standing. He himself, being educated for the priesthood, was accomplished and a fine speaker, but plunged into political life upon leaving school. His rise was a continuous triumph, and his election to the Presidency in 1886 was achieved by an overwhelming majority. For three years harmony reigned, and Chili was the most prosperous of South American republics. Balmaceda was a popular idol and the greatest man in South America. The situation suddenly changed. Chilean Presidents are ineligible for re-election, but Balmaceda's love of power was unsatisfied. He wished to turn out his popular State officials, fill their places with men whom he could control, and when his term expired establish a dictatorship. He carried out this policy to its fullest extent, but only succeeded in establishing a sad instance of overreaching ambition, which, charity predisposes one to suppose, was allied with real love of country and personal honesty, and was doubtless the fruit of self-deception as to his own value to the republic. The triumph of his opponents now seems to be that of constitutional liberty, and it is to be hoped that the tragedy of Chili is now finished, and that her future will be free from the bitter elements of civil discord.

Consuegra Floods.

Floods have been general in the south of Spain, and in the province of Toledo the rush of water from the Consuegra River, at Consuegra, was so sudden and unexpected that hundreds of people were drowned in their beds. The correspondents of the Spanish and foreign newspapers who were able to reach the place describe Consuegra as "a city of the dead." As fast as the ruins were cleared away, the bodies of the dead were carried to immense crematory bonfires, where they were soaked in petroleum and reduced to ashes. Twenty-seven dead were found in one dwelling-house. One estimate made of the damage to property in and about Consuegra places the loss at \$3,500,000. The survivors of the disaster give very vague and confused accounts of the rise and onward sweep of the flood, which wrought such deadly havoc. It is officially reported that 1,500 people perished in the destruction of Consuegra. The town of Templeque, Province of Toledo, has been converted into an island by the flood, and communication with the town is impossible. At other places many persons were drowned and much property damaged.

Consuegra is thirty-five miles southeast of Toledo, and has a population of 7,000 inhabitants. The national relief fund has reached \$1,000,000, students collecting money for the sufferers in the streets of Madrid. All the clergy did good work among the ill and destitute, and there is now no danger of starvation, as about the middle of September, shortly after the floods, when bread riots and epidemics were feared. The relief committees did splendid work, and the Franciscan monks distinguished themselves.

The World's Food Supply.

Official reports received at Washington indicate that there will be a short potato crop in several countries of Europe, as well as a short crop of cereals. An astonishing shortage is announced in Russia's yield of rye, which precludes all possibility of Russia exporting any of her scant wheat crop. That Germany is another country practically in the same plight, there is good reason to believe; and Germany, the second largest rye-producing country in the world, was compelled to import 947,375 tons of rye last year, so enormous was the consumption of that cereal, and 85 per cent. of it came from Russia. But now the government of Russia has prohibited the exportation of rye on account of the crop failure in that country. Enormous exports of wheat and flour from the United States in August prove that Europe is in a difficult situation, and that the danger of famine is far more imminent than the horrors of war. Even with an unheard-of consumption of Indian corn there is grave distress before the masses of Europe. The August wheat exports were almost treble those of the same month last year, and over four times as much as the average exports at this season of late years. It is wisdom to look for a sharp advance in all cereals as soon as the demand realizes the limited extent of the world's food supply, and that authority on such matters, "The American Agriculturist," considers that every bushel of high-grade wheat is worth \$1 on the farm where it grew.

The Patent Centennial.

This year has witnessed the centennial celebration of the passage of the law which is the foundation of the American patent system. One result of the recent celebration has been the organization of "The American Association of Inventors and Manufacturers," the object of which is the advancement of industrial inventions, as well as the improvement of the American patent system. The difference between an American and an English patent is that the former is *prima facie* evidence of ownership; while the latter is simply a registration which gives a right of entry to the courts, where the patentee has to prove his case. The English system is generally followed on the Continent, though in Germany the infringer of a patent may be criminally prosecuted. The annual tax levied on foreign patents makes it costly to keep them up. Previous to 1837 something like 10,000 patents had been issued in the United States. The present system of numbering was then introduced, since which time, up to March 31st last, 441,652 patents have been granted. Between one-half and two-thirds of these are live patents to-day. Among these there are 4,815 patented devices in car couplers, 449 in coffins, 378 in padlocks, 1,160 in grain-binders, 1,300 in harrows. There are 515 in corsets, 269 in bustles, 149 hoop-skirts. In electrical devices there are 16,794 patents, and in electric lights, 2,168. There are about 1,755 inventions by women. The first was the revolving ice-cream freezer, invented by Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson in 1843. The first colored woman to take out a patent was Ellen Eglin of Washington, who in 1888 patented a clothes-wringer. The wife of General Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island originated the great cotton-gin, but because of the way it would affect her high social position, she allowed Whitney to take out the patent. There are about 5,000 persons in the United States who make a regular business of inventing. It is said that the telephone is the most profitable of all inventions.

Liquid Fuel.

The use of liquid fuel, or petroleum, instead of coal, for generating steam in the boilers of marine engines, has been very successfully experimented with on the English torpedo-boat "Sunderland." This boat has a displacement of eighty-six tons, and is 137 feet in length. The boiler is of the ordinary locomotive

type, with web bottom, the furnace front being arranged to receive the oil-burners, which are thirty-one in number. In England and America this liquid fuel is known as residuum. It is the residue of crude petroleum when all the volatile or lighter oils are distilled from it. It is perfectly non-inflammable until heated to 350 degrees, and consequently quite safe to use and carry in large quantities. It has no smell, as it does not emit gas until it reaches the required heat, nor does it deteriorate by being stored in tanks exposed to the air, nor evaporate perceptibly. It is not detrimental to metal tanks, the inside skin of the vessel, nor any of the ordinary receptacles. An expert says: "One serious question of to-day is, How are we to fuel our men-of-war at sea during a blockade? The successful transfer of coal at sea cannot be depended upon, but with oil fuel the case is different: the large tank steamers could always fuel the fleet, even in heavy weather." Our Navy Department will shortly have some definite results on the use of oil fuel, as it is the intention to have exhaustive experiments made with it by the Board of Engineer Experts at the New York Navy Yard. The special advantages claimed for liquid fuel are: It has greater efficiency than coal, weight for weight; the manner of storing it in the double or cellular bottoms gives greater stability to the vessel, and increase of available space for other purposes, now occupied for the stowing of coal; it will require a less number of fire-room force than with coal fuel; and there is no ashes nor refuse from oil fuel. In manœuvring under steam, it may often be desirable to stop suddenly while at full speed and not to use the engines for some time. With coal fires this would be difficult, as they would have to be banked, and while lying dormant would become dirty; but with liquid fuel as many burners as necessary may be shut off when the engines are stopped, only enough being kept in operation to prevent the steam pressure from falling. When full power would be required it could be had at once, with furnaces and everything clean and in good shape.

Ex-President Grévy.

The third President of the French Republic, M. François Paul Jules Grévy, died on Sept. 9, at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Department of the Jura, France. He was born in the above place on August 15, 1813, the son of a farmer. The Revolution of 1830 found him at Paris, a law student, laborious and energetic. He was elected to the Assembly in 1848, and his political life began, to be soon interrupted by the *coup d'état* which made Napoleon emperor. During the Empire he simply practiced his profession; but in 1871 he was sent to the Assembly at Bordeaux and helped to elect M. Thiers Chief of the Executive. In January, 1879, upon the resignation of Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy was elected President of the French Republic, and administered the office faithfully. In 1886, at the close of his first term, he was again elected, and might have continued to be President had not certain actions of his son-in-law, M. Daniel Wilson, driven him to resign the office in December, 1887. On the 14th of January, 1888, a few weeks after his fall from power, ex-President Grévy was stricken with apoplexy, this being his second stroke. Daniel Stern's "Histoire de la Revolution" describes M. Grévy as "a man of firm and temperate mind, for whom the love of right and the habit of honesty always marked out the straight path; possessing that invincible logic of sincerity which wins over all right-minded men." He appeared in the Assembly like a modest expression of its best conscience, and a perfect example of the parliamentary spirit applied in all sincerity to the extension and firm establishment of democratic institutions. M. Grévy was of medium height, stout and bald, with a splendid and massive head. He did not look over fifty. He was an assiduous worker, not by any means a society man, preferring a game of billiards or dominoes with a few friends to a ball, banquet, or soirée. He was a mighty hunter during his vacations in the Jura, and was the incarnation of dignity in the chair, being irreproachable in dress, gravely courteous in manner, and inexorably just and unvaryingly calm in all circumstances. His wife and their only daughter, Madame Daniel Wilson, survive him.

The Anchor of Columbus.

A curious and most interesting exhibit to be at the World's Fair is an anchor supposed to be the one used by Columbus when he landed at San Salvador. This anchor was found by Commissioner Ober on the coast of Hayti. It had been discovered by natives and was being used by them as a cross-beam for an open well. A small model was made of the anchor and sent to Paris. There an antiquarian, who is an official in one of the museums, pronounced it as being undoubtedly a type of the anchors used in the fifteenth century. He said that it possessed peculiarities which identified it with the time of Columbus, and he felt certain from the data furnished that it was the anchor which Columbus used when a storm swept the coast at the time of his landing and his cables were broken. The theory advanced is that there were no other ships in the vicinity carrying anchors of Spanish model, and it is believed that a veritable relic of Columbus has been discovered. This anchor has been presented to the Government of the United States and is now at Washington.

Fibrelia.

The product of common flax straw, fibrelia, has not only valuable textile properties of itself, but also is a substitute for

cotton or wool. Certain tests show that 25 per cent. of fibrelia with 75 per cent. of wool, made into broadcloth, gives a product absolutely more valuable than if made of wool alone; that is, the real strength of the cloth is enhanced. It is more impervious to water, is warmer, and, on account of its tenacity and flexibility, its cementing property and electrical adhesiveness, fibrelia not only imparts preservative qualities to the wool and increased durability to the cloth, but imparts to the whole a gloss and finish not otherwise attainable. Its specific gravity is greater than that of cotton, and the material is stronger, in fact, more like pure linen. Flax is of cellular composition the same as wool, and dyes, therefore, penetrate it throughout, its coloring capacity being equal to wool and fully as durable; thus it is that fibrelia goods take a better color and hold it with more tenacity and brilliancy than cotton. This being the case, cotton fibrelia must excel pure cotton in quality, strength, and beauty.

The "Whaleback."

For a year or two past the grain and ore carriers of the Great Lakes have been employing in constantly increasing numbers a new form of barge, called the "whaleback," a wholly new model of freighting-craft, and it has been found advantageous to use the same model for the propelling steamer as well as for the towed barges. The "whalebacks" are built of steel, with a sort of rounding "cover," or back, which enables them to carry a great deal more freight, and also makes them look, as Hamlet's courtier said, "very like a whale." They are the invention of Captain Alexander McDougall, of Duluth, and are built at West Superior, opposite Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior. They possess the following advantages: They have, of all vessels ever built, by far the largest carrying capacity for least cost of construction; the greatest strength and security with the greatest ease and economy of operation; the greatest speed with the smallest quantity of coal. It has been observed for some time that these "whalebacks" would revolutionize the carrying trade of the great lakes, especially as regards the heavy items of traffic, such as ore, coal, grain, flour, lumber, and salt, and now they propose to enter the ocean trade. The whalebacks will be built in increasing numbers at West Superior, by the American Steel Barge Company, from steel plates made on the ground, out of Lake Superior iron ore. It seems a novel idea that the typical water freight-carriers of the future, destined to be known on every sea and in every port, will have been constructed in the inland ship-yards of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Beet Sugar.

The extensive manufacture of beet sugar in America has practically begun, and the work already done goes to show that this will doubtless become an industry of, as yet, undreamed of possibilities. At Grand Island, Nebraska, a great refinery has been established, about \$500,000 capital having been put into it; and Senator W. D. Washburn, who has investigated the matter, being a most earnest and persistent advocate of the beet-sugar industry, says that he is convinced of the ultimate success of this industry. The "beet-sugar belt," as it is called, takes in the greater part of Minnesota, the two Dakotas, and portions of Iowa and Nebraska. In this belt beets suitable for sugar manufacture can be grown successfully, and the analyses show that there is a greater proportion of saccharine matter in the American-grown beets than in those grown in Austria or Germany. The climate and soil have much to do with it. Great results may be expected from the manufacture of beet sugar and the raising of beets for the purpose, so that the future of the farmers for the industry in the northwest is on the eve of a solid establishment.

Where Columbus Landed.

An expedition which was sent out from Chicago to discover and mark the precise spot on which Columbus first set foot in the New World seems to have succeeded admirably. Five islands disputed the honor, and the claims of all were duly investigated until the right island was found. The spot where "Columbus' feet may have touched" is marked by a monumental globe on which the continents are delineated, with the site of Chicago designated by a silver star, and Watling Island, where Columbus landed, by another. The man who proudly exhibited a bulrush plucked from the exact spot where Pharaoh's daughter lifted the infant Moses from his hiding-place must feel that his possession is eclipsed.

The Coldest Spot on Earth.

It is said that "the culminating point of excessive climate in all the world is reached" at a place near Werkhojansk, Siberia, which is the coldest known spot on the earth's surface. In other words, it is the pole of the greatest known cold. For a long time it was supposed that Yakutsk, 400 miles from Werkhojansk, was the coldest place in the world; but recent observations have done away with that idea. The lowest readings of the thermometer, taken by Sir George Nares, were noted at Floburg Beech, which was 81° below zero, Fahrenheit. The soil at the places named is frozen nearly 400 feet deep. It must have been a deposit of the glacial epoch, for no amount of cold could penetrate the earth to that depth.

What Women are Doing.

Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Prime Minister of Canada, has become a contributor to the press.

Two hundred women are employed by Edison in working at the more delicate details of his electrical inventions.

Miss Norma C. Crawford, of Minersville, Pennsylvania, has been offered the chair of Oratory in the University of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Anna M. Rothest, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been granted a patent for an upper-case treadle-attachment for typewriting machines.

Miss Enid Yandell, of Louisville, Ky., is at work in the modeling department of the World's Fair, making the models for the eight caryatides for the women's building.

Miss Gladstone, the daughter of the "Grand Old Man," has admirable literary judgment, and her recommendation of a book carries nearly as much weight as does that of her father.

A Society of Women has just been formed at St. Petersburg, for the manufacture of children's playthings. This society has arranged extensive workshops, and proposes to open by degrees, in the Russian capital and in other large towns, shops for the sale of its products.

Marie Bashkirtseff in her childhood's diary wrote that it would have been a good plan for Dante to have had trained dresses as one of the tortures for the Inferno.

Women are to be employed in Chicago as conductors on the new Columbia coaches, which are to be run either by an electric motor or horse power, but without tracks on the streets.

Mrs. Harris, of New Orleans, a white-ribboner, recently refused \$50,000 for a small piece of land whose market value was below that, when she learned it was wanted for the erection of saloons.

Lady Tennyson is known as the composer of some charming music, although age and ill health have rendered her unable of late to do much in that line. At the celebration of the Laureate's eighty-second birthday, his words were sung set to his wife's music.

A Senate of Women.—Sir George Grey, ex-premier of New-Zealand, has made a proposition, which will be submitted to the House of Representatives, that a New Upper Chamber be formed in the government of New-Zealand, composed entirely of women, and that it replace the present Upper Chamber.

Madame Martin, the old lady who recently died at Vincennes, France, bequeathing her fortune of 200,000 francs to her native town of Toul, left 1,200 francs for the expenses of her funeral at Vincennes, coupled with the singular condition that she was to be buried "as far as possible from her late husband."

Mrs. Lelia Robinson-Sawtelle, author of "Law Made Easy" and "Law of Husband and Wife," provided by her will that in case her husband should not survive her, and she left no kin within the statutes of distribution of Massachusetts, her entire property should go to establish free scholarships for women at the Boston University Law School.

Miss Charlotte Higgins, who has this year carried off the honors of the entrance examinations at the University of London over 1,600 male students, is a little Scotch girl, twenty years old, and is described as very youthful looking. Her brilliant education has been due to the efforts of her mother, her father having died when she was eight years old.

Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, is described as of *petite* figure, with dark hair and eyes. She is a brilliant talker, and feels a vivid interest in public affairs. She often attends the debates of the Cape Town Parliament, and is frequently seen at the Government House. She makes Cape Town her home when she is not on the "African farm."

Harriet Hosmer's model for her statue of Queen Isabella is nearly completed in that artist's studio in Rome. The famous patroness of Columbus is represented in full royal robes, stepping down from her throne, with her jewels in her outstretched hand. The figure is said to be full of grace and strength, and the robes have been most gracefully draped by the artist, giving a pleasing outline from every point of view.

Chat.

FLORAL "TUB" PARADES have very naturally grown in favor and increased in importance with each succeeding year, and in localities where driving is a favorite diversion with ladies, these heretofore simple displays have developed into artistic pageants well worth a journey to see, and the designation has become so elastic as to include every vehicle a lady can manage.

The "autumn blaze of goldenrod" contributed not a little to the gorgeous *ensemble* of every "tub" parade, but to one of the more ambitious belongs the palm for novelty. One graceful buckboard, drawn by a brown pony, became a "symphony in pink" under the manipulation of the fair owner. Over her head was a wide-spreading umbrella covered outside with plumes of pink hydrangea and lined with closely placed pink asters, and the entire vehicle was trimmed with the same flowers twined with pink ribbons, even the trappings of the proud little pony being of the same delicate tint. A victoria was resplendent with marigolds and goldenrod and brilliant autumn leaves and yellow ribbons, the trappings of the horses being similarly decorated, and the music of silver-toned bells tinkling melodiously with every movement. A dainty village-cart was transformed with hemlock branches into a basket, bordered with goldenrod and ox-eye daisies and having a handle wound with golden ribbon. Red gladioli and asparagus vine made beautiful a low phaeton; tiger lilies and ferns decorated a basket wagon; sun-flowers very appropriately decorated a tiny donkey and the cart which he propelled with dignified step and solemn visage; brilliant geraniums against their shaded foliage entirely disguised the shape of a canopy buckboard; pumpkins, corn, and yellow ribbons adorned a quaint little turnout; and a two-horse buckboard sported decidedly artistic decorations composed entirely of grain and straw, even to the horses' trappings.

POSSIBLY an outcome of the "physical culture" craze, one "fad" of the outing season, among the young people, was "early rising" parties,—equestrian parties, pedestrian parties, fishing parties, bathing parties, and sunrise parties, according to the locality. Excepting when bathing was the object a light lunch was partaken of before starting, usually a glass of milk, some crackers and berries, and everyone was ready for a good, substantial breakfast on the return. Matutinal pedestrian and equestrian parties bid fair to be very popular "till the snow flies," at least. One enthusiast declares that she never imagined she was missing so much pleasure, and that she intends to continue the habit of early rising; but—she lives in the city, and when winter comes Morpheus will probably prove more seductive than Sol.

A CHARMING NOVELTY in entertainments for a small, select party, an innovation on the ever-recurring *musicale* and recitation, is to have a lady or gentleman to tell stories—not to recite, there is a wide difference between the two methods. A low platform is arranged with drapery for a frame, lights are effectively disposed, and the narrator is quaintly dressed, sometimes like an old crone, who tells weird tales, or like a grandmother for love-stories, or a hunter for narratives of prowess in hunting or incidents on the field. One clever hostess had a glowing open fireplace at the back of the very low platform, at one side of which sat a stately old lady in an ante-colonial dress, who told love-tales of that early period in a most natural way. The seats were ranged in a close semicircle, and the illusion was perfect.

THE "OLD BACHELORS AND OLD MAIDS' CLUB" is the latest accession to clubdom. The chief requisite for membership is an avowal on the part of the applicant that he or she designs to live and die without wearing the chains of Hymen. As the club has not yet arrived at the dignity of a clubhouse, the meetings are to be held at the residences of members, three at each meeting to contribute a poem or paper on the "Joys of Single Blessedness," the "Superiority and Advantages of a Single Life," and similar topics. Very significantly, the original club is composed of five of each sex, and the outcome can hardly be uncertain.

Household.

Thanksgiving Menus.



ON Thanksgiving Day our attention is inevitably drawn toward the turkey, without which no Thanksgiving dinner could be considered complete. A New Englander would also say that a baked ham was a *sine qua non*. In any case, the dinner should be as good as one can afford. A little care and management will give a change to those whose purses are not overstocked. To eat and enjoy the good that God has given us is an evidence that we appreciate the beneficence to which we owe them: as Milton says, "To refrain when bounty has been given us is an evidence of ingratitude to the Giver." If the housekeeper who has to prepare her own dinner does not attempt too much, she will enjoy the results of her labor better, herself. We give three menus: the first quite elaborate, sufficient for a company dinner; the second, a less varied but still sufficient menu for twelve invited guests; and the third, a bill of fare for a quiet family dinner, also for twelve persons. The quantities given in the accompanying receipts will be sufficient for twelve.

MENU I.

- Raw Oysters.
- Puff-Ball Soup.
- Pickles.
- Salted Almonds.
- Halibut Soufflé, Parisienne Potatoes.
- Roast Turkey, Oyster Sauce.
- Mashed Potatoes, Scalloped Squash.
- Baked Ham.
- Spinach.
- Wafers.
- Pumpkin Pie.
- Nuts.
- Celery Mayonnaise.
- Neufchâtel Cheese.
- Mince Pie.
- Raisins.
- Fruits.
- Coffee.

For this dinner fifty oysters should be allowed for the first course. Four, neatly arranged in their own deep shells, on a plate of cracked ice and water-cress, will be sufficient for each.

The soup stock should be prepared the day before. Purchase four pounds of beef from the round, one pound of lean veal, and two ounces of lean ham. Cut them up and put over to simmer in four quarts of cold water. Stew gently four hours, then add a sprig of parsley, a quarter of a teaspoonful of black pepper, two bay leaves, and one carrot cut into slices, and simmer half an hour longer; then strain through a colander, and reheat. Add the whites of two eggs beat with half a cupful of cold water, and the crushed shells; stir in with a fork, cover the kettle and boil for one minute, then lift from the fire and stand aside for about five minutes, to settle. Strain and cool, then carefully remove all fat from the surface and pour off the soup.

The puff-balls may also be made ready the day before, so that when the soup is ready to serve they may simply be placed in the oven a few moments to reheat. To make them, put half a cupful of water and one tablespoonful of butter on to boil; when boiling, add half a cupful of flour, stir until you have a smooth dough, take from the fire, and when cool add one unbeaten egg. When this is beaten in the dough, add another, and beat continuously for five minutes. Drop in tiny balls on greased tins and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

For the halibut *soufflé* boil two pounds of halibut in salt water for fifteen minutes, and pull it apart. Put half a pint of milk in a farina-boiler, and add four tablespoonfuls of stale bread-crumbs. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter and two even tablespoonfuls of flour together, stir them into the hot milk, and stir until smooth and thick. Take it from the

fire, add the fish, a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, and the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Fill this into small paper cases or shells, and bake in a quick oven until a golden brown.

A receipt for Parisienne potatoes will be found in last month's Magazine.

For the baked ham, select a Southern sugar-cured ham, weighing not over seven pounds. Wash, and soak it overnight. In the morning put it in a pan, rind side down, cover the upper part with a paste made from flour and water, add a quart of water to the pan, and bake in a slow oven for two hours and a half, basting every fifteen minutes. When done, remove the paste and the rind, brush with beaten egg the side from which the rind was taken, dust with bread-crumbs, and bake in a quick oven until a golden brown. Trim the bone end with a quilling of paper.

MENU II.

- Tomato Soup.
- Bolled Fish, Oyster Sauce.
- Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Chicken Salad.
- Canned Peas.
- Crackers.
- Fruit.
- Cheese.
- Olives.
- Coffee.
- Confectionery.

MENU III.

- Oyster Soup.
- Bolled Turkey, Oyster Sauce.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Mashed Turnips.
- Celery.
- Squash.
- Chicken Pie.
- Cranberry Sauce.
- Celery Salad.
- Sweet Potatoes.
- Apple Pie.
- Cheese.
- Coffee.
- Pumpkin Custard.
- Cake.

Pies are better for being made a little in advance of wanting them. It may be inconvenient to bake the pie on Thanksgiving Day, in which case bake it on the day before and warm it for dinner. Vegetables may be prepared for cooking and kept in a cool place. Cranberry and apple sauces can be made, nuts cracked, apples wiped off, grapes and pears put in a cold place, raisins and almonds arranged in dishes, the table set the day before, if the family can be accommodated with breakfast elsewhere than in the dining-room, the turkey stuffed and made ready for roasting. With the preparations thus forwarded, the housekeeper can enjoy her Thanksgiving dinner without being over-fatigued or so anxious as to deprive the holiday of its enjoyable features.

("Household" continued on page 63.)

A Course Dinner.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICE.

IT is not always the selection and preparation of the viands for a course dinner that cause the hostess the greatest anxiety; it is the setting of the table and the proper service. In our December number we shall publish an exhaustive article with the above title, describing accurately every detail of a simple course dinner—the arrangement and decoration of the table, the articles necessary for the service of each course, the proper method of serving, the duties of host, hostess, and waiters, etc.; and the paper will be rendered especially valuable by numerous illustrations showing the table as it should appear before the guests are ushered in to the feast, the changes made for each course, etc., in fact, giving such clear directions about the proper service of a course dinner that the least experienced hostess may confidently attempt one for her Christmas feast or at any other time.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—NOVEMBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 83.

WHATEVER real novelties are to give prestige to this season are yet to come: there are new and very varied versions of already popular styles, their becomingness being a more potent attraction than mere novelty, which is an indication of the steady and sturdy growth of a more artistic taste in dress.

If a woman will profit by her present opportunities, there is no reason why she should be dressed unbecomingly, no matter what her defects of form or coloring may be: let her study her good and weak points, accentuate the former, and by judicious management overcome or disguise the latter, have well-founded convictions about what will suit her style, and the courage of those convictions when deciding what to reject as well as what to select, and her dressing will be of a higher type, and consequently more really stylish, than conventional "fashionable" dressing can ever be.

The effect of height and slenderness remains the prominent characteristic of the present styles; but "linked sweetness, long drawn out," is not to the taste or convenience of every one, and the effect, when not desirable, is modified by draped waists with few visible seams (very similar to the models of a season or so ago), and a suspicion of draping on the front of the skirt, contributed by shallow, diagonal plaits laid in at the belt, that create graceful undulations—not folds—which reach quite to the foot, and to many, especially those "inclined to be stout," this is more becoming and comfortable than the strictly *fourreau* shape.

The foundation skirt is dispensed with in many of the new gowns, the skirt proper being lined throughout with thin silk or a light quality of undressed cambric, without stiff facing of any kind, simply hemmed up, and usually without braid or binding. If a demitrain, a full, pinked ruffle of silk on the inside serves as a *balayouse*; and even this is dispensed with when narrow flounces are used on the outside.

But though not an individual part of each costume, the foundation skirt is by no means abandoned: made of silk, most perfectly fitted, trimmed at the foot with narrow ruf-

fles or one or two plaitings, and just escaping the ground, it replaces the conventional petticoat, and when one wears black dresses habitually, one petticoat, or foundation skirt, will serve for several dresses. When colors are worn, it is usual to have this underskirt matching in color the material of the dress, and on the street only the dress skirt is raised. This is a favorite arrangement with those who wish to utilize a long skirt for walking; but a woman clutching the back of her skirt can never look graceful (and with the present styles she cannot raise it otherwise), and it should not be forgotten that grace and fitness are essential elements of beauty. No one will deny that a long skirt is more becoming than a short one; but when it is raised on the street, as every refined, self-respecting woman will do, the object for which it was chosen is defeated. Even the most enthusiastic advocate of long skirts will admit that, for the street, a skirt swinging clear of the ground, leaving the hands free, is more comfortable.

Round waists and short basques have the preference for house wear, and in these, surplice and decidedly diagonal effects in front are very popular, with fulness in the back, at the bottom only, the shoulders fitted plain, and often no seams showing excepting under the arms. As a variety from the legion of corselets, girdles, sashes, and belts, a pretty device is a doubled, falling ruffle, from three to five inches deep, of velvet, sewed to the top of the skirt and headed with a narrow *passementerie*. The skirt is put on over the waist, the *passementerie* either just at or a little below the waist line, as may be most becoming, and hooks and loops secure it.

Striking combinations of color are a feature of the newest gowns. Dahlia-red with gray, beige with green, heliotrope with brown, dark blue with green, black with yellow, are popular; but perhaps the most novel is billiard green with a bright blue, the apparently irreconcilable colors harmonized by a profusion of gold embroidery, and the gown made of these is exceedingly rich in effect, and not at all bizarre. Black wool dresses are trimmed with bright colors, and all-black dresses of silk or wool, trimmed profusely with jet, are very fashionable. The combination of black and yellow is noticeable in all lines of dress, and hats of yellow velvet with jet trimmings are worn with costumes of all colors.

Feather boas are a *faux* at present, and later will be re-

placed by those of fur. They are very long, some reaching almost to the ground, and a favorite shape is very large at the neck and tapering to slender points at the ends. The feather boa without ends, tied at the throat with a bow of wide ribbon, is selected by those who wish the protection only, or merely the softening effect about the face; and there is a feather collarette with boa ends that is very becoming. *Coque* feathers are most popular; but some of the boas of ostrich and peacock feathers, sometimes combined, are truly regal. Bands of *coque* feathers curled like astrakhan trim cloth costumes very handsomely.

For information received regarding dress materials, thanks are due to Stern Brothers; for trimmings, to James G. Johnson; for costumes, to B. Altman & Co.; for millinery, to Thomas H. Wood & Co.; and for children's fashions, to Best & Co.



For an Autumn Stroll.

ULRICA CAPE. (BACK.)
CLITHEROE SKIRT

GRÉVILLE COAT.
DECIMA SKIRT.

WHITE-AND-GOLD is a favorite combination for house-wear.

A Jaunty Waist.

THE popularity of the silk waist for house wear is increasing rather than waning, and the independent waist will be a feature of winter dressing. Plain and fancy silks, cashmere, camels'-hair serge, and even the pretty printed delaines are used for the purpose, and with two or three inexpensive waists and a demitrain skirt, one may have a pleasing variety in the home toilet at little expense.

The "Marsena" waist is one of the newest and prettiest models, especially becoming to slender figures. For the collar and scarf may be substituted a frill and jabot of *chiffon* or lace, and thus still greater variety be afforded; and the Swiss girdle may be replaced, on occasion, by a sash, a corselet, or a plain round belt. The design will combine well with any style of skirt. The back view is shown below. The pattern is fully described on page 56.



A Jaunty Waist.

THE "MARSENA." (FRONT.)

For an Autumn Stroll.

FIG. 1.—Costume of plaid shaggy woolen, in beige and shades of brown, made with the "Clitheroe" skirt and the "Elura" basque, both illustrated in the October magazine, and completed by the "Ulrica" cape. The front view of the cape is illustrated on page 56. The hat is of brown velvet, trimmed with beige and brown ostrich-tips. The cape pattern is in sizes for ladies and misses, and is fully described on page 56.

FIG. 2.—Walking or visiting costume of slate-gray broadcloth, arranged with the "Decima" skirt, illustrated also on page 52, and the "Gréville" coat. The skirt is a very popular model, with a bias seam down the middle of the back. The coat is tailor-made, and the waistcoat is gold-colored ottoman silk embroidered with a floral design in natural colors. The hat is of black velvet, with a wreath of gold-colored roses surrounding the crown, and a bunch of small yellow tips and aigrette at the back. The patterns are fully described on page 56.



Marsena Waist.
(BACK.)

GREEN is the color of the season. The new red is a very vivid shade, and garnet tints are very fashionable.

A Stylish Winter Garment.

THE attractions of the coat as an outer garment are by no means on the wane, the latest candidate for popular favor being of extra length, like the "Wilfrida." This is made in all classes of woolens, both with and without a combination of velvet in the collar, revers, and cuffs, and also in velvet and plush, the last-named materials frequently being finished with narrow jetted passementerie on all the seams in the waist, each row having a pendent ornament at a graceful distance below the waist line. When lined, silk, satin, or

farmers' satin is used for the purpose, and even when not lined throughout the sleeves are lined with one of these



Wilfrida Coat.
(BACK.)

A Becoming Basque.

THIS stylish model is a modification of the "Marlowe" basque, given in the April number: the double-breasted piece is omitted, the skirt is cut a trifle longer, and cuffs in gauntlet shape replace the platings in the sleeves of the original design. The illustration represents black silk with garniture of jet passementerie and a full jabot of pink *chiffon*. It is an especially suitable

model for light woolens, also for cloth: the trimming in each case should be chosen to correspond. Full particulars about the pattern will be found in the April number.

Wraps and Jackets.

THE military cape in many variations, with yokes, square, round, and pointed, with or without vest, but invariably with the high rolling collar and high-shouldered effect that seems to be so dear to the presiding genius of fashion, is so popular a garment as to deceive the unwary into believing that it is indeed the leading and unique style.

Not so, however; for the caprice of elegant dressing is to be a little in advance of what is termed the popular style, and so the coat-shaped jacket is, after all, more likely to be the prime favorite. The jackets worn are of cloth in all the new light and rich colors, with or without elaborate braiding of silk or gold cord on vests and collars. The more dressy have silk-faced revers or fur-lined fronts, and open over the blouse-waists of silk with which they are worn, to give the latter the effect of a vest, if need be. Some very showy jackets are of dark-colored velvet or velveteen with silk facings and lining.

For ordinary wear, the "reefer" coats, buttoning closely with large buttons, on one side, are the prime favorites. In dark blue, green, and black, these are most comfortable and convenient garments, and are most liked for morning wear, while the dressy jackets are liked for ceremonious visiting, and the easy-fitting capes for theater and church wear.

The coats with separate skirt-pieces are usually made to match the dress, and importers show "three-piece costumes," that is, dresses with round waist, skirt, and coat, all of the same or happily harmonizing materials.

A Useful Garment.

LOOSE wraps and mantles, of forms various and graceful, come and go; but the jacket remains with us. Its claims for popularity are incontrovertible; and when practicality and comfort are so happily combined as in the "Esmonde" jacket, its popularity is not to be wondered at.

This model has a fitted back, and loose, double-breasted fronts. The three illustrations show how easily it can be adapted for different seasons and purposes. On the small full-length figure it is shown as it might be worn as a "blazer" or on a rather warm day; on the double illustration is shown another arrangement of the front; and on the large full-length figure it is represented buttoned close up to the neck, as it might be on a cold or stormy day.

The cuts also show that it is suitable for all varieties of



A Becoming Basque.
THE "MARLOWE."

cloth, plain and fancy, and different modes of finishing. For plain goods of not too heavy quality, lapped seams, as shown on the back view, are sometimes used; but the ordinary seam is preferred for fancy cloths. Silk facings for the fronts are appropriate with all qualities of cloth, but heavy cloths for winter wear have facings of the same, or of fur, in the later case the collar being of fur also, either one side or both. The pattern is fully described on page 56.

For the Promenade.

SKIRTS that escape the ground are promised us for all walking-dresses. In the meantime the manufacturers of tailor-made gowns are shortening the skirts as much as their customers will permit, and using smooth-faced cloths, in light shades of tan, reseda, blue, and rose, for their handsomest designs.

Some of the tailor-made skirts thus shortened have seams covered with velvet folds, galloon, or fur, and



A Useful Garment.

ESMONDE JACKET. (CLOSED FRONT.)



Esmonde

Jacket.

(OPEN FRONT.)

others are rather wider than hitherto, with clusters of plaits at the back held in place by elastic straps.

Soft, pliable camels'-hair goods in wide diagonal weavings and feather stripes, waved (*ondulé*) and chevron stripes, are seen in dark browns, stone-colors, navy-blue, and blue black as well as jet black. A great deal of velvet is combined with cloth dresses, and the usual garnitures are fur and braiding.

Some of the new tailor-gowns have belted waists with yokes and plastrons, as well as the usual tailor bodice, the postilion coat, or the Louis Quinze coat, and all have plain sleeves with slight fullness at the top. Velvet bodices and pointed corselets are used with the striped cloth skirts, and velvet coats are also worn with wool skirts. Velvet breadths inserted to form a slight demi-train also give elegance to princess dresses of black camels'-hair. An extreme

use is made of the new Bedford cords and *plissé* wool fabrics, which are often striped in two colors, and have selvages of plain color which serve as trimming.

Combinations of color as well as material are not unusual in gowns intended for the promenade. For instance, a blue serge dress has a deep yoke of red corduroy velvet striped with blue; a black cloth has emerald-green corduroy velvet in combination, forming cuffs, collar, and skirt border; and some of the new woven goods are themselves in vivid color combinations, with tucks of a color in contrast with the ground, such as blue and coral pink with pendent jet beads on the edges of the tucks.

Gowns for Dressy Wear.

WORTH, always the supreme arbiter of feminine taste, has fairly adopted the unique styles he seemed only to be studying last season. The Henri Deux dominates all his creations, and is the foundation, so to speak, of all the costumes issuing from this famed Parisian house, but is combined with the lighter styles of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. even. These are stately gowns with princess back and coat front, suitable for reception and carriage toilets, as the following in rich satin-finished silks known as *peau de soie*.



Esmonde Jacket.

The half-low corsage of malachite-green satin with Louis XV. basque is trimmed on the shoulders with gold lace applied in tiny revers over a facing of Parma violet satin. The close elbow-sleeves with gold-lace ruffle are of the lilac satin, and large puffs of malachite satin are placed at the tops of the sleeves; while the waist has a pansy-purple velvet corselet over which the corsage opens like a vest, and the same corselet reappears at the side seams, forming a sash which is tied at the back and falls in long ends over the narrow train of green satin lined with lilac. The front of the skirt has panels of the green satin, with revers of the lilac which open upon a front of cream satin and are caught down at each side with agraffes of gold-beaded passementerie.

Another elegant gown is of buttercup-yellow satin with large gold *clous* forming immense groups of jeweled spots.

The robe is in Directoire style, the waist cut *décolleté* with a high full chemisette of forget-me-not blue *crêpe de Chine*. Draperies of the same azure *crêpe* seem to be twisted about the arm above the elbow, and end there with a narrow band of satin incrustated with gold and turquoises. The

same embroidered bands form shoulder-straps, and Greek bandelettes for the hair.

A new model for a carriage toilet is of yellowish white *vigogne* trimmed with the new shade of Magenta-colored velvet in six narrow bias strips, each headed with crystal bead *passementerie* to match, laid smoothly around the skirt. The blouse-waist is of the cloth with folds of velvet at the shoulder and side-form seams, with a front crossing to one side; and there is a knotted scarf of velvet edged with bead fringe. With this is worn a long jacket of velvet opening in front with revers faced with white *faille*. The hat adds picturesqueness to this artistic gown, and is a narrow *toque* of velvet with embroidered crown and a long white ostrich-plume.

Still another exquisite model is of peach-colored cloth. The skirt is cut in three round scallops at the bottom in front, displaying a plaited flounce of



An Autumn Costume.

DECIMA BASQUE. DECIMA SKIRT.
(FRONT.)

yellow silk. The jacket of cloth has double fronts, the under part in the guise of a vest laid in box-plaits, with a yellow silk *plastron* at the upper part, forming a sort of *chemisette*.

So many of the new styles with overlapping basques and skirt-pieces have a tendency to make short and stout women look too plump, that the princess styles have been eagerly adopted by many ladies whose slenderness is a past possession, and the new *redingote* gowns, introduced by Felix, the rival of Worth, are the most desirable gowns for matrons.

The usual material of the *redingote* gown is cloth and velvet, the cloth composing a long princess *redingote* with a very narrow vest of velvet, that falls open to show the front breadth of a velvet *petticoat*. A narrow edging of fur borders both the *redingote* and the velvet *petticoat*. *Suède* or light cream-brown cloth with violet velvet and Alaska

sable makes a most elegant visiting-dress which can be worn at all times for dressy occasions during the season.

An Autumn Costume.

ANY of the fashionable woolen materials, in solid color, plaided, or striped, can be made up after this practical model, for which the "Decima" basque and "Decima" skirt are used. The skirt is a modification of the circle shape, cut with the apron separate, and each side and half of the back in one piece, with a bias seam down the middle of the back. This is an especially graceful skirt, less full than the regular circle shape, and the plaits at the sides modify the *fourreau* effect most becomingly. The back view is herewith shown.

The basque is in plain coat style in the back, the middle seam open up to the waist-line; and the arrangement of the front is especially becoming.

The illustration represents a medium shade of terra cotta serge, the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a bias band of black velvet, and the edges of the basque finished with narrow terra cotta *passementerie*. The ruche and jabot are *chiffon* of a light terra cotta tint. The *toque* is of terra cotta velvet trimmed with a *bandeau* of cock's plumes and terra cotta wings.

The basque and skirt patterns are fully described on page 56.



Decima Skirt. (BACK.)

November Millinery.

1.—SCARLET felt hat bound with white silk and trimmed with *rouleaux* of dark red velvet and *coques* of fancy ribbon with white foundation and scarlet velvet edges.



1. Scarlet Felt Hat.

Modern Bridal Gowns.

THE bridal costume is something in the nature of a uniform, and varies but slightly, as a rule, from season to season. Nevertheless, in the recent *bouleversement* to which all things fashionable have been subjected, the bridal gown changes a little from the plain garment of recent years. The dressy Louis Quinze styles which have so influenced modern fashion affect the bridal toilet also.



4. Velvet and Jet Bonnet.

An interesting specimen of the modern dressmaker's art is made up in rich ivory-white silk-brocade trimmed with exquisite white silk-lace flounces caught up at intervals around the skirt with sprays of orange-blossoms. The long,



2. Plateau Bonnet.

2.—Plateau bonnet of black lace, with gilt spangles and garniture of close-set loops of gold-colored satin ribbon. A lace drapery is caught up *en bouffant* at the back, where the strings of black velvet ribbon are arranged in a knot.

3.—Toque bonnet of brown-and-gold tissue, with knot of brown velvet and gold butterfly in front, and aigrette with brown ostrich-tips at the back.

4.—Black velvet and jet bonnet. The garniture is a jet open crown and brim *bandeau*, with feather-and-jet aigrettes and butterfly bows of black thread lace. Velvet ribbon strings.

5.—White felt *torero* hat, trimmed with orange-colored velvet loops and flame-yellow ostrich-feathers.

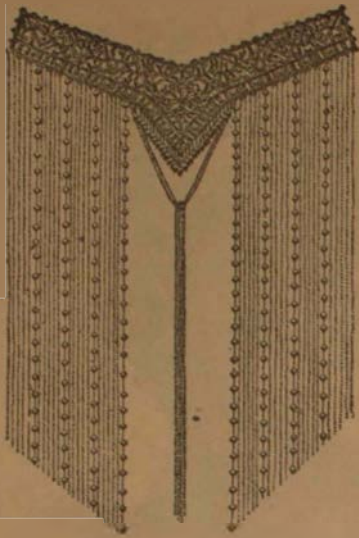
CAPES of black velvet, plain and brocaded silk, and short-napped plush, are worn with colored dresses.



3. Brown-and-Gold Toque.



5. White Felt Hat.



1. Châtelaine Half-Belt.

With this skirt a long, plain coat in Renaissance style, with high, full sleeves, Henri Deux collar, and full vest of gold-embroidered *lisse* to match the skirt, is worn. A tiny bonnet, all gold, white lace, and white ostrich-tips, completes the unique and elegant gown, which was designed by a London milliner for one of our American brides of mature beauty and good sense.

The richest materials are made up with studied simplicity, the favorite fabrics being pearl-white satin, Muscovite silk, and the superb lampas brocade. The trimmings for such gowns are the real point laces now in fashion, *point d'Alençon*, *point de Venise*, and Bruges guipure, or if one is so fortunate as to have any lace heirlooms, the bridal gown is enriched with them. *Chiffon*, lace-edged, is also used as garniture, and there are elegant white passementeries, made specially for bridal gowns, which are set with fine-cut Parisian diamonds, which give an old-time splendor to the modern bride's toilet.

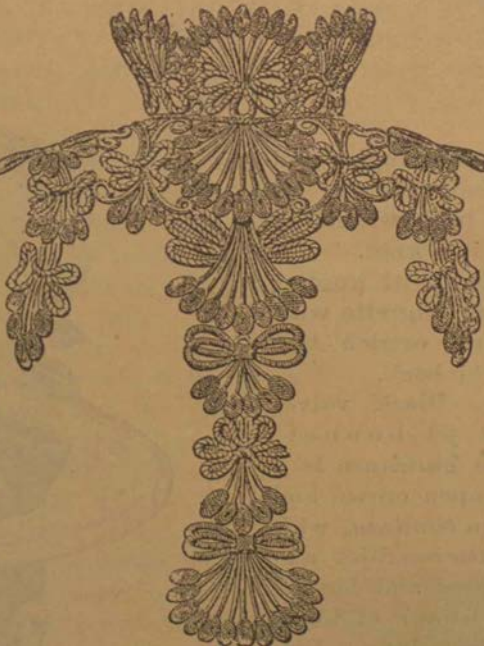
The princess style is preferred for all dresses entirely of satin or silk, but in the combination of two fabrics only the back with its long flowing train is cut in princess shape. For church weddings a high-necked bodice is the rule; but at home weddings open square-necked corsages are worn with the pretty and dainty Marie Antoinette flounce of lace or *chiffon* gathered at the bottom of the elbow sleeves.



5. Jet Collar or Half-Belt.

square train is carried to the left shoulder in a Watteau plait, where it is fastened with a large spray of orange-blossoms, and the tulle veil is arranged in the coiffure with a demi-coronet of the same white flowers.

A white *sirélienne* bridal-gown is made with a full demi-train and has the front of the skirt draped with white *lisse* embroidered in a wild-rose design in gold. The foot of the skirt is finished across the front with a thick ruche of feather trimming.



3 and 4. Henri Deux Garniture.

For a bridal traveling-dress, chestnut brown, chocolate, green, or navy blue will be selected in preference to the gray, which immediately betrays the bride. Bedford cords, bengaline, *crêpon*, and other woolen goods are the materials selected, and the combination or garniture usually is of velvet in a darker shade of color.

For autumn weddings, tailor-made gowns of Bedford cord, camels' hair, or smooth-faced cloths,

in cream-white or lemon-color, are worn by bridesmaids. Pale blue or pink cloth coats with white brocade vests and silver buttons are worn with white lace or *chiffon* skirts. Large cream-felt hats laden with pink or blue ostrich-plumes, to match the coat, add to the picturesque effect. For winter weddings borders of fur will be worn on bridesmaids' dresses.



2. Jet Half-Girdle.

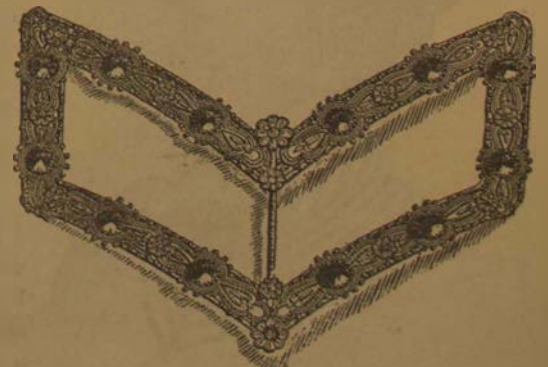
Costume Garnitures.

- No. 1.—Châtelaine half-belt of jetted "shower" fringes.
- No. 2.—Half-girdle of jet with long "shower" fringes of jet beads.
- Nos. 3 and 4.—Front and back of Henri Deux collar and shoulder-trimming of silk-cord black passementerie in the favorite bow-knot pattern.
- No. 5.—Jetted passementerie garniture which can be used either as a half-belt, shoulder-piece, or bust trimming.
- No. 6.—V-shaped slide for bottom of corsage, of brown silk passementerie with amber *clous*.

Disposition of Garnitures.

THE flat, the straight, the plain, the long-drawn-out, these be characteristics of the present fashion; and by these marks you shall know the stylish costume from the dowdy one.

Braid, ribbon, passementerie, bands of velvet, fur, and plush, are laid on in plain perpendicular rows or in horizontal arrangements, corresponding to the simple lines of the bell-gored skirt and the plain



6. Slide for Corsage.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 56.)

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 56.)

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



Hats for Girls.

coats worn with it. Never were garnitures more elegant: silk cords in all colors are the foundation for jewel-like settings of colored crystal beads and nail-heads of dull topaz, amethyst, sapphire, and turquoise, intermixed with loopings and coils of gilt cord. Gold braid, gold cord edgings and motifs, are often used to set off otherwise simple costumes, to outline seams, edge draperies and folds, and finish the coat-skirts. Bodices, sleeves, and other edges of the basques are frequently finished with ornamental cordings and braids, or with fine fringes.

Deep "shower" fringes composed of countless strands of finest strung jets are put on around the bottom of foundation skirts so that the ends of the fringe just touch the foot of the skirt and the heading is concealed by the drop-skirt or drapery.

Openwork passementeries with neither edge precisely finished are set up on the skirt and across it, the lower



Sheila Dress.

(BACK.)

edge of the garniture coming within three or four inches of the bottom. Such trimming is usually susceptible of being divided into motifs or separate ornaments for waist garniture.

Garnitures with pendants, excepting for evening wear, are seldom made use of, with the exception of ornaments for cloaks and wraps. Handsome sets of beading, braiding, or gold and silver embroideries, compose quille, chemisette, and sleeve-pieces, and may be used on costumes of any material. The quille is usually placed on the right side of the foundation skirt, and the real skirt slashed to fall open over it.



A Pretty School-Frock.

SHEILA DRESS. (FRONT.)

Hats for Girls.

- 1.—DARK blue French felt, trimmed with straps and bows of blue-and-white striped ribbon.
- 2.—Serpent-green felt flat with garniture of dark gray velvet and sea-gulls' wings.
- 3.—Wide-brimmed hat of dark brown felt, with brown-and-gold ostrich-feather trimming and loops of dark-green velvet.



Lulie Cloak.

(BACK.)

A Pretty School-Frock.

PLAID and plain woolen goods are combined for this model, which is suitable for dressy and simple materials, and especially becoming for undeveloped figures. The complete design and the manner of combining the goods can be easily understood from the illustration. The waist may be made simpler by omitting the jacket fronts. Full particulars of the pattern are given on page 56.

Ready for a Walk.

WITH the "Lulie" cloak and "Rita" cap, a little tot will be stylishly and comfortably attired for an autumn or winter walk. A cloak in this style is appropriately made in plain or fancy woolen goods or in plush. The illustration represents dark red broadcloth trimmed with rows of narrow black-silk braid. The jacket can be omitted if a simpler design be preferable, or it may be made separate from the cloak, so it can be removed at pleasure. The cap has a crown of red ottoman silk, and the head-piece of black velvet embroidered with bright-colored silks. Particulars about both patterns are given on page 57.



Ready for a Walk.

LULIE CLOAK.

RITA CAP.

(FRONT.)

TURNED-BACK WRIST-BANDS are very much worn on leg o' mutton and bishop sleeves.



Ulrica Cape.
(BACK.)

A Graceful Wrap.

THE "Ulrica" is a popular variety of the ubiquitous cape, becoming alike to ladies and misses. It is appropriately made in any quality of cloth, in plush, sealskin, or other fur. Slits under the plaits serve as arm-holes and permit a free use of the arms; and the back is held in, but not tightly, by a belt on the inside. The back view is shown above. The pattern is in sizes for ladies and misses, and fully described on this page.



A Graceful Wrap.
ULRICA CAPE. (FRONT.)

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.—House-dress of lemon-yellow India-silk with white embroideries.
- 2.—Traveling cloak of chestnut cloth figured with shaggy seal-brown spots.
- 3.—Promenade costume of Suede cloth with gilt-and-green cord garnitures. Back view of No. 4.
- 4.—Jacket of Suede cloth, with gold and green embroidery, and green silk vest. For back view see No. 3.
- 5.—Tourist's dress of navy-blue cloth with white waistcoat.
- 6.—Marquise finger-ring set with diamonds.
- 7.—Costume of pearl-gray cloth with black braiding. For back view see No. 14.
- 8.—Visiting-toilet of chamois cloth and dahlia velvet. Hat and muff of velvet to match.
- 9.—Black felt hat with black feathers and ribbon trimming.
- 10.—Waist of reception-dress of pansy cashmere with pale yellow silk guimpe.
- 11.—Tudor collarette and epaulettes of jet and gold cord.
- 12.—Alpine hat of dark green felt.
- 13.—Costume-coat of black serge, with silk embroidery and velvet sleeves and over-jacket.
- 14.—Home-toilet of blue *crépon* trimmed with blue crystal "shower" fringes. For front view see No. 7.
- 15.—Waist for costume of black-and-white plaid woolen.
- 16.—Finger-ring set with pearls in a chequered square.
- 17.—Reception-toilet of Pompeian green silk with trimming of jet beads and black coque feathers.
- 18.—Princess home-dress of white cashmere with gold gimp trimming.
- 19.—Cloth coat in light tan with double cape.
- 20.—Finger-ring set with a single pink pearl and two diamonds.
- 21.—Military cape of dark green cloth faced with black velvet and embroidered with green silk and iridescent beads.
- 22.—Traveling peilisse of dark blue sicillenne with facing of white Persian lamb.

- 23.—Brooch with souvenir pendants of chased gold.
- 24.—Pelisse of dark brown cloth with seal-plush cuffs.
- 25.—Equestrian costume of black cloth with chamois cloth covert coat.
- 26.—Mourning jewelry, comprising bracelet, necklet, hat-pin, scarf-pin, and brooch, of dull jet.
- 27.—Reception-toilet of dark maroon cloth and velvet.
- 28.—Calling costume of jet-embroidered *crépe lisse* draped over orange-colored silk. Corselet of jetted passementerie with "shower" hip-fringes. The edge of the gown is finished with a band of ostrich feathers.
- 29.—Black bengaline costume with trimmings of white lamb's-wool.
- 30.—Costume of light almond-colored cloth with brown braid garnitures.
- 31.—Bell-gored skirt and Tudor cloak of green cloth with jet trimmings.
- 32.—Traveling pelisse of gray cloth.
- 33.—Promenade costume of black veloutine with black velvet garnitures.
- 34.—Military cape of seal-plush and black astrakhan.
- 35.—Church costume of heliotrope cloth, with hat to match.
- 36.—Calling-dress of argent gray silk with black Greek-key border.
- 37.—Half-necklet of jet and gold beads tied with black ribbon.
- 38.—Fancy gold stick-pins.
- 39.—Traveling-dress of dark-blue serge.
- 40.—Toilet of black-and-white silk draped over white embroidered *lisse* on white silk.
- 41.—Walking-dress of Havana-brown camel's hair.
- 42.—Hat of shaded brown felt with brown velvet bows.
- 43.—Bride's traveling-dress of Suede brown cloth with silk embroidery.
- 44.—Fancy boa of white ostrich feathers with black *coque* feathers interspersed.
- 45.—Stick-pins with fancy enameled heads.
- 46.—Louis Quinze coat of pink cloth with russet silk revers, for bridesmaid's toilet.
- 47.—Home toilet of two shades of blue India silk.
- 48.—Scarlet felt hat with silk *pompons*.
- 49.—Mink cape with tall bordering.
- 50.—Muff and collar of black velvet edged with ostrich-tips.
- 51.—Mackintosh in brown-and-white broken plaid.
- 52.—Collar-boa and muff of embroidered gray velvet and gray ostrich-feathers.
- 53.—Child's coat of white serge trimmed with white ruffled ribbon.
- 54.—Toilet of light brown cloth, with polka-dotted brown-and-gold silk combination. Boa of cinnamon bear fur, and brown velvet turban.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

DECIMA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Two pieces of the front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. Three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for a medium size. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

MARSENA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Plain front, full front, side gore, side form, plain back, full back, corselet, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered at the shoulder and bottom, forward of the holes, and at the armhole, between the holes. The full back piece is to be gathered at the bottom, back of the hole. The fullness at the bottom of the waist may be tacked to the lining as high as necessary. If preferred, the corselet may be omitted and narrow trimming put on in the same shape. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

GRÉVILLE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, skirt for vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, pocket, and two pieces of the sleeve. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

WILFRIDA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Two pieces of the front, side gore, side form, back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, cuff, and strap for front. The row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The extensions at the side-form seam are to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The extra width at the back seam is to be laid in a box-plait on the inside. The row of holes in the collar shows where it is to be turned over. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ESMONDE JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, pocket, and two pieces of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front designate the middle. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require two and three-quarter yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 32, 34, 36, and 40 inches bust measure.

ULRICA CAPE.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Half of cape, and collar. The holes in the front designate two plaits, two to be turned toward the middle of the front, on the outside. The holes in the back denote a box-plait, to be laid on the inside. A medium size will require two yards of goods fifty inches wide. Patterns in two sizes for ladies, medium and large.

DECIMA SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Half of front, and half of side and back in one piece. The side seam is to be joined, and then two plaits are to be laid, according to the holes, turned toward the back on the outside. The back is to be gathered or laid in small plaits at the top, back of the hole. In cutting the back piece the front edge of the pattern is to be laid lengthwise of the goods, which will bring a bias seam down the middle of the back. Four yards of goods fifty inches wide will be required. Patterns in a medium size.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

ULRICA CAPE.—For description of pattern, see "Ulrica Cape" above. The size for twelve years will require one yard and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

SUELA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Lining for front, full front, corselet, jacket front, side gore, side form and back piece of lining, full back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full front of the waist is to be gathered top and bottom, forward of the holes. The row of holes in the jacket front show where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The full back piece is to be shirred at the bottom, below the row of holes. The full piece of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve lining. The holes at the top of the skirt, near the front, denote two plaits to be turned toward the front on the outside. The back of

the skirt is to be gathered. The size for ten years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide and one yard of contrasting material for the waist, and two and a half yards additional for the skirt. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

LULIE CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front and back of waist, front and back of jacket, skirt, plait for front, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The piece for the plait is to be laid, according to the holes, in a double box-plait on the outside, and then placed down the middle of the front. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The full piece for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be laid to the row of holes across the sleeve lining. The size for four years will require three and a half yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and six yards of trimming for one row. Patterns in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

RITA CAP.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Front and crown. The crown is to be gathered at the front, above the hole, and across the bottom, back of the hole. Three-quarters of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Patterns in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

ETILLIA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Vest, front, revers, side gore, side form, back, two collars, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches in the front edges of the front indicate the middle. The row of holes in the front show how far back it is to be faced to simulate a vest. The side-gore and side-form seams are to be left open below the notches. A medium size will require two yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

VALETTA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The holes in the front show where it is to be turned back to form the revers. A medium size will require three yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and a half of forty-eight inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CUIRASS JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. A medium size will require one yard and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

DOLETA PELISSE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, skirt for back, belt, shoulder-cape, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The holes in the shoulder-cape match with those in the back piece, and the cape is to be left loose below the lower holes. The front is to be laid, according to the holes, in two side-plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The skirt for the back is to be gathered at the top. A medium size will require six yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

DIANA RIDING-HABIT.—The pattern includes 3 garments: Basque, skirt, and trousers. Half of the basque pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. The entire skirt pattern is given in 2 pieces. The gored part is for the right side. The right side of the skirt is to be faced with lining as far back as the row of holes on each side of the seam. The opening is to be at the left side, and fastened with buttons over a fly. Baste the gores in the top of the skirt and fit them to the figure before cutting off. The pattern for the trousers is in 2 pieces. Back and front of one leg. Fit the gores at the top before cutting them off. The trousers may be fastened either at the sides, or in front with a fly. A medium size will require four yards of material forty-eight inches wide for the skirt and basque, and one yard and one-quarter additional for the trousers. Patterns in two sizes for ladies, medium and large.

PAVESI SLEEVE.—The pattern consists of 3 pieces. The outer piece is to be gathered at the top, between the holes; and the extension is to be laid in three overlapping plaits on the inside. Patterns in a medium size.

CIRCLE SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Apron, side gore, and half of back breadth of foundation skirt; and one-half of the drapery. For directions for mounting the foundation skirt, and for material required for it, see description of "Gored Foundation Skirt," below. The front and sides of the drapery are to be mounted to the belt with only sufficient fullness to fit easily over the figure, and back of the hole the top is to be gathered. The holes in the drapery match with those in the foundation skirt, and the two are to be tacked together to keep the fullness at the back. Goods at least forty-four inches wide, for the medium size, and forty-eight for the large size, should be used for this drapery. Fold the goods crosswise at the middle, and lay the front edge of the pattern to the fold. Three yards and a half of goods forty-eight inches wide will be required. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

JOSEPHA CLOAK.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Yoke, front and back of skirt, belt, collar, hanging sleeve, two sides of coat sleeve, and strap for shoulder. The skirt pieces are to be gathered at the top, forward and back of the holes, respectively. The back is to be shirred between the two rows of holes, and drawn in to fit. The hanging sleeves are to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The holes in the shoulder strap match with those in the yoke. The size for twelve years will require three and a half yards of goods forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

SEFFA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side form, back, revers, pocket, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The front is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the front edge. The clusters of holes in the revers are to match with those in the front. The extra width at the back seams is to be lapped on the outside. The size for fourteen years will require two yards and a quarter of goods forty-eight inches wide, and half a yard of velvet. Sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

METSA COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front and back of waist, two collars, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The full piece for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the lining. The size for four years will require four yards and a quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

CONSTANCE JACKET.—The pattern is given in 12 pieces: Two fronts, extra piece for right front, side gore, side form, back, pocket, and two collars, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve. The extra piece for the right front is to be lapped under the front so that the holes in both will match; and the right front is to be lapped over the left one so that the holes will match. The size for fourteen years will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and a quarter of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

MIDDY JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front designate the middle and show how far the fronts are to be lapped. The diagonal row of holes in the front shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. The outer piece of the sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes. The size for ten years will require two yards and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 8, 10, and 12 years.

RENNY DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of lining, plaited front, plaited back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The plaited pieces for the front and back are each to be laid in four plaits on the outside, turned toward the middle of the front and back, respectively. The full piece of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be laid in box-plaits at the top, according to the holes, and then gathered. The size for six years will require four and a half yards of goods, twenty-four inches wide, and three-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

ARA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of blouse, front and back of underwaist, two collars, sleeve, cuff, and one-half of the skirt. The blouse is to be plaited at the top, the plaits in the front to be turned forward, and those in the back turned backward. The bottom of the blouse is to be gathered forward of the hole in the front and back of the hole in the back, and sewed to the bottom of the underwaist with the skirt, which is to be gathered at the top. The bottom of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. The size for six years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.



Doleta Pelisse.

Diana Riding-Habit.



Circle Skirt.

Pavese Sleeve.

Etilia Basque.



Valetta Jacket.

Renny Dress.

Cuirass Jacket.



Constance Jacket.

Metsa Coat.

Josepha Cloak.



Ara Dress.

Middy Jacket.

Seffa Coat.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on this page.

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.

Prohibition Inevitable.

II. CLAY BASCOM'S SPEECH.

A SCATHING BUT TRUTHFUL ARRAIGNMENT OF BOTH PARTIES
FOR THEIR COMPLICITY WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

DELIVERED AT THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION AT ALBANY,
SEPT. 3, 1891.

THE republic of the United States glories in the sovereignty of citizenship: not in the sovereignty of States, nor of sections, nor of administrations, nor of political parties, but in citizen sovereignty. The term Democracy is the most unique and suggestive of the theory of sovereign self-government that the English language affords. The term Democracy once stood for great principles; but it now exists only as a master-call at which political puppets are expected to dance, a campaign slogan with which to win official prowess. Aside from its historic worth, in its best use at this present, the term Democracy signifies nothing but office-getting and office-holding by whatsoever method, fair or foul, conceivable.

The term Republicanism, as it implies a form of government, is next in its attractiveness to the term Democracy; but it is the only term that out-herods Democracy in its falseness and pretense and audacity of corrupt methods. Like its rival with historic prestige, Republicanism is simply professional spoils-hunting, with false pretenses and calumny for ammunition. Not one living political principle, not one vital purpose, actuates the rotten parties that bear these names.

The word Prohibition—ill-chosen for euphony and scope, a negative term suggesting an evil and its suppression—is to-day the only term in American politics that stands for moral progression in government; the only term unsullied by debauching methods and by alliance with vice; the only term that conserves the essentials to national perpetuity.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things"; for in the methods, principles, and practices of all the political parties extant, these things abound alone in the Prohibition party.

It is the duty of the citizens of a republic to gather from time to time and examine the stability of the government under which they live. It is their duty to scan carefully the record of their public officials, to commend fidelity, and expose and rebuke wrong doing. It is their duty to revise systems that have proved deficient, and to enunciate new and better governmental policies. It is their duty to organize a party compact to sustain said policies. It is their duty to nominate and elect officials who will crystallize those policies into statutes, and administer the government in harmony therewith. For such purpose we are gathered to-day; and it may properly fall to the lot of a temporary chairman to turn the first pages of the review that our convention suggests.

In examining the stability of our Republic no argument is necessary to confirm the familiar sentiment: "If this country could not survive half slave and half free, it cannot survive half drunk and half sober." That the drink vendors have taken possession of municipal centers and abrogated government of the people is apparent to all. More than two hundred thousand dram-shops constitute so many bribery bureaus to debauch our elections; and with these facts before us we assert, without fear of contradiction, that, professing to be a Christian Republic, we cannot perpetuate the government and continue to banish ten thousand citizens monthly to a drunkard's hell.

The die of Federal administration is cast in the Empire State, and since New York holds the deciding ballot, more than to any other commonwealth the Government of Washington is perhaps accountable to this State.

In the even poise of political parties the vote of one section cancels the vote of another section, State nullifies State, until New York is reached; then county, in turn, balances county, district overcomes district, until the waves of contest have swept in even parallels from the Golden Gate to Castle Garden, and there the final clash determines the quadrennial dominion.

It was there in the VIIIth district that the dram-shops of the country, represented by those orthodox Republicans and liquor-dealers, Brodsky and O'Brien, turned over the Presidency to Benjamin Harrison and the Governorship of New York to David B. Hill. What portion of the four hundred thousand dollars bribery fund, furnished by Wanamaker to be used "where it would do the most good," changed hands at that hour, we are not informed; but that the Governorship and the Presidency were there auctioned and delivered by the dram-shop oligarchy is conceded by all honest intelligence. Since these high officials received their commissions from Gambrinus in New York State, it is proper that we review their official records in this State convention.

The present Federal administration was initiated by a so-called inaugural ball, patronized, and apparently approved, by President Harrison. It was the most disgraceful public debauch ever witnessed on like occasion in this country.

The free use of intoxicants in the White House was early witnessed in the treating of the South American delegates, and in the spread of five wine-glasses at the plate of each guest at the first State dinner.

Early in the administration, Saloon-keeper Henry Schringe of Indianapolis defied the law, refused to pay his Government tax, and kicked a revenue officer out of his saloon. Schringe was convicted and justly fined five hundred dollars.

Previous to his election, President Harrison said, "The liquor organizations are framed to defy the law; therefore, we are against them." Notwithstanding this declaration, to meet the demands of the liquor organizations, President Harrison suspended the sentence of the law, and from the Federal Treasury remitted three hundred dollars of the fine imposed, restoring it to the criminal dram-seller.

In the same month Vice-President Morton completed his hotel, the Shoreham, and opened the first vice-presidential dram-shop that this country has ever maintained. With its large varieties of intoxicants it continues in deadly blast to decoy and destroy the goodly youth of the land. A dispatch to the "New York Tribune" announces the refitting of the Shoreham at an outlay of \$100,000, and a great opening. Does history record such a national disgrace as a dram-shop maintained by the next highest official in the Government? In November, succeeding the institution of his saloon business, Mr. Morton was unanimously elected, and still remains, an honorary member of the Liquor-Dealers' Association of Terre Haute, Indiana.

In keeping with this fraternage the Republican party reorganized its National Executive Committee, and re-elected Brewer Sheridan Shook to represent the constituency of New York State; but it was Brewer Shook to whom the temperance plank of the last national Republican platform was submitted for approval before adoption. That plank declares for "cordial sympathy with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance," and the re-election of Brewer Shook is a legitimate interpretation of the the Republican idea of wise and well-directed temperance efforts.

The object of this review is to show all truth-seekers that the Republican party is in no sense a temperance party. Wine and brandy maker Estes, of California, presided at the last National Republican Convention by deliberate plan, and not by accident.

I am here to assert that not only all of the so-called temperance resolutions passed by the national Republican party for twenty years have been prepared, dictated, or approved by the liquor ring, but that said resolutions are far less radical than have been adopted by the liquor-dealers' conventions. In proof of this statement I cite the following facts: At the behest of the liquor ring, the Republican national platform of 1868 was silent on temperance. The platform adopted at Philadelphia, June 6, 1872, contained the following resolution: "Plank 16.—The Republican party proposes to respect the rights reserved by the people to themselves as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the State and Federal Government. It disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils by interference with the rights not surrendered by the people to either the State or national Government." Regarding this resolution it is profitable to read an extract often quoted from the letter of the late Herman Raster, editor of the liquor-

dealers' organ: "I have to say that I have written the sixteenth resolution of the Philadelphia platform, and that it was adopted by the platform committee with the full and explicit understanding that its purpose was the discountenancing of all so-called temperance, prohibitory, and Sunday laws."

This, the Raster resolution, adopted under threats of vengeance from the liquor men, was a direct indorsement and support of the traffic. It remained the platform doctrine of the Republican party for sixteen years, viz., until 1888. For that matter, to this present it has never been revoked.

Fearing the whiskey men, the party passed no specific resolution at the national conventions of 1876, 1880, and 1884, but at each convention, by reaffirming former declarations, indorsed the Raster resolution.

The eighth plank of the 1880 platform was a direct bid for the liquor vote. It was a clamor for so-called "constitutional rights" popularly demanded by the liquor ring; it asserts "that the protection of all citizens in the enjoyment of all privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution are the first duties of the nation."

Herman Raster could have explained that the constitutional privileges claimed are "immunity" from prohibitory law, and that the Republican party thus pledged its efforts thereunto and pronounced that the first duty of the nation.

The platform of 1884 contains another chromo for the rum dealers, viz.:

Resolved, That the largest diversity of industry is the most productive of general prosperity.

Compare it with the following:

Resolved, That the greatest prosperity of our country is promoted by diversity of industries.

The latter is a resolution by the liquor-dealers' association.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

The last national temperance plank of the Republican party, already referred to, declared for "cordial sympathy with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance."

Of course; for the liquor-dealers' association went a step farther, viz.:

Resolved, That we most earnestly favor temperance and strongly condemn intemperance.

We now resume the record of President Harrison to show that the Republican Administration is no less a slave to the rum power that created it. The President in meek submission to the demands of the dramshops has made the following appointments:

Whiskey-champion Raum, to the Pension Bureau.

Beer-champion Jeremiah Rusk, nominated by the Brewers' Congress, Secretary of Agriculture.

Defender-of-the-liquor-ring Judge Brewer, to the Supreme bench.

Editor of the "Wine and Spirit Review," to a commission at Paris.

Editor of the liquor journal, "Volksblatt," of Cincinnati, Consul to Germany.

Liquor-lobbyist L. W. Habercorn, Treasury Auditor.

The debauchee and conniver at sheriff's office frauds, Bill Leeds, United States Marshal, Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The Evansville Sunday-saloon champion J. Augustus Lemeke, tendered the United States Treasuryship by Harrison.

John W. Jacobus, who boasts that he "drinks whiskey every day and favors excise laws," United States Marshal No. 2.

Charles Foster, who was the untiring champion of rum in the national capital as Congressman and in the State of Ohio as Governor, made Secretary of the Treasury.

These are but specimens of almost indefinite appointments in direct patronage of the rum power.

The surrender of the Administration to political corruptionists in general is no less disgraceful. Comprehensive review of this subject would presume a history of the Administration. Suffice it to mention one or two characteristic instances. Hear the boast of J. S. Clarkson regarding his futile efforts to bribe St. John:

"I felt that it would be right, if I could do so, to relieve both the Republican party and the true cause of temperance of his [St. John's] candidacy. I had no doubt it would be right to

defeat the Democratic party by the use of this false and treacherous means if it could be done. I have no concealment to make as to my belief that St. John was an element in the campaign to be got rid of altogether, or at least to be controlled by the Republicans if it were going to help either side."

Again he said: "I considered it fair and right to defeat the Democrats in getting his [St. John's] services and the votes of his deluded followers, if I could."

For this attempting to betray the Christian voters who are trying to organize a party to fight the rum power, by bribing their candidate at a late hour, and for conniving at the theft of the "Voice" mailing-list four years later, Clarkson was rewarded with a Government office at a four thousand dollar salary, and recently made the champion and National Chairman of the Republican party.

In the case of Mr. Wanamaker, for and in consideration of a four hundred thousand dollar bribery fund, he was given a Cabinet office.

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In December, 1889, a document, boldly headed "Malt and Beer Circular," was sent from the Department of State at Washington to forty-nine American consuls in as many ports in Mexico, Central America, South America, the West Indies, and San Domingo. This circular defined its own purpose, viz., "complying with the request of leading maltsters and brewers," it sought to procure "information to enlarge the American malt and beer trade."

A sixty-three-page summary of the consular reports was published as the result, for the benefit of brewers. Several weeks ago I wrote Secretary Blaine soliciting a copy of the pamphlet, but my letter-head betrays the fact that my business pertains to the manufacture of household comforts, and my business evidently debarred me from recognition by Mr. Blaine or the department. It was through the courtesy of an extensive brewer that three days after my application to him—the brewer—I received the copy now in my possession.

In an article headed "Blaine and Beer," in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is bitterly denounced for criticising the Secretary of State for becoming a chief beer-drummer, the "Milwaukee Sentinel," a Republican party organ, defined what appears to be the general attitude of the Republican party on the subject. It reads as follows: "Blaine and Beer. The delegates of the World's W. T. C. U. at Washington have adopted a resolution censuring the action of Secretary Blaine in issuing, in October, a circular instructing the United States Consuls in South and Central America to report on the best means of introducing American beers into those countries. The department does right in helping any legitimate business, and the beer traffic is legitimate, however immoral it may look to the eyes of the W. C. T. U. The department is no respecter of industries. It is just as lawfully employed when studying opportunities for the flow of American beer to the uttermost parts of the earth as when trying to ascertain the probable commercial success of a Bible house in Gazaland."

It would appear that the Department of State is a respecter of industries. It respects the beer business above all others. It employs its consuls as special agents at Government expense, in forty-nine foreign ports, to enlarge the said business. It publishes its vast collection of statistics, compassing every detail, down to the minutest advice regarding bottling, barreling, and shipping this death-dealing beverage. It distributes its tabulated reports freely to all brewers, distillers, or dram-sellers; but it lifts no finger to alleviate the depression of hundreds of departments of legitimate business that are suffering from the conditions produced by the beer trade and the class favoritisms of the McKinley bill.

The beer circular made no request that foreign ministers investigate and report the deadly effects of the traffic, and the pamphlet fails to summarize the crime and anguish ultimatum from the beer traffic in foreign marts; no enumeration of broken hearts, no measure of mothers' tears, no gauge of hell's enlargement.

But why this prostitution of Mr. Blaine's department to abject devotion to Bacchus? Obviously because he has discovered two things:

First, that he lost the game of 1884 through that untimely

alliteration, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," which estranged the beer vote.

Second, he has discovered that Harrison's winning game of 1888 was a solemn compact with the beer vote, and Mr. Blaine has hastened to out-Harrison his rival by putting the beer trade under obligations to himself for the game of 1892. And doubtful it is if Satan personally could out-Blaine this Blainiac in schemes for the latter-day winning.

With conscious incapacity to justly characterize the most prodigious crime against Christian civilization of this century, I pause to mention the defeat of sixteen national powers in their recent united efforts to suppress the export rum-traffic into darkest Africa.

The Brussels treaty required unanimous ratification to make it binding. Out of seventeen nations joining in this beneficent compact, all had met the conditions but that self-styled Christian republic whose currency bears the national motto, "In God we trust." The treaty awaited the ratifying vote of the Republican Senate of the United States of America, that elect circle, unexcelled in mental acumen and eloquent speech by the Roman Senate of old. But, "Naaman was a leper"; that great tribunal was presided over by a dram-shop owner, a Cræsus in wealth, imperious in method and influence, sanctified by the tradition of his political clan, but fallen to the service of the minions of death and hell; for Morton was a rum-seller.

A leader of the Republican Senate was the vindicated treasury-robber whose crowning exploit had so lately led on Pennsylvania cohorts to the Quay-ker defeat of constitutional prohibition.

Ay! for Democratic Texas served her rum-master by ninety thousand majority, and Republican Pennsylvania hastens to win the homage of Gambrinus by one hundred and ninety thousand rum-majority. The champion of this victory was a leader of the Senate.

The deeds of Bill Tweed were unsanctified by "moral ideas"; Jake Sharp was too previous for a moral hero: but Tweed and Sharp failed to Don Cameronian robes of disguise. The indulgences of Charles II. were only possessed by the apostolic succession of the G. O. P.

The rear guard of the great Senatorial phalanx was led by that silvery-tongued Kansan who was yesterday for home, sobriety, and Prohibition; who is for party applause and licensed rum to-day; who is for the "iridescent dream," the Decalogue, and the Golden Rule—never.

From the ends of the earth the nations watched and queried, "Will not the great American Senate unite with us in redeeming the Dark Continent from the ravages of the slave and rum trade?"

In illustrious array were the names of Edmunds and Frye and Colquitt and Dolph and Blair, the latter of whom, be it said to his honor, toiled assiduously to rescue the sinking continent,—ay, sinking! for hear the despairing emir's appeal to Bishop Crowther. He writes:

"Barasa! barasa! barasa! [Rum! rum! rum!] It has ruined my country! it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people become mad. * * * I have told all the Christian traders I would agree to everything for trade but barasa. * * * Tell Crowther, the great Christian minister, he is our father. I beg you Malam Kipo don't forget this writing, because we all beg that Crowther should beg the great priests that they beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this country. For God and the prophet's sake he must help us in this matter—that of barasa."

Why this wail from the depths? Simply because the ravages of rum are beyond description. During the year 1888, in Kimberley, South Africa, alone, 580 natives were picked up dead from the effects of rum. A letter written from Abeokuta states: "The country is inundated with rum and gin; the inhabitants are dying; there is no longer any order, and anarchy reigns everywhere."

Mr. Walton, a director of missions, writes: "This drink and the vices that follow it are turning South Africa into a hell."

But "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?" More than twelve million gallons of intoxicants are annually exported to Africa. A vast amount of this, with the enormous profits therefrom, comes from American distilleries. One Massachusetts establishment has a seven-year con-

tract to supply Africa three thousand gallons of rum per day. And why should the American Senate, over which a rum-dealer presides, heed the wail of the heathen? That illustrious Senate, its associate brotherhood, the Republican House of Representatives, and the President, whose message appealed for early action upon the Brussels treaty for the suppression of the slave and rum trade in Africa,—Senate, House of Representatives and President were indebted to the rum power for their election. The pagan shadow-land where the cannibal's kettle seethes, and the savages vie with the tigers of the jungle for human prey, is cursed a thousandfold by the rum traffic of the nation that is urging upon it Christian civilization. In anguish it cried out for relief; but in the conspiracy of silence the rum-seller's gavel fell and the Brussels treaty was annulled.

This prohibition act was signed by the representative of the United States Government in the great council at Brussels. That it was not ratified by Congress is an abomination to God and an open insult to the seventeen nations who joined in the treaty.

Tell us not that it failed for want of time or by an oversight. That its stifling was deliberate is apparent. Senator Blair urged upon his colleagues the following other measures bearing upon the same subject:

June, 1890, a resolution requesting the President to invite an international conference to meet at Washington to form an alliance for the suppression of slavery and the liquor traffic with uncivilized peoples, and to establish schools among them. This resolution was deliberately tabled and killed. Near the close of the session, Mr. Blair presented to the Senate, and Representative Pickler to the House, a bill to prohibit the exportation of intoxicants into Africa and the Pacific Islands; but the bill was ignored in both branches of Congress.

In turning from this criminal treachery we read the following resolution passed by the heathen Arabs at their recent congress in Khartoum: "To surround the entire coast of Africa with a cordon of armed ships, to confiscate every European vessel containing liquors, and sell the crews into slavery."

Would that the United States Capitol, with its Congressional crew, might some day float out within the lines of the Arab cordon and be captured for a European merchantman! Its cargo in the House and Senate *cafes* would be found to meet the conditions of confiscation, and its shirking, guzzling statesmen would get their deserts in sale to heathen slavery.

The Congressional defeat of the proposed commission to investigate the effects of the alcoholic liquor traffic was the final service rendered at the behest of the liquor ring. The winning argument against the commission was that its investigation would promote the Prohibition party; and Louis Schade boasts his triumph through Republican prejudice and Republican connivance.

In concluding this review of the work of the Federal Administration, I call your attention to the recent ovation or reception tendered to President Harrison by the people from sea to sea. It was held upon the party rostrum transported across the continent in an itinerating dram-shop.

Upon the Pacific coast, at the meeting of a college fraternity, Mr. Harrison raised a glass of wine and said to the young men present, and by his example said to the young men of this whole country, "Let us drink to our order." By that act of personal indulgence and by like reputed habits, by his custom of treating guests at the White House, and by his record in sustaining the rum power, President Harrison has sadly debauched the young men of America. President Harrison is a church member, and his example has said to church members, "It is proper to personally indulge and to treat your friends with intoxicants; proper to drink wine at receptions; proper to drink to the health of clubs and college orders."

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It will assist in defining the political situation of New York State to yet bear in mind that Governor Hill was elected, three years ago, through a Republican bargain by which the liquor power sold the Presidency of the United States; in other words, a bargain through which the Republicans acquired the Presidency at the hands of the rummies. Superadded to the cash price and the stipulated patronage, the Governorship was apparently thrown in as a perquisite to the whiskey men. Is this why Republicans call David B. Hill "Whiskey's Governor"? Was

It agreed that possession and title should be perfected by three years' advertising, or are they dealing in futures, claiming an option upon the delivery of whiskey's next Governor?

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In January, previous to the nomination of Warner Miller, the animus of further so-called temperance legislation was thus defined by the "New York Tribune": "The workings of a high license law in Nebraska, as in other States, prove what decided political advantage the Republican party may gain in this State by dealing with this question in a courageous and straightforward way. High license was inaugurated in Nebraska at a time when the Prohibitionists held the balance of power and seemed likely to control the politics of the State. The passage of the bill brought the Germans and other discontented elements back into the Republican party, and practically wiped out the Prohibitionists. The same result would follow in this State. If the Republicans of the Legislature want to reduce the Prohibition vote next fall by a figure that would have given the State to Blaine twenty times over in '84, they should pass the high license bill and do it promptly."

The Republicans knew that the most extensive brewer in Nebraska had pronounced the following verdict upon the law there:

"High license has not hurt our business. On the contrary, it has been a great benefit to it. High license acts as a bar against Prohibition."

It was therefore an anti-prohibition policy, and not a temperance policy, that the Republican party adopted. Why? Take notice: The poise of politics was such in New York State that in 1882, when Prohibitionists cast 25,783 votes, the Republicans lost.

Promising to submit a prohibitory amendment in their Richfield Springs platform of nine years ago, in 1883, they reduced the Prohibition vote to 18,816 and elected Carr Republican Secretary of State.

In 1884 the Prohibition vote went back to 25,506, and the Republicans lost the State and Presidency.

In 1885 the Prohibition vote went on up to 30,867, and the Republican wine and brandy maker, Davenport, was defeated for Governor.

In 1886 the Prohibition vote reached 36,414.

In 1887, 41,800, and the Republicans continued to lose New York State.

By whooping up Warner Miller, with a wine vault in his cellar and a high license plank in his hat, the Prohibition vote was reduced in 1888 to 30,231, but not sufficiently to elect the wine vault. Miller appeared to be interested in the temperance cause, and his arguments were beguiling to those church people who were unacquainted with his habits and his cupidity.

Referring to the Crosby license bill, in his Little Valley speech, he said:

"It was a Republican measure and a step in the direction of temperance reform, and the Republican convention that met at Saratoga last week indorsed that law and the action of the Legislature upon it; and I stand upon the Saratoga platform and upon that indorsement, and in this contest do not hesitate to say that I prefer to be beaten on that platform, having my position fully understood by the people of the State, rather than to succeed by any concealment, any subterfuge, or any double dealing."

Of his utter hypocrisy let Mr. Miller's own language testify. In his interview, printed in the "New York Tribune" after election, he said: "I told my wife that I believed it was possible to keep down the Prohibition vote and thereby secure the State for General Harrison. I started in with this object in view. It was accomplished."

His former declaration to the contrary, Mr. Miller thus boasts that his whole campaign was a "concealment," a "subterfuge," and a scheme of "double dealing"; not a fight against thirty thousand saloons, and in behalf of six millions of people as he pretended, but a political dodge to fool sufficient Prohibition voters to elect Harrison and leave the State in the hands of Brewer Shook and "Whiskey's Governor."

Mr. Miller's hypocrisy is an index of the so-called temperance policy of his party. Can any man fail to realize that all of the excise legislation attempted in New York State within the last

three years has been either expressly in behalf of the dram-shops or for the purpose of deluding the people and advancing party interest?

The notorious "Stadler bill," hustled through the Republican Senate last winter with but two dissenting votes, is a sample. It provided for all-night orgies and immunity from police interference. It was a saloon measure and not a temperance measure.

With like characteristics, the whole category of excise work in the Legislature has betrayed the venality of both political parties upon the subject. Bills have been presented as the medium through which to secure contributions from the liquor trade; bills to delude the temperance men; bills to win saloon support for the Democrats, and bills to win saloon support for the Republicans; bills to put Hill in a hole, and bills to get Hill out of a hole: but no man can point to one honest bill to suppress the liquor traffic.

Nebraska with its thousand-dollar license-fee was cited and high license made a party war-cry; but the minimum price for a beer-shop under the Crosby bill in Albany was \$25. A view of the successive bills presented for the last three years under the guise of high license will disclose their inferiority as temperance measures to the Crosby bill, while the low fee at which a license could be obtained leaves them without claim or subterfuge to pass as high license measures. From these facts it must be apparent that the voter who pretends to have supported a party policy of high license in New York State must be idiotic or disgracefully ignorant.

As a temperance measure, high license in its best conception is a travesty upon reason and a failure in results; but the very pretext of a high-license policy in this State is a swindle and a fraud. No high-license measure has been propagated by the party that named it as a temperance plank. That party lied in pretext and defaulted in practice.

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Ignorance and delusion occasion the differences between honest men upon the rum curse. But for ignorance and delusion all Christians would be Prohibitionists. Deliberate and continued deception is, therefore, criminal. The party Prohibitionist who contributes to a deception upon this question is blind, dumb, or mercenary.

Silently consenting to a rascally fraud for an opportunity to address the people, is also a doubtful expedient. Joining in the deception scheme for platform profits is Prohibition trumpeting for the fees of a trumpeter. That kind will never arouse conscience and make votes. As Prohibitionists let us be true to the people in exposing the intrigues that delude the people.

In this review the official and campaign records of the old parties have been somewhat rigidly scanned. It is seen that more reckless methods are demanded and indulged in political campaigns than the people sanction in an official administration. With no official record to scan, we may therefore determine the merits of the Prohibition party by measuring its campaign behavior.

The Prohibition party has never bribed a voter, never stuffed a ballot-box, or forged a tally-sheet; never treated a voter nor debauched his morals in a saloon caucus; never nominated a liquor-dealer for office; never cast a ballot to license a dram-shop or legalize the sale of rum; never subsidized a newspaper to suppress truth; never assessed an official or blackmailed a public servant for a campaign fund; never assaulted a public speaker nor hung an opposing candidate in effigy.

It has never abused a veteran in blue or gray; never incited sectional strife; never abused motherhood, nor degraded childhood, nor denied woman just rights of citizenship. Never! not even if said woman were a Bible teacher, a class leader, a steward, a Gospel preacher or an evangelist, and desired to sit in the religious convention of which her sex constituted a vast majority in the membership represented. But the Prohibition party has granted woman a place in its councils, and, upon equal, just conditions of manhood suffrage, will gladly clothe woman with the weapon of citizenship, viz., the ballot.

But the Prohibition party is small. It was only about two per cent. of the national vote of 1888, and a little more than three per cent. of the last ballot of this State.

But the liquor dealers are only a little more than two per cent.

of the whole vote; with their employees, only about four per cent. of the vote. Yet they control the old parties.

Hear me now, old partisans! Come to our standard until we are five per cent. of the national vote, and we will make Prohibition the battle line of parties and outlaw the rum power. The human heart is not more than three per cent. of the weight of the body, but it is the center of human life. The Prohibition party is center and circumference of the moral vitality of American politics. Be not hasty to dispute this. Old party methods have paralyzed the very conscience of the church upon political questions. When the Republican National Committee connived at theft and paid hundreds of dollars for the "Voice's" stolen mailing-lists, a representative clergyman exclaimed, "Served them right!"

When Wanamaker, a few hours before the election, furnished four hundred thousand dollars for bribery purposes, Republican church membership in general winked at the crime. No significant condemnation of the Vice-President's dram-shop has been heard from old party preachers.

Be it far from me to minify the verities of Christianity, or the glory of the true church militant,—that great host, whether communicants or not, who by life and character illustrate the power of godliness. But when the standards of denominationalism sink to a lower level than those of a political party, viz., the Prohibition party, there is something wrong with the denominations.

But the Prohibition party is not a moral reform society; it is not a drunkard's hospital, instituted to recruit the morals and health of old-party sots. It is not a political reformatory with a balance-of-power treadmill run to restrain old partisans from stealing the whole country. It is not a political salvation-army into whose grand summer camps and conventions men may come and applaud and shout and get sufficiently sanctified to pay all penance for continuing to vote for old-party corruptions and wine vaults. The Prohibition party is not a Gospel temperance society maintained to redeem drunkards and circulate pledges. That work is the province of the high-license church-members who legalize drunkard making. We do not. The Prohibition party is not a law-and-order league instituted to enforce excise statutes and do dirty detective work for old-party officials who are in sympathy with the business they pretend a desire to suppress.

But it is often asked, "What has the Prohibition party ever done?" It was not organized as a national school of political economy, but it has served that purpose and has done more to educate the people to right standards of government than have all other parties for the past fifteen years. But what is the Prohibition party? The Prohibition party is organized government. Mark my words. It is just, equitable, honorable, unbribed, uncorrupted, organized government. Nothing more, nothing less, than organized government asking to be endowed with official authority by the people. Forget all else I have said or that I may say, if you will, but cherish this truth, viz., that the Prohibition party is organized government.

When you tell us "Prohibition does not prohibit," you tell us that a constitution or a statute without a concurrent, co-ordinate government behind it is a kite without a string or tail, a balloon without ballast or gas, a world without a planetary system and without gravitation. A prohibitory statute without concurrent official support is a sheathed sword with no arm to wield it. A State amendment sustained by no political co-operation, no party compact to administer the government in harmony therewith, is but an impotent precept.

Constitutions and laws do not constitute government: they are but the grooves in which government runs; the charts by which ships of state navigate seas of civilization. True, they so determine directions that no license chart can guide government to a harbor of diminished peril from the rum power; but the best chart, without a pilot, without a wheel, without sailing orders, sails nothing. To say that Prohibition does not prohibit is to say that government does not govern when government is out of office. Put Prohibition in office and Prohibition will prohibit as truly as high tariff in office enacted the McKinley bill.

Government is created by campaign processes. The press, the platform, the pulpit, contribute to the organization of just government. An election does not make government. An election

simply adopts the government that has been made and developed by the party that propagates its principles. Election to office is the ratifying indorsement of a majority by which government is endowed with the commission of official administration.

Every true and honest political party with wise and judicious principles in a republic is a God-created, heaven-sent, organized government, bearing in one hand the divine charter of its liberties, a sacred promise of human weal; bearing in the other hand its perfected platform, policy, and enrollment of compact.

Thus wrested from King John, six hundred and seventy-five years ago, was Magna Charta in the hands of the uprising champions of human justice. It claimed for every freeman the sacred right of life, liberty, and property. Thus the colonial fathers arose and reiterated the same sentiment in the declaration of American Independence. They affirmed, "All men are created with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These uprisings, compacts, declarations—possibly then designated reforms, political parties, platforms—constituted organized government.

In the march of civilization we have reached another crisis. Another monster, hydra-headed and rapacious, has crossed the path of progress. John was cruel, George III. venal; but Gambinus murders a million, and robs the needy of ten thousand millions every decade. Fierce, relentless, unsated, this monster gorges upon the stores of labor, gloats in the squalor of unfed childhood, sneers at the plea of motherhood, and blasphemes at the admonitions of Christianity. Degrading, despoiling, blighting, one-fourth million drink-venders, for their own enrichment, assert the right to prey upon the lives, jeopardize the liberties, and destroy the property and happiness of the other sixty-three millions in this republic.

We arise to dispute that right. We reassert the great charter, and reaffirm the Declaration of American Independence. For the embodiment of these undying principles we cite our countrymen to the righteous platform of the Prohibition party, "a party in whose principles and compact we have reinstituted the organized government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Do you ask if the Prohibition party will live? Ask rather, "Will the republic live?" Its name is insignificant, possibly an incumbrance; but the genius, the principles of the Prohibition party must not only survive, but they must triumph or the republic must perish.

The yawning spollsmen asks, "Will the Prohibitionists ever nominate another President?" Why, Heaven pity your stupidity! do you not see that you are the fungous growth upon a decaying log, while the Prohibition party is the blooming life of a century plant, destined to bless generations when your corrupt old compacts are lost in the dust and ashes of political oblivion?

Nominate another ticket? Why, the Prohibition party will never cease nominating officials and organizing government until interrupted by the clash of war that will annihilate the dram-shop oligarchy!

THE NEW YORK PROHIBITIONISTS have nominated for Governor, John W. Bruce, Canastota; Lieutenant Governor, George W. Hallock, Orient, Suffolk County; Secretary of State, William E. Booth, Geneseo; State Treasurer, Francis Crawford, Westchester; Comptroller, William W. Smith, Poughkeepsie; Attorney General, S. E. Crosser, Buffalo; State Engineer and Surveyor, Henry B. Forbes, Canton.

EXPENSIVE LICENSE.

HERE is a capital answer to those who favor license that the revenue derived therefrom may go into the school fund. It is made by the "Boston Traveller": "If a man pays \$1,000 for a license, he is going to make \$2,000. If his profits are 100 per cent. he would have to sell \$4,000 worth of whiskey to make his \$2,000, one-half of which he pays for the right to sell. \$4,000 worth of whiskey drunk will cause damage of \$1,000 in the way of time lost, trouble, and lawsuits. Now the \$1,000 school, kept up by high license, has really cost \$12,000: \$4,000 for the whiskey, and \$8,000 for the damage it has done."

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Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.

Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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

Household.

(Continued from Page 47.)

In Apple Year.

This is "apple year," and the abundance of this simplest and commonest of fruits inspires the ambitious housewife with a laudable desire to make good use of it. In our northern families the apple is often the main dependence for fruit in winter, and as a table fruit is often not sufficiently appreciated for that reason. Yet apple desserts are always acceptable when well prepared, and many who do not care for apples in their crude state, like them when cooked daintily.

The greening is preferable where a tart apple is desired. It is a good plan during winter to fill up the emptied cans, that earlier in the season held other fruit, with apples cooked in a rich syrup, to which may be added sliced lemon and a few raisins. If the syrup is boiling hot when the apples are put in, the quarters will retain their shape. The cans should be sealed while the fruit is hot, the same as in canning any other fruit, and apples thus canned will be found an excellent substitute for other preserves when the latter run low.

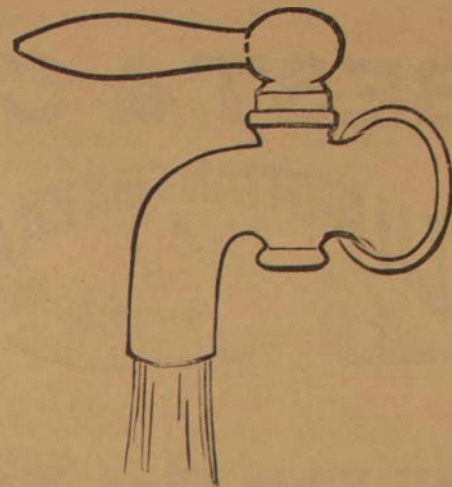
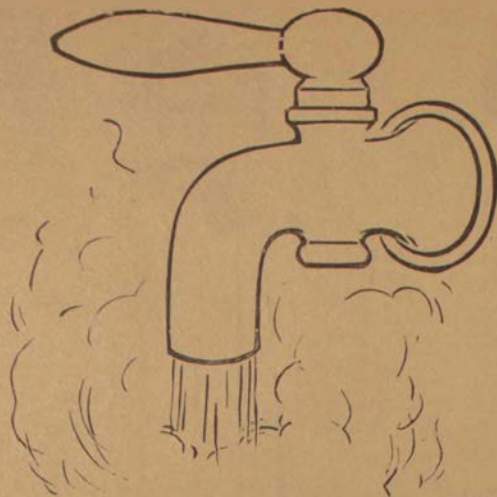
It is economy to quarter apples before paring, for the reason that they are easier handled and can be pared thinner (the finest flavor is next the skin), and bruises and specks come out easier. Apples should always be cooked in porcelain-lined or earthenware vessels, and stirred with a wooden or silver spoon.

Probably the most popular form of cooking apples is as pie; and a large pie manufacturer of Chicago calculates that it takes 40,000 pies a day to supply the demand in that city. There are, however, many excellent receipts for using apples, not only as variations of the favorite pie, but for other table delicacies.

APPLE SAUCE.—Put sliced apples into an earthenware pudding-dish, add sugar, according to taste and the tartness of the apples, and a little water to keep from burning, cover close with a plate, and cook slowly in the oven until the apples turn color.

APPLE MERINGUE PIE.—Bake a rich apple-sauce in a single crust. When the edge of the crust has browned a little, cover with a meringue made of the whites of three eggs sweetened with a table-

(Continued on page 64.)



In either of these, with a little *Pearline*, you can wash clothes more easily, more quickly, and more cheaply, than in any other way. You can, we say—but perhaps you don't have to. Then (?) the ease of it doesn't affect you so much. But the quickness, the thoroughness and the economy of it does. The less time that's spent on your clothes, the less it costs you—it's money in your pocket every time they're saved from the wearing rub, rub, rub of the old way. But the *water* doesn't make any difference. Use what's handiest. Hot or cold, hard or soft, salt or fresh, rain or shine, it's all the same if you have *Pearline*. When you *don't* have it there *is* a difference.

304

JAMES PYLE, New York.

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BURNETT'S

PERFECTLY PURE HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

ABSOLUTELY PURE! FULL MEASURE!
No cartoons to hide long-necked and panelled bottles.

Thoughtful people should read the testimonials below, from cooks of national reputation.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston:

Gentlemen—I have used your Extracts for years, knowing them the best to be found in the market.
MARIA PARLOA, School of Cookery, Tremont Street.

From Professor Blot.

A good dish is often spoiled or rendered unpalatable by the use of a detestably cheap, impure and deleterious Flavoring Extract.

In answer to inquiries from the ladies of my various classes, I invariably reply that during the past two years of my lectures on cookery, "I certainly prefer those prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., of Boston, above all others." All cooks and housewives should insist on obtaining Burnett's Extracts. For sale by all grocers. Take no others.

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

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

USED BY **All Good Cooks** THE YEAR ROUND.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago**, for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

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BEST & CO



Sell This Fine Nainsook Dress for 90c.

Yoke has six groups of fine tucks, with hemstitching between—front and back alike. Skirt has deep, hem stitched hem—sizes one and two years.

Sent by mail, postage paid, for \$1.00, and if not entirely satisfactory can be returned and money refunded.

We fit out Children of all ages with everything from Hats to Shoes.

Our new Fall and Winter stock is ready, including an unequalled assortment of inexpensive garments for **BOY'S AND GIRLS SCHOOL WEAR**—that have a style, fit and finish usually found only in the highest grades.

We serve absent buyers by mail as well as if they were in the store. Samples and full descriptions of the latest styles for Boys, Girls and Babies furnished upon application.

60-62 West 23d Street, N. Y.

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

ATTRACTIVE GIFTS IN STERLING SILVER.



There can be mentioned but very few articles in the complete household of to-day that are not made in sterling silver; it comprehends not only everything used in the dining-room, boudoir and library, but covers the domain of the smoker, traveler and musician as well. A very complete assortment of silver novelties, covering any or all of these grounds, will be sent at the request of our out-of-town customers for examination and selection. Among our specialties we illustrate a very acceptable gift to a smoker, the cigarette and match holder, \$10.50. The dainty "Rip Van Winkle" seal, suitable for a desk, \$4.00. The stamp box, \$3.75, on which we engrave a fac-simile of one's name and address, \$1.00 extra. The inkstand at \$14.00 is very handsome, the top of heavy silver and the bottle of the finest cut crystal. We have others ranging from \$7.50, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 to \$100.00. The candlestick at \$7.50 is one of a dozen different sizes and styles, varying from \$6.00 to \$25.00. The vinaigrette at \$4.00 is oxidized in finish and very handsome, and is but one of a hundred others made in various shapes and sizes. Orders filled with special care, and money will be refunded in full if our selection is in any degree unsatisfactory.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

Precious Stones, Silverware, Jewelry and Porcelains.

SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.

17 Union Square, cor. Broadway and 15th Street.

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

(Continued from page 63.)

spoonful and a half of sugar and flavored with a few drops of extract of lemon.

GRATED APPLE PIE.—Grate sufficient apple to fill a pie. Add a lump of butter about half the size of an egg, the juice of half a lemon and the grated rind, sweeten to taste, and bake in one crust.

CREAMED APPLE PIE.—Strain stewed apples, sweeten, and flavor to taste. When cold, add three eggs to a pint of apple, and a teacupful of whipped cream. Beat all together, and bake in one crust.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Roll nice pie-paste thin, and cut into square pieces; pare and core easy-cooking apples, roll each one in a square of paste, and bake about three-quarters of an hour.

APPLE SNOWBALL.—One teacupful of boiled rice. Wring small cloths out of hot water, lay over a bowl, spread the rice on thinly, put an apple pared and cored in the center, tie the cloth together, and steam.

BAKED APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Place a layer of slices of bread with the crust cut off at the bottom of a buttered mold. Lay sliced apples over this, sprinkling with sugar and cinnamon; then add another layer of the bread, and so on until the mold is full. Cover, and bake slowly.

"PAN DOWDY."—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish an inch thick with pared, sliced apples, over these sprinkle cracker-crumbs, half an inch thick, and continue until the dish is full, sprinkling sugar over each layer. Bake one hour, the first half covered with a plate. Eat with cream.

APPLE SLUMP.—Pare, core, and quarter a dozen tart apples. Put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with one cupful of water and two cupfuls of molasses. Make a crust of one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one half-teaspoonful of salt. Add sweet milk to make a dough. Roll out and cover the apple; steam thirty minutes without lifting the cover.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Add two teacupfuls of sugar to three teacupfuls of stewed and strained apple. When cold, beat five eggs and stir with the apple into a quart of milk. Pour into a pudding-dish and bake. Serve cold.

SLIPPITIE.—This is an old German dish, dating back at least a hundred years. Boil two quarts of pared, quartered, and cored sweet apples, until tender. Thicken them with a tablespoonful of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Have ready a kettle with three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat flour until as thick as cornmeal mush. Boil three minutes. Fry a handful of fine bread-crumbs. With a large spoon drop one spoonful of the mush at a time into the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a hot platter. To make it slip easily off the spoon, dip the latter each time in water. Dish the apples separately, and send both to the table hot, to be eaten together.

GERMAN COMPOTE OF APPLES.—Peel and core whole apples. Fill the cavities with currant jelly. place the apples in a pudding-dish, adding as much water as the dish will hold without touching the filling. Add half a pound of sugar and the thin peel of half a lemon. Cover tightly, and cook slowly till done. Remove the apples to a glass dish, boil down the syrup to a jelly, and pour it over.

APPLE CREAM-CAKE.—One egg and the yolk of another, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one half-cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half-teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour. Bake in three tins. For filling, use one grated sour apple, the white of one egg, and one cupful of fine sugar. Beat together, and spread between and on top of cake.

APPLE OMELET.—Five eggs, beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of

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(Continued from page 64.)

sugar. Fry in an omelet-pan. As soon as it sets, spread with apple sauce, and turn over in half.

FRIED APPLES.—These are a nice breakfast-dish. Wash, quarter, and core good tart apples. Put into a frying-pan with a little water added, boil until nearly tender, then add sugar and butter, and cook until tender and brown.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One cupful of sweet milk, a little salt, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop nicely from a spoon; chop two apples fine and mix with the batter. Fry in hot lard. Serve with powdered sugar if for dinner, or with syrup.

Pumpkin and Squash.

THERE are various methods of preparing pumpkin and squash for pies, but the modern pie of the bakers' is, as Widow Bedott says, "pretty much all ingreiences, and precious little punkin." But the real genuine old-fashioned golden-brown pumpkin pie our great-grandmothers prided themselves on is a different article. In these there are no eggs; but of course more pumpkin or squash is needed to thicken when no eggs are used.

The best pumpkins are the solid yellow kind. Cut one in rings and pare, and then cut in small pieces. A very satisfactory way of preserving pumpkin for winter use is to cut it in rings and hang them on a wire by the kitchen stovepipe, to dry. Another way is to stew the pumpkin until it is soft and dry, mash and strain it through a colander; then grease pie-pans and spread it on them a quarter of an inch thick, and dry it; roll it up after it is dry, and keep it in a tight box or bag, to protect it from insects.

But in preparing pumpkin or squash for pies to be used immediately, let it stew until tender in as little water as possible, watching carefully that it does not scorch: stir often, so it will not burn, but be sure that the water you put in is all cooked out before taking up. To ensure this, set the stew-kettle on top of the stove, mash the pumpkin fine, heaping it against the sides of the kettle so that the water may drain from it and dry away; repeat this process until the water has all evaporated and the pumpkin is dry and soft. This will take from half an hour to an hour. Mash and rub through a sieve, or put through a colander: a little milk put in will expedite that part.

For the old-fashioned pies we are recommending, take, for three, one and one-fourth quarts of pumpkin, three pints of milk, three quarters of a cupful of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, a large teaspoonful of ginger and the same of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful salt. Do not make the crust rich as for mince pies. Put in a deep plate and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. If the crust is browned before the pumpkin has reached its perfection, cut a round hole in a piece of paper and lay over it. These directions, if carefully carried out, will result in pies fit for even a New England Thanksgiving dinner.

In using squash for pies, make it a little thinner with milk than was the pumpkin. Sweet cream is a great addition; but as a substitute drop little pieces of butter in the mixture: use nutmeg for flavoring, and sweeten to taste with sugar. Bake in a slow oven. A mistake is often made in not baking pumpkin and squash pies long enough.

For pumpkin pies, without the old-time omission of eggs, use to every quart of pumpkin, after it is mashed, two quarts of milk and six eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, sugar to taste, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and

(Continued on page 66.)

A Capable Girl.

When Polly's Skillful fingers stray
Across the Ivory keys
She drives dull pain AND care away
With sweetest melodies.

But
when her skillful fingers grasp
A cake of Ivory Soap.
Such wonders then our Polly works,
That not a speck nor shadow lurks
With which she dare not cope.

H.C. BROWN, ART.

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

Prescott says that the Emperor Montezuma had fifty jars or pitchers of delicious beverage prepared from the cocoa-bean every day for his own personal use, and there was no intemperance about this lavish use either, for the article is so thoroughly beneficial that the Emperor must certainly have grown strong and fleshy under this diet. For a long time the use of coffee and tea threw the habit of cocoa drinking, in England, entirely in the shade, but of late there has come to pass a wonderful reaction in favor of the latter beverage; it is quite likely that this fact is considerably due to the improved method of manufacture invented by Mr. C. J. Van Houten and employed by his successors Van Houten & Zoon, who are, by far, the most successful manufacturers of pure, soluble powdered cocoa in the world.

The Great trouble with Central Draft Lamps has been imperfect combustion, caused by insufficient supply of oxygen. Realizing this, the Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co., invented their "B & H" Lamp, which has a Double Center Draft, giving the Whitest Light—owing to perfect combustion. They are the largest, as well as the best, Lamp Manufacturers in the World. Ask to see their Lamps at your dealers. Take no others.

Jones: "It is marvelous how some people acquire riches and fame."
Brown: "What now?"
Jones: "I have been talking with an agent of the Hartman Mfg. Co., of Beaver Falls, Pa., whose Flexible Wire Mats, Steel Picket Fence, etc., are so extensively advertised, and am told that in three years they have made a half million mats."
Smith: "Whew! That is big."
Jones: "Yes, and what is more they supply 90 per cent. of the world's trade on wire mats."
Brown: "I should think they might. the 'Hartman' Mat is certainly ahead of anything I ever saw. It is a woven rug of wire, always clean, absolutely flexible, absorbs no filth, breeds no disease and emits no odors."
Smith: "Glad you told me. I want a mat like that."
Jones: "Well be sure the mat you buy has brass tag attached stamped 'Hartman.'"

The Vose & Sons Piano has an exceedingly clear and rich tone, and is especially commended as an accompaniment to the voice. It is unusually well constructed, and in every way a most desirable instrument. Write to them at 170 Tremont St., Boston, for their new illustrated catalogue. It is a beauty.

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SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

OVER 700 KINDS AND SIZES FROM \$10.00 TO \$50.00

THE GENUINE ALL BEAR THIS TRADE MARK. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



JANES & KIRTLAND, Special New York City Agents, 110 to 116 Beekman Street.

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

(Continued from page 65.)

one teaspoonful of ginger. Bake in a hot oven until well set and of a nice brown. It is as well to heat the butter scalding hot, stirring constantly until it is poured into the pie-dishes.

To cook squash for the table, as a vegetable, cut up and stew, mash, season with cream, pepper, and salt, and then set in the oven a few minutes. Some persons like a little onion mixed with squash before it is stewed or baked.

Scalloped squash is a highly gratifying dish. After the squash is stewed, mix with it in mashing an amount equal in bulk to itself of rolled bread-crumbs; then add a fried onion and one well-beaten egg, season with salt and pepper, and add a dessertspoonful of butter. Put this into a well-buttered earthen dish and brown in the oven. Serve hot in the dish in which it was browned.

L. S. F.

A Course Dinner.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICE.

It is not always the selection and preparation of the viands for a course dinner that cause the hostess the greatest anxiety: it is the setting of the table and the proper service. In our December number we shall publish an exhaustive article with the above title, describing accurately every detail of a simple course dinner—the arrangement and decoration of the table, the articles necessary for the service of each course, the proper method of serving, the duties of host, hostess, and waiters, etc.; and the paper will be rendered especially valuable by numerous illustrations showing the table as it should appear before the guests are ushered in to the feast, the changes made for each course, etc., in fact, giving such clear directions about the proper service of a course dinner that the least experienced hostess may confidently attempt one for her Christmas feast or at any other time.

Correspondence Club.

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

"ALONE."—A tea would be the best entertainment for a party where guests are dressed in the toilets of forty and fifty years ago. Serve tea in tiny cups, with the guests all seated at table, and let the other refreshments be hot shortcake, two kinds of preserves served in small glass plates, several kinds of cake, cheese, and custard. Then you will have a typical tea-party of the period.—Your letter was received too late for a reply in the October number.

"AN OLD FRIEND."—A dull shade of red will make an effective trimming for a large white house in the country.—With upper panels of glass, paint the doors white also.

(Continued on page 67.)

TO AVOID SUCH ACCIDENTS, BUY

F. A. Sinclair's COMMON-SENSE

Chairs, Settees & Rockers.



BILL NYE ON ROCKERS.

HUDSON, Wis., June 15, 1886.

F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, N. Y.
Dear Sir: The chairs ordered of you some time since, arrived several days ago, and are all that I expected and more too. I have invested money in other enterprises which yielded a large profit on the investment, but I have never felt better pleased with the result of any investment than I do with this. I have abandoned the hammock, the upholstered chairs, and other adjuncts of rest and relaxation in order to sit in the old "Point Comfort" Rocker, where I can read and write and rest at the same time. These chairs possess all the elements that go to make a good chair—comfort, coolness and strength. Heaven indeed lies about us in our infancy and our tombstones generally lie about us in later years, but you could be called a benefactor without impairing the credit of your monument. Your chairs are a standing rebuke to the manufacturers of expensive and short-lived goods.
Yours sincerely,
BILL NYE.



Fireside Comfort for Two.

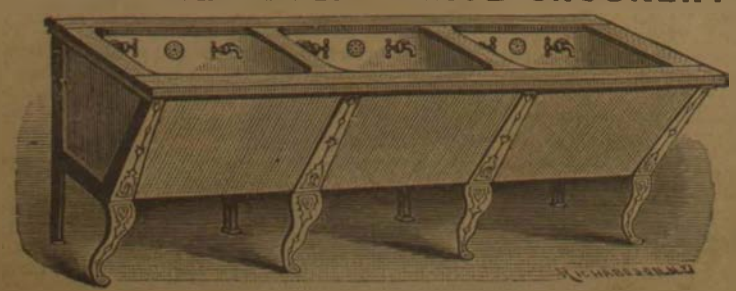
"The common-sense chairs and settees of Mr. Sinclair are not surpassed by any other class of goods, and parties furnishing country houses, and desiring inexpensive, comfortable and durable furniture, will do well to write to Mr. F. A. Sinclair, of Mottville, N. Y."—Scientific American.

SINCLAIR'S useful and substantial home comforts. Fireside Comfort is a very attractive seat for young and old. Try it and be happy. Strong, durable and comfortable. No light, trashy stuff, but good, honest home comforts. **Special discount to clergymen.** Send stamp for catalogue to

F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, Onondaga County, N. Y.

Ask your furniture dealers for SINCLAIR'S common-sense chairs. If you can't get them, don't take any other. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE ONLY SOLID WHITE CROCKERY STATIONARY WASH-TUBS.



Get the best. Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay, and become malodorous and infectious. Our solid white Crockery Wash-Tubs, having stood the test of continued use in thousands of our best families and hospitals for over fifteen years, stand unrivaled, being imperishable, well-glazed, non-porous, and as easily cleansed as a dinner plate.

SOLID WHITE CROCKERY SINKS. Send for price-list and catalogue. STEWART CERAMIC CO., 312 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK. Chicago Branch, 323-325 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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(The garments here illustrated are cut from Butterick Patterns.)

"We consider Hall's Bazar Form superior to all others."
THE BUTTERICK PUB. CO., (Limited).

THE COMING STYLES

favor high collars, Louis XV. sleeves and *pannier* bodices, all calculated to increase the difficulties attending your business. Unless you have a BAZAR FORM you cannot compete successfully with those who take advantage of the assistance it renders.

Price of form, Iron Standard . . . \$6.50
Skirts sold separately, if desired, for . 3.50
Skirt only with Wood Standard . . . 3.00

Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Ask for our little book on home dressmaking, and illustrated circulars free.

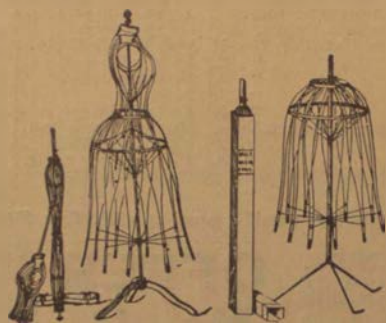
HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.,

833 BROADWAY, N. Y., and 173 REGENT ST., LONDON.

It Can't Talk but works silently. It never gets tired and requires no salary. It increases the profits of dressmakers who use it, and is also an assistant to those who go out to work as it can be carried along.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM is adjustable and can be made to suit nearly every size. When covered with a waist, it becomes a model.

When not in use it can be folded and put away.



CLOSED. OPENED. CLOSED. OPENED.
IRON STANDARD. WOOD STANDARD.

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

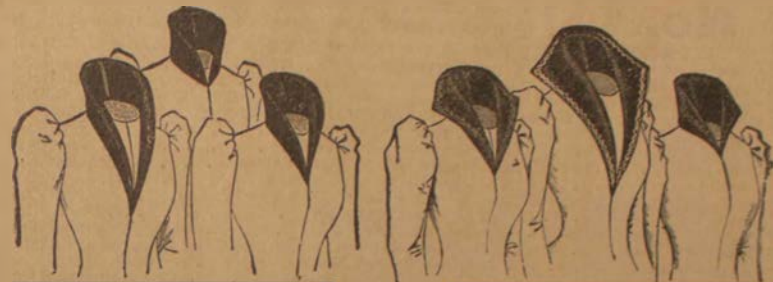
HALL'S BAZAR COLLAR FOUNDATIONS

OR PRESSED LININGS.

They are designed from fashions now in vogue. With them, smooth effects, and results impossible to produce by the ordinary methods, are successfully accomplished. They appeal on sight to the common sense of every woman.

Dressmakers, and the millions of women who do their own dressmaking, appreciate the advantage of a Foundation or Lining, pressed into the correct shape and securely held in position by wire around the outer edges. The illustrations herewith show the permanent appearance of the collars when made over these foundations.

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No. 3. No. 1. No. 2.
"MEDICI."

No. 2. No. 3. No. 1.
"HENRY II."

No. 1, 25 Cents.
No. 2, 30 Cents.
No. 3, 40 Cents.

EITHER STYLE.

Be particular to mention Style wanted. White or Black.



No. 2. No. 3. No. 1.
"BOLERO."

HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.,

833 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 66.)

"IRENE."—It is quite fashionable for young ladies of twenty or thereabouts to wear sleeveless corsages with evening dress, or short, high-puffed sleeves.

"MISS JENNIE I. K."—Evidently your strongest inclination is for vocal music; but only your teachers can advise you as to the best course for you to pursue in selecting a career. It depends of course upon your quality of voice whether you can look for success as a singer, and no one could advise on such a matter without having heard the voice in question.

"IRENE No. 2."—Your black surah would answer for an evening dress. It would take about sixteen yards to make a waist and skirt. A bell-gored or draped skirt would be better than a plaited one with a fancy waist and high rolling collar edged with black beads.—Moth patches are not moles: they are yellow discolorations of the skin caused by a disordered liver. Internal remedies must be employed to cause their removal.

"L. S. O."—For deep mourning a black faille is usually trimmed with *crepe* hands. A widow's veil is worn over the face for the first three months; but some ladies find it so unpleasant to wear that way, that they wear it back and put a small face-veil of fine net over the face instead.—Gray krimmer fur or heavy white beaver-cloth will make a two-year-old girl a stylish warm cloak for the cold climate of Minnesota.—Thanks for your kind words.

"N. J."—One way of removing moles from the face is to touch them with lunar caustic occasionally, until they are burned away. Another is to tie silk around them, when they will atrophy and fall off. Neither of these methods is positively uninjurious, and the advice of a physician would be better, before attempting anything of the kind.

"IGNORANCE."—In returning first calls, the lady calling always leaves cards.



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WM. SIMPSON & SONS'
Printed Fabrics.

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

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Exercise according to the Delsarte system will, if carefully practiced, keep the physical proportions properly adjusted. There is very little danger of such exercise increasing the size, although it is a well-known fact that all athletes and persons accustomed to train for fine physical powers will, upon ceasing their training and practice, rapidly accumulate flesh, as the assimilative organs are usually developed proportionately with the rest of the system, and continue their work while the voluntary work of the organization ceases.—N. P. Willis is the author of the verse you quote:

"Love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
Love has an eye for dinner,
And starves under shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot an invisible thing;
His arrow is tipped with a jewel
And shot from a silver string."

The meaning of the last lines probably is that it costs some silver to buy the engagement jewel which often tempts a girl to make a matrimonial contract.—The "case" advertised is a binding for a year's volume of the Magazine. It is dark green with handsome red lettering.

"COUNTRY GIRL."—For a slim girl of fifteen with brown hair, dark gray eyes, and dark complexion, make up a navy-blue tricot with a full blouse and plain skirt, and add scarlet silk sailor-collar, deep cuffs, and sash or waist belt.

"Mrs. McG."—In order to continue to raise double flowers from balsam and zinnia plants, the seed must be collected from the vessels which mature on the main stalks, not the side branches, but the central stock. Of course you must have double flowers to gather seed from. This is an infallible rule practiced by those who make the culture of flowers a business.

(Continued on page 69.)

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.



MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS.



THE FIVE GREATEST OFFERS ON EARTH.

There are three million homes in the U.S. which possess musical instruments. All these need vocal and instrumental music. Music sheets generally retail from 30 cents to \$1.00 each; therefore 1200 pieces would easily cost you about \$350.00. WE OFFER YOU 1200 PIECES, WORDS AND MUSIC, FOR \$2.00. In reading these wonderful offers, remember we are responsible. We have been in business 25 years, and advertise in all the leading magazines and periodicals. We guarantee each and every one of our offers to be just as represented, and if any purchaser who is not entirely satisfied with the music will return it within three days after receipt, we will cheerfully refund price paid. F. I. TRIFET, 408 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

OFFER No. 1. 200 Vocal and Instrumental Pieces complete and unabridged, 75 CENTS. No other Music Book ever published can equal this one. It has 320 pages (each 10x12 1/2 inches) and colored covers. The plates average larger than usual sheet music. The paper is of fine book quality, and the presswork the best. Weight of book, 33 ounces. The contents of the book are divided into four parts:

- | | |
|--|---|
| SONGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS. | PIANO OR ORGAN PIECES. |
| A B C Duet . . . John Parry | Going to Market. 4 Hands. L. Diehl |
| Across the Bridge . . . G. LeBrun | Her Bright Smile Haunts. B. Richards |
| Beautiful Moonlight. Duet. S. Glover | Home, Sweet Home. Var. Supple |
| Before Jehovah's Awful Throne, Madan | Kettle-Drum March. Op. 7. Nebelung |
| Braw New Shoon, The . . . W. T. Bell | Little Fairy Waltz L. Streabbog |
| Bridge, The Lady Carey | Love's Dreamland Waltz Otto Roeder |
| Comrades F. McGlennon | May I Have the Pleasure Smallwood |
| Could I F. P. Tosti | Monastery Bells, The. Nocturne. Wely |
| Don't Drink, my boy, to-night. Hoover | National Anthems: |
| Ehren on the Rhine. W. M. Hutchison | America, Great Britain, |
| For You We are Praying . . . Estabrooke | Russia, Spain, |
| Greeting. Duet Mendelssohn | France, Sweden, |
| Gipsy Countess. Duet S. Glover | German Empire, T. Kullak |
| Idle Poet F. H. Coven | Nightingale's Trill. Op. 81. J. S. Daly |
| In Old Madrid H. Trotere | On to Fortune March E. B. Spencer |
| I've Worked Eight Hours. McGlennon | Orvetta Waltz Snow |
| I Whistle and Wait for Katie. Nolan | Oscar Wilde Galop C. W. Durkee |
| Juanita T. G. May | Please Do. Waltz. C. W. Durkee |

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|---|---|
| Piano and Violin Duets. | CONTRA DANCES, JIGS, REELS, FLINGS, STRATHSPEYS, ETC., FOR PIANO OR ORGAN. |
| Comin' Thro' the Rye. Alas! That Death. | Drops of Brandy. The Nut. |
| I'm a Nabob from Brazil. All In Good Order. | The Tank. Ap Shenkin. |
| In Tears I Pine for Thee. Chinese Dance. | Triumph. We won't go home. |
| Maryland, My Maryland. Crooskeen Lawn. | Country Bumpkin. Yankee Doodle. |
| Nearer my God to Thee. Erminie March. | Plough Boy. We're a noddin'. |
| Such a Getting Up-stairs. Hail! Columbia. | Honeymoon. Auld lang syne. |
| Sword of Bunker Hill. Melody No. 1. | Off she goes. There's nae luck. |
| Sympathie Waltz, La. Old Hundred. | Monferino. Blue Bells. |
| Washington's March. Pleyel's Hymn. | May-Day. Lass o' Gowrie. |
| World's Fair Waltz. Power of Love. | Quaker's Wife. Master Setwell. |
| Sonnambula, La. Pretty Maids. | British Grenadiers |
| Spanish Waltz. | Garçon Volange. |

The above TWO HUNDRED selections by mail, post paid, for SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

OFFER No. 2. 600 SONGS, Words and Music, 30 CENTS. This is the greatest, the best, the cheapest, and by long odds the most satisfactory collection of 600 Songs, words and music, ever offered. A handsomely printed book of 256 pages. Beware of Imitations.

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|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Barbary Allen | Cynthia Sue | Fisher's child | Knight errant | Molly Malone | Ranordine |
| Ben Bolt | Dandy Pat | Flee as a bird | Leonore | Mush, mush | Request |
| Bold privateer | Dearest Mae | Hail, Columbia | Lilly Dale | National debt | Rosa Lee |
| Bluetail fly | Departed days | Huld Ann | Little boy blue | Nelly Gray | Roslin castle |
| Bowery gals | Dermost Astore | In old Madrid | Little Sunbeam | No one to love | Rural felicity |
| Brian Boru | Dog and gun | Janet's choice | Long-tail blue | O baby mine | Seaside cottage |
| Broken yoke | Dream is past | Jim Brown | Lottie Bell | Old gray goose | Settin' on a rail |
| Buy a Broom | Dream on | Jim Crow | Love's request | O! Mr. Coon | Shamrock |
| Castilian maid | Emerald Isle | Johnnie Cope | Maggie Lauder | Our little queen | Squeak the fife |
| Charity | Eureka | Jolly ducky | Mary and John | Over there | Sweet long ago |
| Colleen Bawn | Fairy tempter | Johnny Boker | Mary of Argyle | Past | That is love |
| Comrades | Farner's boy | Katty darling | Mary's dream | Playmates | Treadmill |
| Concealment | Fiinigan's wake | Katy's letter | Men of Harlech | Quilting party | Watcher |
| Beautiful Bessie | Grave of Napoleon | Medical student | Old Ireland forever | Sweet Kitty May | Twig of shillelah |
| Blue-eyed Milly | Homeless to-night | Modest bachelor | Old Rosin the beau | Virginia Rosebud | What Katie did |
| Darby the blast | Home, sweet home | Murmuring sea | Origin of the harp | Whisper of love | Willie Reily |
| Ding, dong, bell | Joe ob Tennessee | My ain countrie | Picayune Butler | Wounded huzzar | Yankee doodle |
| Don't come late | Kitty of Coleraine | My heart is true | Polly wolly, doodle | Zelma Lee | |
| Down East lovers | Lancashire lass | My old Aunt Sally | Poor married man | | |
| Ginger's wedding | Lass o' Patie's Mill | My pretty pearl | Rollicking rams! | | |
| Gipsy's warning | Mary of Tipperary | Old Dan Tucker | Rose of Allandale | | |
| Give a kiss to me | Miss Lucy Long | Old kitchen clock | Standard-bearer | | |
| Are you lonely now? | Four-leaved Shamrock | Little daisy blossom | Only a few faded roses | | |
| Arm in arm with Lizzie | Flirting in the starlight | Little voices at the door | Paddle your own canoe | | |
| Act on the square, boy | Floating in the starlight | Love's old sweet song | Partant pour la Syrie | | |
| Alice, where art thou? | German fatherland | Little don of Spain | Peal of the village bell | | |
| Am I still beloved? | Girls are not so green | I've lost my bow bow | Picture of my mother | | |
| Aunt Jimima's plaster | Goosey, goosey, gander | Maltese boatman's song | Pinafore on the brain | | |
| Barney Brallaghan | Green little shamrock | Married man's lament | Rocky road to Dublin | | |
| Beacon-light of home | How can I leave thee? | Memories of my mother | Stay at home to-night | | |
| Black-eyed Susanna | Hunters of Kentucky | Moon behind the hill | Such a gettin' upstairs | | |
| Bright rosy morning | History ob the world | My friend and pitcher | Sweet Katie Connor | | |
| Can you keep a secret? | Haunts of childhood | My little lost Irene | Sweet little Katy | | |
| Cauld Kail in Aberdeen | I'll meet thee at the lane | Noble lads of Canada | Star of the evening | | |
| Chevalier's lament | I'm weary, so weary | Oft in the stilly night | 'Tis midnight hour | | |
| Clare de kitchen | I would not forget thee | O, hush thee, my baby | There's music in the air | | |
| Dandy Broadway swell | Jenny, with sweet eyes | O love will venture in | There's sure to be a way | | |
| Dandy Jim o' Caroline | Kathleen mavourneen | Old well by the wayside | Up in a balloon, boys | | |
| Far, far upon the sea | Kissing thro' the bars | Pass on, colored man | Vilkins and his Dinah | | |
| Female auctioneer | Life on the ocean wave | 'Tis years since I parted | Wearing o' the green | | |
| As I was down Shinbone alley | Lament of an Irish mother | Stolen kisses are the sweetest | Such a beauty I did grow | | |
| Banjo am de instrument for me | Let Erin remember the days | Such a beauty I did grow | Tell John to set the kettle on | | |
| Beam on streamlet was playing | Linger near me, little treasure! | Terence's farewell to Kathleen | There's a little vacant chair | | |
| Beautiful castle, I've built for thee | Low-back'd jaunting car | There's a rainbow in the clouds | There's a smile waiting for me | | |
| Can't you dance the polka? | Lurline, do you think of me? | There's art so near and yet so far | Think of me, in your dreams | | |
| Childhood's happy hours | Massa's in the churchyard | Thou art so near and yet so far | Thou hast learned to love | | |
| Come back to our cottage | May grass grow green above you | Think of me, in your dreams | To be sure it's no business of | | |
| Dear heart, we're growing old | Meet me again where we parted | To be sure it's no business of | Tread softly, angels are calling | | |
| Dear little heart 'neath daisies | Mine be the cottage within vale | Tread softly, angels are calling | 'Twas only one short year ago | | |
| Did you ever call me darling? | Moon dimm'd her beams | 'Twas only one short year ago | 'Twill nebbor do to gib it up so | | |
| Don't drink, my boy, to-night | Mother's welcome at the door | 'Twill nebbor do to gib it up so | Uncle Dan'l's jined de saints | | |
| Dost thou love me, sister Ruth? | My happy childhood home | Uncle Dan'l's jined de saints | Under flowers as white as snow | | |
| Do they miss me at home? | My heart's in the highlands | Under flowers as white as snow | Vale of our own Genessee | | |
| Down by the surging sea | Nobody cares for the poor | Vale of our own Genessee | Wait till the moonlight falls | | |
| Dwelling with the angels | O carry me back to old Virginia | Wait till the moonlight falls | We'll have a little dance to-night | | |
| Ever sweet is thy memory | Old Cuff in the morning | We'll have a little dance to-night | We'll triumph by and by | | |
| Far from the hearthstone | Old man ain't himself no more | We'll triumph by and by | What are little boys made of? | | |
| Father is drinking again | O Nanny, wilt gang with me? | What are little boys made of? | What are the wild waves saying? | | |
| Fine old English gentleman | Only a blossom from her grave | What are the wild waves saying? | What hast thou done for me? | | |
| Floating scow of ole Virginia | O no, I never mention him | What hast thou done for me? | What's a man going to do? | | |
| For you we are praying at home | On the banks of the river | What's a man going to do? | What the little lips are saying | | |
| Glass is good and a lass is good | Our first and last good-night | What the little lips are saying | When stars are in quiet skies | | |
| God bless my kind old mother | O! why left I my home? | When stars are in quiet skies | When shades are falling | | |
| Grandmother's old easy chair | O would I were a boy again | When shades are falling | When roses are blooming | | |
| Hey, Betty Martin, tip toe, fine | O you pretty blue-eyed witch | When roses are blooming | When we meet to part no more | | |
| I can't forget the happy past | O you men, terrible men | When we meet to part no more | When you and I were boys | | |
| I'd offer thee this hand of mine! | Parted from our dear ones | When you and I were boys | Where the many mansions be | | |
| I'll see him just once more | Place in my memory, dearest | Where the many mansions be | Where there's a will there's a way | | |
| I'm leaving thee in sorrow | Read me a letter from home | Where there's a will there's a way | Who's dat nigger dar a peepin'? | | |
| I see them on their winding way | Rock me to sleep, mother | Who's dat nigger dar a peepin'? | Why am I ever watching? | | |
| I stand upon the beach alone | Shall I tell you whom I love? | Why am I ever watching? | Why chime the bells so merrily? | | |
| I was the boy for bewitching 'em | She's dreaming of the angels | Why chime the bells so merrily? | | | |
| Johnnie has gone for a soldier | She sleeps among the daisies | | | | |
| Jonathan's visit to a wedding | She's waiting at the gate for me | | | | |
| Juliana Phebian Constantina | Sing me the old songs to-night | | | | |
| Keep horseshoe over the door | Softly shine the stars of evening | | | | |
| Kiss that bound my heart | | | | | |

OFFER No. 3. 217 Vocal and Instrumental Pieces. This is a collection of Songs and Ballads, all with piano (or organ) accompaniment, arranged by Charles D. Blake. Also, Contra Dances, Reels, Jigs and Hornpipes; English, French, German, Polish and Spanish Dances; Galops, Polkas, Schottisches, Waltzes, Marches, Quicksteps, Gavottes, etc. It contains the latest and most popular songs of the day, violin solos, piano and violin duets, etc. the whole forming a Musical Library in itself.

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|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Annie Laurie | Devil's Dream | Highland Fling | My Pretty Pearl | Robin Ruff | Spanish Dance |
| Battle Prayer | Esmeralda | Hull's Victory | Newport Waltz | Rock of Ages | Speed the Plow |
| Bonnie Doon | Fairy Dance | Imperiale | Old Hundred | Rosebud Reel | Silent Night |
| Boulanger, La | Favorite Dance | Irish Trot | Old Zip Coon | Rory O'More | Scottish Dance |
| Chained at Last | Fritz's Lullaby | John Anderson | Opera Keel | Rocket Galop | Spanish Waltz |
| Cachuca | German, The | Keel Row Reel | Only | Roska, La | Tempest |
| Chorus Jig | Gorlitz | Larry O'Gaff | Oyster River | Rustic Reel | Tempete |
| Coquette | Go to the D— | Light Artillery | Petronella | Russian March | Tired |
| Cuckoo | German Waltz | Minuet | Portland Fancy | Sicilian | Up the Hills |
| Chinese Dance | Guitana Waltz | Money Musk | Perplexity | Six Hand Reel | Virginia Reel |
| Chinese March | Hey, Daddy | Mary of Argyle | Peyel's Hymn | Soldier's Joy | Zulma |
| Alas, those chimes | Erminie Gavotte | National Anthems | Kitty O'Neil's Jig | Sun of my Soul | |
| Auld Lang Syne | Erminie Lullaby | America | Ladies' Triumph | St. Patrick's Day | |
| Beau of Oak Hill | Fatinitza Polka | Austria | Lady of the Lake | Sicilienne Waltz | |
| Beaux of Albany | Fireman's Dance | France | Lancashire Clog | Smith's Hornpipe | |
| College Hornpipe | Fisher's Hornpipe | German Empire | Madrilainne, La | Spirits of France | |
| Crooskeen Lawn | Four Hand Reel | Great Britain | Mother's Song, A | Snuff-Box Waltz | |
| Douglass Favorite | Gavotte de Vestris | Russia | Old Oaken Bucket | Uncle Sam's Farn | |
| Drunken Sailor | Jakie's Hornpipe | Spain | Prince or Peasant | Widow Machree | |
| Eight Hand Reel | Kathleen Aroon | Sweden | Shells of Ocean | White Cockade | |
| Arkansas Traveller | Electric Light Galop | Lady Walpole's Reel | Land of Sweet Erin | | |
| Basket of Lovers, A | Fairy Varsoviene | Last Rose of Summer | Rickett's Hornpipe | | |
| Blue Bells of Scotland | First Love Redowa | Liverpool Hornpipe | Sailors Set on Shore | | |
| Belle Canadiene, La | Flowers of Edinburg | Lord's my Shepherd | Shunter's Hornpipe | | |
| Boston Dip Waltzes | Fra Diavolo's Quickstep | Love's Old Sweet Song | Soft Music is Stealing | | |
| Bonnie Blue Flag | Fred Wilson's Clog | Miss McLeod's Reel | Sir Roger de Coverly | | |
| Can You keep a Secret? | German Redowa | Minnie Foster's Clog | Smash the Windows | | |
| Campbells are Coming | Girl I left Behind Me | Nearer my God to Thee | Steamboat Quickstep | | |
| Campdown Hornpipe | Good for the tongue | Now, was I Wrong? | Sword of Bunker Hill | | |
| Comin' Thro' the Rye | Happy New Year, A | Oh, you Little Darling | Tom, the Piper's Son | | |
| Charley over the Water | Haste to the Wedding | Old Rosin the Beau | Thunder Hornpipe | | |
| Cincinnati Hornpipe | Home, Sweet Home | Polly Wolly Doodle | Vinton's Hornpipe (I.) | | |
| Constitution Hornpipe | Irish Washerwoman | Pop goes the Weazel | Vinton's Hornpipe (II.) | | |
| Cricket on the Hearth | Jolly Dancers' Medley | Petres Hornpipe, Le, | Washington's March | | |
| Dick Sand's Hornpipe | Kathleen Mavourneen | Quilting Party, The | World's Fair Waltz | | |
| Durang's Hornpipe | Kendall's Hornpipe | Red Lion Hornpipe | Watch on the Rhine | | |
| Barney, the lad from Kildare | Irishman's Heart to the Ladies | On the Banks of the Beautiful | Sparkling Dew-Drop Schott's | | |
| Beautiful Castle I've built | In Time of Apple Blossoms | Sonnambula Quickstep | 'Tis True We're Fading | | |
| Bye and bye (four hands) | Jesus, Lover of my Soul | There is Rest for the Weary | Uncle Dan'l's jined de Saints | | |
| Carillon de Dunkerque, Le | Jordan is a Hard Road | Woodman, spare that Tree | Wind that shakes the Barley | | |
| Dashing White Sergeant | Keep the Horseshoe over Door | Within a Mile of Edinboro | Watchman, tell us of the night | | |
| Dear Heart, we're growing old | Lamplighter's Hornpipe | Where the Many Mansions be | | | |
| Don't drink, my boy, to-night | Light in the Window, The | | | | |
| Flowers of Edinborough | Maryland, my Maryland | | | | |
| Going to Market (Four Hands) | Maid of the Pump Room | | | | |
| Golden Days (Four Hands) | Over the Water to Charlie | | | | |
| Harp that once through Tara's | Oh, carry me back to Old Virg. | | | | |

OFFER No. 4. THE GALAXY OF MUSIC, a monthly magazine of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Each number contains from 32 to 48 pages of choice, selected music, printed from extra large music plates, including the most popular and latest music of the day; in fact, the pick of the world. Each number contains from \$4 to \$6 worth of music, and cost only 10 cents. The 12 numbers of the year make a volume of 500 pages, containing over 200 pieces, and is mailed free at

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES: To any part of the U.S. (except Boston), Canada and Mexico.....\$1.00 To Boston city by carrier....\$1.20. Postal Union Countries....\$1.30

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Upon receipt of \$2.00, we will forward by mail to any address in the United States, Canadas or Mexico, all the music contained in Offers 1, 2 and 3, and the GALAXY OF MUSIC one year. Just think of it! 1200 pages of music for \$2.00. Boston, 20c., Postal Union, 30c. extra.

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

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

(Continued from page 67.)

"BERTHA."—A medium-length circle cape of white or gray cashmere lined with white silk and trimmed with white silk embroidery, will be best for your baby. An infant's cloak can hardly do for a baby several years, as the child grows constantly; but a long circle cloak could be shortened and then made into a sacque as the child grew older.

"MRS. J. M. H."—A brown-haired young lady of eighteen, with very fair complexion, could wear a brown faille Française with gold-embroidered passementeries, and toque of brown velvet trimmed with gold cord.

"Mrs. T. L."—The proper garnishes for chicken are parsley, fried oysters, forcement balls, and catsups; for turkey, fried oysters, cranberry jelly, grape jelly, sliced lemon, chestnuts, or celery; for geese and ducks, slices of apples, onion sauce, grape jelly, apple-sauce.

"NINASTE."—Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who married an Englishman and was accused of poisoning him, is serving a life sentence in an English prison.—Miss Caldwell, the American millionaire's daughter, did not marry the prince she was engaged to.—Swelling of the veins in the hands is caused either by too tight sleeves or by an advance in years. Women approaching fifty usually notice the veins of the hand appear fuller than in youth.—For softening and whitening the hands nothing can equal a paste made of brown Windsor soap and lemon juice. Grate two cakes of soap with the juice of two lemons and add the whites of two eggs.

"ROLAND."—To give a detailed account of the crests and mottos of the noble English families you name would occupy too much of our space unprofitably. There are various works on heraldry which will give you all the information you require, more extended and more definitely than it would be possible for us to do.

"GEORGE B."—The "White Squadron" of the United States Navy is so called because the war vessels are painted white. It was the old custom to paint the ships of war black, which gave them a dull, unattractive appearance. During the past few years, however, many additions have been made to the navy, and the great armored craft are painted white; hence the name the "White Squadron." The late cruise of the White Squadron is really a practice drill for our floating forts and their manipulators.

"BEYARD."—The latest bridesmaids' pin is a slender band of gold on which are set in diamonds the figures of the year when the marriage occurs. The figures are wrought out in small rose-diamonds, and the bar-pin forms a brilliant ornament that can be used either as a brooch or a belt buckle.

"ELMA S."—If you wish your breakfast chocolate to taste like the beverage served in Mexico and Havana, sprinkle a little powdered cinnamon over the filled cup.

"LOUISA."—Your letter was crowded out of a previous number. In remodeling your black grosgrain with silk grenadine, use the plain skirt and a coat basque. See Fashion Department for latest styles.—Since you live in a dull country town of 4,000 inhabitants, one would think that your white ottoman silk, gray Henrietta, and red cashmere would be almost sufficient with the above. A nice street-dress of brown or tan-colored broad-cloth and a winter wrap would be all you could very well make much use of besides, unless you traveled.

"Widow."—It was formerly quite out of the question for widows to dress in what is called virgin white when they married a second time. Now, however, it is not at all unusual for a widow to go to the altar decked out like a bride of sixteen, from the flowing lace bridal-veil and orange blossoms to the white satin shoes. It is altogether a matter of taste and sentiment.

(Continued on page 70.)



20 GEMSTONES CUT FREE

and polished, all ready to be mounted into jewelry, FREE

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These Gemstones are as follows: *Cameo, Goldstone, Tiger Eye, Sard-Onyx, Fancy Crocidolite, Ribbon Agate, Carnelian, Jewel Agate, Salin Spar (the peer of Moonstone), Montana Moss Agate, Agate for sleeve buttons, Green Moss Agate, Striped Agates, Jewel Onyx, Petrified Wood, etc.*, given free as a premium to each new yearly subscriber if \$1.00, price of yearly subscription, is sent within 30 days of the date of this journal. Each Gemstone is honestly worth 50 cents, and some cannot be bought for \$1 each of any jeweler, and the total value is over \$10. You naturally say, "Can this be true?" We positively guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied. Our reason for offering this costly premium is: *We must advertise in order to get others to advertise with us, and by this method we will have a national circulation quicker than by any other way that we know of, and our conclusions are sustained by experiments.*

Startling original illustrations and articles too numerous to mention, on Rocky Mountain scenery, minerals, mines, crystals, relics, natural wonders, caves, grotesque and marvelous works of nature, burning rock and wild flowers are contained in each month's GREAT DIVIDE. Our Contributors are Literateurs, Plain People, Scouts, Cowboys, Miners, Indians—in other words, people familiar whereof they write, and who tell their stories in their own quaint way. Can you afford to miss this?

The most novel Christmas present you can possibly buy is a year's subscription to THE GREAT DIVIDE. It is only a dollar a year, including the Twenty Gemstone Premium.

Marvelous as this inducement seems, you may rest assured it is genuine, or the publishers of this journal would not print this advertisement; therefore send \$1.00 to-day for a year's subscription, and the 20 Gemstones will be sent at once. Sample copy, 10 cents. Always address THE GREAT DIVIDE, 1517 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

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



We sell direct to Families

And make it easy for you to buy of us no matter where you live. The Marchal & Smith Piano is one of the Finest Pianos in the World, reliable as a Government bond, and is used in the homes of our best people everywhere.

OUR PRICES RANGE FROM

PIANOS, | ORGANS,
\$180 to \$1500 | \$35 to \$500

By selling direct to families we avoid those useless and wasteful expenses which compel agents to sell an inferior instrument or to charge you double what we ask.

OUR OFFER We will send you a piano or an organ on approval, and if it does not suit you we will take it back and pay freights both ways. Send for our catalogue and list of Bankers, Merchants, Clergymen and others who have bought of us, some of whom you may know.

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,

ESTAB. 1859.

235 EAST 21st ST., NEW YORK.

INCOR. 1877.

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WHY

do 90 per cent. of all Steel Wire Mats used in America bear our Trade Mark?

Send for Catalogue and Testimonial book—mailed free—and find out.

HARTMAN MFG. CO., works, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Branches: 102 Chambers St., New York; 508 State St., Chicago; 73 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

Our Mats have tag attached stamped "Hartman."

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YPSILANTI Dress Reform

Suitable for Fall or Winter wear in either Combination Suits—Vests, Drawers and Equerrene Tights for Ladies and Children. Also

MEN'S COMBINATION SUITS.

The only Sanitary Underwear—and so recognized and endorsed by the leading Medical profession. The Ypsilanti Underwear is constructed from the highest grade of material and especially noted for its fine finish, which adds not only to the durability of the garment but the fit and comfort as well.

Made in all sizes, and colors—SILK, LISTS THREAD, MERINO and Balbriggan, Silk and Cashmere mixture.

DON'T BE DECEIVED—See that each garment is stamped with our Trade Mark—"YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Samples and Price List. If your dealer cannot supply them, they can be obtained of the manufacturers.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO., YPSILANTI, MICH.

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.

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innocuous, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.



Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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



A NEW STAMPING OUTFIT FREE!

THE HOUSEWIFE is the ladies' own magazine. Each number contains 24 pages, and is handsomely bound in an artistic cover. It is beautifully illustrated, being devoted to Stories, Poems, Ladies' Fancy Work, Artistic Needle Work, Home Decoration, Children's Corner, Practical Dress, Flowers, Our Girls, Mother's Corner, Kitchen and Woman's Chat Box, making it by far the most thoroughly practical woman's magazine published. Already more than 200,000 ladies enjoy its monthly visits, but we are anxious to introduce it into other homes therefore we make this unparalleled offer. To every person who will send us 30 cents to pay cost of advertising, postage and packing we will forward the **HOUSEWIFE** on trial for three months, outfit, with which hundreds of patterns for fancy work may be stamped. This is not a "catch penny" outfit, but a sensible and beautiful outfit. This outfit if bought at any ordinary art embroidery store would cost you more than \$1.00 for the patterns which it contains. Each outfit is supplied with stamping powder, poncet and full instructions for using. We make this splendid offer simply to introduce **HOUSEWIFE** into new homes, for when once a subscriber we know that you will not part company with it. Six subscriptions and six outfits will be sent for \$1.00 if you are not familiar with the **HOUSEWIFE** ask your newsdealer for a copy. Satisfaction guaranteed. As to our reliability we refer you to any newspaper published in New York. Write to day. Address **THE HOUSEWIFE, 81 Warren Street, New York**

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



Spoons and Forks means they are plated three times heavier on the three points most exposed to wear as shown above, adding correspondingly to their durability, at an additional cost on Tea Spoons of 75c. and on Table Spoons and Forks \$1.50 per dozen.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. MERIDEN, CONN. LONDON. PARIS.
SAN FRANCISCO. HAMILTON, ONT.

THESE GOODS ARE IN THE STOCK OF EVERY FIRST-CLASS DEALER.

XtwoI

"XII"

X-2-I.

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

(Continued from page 69.)

"EMMIE R."—A quick and easy way of preparing rags for a rag carpet is one that answers fully as well as sewing, for cottons and thin woolen goods, saves all thread, and half the time and labor. Take one of each of the two rags to be joined, place the end of the one in the right hand over the end of the one in the left hand, lapping them about an inch; fold the lapped portion in the middle, crosswise of the rags, and give a little snip of the sissors in the center, making, when the rags are unfolded, a buttonhole-shaped cut a little over half an inch in length. Take the other end of the rag in the right hand, and, still keeping the other ends lapped, pass it upward through the buttonhole-cut and draw it through. You will find that it makes a close, even joint, neither bulky nor ragged; and a little practice enables one to join them rapidly in this way.

"ESTHER V."—A capeline is a three-quarter length cape; that is, it droops from the shoulders and terminates below the knees. In light-weight cloths it is admirable for traveling purposes. *Capeline* is also the French name for a broad-brimmed hat.

"Mrs. J. G. B."—A suitable menu for a gentlemen's dinner-party, which would be called a gentlemen's "stag" party, the gentleman giving it being nearly seventy and entertaining twelve guests, would be as follows:

Oysters on the Half-shell.

Chinese Fish-Balls. Tomato Sauce.

Stewed Potatoes.

Filet of Beef. Peas.

Chicken Salad. Bread Sticks.

Charlotte Russe.

Coffee.

Fruit.

This is a very nice menu suitable for the purpose. Ices are out of place at the end of such a late meal when the persons partaking are advanced in life. Use the fruit as a part of the decorations. Serve only four oysters to each guest, the shells embedded in a plate of finely cracked ice, with lemons as an accompaniment. All the decorations and dishes should be white. For the Chinese fish-balls, boil two pounds of fresh fish in salted water for twenty minutes, then remove all the skin and bones. Put one pint of stock in a small saucepan, rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of flour, add this to the stock, and stir to a smooth paste; add the yolks of two eggs, cook a minute, take off the fire, and add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, a salt-spoonful of salt, a pinch of red pepper, a table-spoonful of onion juice, and a grating of nutmeg. Mix well and add the fish. When cool, form into balls, dip in egg and then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

"C."—We cannot give personal addresses in the Correspondence Club.

(Continued on page 71.)

If a prize were offered by this Magazine for the most popular article of household utility used by its readers, probably nine-tenths of them would declare for Ivory Soap.

One need not go far to find the reason of this extraordinary popularity. Ivory Soap is of such general utility as to be simply indispensable in any well regulated family. Some soaps are excellent for the toilet, others for the laundry, others again for general household purposes, but Ivory is supreme in each.

For the bath its ivory tinted blocks floating upon the water and filling the sponge with foamy lather, white as snow, is perfectly satisfactory.

For washing delicate fabrics it may be used with perfect safety and gratification. Some of the largest silk manufacturers in the country have recently made a series of exhaustive experiments with the Ivory Soap. Their verdict is, that Ivory Soap may be used with perfect safety upon any fabric that water does not injure. It is especially recommended for washing silk fabrics for the reason that its ingredients are so mild they do not shrink the material, and so pure and carefully blended, they do not affect the most delicate tints.

Subscribers who have used it in washing expensive colored embroideries and fancy work assure us it leaves the colors fresher and more beautiful than when new. Unquestionably Ivory Soap is a triumph of the chemist's art, and deserves the extraordinary popularity it has attained.

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

(Continued from page 70.)

"LESLIE C."—Black gros-grain silk is worn. See Fashion Department for latest styles.

"S. T. H."—The "philosopher's stone" is something which never actually existed. The ancient alchemists believed that there was some substance which could change all the baser metals, as iron, copper, etc., to gold, and this they called the philosopher's stone. The stone has never been discovered, but many valuable discoveries have been made by those who were looking for it.

"MRS. C. E. F."—A great deal of individual taste is displayed in choosing bed-covering. A simple way is to cover the bed with a down comfortable of plain India silk, and have a round day-bolster covered with the same material. Another fancy is to upholster the bolster and cover it separately with lace and scrim, or with muslin, and throw a lace or lace-and-scrim cover over the bed. Beds are sometimes finished with a day-bolster and counterpane of figured India silk.

"MRS. C. B. J. S."—The most suitable head-covering for a young infant is a French cap of shirred lawn or mull, fitting closely to the head. As soon as a baby reaches the dignity of short clothes it can wear a little close bonnet of white uncut velvet or armure silk with a dainty ruche set with loops of ribbons under the brim over the forehead, and finished with trimmings of narrow ribbon. It is not considered in good taste to use any color about a child's clothes till it is at least a year old.

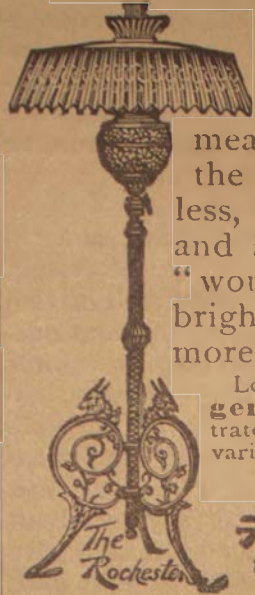
"EMILY K."—A "costumer" is a slender standing rack to hang clothes on at night, and when not in use it can be set away in a closet; but generally it is an ornamental looking piece of furniture with its coronet of pegs standing up all around the top for the late-comers to hang hats and bonnets on.

"ANNIE V."—A pleasant and novel entertainment for a few friends is a "Crayon Social." Have a number of cards prepared with the words "Crayon Social," and after the guests are assembled proceed to number them, having on each card a single number denoting the person to whom it is to be given, and a perpendicular row of numbers on the other side, there being as many numbers as there are persons taking part in the game. The cards are distributed, and the leader calls No. 1. The person holding the card thus marked comes forward, and the leader informs him in a whisper that he must draw in outline a certain animal on a blackboard with a chalk crayon, or on sheets of manilla paper with charcoal. The company watch the artist in silence, and each must guess the name of the animal drawn and write it on his card opposite No. 1, no comparing of notes being allowed. Each drawing is rubbed out, or, if on paper, laid aside after all have silently guessed it and written the name on their cards, and the next number is called up. The leader gives the name of a different animal to each one, and keeps a correct list of them himself, that he may correct the other cards by it. After each has taken his turn in drawing an animal, and all have filled out their cards with their guesses of what the animals are, the leader collects the cards, and with his assistants examines each one, comparing it with his own correct list, and marking all mistakes. Two prizes are given: one to the person who has guessed the largest number of animals right, and the "booby" prize to the one making the most mistakes. No one must hint what animal he thinks is being drawn, and the artists do not need to be excessively accurate in their drawings.

"T. E. D."—Make your gown of black Rha-dames silk with plain skirt and basque with square coat-pieces, combining velvet or Bedford cord with it. Face the revers of your brown cloth coat with heavy repped silk to match in color.

(Continued on page 72.)

"Seeing is Believing." ##



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe and unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has n't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World*.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester." ##

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

Your New Winter Cloak.

If you knew of a place at which you could get your Cloaks or wraps MADE TO ORDER for less than you can buy them ready-made, wouldn't you patronize that place? Many ladies write us, "that is just what I have been looking for." Are YOU not looking for a place of that kind? If so, you have found it.

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS OF CLOAKS AND WRAPS of all kinds, and by selling direct to you, WE SAVE YOU THE JOBBERS' and RETAILERS' PROFITS.

WE CUT AND MAKE EVERY GARMENT TO ORDER, thus insuring an elegantly finished and perfect fitting cloak.

No matter where you live, WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES AT OUR OWN EXPENSE.

We cut and make to order and sell Ladies' and Misses' STYLISH JACKETS, \$3.60; English three-quarter length WALKING JACKETS, \$4.50; REEFER JACKETS with Fur Shawl Collar and Fur Facing, \$6.65; LONG CLOTH CAPES, \$3.25; LADIES' NEWMARKETS, \$6.50; PLUSH JACKETS, \$14.50; PLUSH SACQUES, \$17.75; MISSES' NEWMARKETS, \$4.65; CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, \$3.95; also new designs in Louis Conti Coats, Fur Trimmed Garments, Brocaded Jackets, Newmarkets with long capes, Circulars, Plush Wraps, Plush Reefers, Plush Newmarkets, Astrachan Jackets, Hip Seam Jackets, Children's Gretchens and Cloaks, Fur Capes, etc. We also make higher qualities up to the finest garments.

Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue should be in the hands of every lady who admires beautiful and stylish garments. It contains illustrations, descriptions and prices of more than one hundred styles of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Wraps and Furs of all kinds, including all of those mentioned above, to which we have just added a new Winter Supplement. We will send it to you by return mail, together with a 48-inch Tape Measure, new Measurement Diagram (which insures perfect fitting garments), and more than

FORTY SAMPLES

of the cloths and plushes of which we make the garments, to select from, on receipt of four cents in stamps to prepay postage. You may select any style garment you desire from our catalogue, and we will make it to order for you from any of our cloths or plushes.

Our samples include a splendid line of new Diagonals, Chevrets, Beavers, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Bedford Cords, Camels-hair, Wide-wales, Clays, rough and smooth cloths, Imported and Domestic Cloakings in blacks, colors, stripes, plaids and all the new shades, combinations and effects; also a line of English Seal Plushes in different qualities.

We also sell cloth and plush by the yard to ladies who desire to make their own garments.

As to our responsibility we refer to the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, New York. Please mention this magazine when you write us.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 21 Wooster Street, N. Y. City.

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

CORTICELLI Wash Embroidery Silk.

Unfading
Dyes.



This is the best way to buy your Wash Silk. The spool keeps the silk clean, prevents shop-wear, and saves your time. This is also the best size for most kinds of fancy work. Buyers should look for the size EE and the brand "Corticelli" on one end of the spool; on the other the words "Wash Silk—Fast Color" should appear. "Florence Home Needlework" for 1891 is now ready. It teaches how to make from Corticelli or Florence Silk, Crocheted Slippers, Scarfs (3 new styles), Belts, Beaded Bags, Macreme Lace, etc.

96 pages fully illustrated. This book will be mailed on receipt of 6 cents. Mention year.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

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

Winter Resort.

Pennoyer Sanitarium, Kenosha, Wis., on Lake Michigan. For Invalids. New, modern building; elevator, hot-water heating. Open all the year. Send for illustrated circular.

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

BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE! BUILDING! PAINTING!

DECORATING, Etc. My 100-page Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

Address WM. T. COMSTOCK, 23 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

The Toy of Toys!
ANCHOR BOXES
 Churches, Castles, Factories, Towers, Monuments, Bridges are beautifully built of Stone with the Celebrated One "Anchor Box" affords more entertainment for young and old than a dozen of the most expensive Toys.
 Prices range from 20c. to \$42.00 a box. None genuine without the trademark "Anchor"
Beware of Worthless Imitations!

Free superbly illustrated Catalogues on application to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.
 310 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Sale in:
 Chicago, Ill., at EDM. F. SCHWARZ & BROS.
 Chicago, Ill., - SCHMIDT TOY & WHEEL CO.
 Milwaukee, Wis. DELORME & QUENTIN CO.
 St. Paul, Min., DICKINSON'S.
 St. Louis, Mo., SCHWERDTMANN TOY CO.,
 Baltimore, Md., HENRY SCHWARZ.
 Buffalo, N. Y., S. O. BARNUM & SON.
 Cleveland, O., LEVY & STEARN,
 Cincinnati, O., KNOST BROS. & Co.
 and all other prominent Toy Dealers in the U. S. etc.

Also the "Anchor Puzzle" the Great Novelty - 20c.

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

BARNEY & BERRY
SKATES
CATALOGUE FREE.
 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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

THE GRANGER EVAPORATOR.
 Fruit & Vegetable
 For family use and small fruit growers. The Best and Cheapest in the market. Price, \$3.50, \$5.00 and \$10. Circulars Free.
EASTERN MFG. CO., 257 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

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

HYGIENISTS.

SUSANA W. DODDS, M.D.,
 MARY DODDS, M.D.

2826 Washington Avenue,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

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

It All Depends Upon Yourself



whether you pay in hard cash to the dealer or in a little easy work for us, for a Bicycle, Watch, Camera, etc. We have them for the Boys, Girls, Gentlemen and Ladies. Send

for our Extraordinary Proposition, by which everyone may earn one.

A Maine boy earned his Safety in 4 days; a New York girl in 10 days; and so they go.

Are you fond of books? You may "take your pick" from the catalogues of the leading publishers, without its costing you a cent. Write for "Home Library" Offers.



D. LOTHROP CO., Boston, Mass.

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

(Continued from page 71.)

"Mrs. O. A. B."—We cannot answer by private letter questions addressed to the "Correspondence Club."—If one does not care to wear conventional mourning for a sister, any all-black costume may be worn for about six months, after which the black lace dress you speak of could be worn. Of course, ceremonious calling is not practiced while one is in mourning.

"H. R."—Hyacinth, narcissus, tulip, and tuberose are the best bulbs for winter blooming. The soil for them should be composed of rich loam or leaf mold and sand, mixing in about one-third of the latter. Fill the pot about two-thirds with soil, then place the bulb in the center, and cover with earth so that the crown of the bulb will be one-half inch below the surface, and press the soil down gently, but firmly; then set in a dark place and do not water until they are about three inches high. Then water them and give them partial light until the leaves turn a dark green. As soon as this occurs, give them all the light you can. A shaded north window with an average temperature of sixty degrees is the best place for them.

"MARY I. G."—In the language of precious stones the topaz is the emblem of true friendship, and is the stone indicated for November.

"Mrs. W. F. F."—For a blonde girl of fifteen, tall and slender, a handsome church-dress would be of chocolate-colored "faced" cloth with vest of turquoise-blue cloth braided finely with black. Trim the plain skirt with three deep, straight bands, put on like flounces, of the cloth. For the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl of seventeen with rosy cheeks, a dress of dark green cloth trimmed with brown velvet and gilt cord would look well. It is not safe to say that these would be the prettiest dresses the girls could have, but certainly they would be very pretty; but the present fashions admit a wide range of choice in equally beautiful designs and fabrics. To be fashionable is not to follow blindly any one style, but to select that which is peculiarly suited to the individual.

"Mrs. A. C. S."—Braid is sometimes plaited around the bottom of dress skirts, but as that, and binding of braid also, wore out rapidly, it has been pretty generally given up. The foot of the foundation skirt now has a knife-plaiting about three inches wide attached to the edge, between the skirt and the facing, and this can be replaced when frayed out. The braid, however, is still used on outside skirts that are long enough to touch the ground on the sides and back. It is faced on flatly, its whole width resting on the wrong side of the skirt, even with the edge, affording much protection to delicate silks and wools. It is hemmed on the upper edge, then secured near the lower edge by "blind" stitches, and does not show on the right side.

"L. M. M."—The proper dress for a man whose wedding takes place in the morning is light trousers, and frock-coat and vest to match, of black or very dark-blue cloth. If the frock-coat is not liked, a single-breasted cutaway of fine plain goods may be worn. At an evening or very late afternoon wedding the bridegroom should wear a dress suit, with pearl-gray gloves, and white tie.

"T. W. C."—Not knowing your abilities it is difficult to tell you how you could earn a little "extra" money in the intervals of your home duties. You might work silk button-holes by hand at two cents apiece for your friends who make their own dresses, or you could do machine-stitching by the yard, if you own a machine. If you can write well, you might get copying to do from law offices. Retouching photographs may be done at home, but one needs instruction. If you are musical, you could take a few pupils at your own home; or if you can crochet, you could doubtless obtain work from manufacturers just before the holiday season.

(Continued on page 73.)

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES
 Sent on receipt of Money Order or Postal Note to any part of U. S.

Irish Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.
 Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, \$1.80 per doz.
 Ladies' Hemstitched, very fine, \$2.40 per doz.
 Gent's Bordered Handkerchiefs, \$1.50 per doz.
 Gent's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, \$1.80 per doz.
 Gent's Hemstitched, very fine, \$2.60 per doz.

Order sample, and see if you can match value in any city this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Samples also of Damask and Household Linens sent by mail.

Linen Handkerchiefs.

For our standing we refer you to Bradstreet's or Dun's Agency.

WELLINGTON & CO.,
 1004 Chestnut St., PHILA., PA.
 Mention this paper.

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

Normandie Plushes



Direct from the Mills.
 For HAT and DRESS TRIMMINGS.

SPECIAL MERIT for Painting, Embroidery, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Send 10c. for 30 good sized samples (no two colors same shade) and price list of remnant packages, and price list of remnant packages, and price list of remnant packages, and price list of remnant packages.

Price of samples deducted from first order amounting to \$1.00. Agents Wanted. Pleasant and profitable work.
CONTREXEVILLE MFG. CO. 273 Grant Ave. Manville, R.I.

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

THE ECONOMY OF FOOTWEAR,

An illustrated Pamphlet interesting to every one who wears shoes, sent free on receipt of name and address on postal card. Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

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

MUSIC SALE

To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, post-paid, 70 pieces full-sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. **Little Annie Rooney** and 600 songs, words and music, 30c. Satisfaction given or money refunded. 500 pieces of violin music 50c. L. L. Hathaway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

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

GENUINE FLAX FIBER-WARE

Water and Dairy Pails, Wash Basins, Pitchers, Milk Pans, Spittoons, Slop Jars, Mats, etc. Guaranteed. Light, durable. Plain and Decorated.

Always bears this Trade-Mark. Ask your dealer for it.

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

A CHARMING LADIES' PAPER SENT THREE MONTHS FREE!

THE LADIES' WORLD is one of the most attractive and valuable papers published for ladies and the family. Each issue comprises sixteen or more large four-column pages.

It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and its contents embrace high-class Fiction by the best American authors, the choicest Poetry, Artistic Needlework, Home-Decoration, Housekeeping, Mother's, Children's and Fashion Departments, "The Family Physician," and choice Miscellany. It publishes original matter only, and spares no expense to procure the best. Each issue is replete with practical hints and useful suggestions of the utmost value to every lady. In addition to the vast fund of entertaining reading provided. No intelligent household should be without it.

To introduce this charming paper into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we will send THE LADIES' WORLD to any lady Three Months on trial Free, who will send us Four Cents to pay for the postage and mailing. We charge you nothing for the paper; the four cents merely pays for the postage and mailing. Our liberal offer presents an opportunity whereby every lady may secure one of the most delightful periodicals published three months free. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., Publishers, No. 27 Park Place, New York.

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

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

Full Dress Suits

TO ORDER
From \$25 to \$40

Equal in fabric, style, workmanship, fit and finish, to \$75 and \$100 suits of leading houses.

Why this is possible:

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"FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST" No. 3, NOW READY.

A choice collection of short, pithy speeches by the most prominent writers and lecturers on the Prohibition of the liquor traffic. Word pictures by Dr. Talmage, gentle reasoning by Frances E. Willard, wise, witty truths by Rev. Sam P. Jones, convincing logic by A. B. Leonard, D.D.; and numerous other brilliant minds have contributed their very latest and best arguments. A book of 100 pages. Send 10 cts. for a copy. DEMAREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU, 10 East 14th Street, New York City.

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME, Crab-Apple Blossoms.



(Malus Coronaria.)

Chief among the scents of the season is Crab-Apple Blossoms, a delicate perfume of highest quality and fragrance.—London Court Journal.

It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab-Apple Blossoms, which is put up by The Crown Perfumery Co., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it.—New York Observer.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,

177 New Bond St., London. Sold Everywhere.

Prices: 1 oz., 75c.; 2 oz., \$1.25; 3 oz., \$1.75; 4 oz., \$2.25.

On receipt of either of the above sums, by Caswell Massey & Co., New York, or Melvin & Badger, or T. Metcalf & Co., Boston, or Geo. B. Evans, Phila., the size ordered will at once be sent post-paid to any address. On receipt of 12 cents in stamps, they will mail a Bijou trial bottle of this delicious perfume, post-paid. Annual sale over 200,000 bottles.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine Crab-Apple Blossoms perfume is never sold by the ounce, except in the Crown Stopped Bottles of the company as shown above. Refuse all substitutes.

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The Willer March, for the piano, by Director

CHR. BACH; 8 pages, worth \$1.00, free by mail upon receipt of 10 cents.

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Piano Primer. Endorsed by Dr. Mason, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Parsons and other great Pianists. 75c.

Dictionary of 2,500 Musical Terms 25c. Book of 516 Interludes, \$1.50. H. R. PALMER, Lock Box 2841, N. Y. City.

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(Continued from page 72.)

"MISS IGNORANCE."—When a young lady and her sister visit an entertainment escorted by the affianced of one of the ladies, and he presents an acquaintance to them, it would be all right for the lady to ask her intended to invite the stranger to accompany them on their ride home, if she wished.

"THEO."—A musician, according to Webster, is "one who sings or who performs on instruments of music according to the rules of the art." One may be a good musician without being a scientific musician; and we would call anyone who could produce good music, a musician.

"MRS. S. P."—Middle-aged ladies wear English walking-hats and boat-shaped hats of black felt, with a large double-looped bow of black velvet on the crown, a jet ornament in front, and a long ostrich-plume passing close along each side to meet in the back; or small black ostrich-tips curled outward all around the crown, and larger tips set high on one side, quite far back.

"AMÉE."—Several ladies whose social positions warrant them in creating fashions have recently gone to the altar as brides without gloves, but afterwards assumed them for their receptions. This plan is convenient, and pretty enough to be established as a permanent usage. It is often a little awkward to remove the glove, and the ugliness of having a ripped finger in the left-hand glove, for the ring, ought to have been apparent enough for a reform, ere this.

"NO SENSE."—The spots on the moon are the cause of some queer superstitions. The Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and a girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once caught up in her horns and carried off into the heavens,—a legend current also in Icelandic mythology. A German tale says that a man and a woman stand in the moon, the man because he strewed briars one Sunday morning in the church path, the woman for making butter on the same day. The Dutch have it that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon have a hare instead of a man in the moon, the hare having achieved that high honor by jumping into a fire to roast himself for the benefit of Buddha. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head, and a rabbit at her feet. An Australian legend says the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with someone else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since. Among the Esquimaux, the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. The Malays believe that the moon is a woman and the stars are her children; whereas in South America they cap this story by the assertion that the moon is a man and the sun is his wife.

"MINNIE B."—To regild frames it is necessary to take a sponge and some clean water and wash the frame well; then let it dry; procure some gold size, make some thin size from dry hide or parchment, mix enough warm with the gold size to enable you to work it in the frame with a camels'-hair brush; give it two coats; when dry, rub it over with a piece of fine sand-paper. It will then be ready for gilding. When the frame is covered, rest it on its edge to drain; when perfectly dry, dip a pencil into water, and wipe the gold over with it: it will take the particles of gold off, and make it appear solid. For any parts not covered, take bits of leaf with a dry pencil, and lay on as before; then give the whole a coat of clear parchment size, brush the back edges over with ochre, and the frame is then ready.

(Continued on page 75.)

Quality the Best!

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Chemistry, Toxicology, and Medical Jurisprudence,
Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York,
says:

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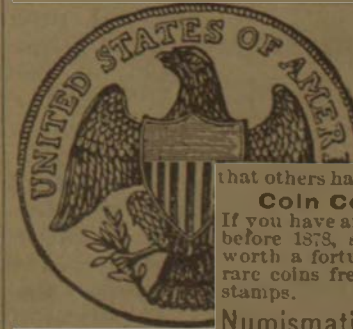
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PROHIBITION LOGIC.

LIBERTY, LAW, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.
PROHIBITION LOGIC.

*Facts and Arguments for Thinking Voters. Issued Weekly, by the
National Prohibition Committee, 32 E. 14th St., N. Y.*

Yearly Subscription, 10c. **NEW YORK, NOV. 26, 1889.** Vol. I.—No. 9.
Furnished at 5c. per 100, 25c. per 1,000, or 5,000 for \$1.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

POLITICAL PROHIBITION OUR COUNTRY'S ONLY SALVATION.

These are specimen pages of two leaflets which are furnished at the low price of 5 cents per 100, 25 cents per 1000, and 5000 for \$1, and sent post free.

If you wish to serve your country most effectively and promote the cause that promises to destroy this monster crime, the liquor traffic, do not fail to send for some of these logical and convenient tracts for general distribution, for circulation in your particular neighborhood, and, if possible, to send to your friends everywhere.

There are now published ten different tracts on the various phases of Prohibition. 100, or 10 of each kind, will be sent post free on receipt of 5 cents.

Do not fail to supply yourself with these arguments to arouse and stimulate the activity of the apathetic, and fire the zeal of the friends of Prohibition in their warfare on the liquor traffic, the greatest curse that ever was allowed to exist in a civilized community.

Now is the time for action! Our country's best interests demand some sacrifice to save it from an impending deluge of crime and anarchy.

The great curse of our country is the liquor traffic. To make Prohibition of this traffic a grand success, a new, active, and effective political organization must come to the front and finally predominate. It must be a combination of the best elements in society; a combination of patriotic, conscientious voters, forming a party of moral ideas, who will rise above old party prejudices; a party that will make a determined effort to destroy the liquor traffic through the exercise of their political rights at the ballot-box.

The people must awaken to a consciousness of the injurious, insidious, and desperate nature of the liquor traffic and the maelstrom of destruction that threatens to engulf our civilization, if not averted by a moral revolution; and this revolution, to be successful, must utterly outlaw the manufacture, sale, and importation of this alluring poison of alcohol as a beverage.

The people's votes for Prohibition must be the bombs to fire and destroy the camp of the enemy. In this war on the liquor traffic, anything short of Prohibition votes, whether it be high license, non-partisan or regulation fallacies, will be only Quaker guns or blank cartridges, which will utterly fail to disturb the traffic in its entrenched political position.

The liquor dealers can afford to laugh and sneer at any puerile efforts of non-partisan, moral suasion only, or the delusive strategy of high or low license, which is so insidiously used to catch the modern credulous imbeciles of moral reform, or musty, delinquent church-members. These are the do-nothing drones, especially in their political duties, who are too timid or too lazy, or, worse still, so confirmed in their old party prejudices that they require a moral

LIBERTY, LAW, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

PROHIBITION LOGIC.

*Facts and Arguments for Thinking Voters. Issued Weekly, by the
National Prohibition Committee, 32 E. 14th St., N. Y.*

Yearly Subscription, 10c. **NEW YORK, DEC. 8, 1889.** Vol. I.—No. 10.
Furnished at 5c. per 100, 25c. per 1,000, or 5,000 for \$1.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SANCTION OF ALCOHOL POISONING.

The Monster Crime and Danger of Our Country.

This is an age of activity, with progressive strides in intellectual as well as mechanical development; and these are grand themes for national congratulation.

But what the people most need is a new resurrection or crystallization of moral sentiment, applied to the great overshadowing evil and curse of the liquor traffic; and we must have this dominant sway of Prohibition in order to reap the full benefits of our national progress, and as not only desirable, but absolutely essential for the security, health, happiness, and welfare of the people.

It is marvelous in the extreme to see that intelligent men, who manifest such a profound interest in a World's Fair for developing material interests and works of high art, with numerous educational facilities that are so very popular in both science and literature, should be so oblivious to the awful crimes and misery caused by the liquor traffic! After so much has been said and done to show the poisonous character and terrible results of alcohol as a beverage, that otherwise conscientious and Christian people should be so apathetic, and not stand amazed when they see such blind subserviency to the criminal tendencies of the times, in allowing that the traffic in this alluring, insidious, acrid poison of alcohol, which has so clearly proved itself to be the worst foe to our homes and most dangerous enemy to the community, should be pampered and dignified as a legitimate business, is astounding.

That men having any standing in society, or self-respect, should allow such an ignominious prostitution of their influence, by endorsing this piratical traffic, even by their silence, is despicable beyond expression!

earthquake to startle or shame them into activity. But even these delinquents must be aroused by the demand for a political revolution to save the country.

The logic of events is now concentrating and clearly foreshadows the destruction of this monster enemy of our country, by political action; the uprising of moral sentiment in favor of Prohibition is in the air. This grand development of heroic determination, that is coming to the front with all the force of a new revelation, will eventually sweep through the country like a mighty tornado, awakening those sleepy Christians and fossilized patriots, who will then certainly and readily combine their votes for Prohibition; and this grand movement will also include all the intelligent, conscientious voters who love their homes and country, who will create a grand political cyclone to culminate in such a glorious victory for Prohibition as will excel all previous revolutions of a moral character.

This victory for Prohibition is coming, and is now echoing its jubilant notes over our Western Dakotas, Kansas, and Iowa, and will soon be reverberating, over the hills and valleys of our Southern States,—a victory to be achieved over this monster of crime, that will bring joy and rejoicing to our whole country, and be followed with a bright and radiant future for every department of our financial, educational, moral, social, and Christian civilization.

An active faith in the final triumph of truth and justice proclaims Prohibition to be the acme of our moral and Christian duty as citizens. Will *you* as a voter be found on the right side, in the defence of your home and country? Will *your* vote count against this piratical enemy? Will *your* vote help to stem this tide of moral degradation that is now deluging the country with crime and pauperism?

Will *your* personal vote be echoed in the grand triumph for Prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is, without a question, the greatest curse that ever darkened the pages of history? Our political action on this question is imperative.

Your country's honor and destiny await *your* answer.

"Onward, voters! hope is blooming,
Dawns the day of ruin's death;
Sunlight breaking, lifts the glooming,
Tardy statesmen, hold your breath!"

No. 9.

THE INFAMY OF A LICENSE.

Political Prohibition the Only Remedy.

The greatest outrage and stigma on the intelligence and common sense of the people is to have the sale of these horrible concoctions of alcoholic liquors sanctioned by an internal revenue license, filtered through an infernal avenue of bribery, to corrupt politics and destroy the moral sense.

To overcome and remedy this awful moral debasement, every true, loyal, and patriotic citizen must combine his vote and influence against this monster evil, to entitle him to any just claim to moral character; and this *must* be done to save our homes and our country from a holocaust of crime, anarchy, and pauperism, that threatens to engulf our whole civilization.

To meet this question, where only we can do it effectively, to outlaw and destroy this pernicious traffic, "Entire Prohibition" must become the watchword and rallying cry of the people, in the exercise of their political rights at the ballot-box; and no non-partisan nonsense or subtle compromises should be tolerated in our efforts to vote the liquor traffic out of its legal existence.

"Prohibition" must become our national motto. The aspirations and heroic determination of the people should be Prohibition, first, last, and always! Our votes for Prohibition will be the most effective and potent weapons to secure the proper, final, and righteous settlement of this great question.

The home, and the best interests of the people demand the prohibition of the liquor traffic, because it is at the present time the greatest curse and monster enemy of our country; and on account of the dangerous and insidious character of the traffic, every department of our social, political, and religious interests is in jeopardy, awaiting the moral uprising that is indispensable to save our country from destruction.

"Truth is mighty, wrong expiring,
Onward! there is no retreat.
Millions to the right aspiring,
God and angels all admiring,
Faith in victory complete."

No. 10.

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.

7 BIRD MANNA
 The Great Secret of the Hartz Mountain, Ger. will restore the song of vent their ailments and condition. It makes canari shedding feathers. Sent by 15c. Sold by all druggists. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d

the Canary Breeders of many. Bird Manna Cage Birds, will prevent keep them in good feeding, even while mail on receipt of Bird Book free. St., Phila. Pa.



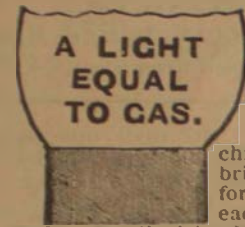
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Everlasting Wick Requires no trimming, as it will never burn out. Nothing but the oil burns, as the wick is "Mineral Wool," which cannot burn, and no black smoke or soot to discolor the chimney, &c. Gives a white, clear, brilliant light. Agents can make fortunes with it. Retail price, 10c. each. We will send 3 sample wicks for 10c. Small wicks, 20c. a doz., \$2.25 a gross. Medium 25c. per doz., \$2.75 a gross. Large, 30c. a doz., \$3.25 a gross. 1 Gross, assorted sizes, \$2.75. All postpaid. Address, F. O. WEHOSKEY, Providence, R. I.

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Satin & Plush Remnants for Crazy Patch a large package pretty pieces, assorted colors 10c., 3 pkg. 25c. A large pkg. all colors Embroidery Silk 20c. Tissue Paper Flower Book 10c. Ladies' Art Co., Box 584 Q, St. Louis, Mo

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PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.

To lady sufferers—No Breaking in. Fine, soft, undressed Kid Seamless Shoes. Fit like a glove. Buttons, \$3.00; Lace, \$2.50; Spring sides, \$2.00. Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns, or invalid feet at Sight. F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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(Continued from page 73.)

"ALICE GRANT H."—Indelible ink is used in etching on handkerchiefs. The work is sometimes done with a stencil and brush, but usually with a fine pen.—The novelist Margaret Lee is well-known. Her works treat very openly of social questions, and are very powerfully written.

"MINA W."—The prettiest theatre-bonnets are tiny capotes of velvet covered with lace. For instance, pale yellow under black lace, crimson under white, and blue or green with gold or cream laces. A spangled aigrette set in front is the only trimming.

"T. S. P."—To transfer a lithograph or printed picture of any kind to glass, so that it will be visible from both sides, give the warmed glass an even coating of Canada balsam or varnish; place the face of the print on the surface thus prepared, when the varnish is partly dry, but still tacky; smooth it out and let it stand in a cool place until the varnish sets; then apply water, and with a soft piece of India-rubber or the finger-tips rub off the paper so as to leave the image on the varnished glass.

"J. L."—Stuttering is a purely nervous difficulty. The vocal muscles are able to do perfect work, but, from deficient innervation, the mind cannot command them fully, and the trouble of speech commences, and soon the habit is formed, and generally grows worse and worse. The mind fears that the words will fail, and as the result they do fail. If the fear could be removed, the trouble would in large part cease. A cure can be accomplished in no way but by the persistent and determined effort of the sufferer himself. Others can accomplish little for him. If his attention and his fear can be removed from the muscles of his throat while speaking, if he can forget that any trouble is there, he will soon improve in his power. This is the one line in which his efforts must be made, and with persistent patience it can be successful.

"EDNA WEST."—The yellow stains upon lace which has been laid away may be removed by laying the lace on a hot iron covered with several folds of linen, then moistening the stain with oxalic acid, and at once placing the lace in lukewarm water. For stains on table-linen, first make the following bleaching liquid: Dissolve in three quarts of boiling water one quarter of a pound of chloride of lime and one quarter of a pound of common soda, in an earthenware vessel. Strain it thoroughly through a cloth, and put it away in bottles for use. To take stains out of three or four tablecloths, pour one pint of this mixture into a bowl, and have a second bowl at hand filled with boiling soapy water; dip the stains for a few seconds into the bleaching liquid until they disappear, and rinse immediately in the soapy water; then send the tablecloth at once to the laundress.

"E. B. C."—The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms on a background of maidenhair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides; but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. The custom of using orange-blossoms at bridals has been traced to the Saracens, among whom the orange-blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange-tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.

(Continued on page 76.)

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART.

This work is growing in popularity. The French Transfer Designs can be used on Silk, Satin or other Fabrics, Plaques, Panels, Vases, Toilet Sets, Lamp Shades, etc. Any one can become an expert in the Art. In many respects it is superior to hand-painting. Never fails to give satisfaction. Full directions and complete outfit, which contains Varnish, Brushes, Roller, and an assortment of Pictures, mailed on receipt of \$1.00.

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WANTED in each locality, a Lady to do writing, obtain names, address circulars, manage congenial homework, good pay.

Send stamp for 32 pp. brochure teaching our NEW ART. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Perfumers, Port Huron, Mich. 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.

FALL FASHIONS.

It is now an assured fact that velvets are the most fashionable fabric for Fall and Winter, 1891.

The "Elberon" Velvets can be bought in its good qualities (equal to Lyon Silk Velvet in appearance) at 75c., 87½c., \$1.00 per yard in black and all Paris colorings.

The "Lion+E" Silk Velvets (pronounced by experts the superior silk velvet), can be purchased at all first-class stores at \$1.25 to \$3.00 per yard in all shades and black.

CAUTION.—The "Elberon" bears Trade Mark on back of goods of every second yard.

The "Lion+E" bears Trade Mark on selvage of every second yard.

If your dealer cannot supply you, take no other. Write agents, 40A Greene St., New York.

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(Continued from page 75.)

"EVA H."—The duties of a bridesmaid are to attend the bride to church and at the reception after the first half-hour or so, to see that the guests are entertained by conversation, whether they have been presented to them or not, making themselves generally agreeable, it not being good manners for bridesmaids to devote themselves to special persons whom they happen to prefer. A day or two after the wedding bridesmaids should call upon the mother of the bride, when distance makes this possible.

"MRS. A. C."—It is not always easy to decide without knowing the circumstances of a person, whether he or she is economical or not. Some economies are really unwise. For instance, there are two kinds of economy which are not to be recommended: one is, buying what you do not want, because it is cheap; and the other is, going without what you do want, because it is dear. Of the latter false economy Solomon said: "There is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

"E. B. D."—It is a trial to occupy the same bed with a child of kicking propensities, as often happens when one is traveling or visiting. But there is a way to protect oneself against this form of discomfort, and we advise you to try it with your irrepressible little girl. Above the regular sheet spread a second narrow one, transversely, reaching only up to the pillows, and after depositing the child on the side of the bed which it is to occupy, fold this narrow sheet over its body until the edges meet, and then pin down the edges with safety pins to the mattress. This forms a loose receptacle in which the little one can kick about to its heart's content, without interfering with its mother's rest.

"Mrs. W."—To detect the presence of sewer gas, saturate unglazed paper with a solution of one ounce of pure lead acetate in half a pint of rain-water, let it partially dry, then expose in the room suspected of containing sewer gas. The presence of the latter in any considerable quantity soon darkens or blackens the test paper.

"A. C. F."—The oldest house in New York City stands at the southeast corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, but has been renovated in such a manner that its ancient owners would not recognize it. Originally built in the early part of the last century, as the town residence of Etienne De Lancy, it was a tavern before the Revolutionary War broke out, and was famous for its coffee-room and for its landlord, Sam Fraunce, or "Black Sam," as he was familiarly called. At the time of the Stamp Act outbreak a cannon ball from the British war-ship Asia, then lying off the Battery, was imbedded in its walls. To the patriot its "long room" is the most sacred spot in New York, for there General Washington took leave of the officers who had fought by his side in the war for independence. A saloon and a shoemaker's shop occupy the ground floor, and a sign at the Pearl Street entrance bears the legend, "Furnished rooms to let."

"LEARNER."—A *scherzo* is a quick gay movement in music; a *rondo* is a description of piece that rambles around to the phrase it began with. There are five separate forms of this kind of piece, for descriptions of which you can consult Dr. Marx's "Theory of Music," Vol. III.

"CHARLES H."—To polish agates for specimens: Grind the surface upon a true grindstone until you get a fair, smooth surface. Then rub on a sole-leather strap nailed to a board; wet the leather with water, and apply erocous or rouge. The polishing must be done wet, to give a fine gloss.

"LIONNE."—To clean your steel beads, lay them for several hours in oil, then wipe and polish with chamois.

"A. B. C."—The capital of South Dakota is Pierre.

(Continued on page 77.)

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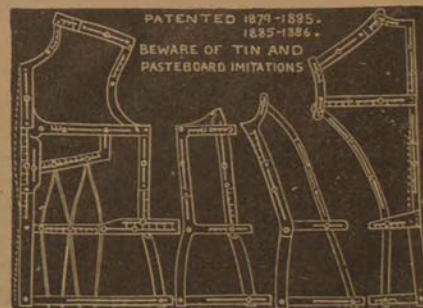
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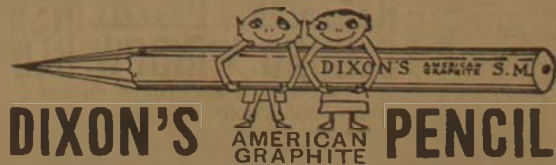
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Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 76.)

"M. J. F."—There is not much change in the styles of shoes. The Louis Quinze half-heel is more often seen on dress shoes than the flat heel. The shoe of patent leather, more or less low, with openwork black silk stocking, is the most elegant of footwear for the house.

"GOLDEN G."—Stenopaic spectacles have an oval metal plate with a small central aperture. The word by which they are described, stenopaic, is an adjective, and comes from two Greek words meaning "narrow" and "an opening." It therefore signifies "a narrow opening."

"LOUISE B."—Round waists are the favorite corsages worn at present. They are either belted or curved to taper with the waist. Pointed Swiss belts of leather are worn with them, often accompanied by small reticules of leather to hold the handkerchief. Striped, plaited, and plain soft silks are used for these waists.

"S. PRISCILLA."—You would do well to withdraw your friendship from the one who so cruelly persuaded you to tell your secret and then immediately betrayed your confidence. The robber may possess generosity, the murderer display rare qualities; but the false betrayer of implicit confidence has no character above contracted littleness.

"DORA V."—The lines you quote:

"On the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from up-
land, glade, and glen."

is from William Cullen Bryant's exquisite poem "The Death of the Flowers."

"E. H."—The hard wood floors are easily stained and oiled, but it is a much more difficult matter to successfully treat a floor of ordinary make without considerable expense. It may be covered with a second parquet floor, which is expensive, or with a thinner, less expensive, layer of "wood carpeting," which costs about twenty-five cents a square foot, laid. The simplest and cheapest method of treating an ordinary floor is to have it smoothed down by a carpenter, the cracks filled in with putty, and then painted.

"MILLIE W."—The French expression *fin de siècle*, means "end of the century," and is applied to almost anything of the latest modernity, so to speak. Thus there are *fin de siècle* brocades, skirts, coats, and so on, and anyone who is especially ahead in the appreciation of all that makes the latter part of our century unique is termed *fin de siècle*.

"MRS. EDWARD M."—A parlor "grand" piano should be placed with its longest side next the wall. A fitted cover is seldom seen on such pianos. Any large piece of embroidery is suitable for throwing over the top. The handsomest thing for this purpose is a Japanese table-spread embroidered with gold thread and having gilt tassels on the corners.

"MARY Y. W."—If you are an adept at "arranging ribbons," now is your time to dress prettily at little expense. Almost any dress can be adorned with ribbons to good advantage. Upon dress-waists they can be arranged in bretelles, epaulettes, outlining corselets or little Spanish jackets, or simply put in bows, loops, rosettes, and floating ends. Nothing that is novel and pretty is out of order in their arrangement as a garniture.

"Mrs. J. L. P."—A good mixture for cleaning grease-spots is equal parts of strong ammonia solution, ether, and alcohol. Pass a piece of blotting-paper under the grease-spot, moisten a sponge first with water, to render it "greedy," then with the mixture, and rub the spot with it. In a moment it is dissolved, saponified, and absorbed by the sponge and blotter.

(Continued on page 78.)

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King Henry VI.

The Portraits of
Healthy Infants
Sent by
Thankful Parents
Offer
Irrefutable Evidence
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MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

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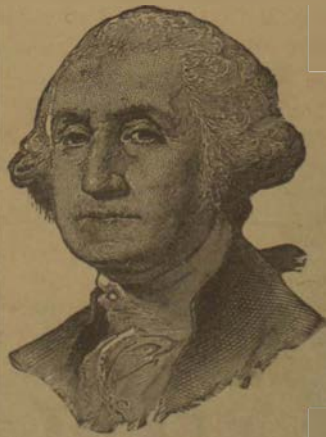
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WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR
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They are made from LONG STAPLE COTTON.

Double Carded And Double Roved and because

Their Linings never allow dresses to part at the Seams

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SILK SPONGE 40 inches wide, \$1.10 per yard.

Cuts to great advantage for silk underwear for men and women. Five yards enough for two suits. Those contemplating the adoption of silk sponge underwear are respectfully urged to place their orders now. Remit by P. O. order. Richard's Patterns for Union Suits, 25c.

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(Continued from page 77.)

"ADELAIDE S."—The expression "Patience which is almost power" occurs in Mrs. Browning's poem "Aurora Leigh," and will be found in Book III., line 105.

"D. F."—For a white liquid for stamping with perforated paper patterns on dark goods, use white lead mixed with dry gum-arabic powder, which goes through the perforations and is attached to the material by pressing with a hot iron.

"PEARL B."—The most dressy coiffure is now the coiffure à la Grecque, more or less decorated with aigrettes, turbans, or bandeaux. Married ladies wear feathers and jeweled ornaments in profusion, but not many flowers are seen in the fashionable coiffures of the season.

"G. R. F."—To remove the ink-stains, dip the page in a strong solution of oxalic acid, then in a solution of one part hydrochloric acid and six parts of water, after which bathe in cold water and allow it to dry slowly.—Vellum covers which require cleaning may be made almost equal to new by washing with weak salts of lemon, or, if not much soiled, with warm soap and water. Grease may be removed from the covers of bound books by scraping a little pipe clay, French chalk, or magnesia, over the place, and then ironing with an iron not too hot, else it will discolor the leather.

"PRISSY C."—A merry entertainment for children is to hunt pieces of candy hidden away in one or two rooms where they are allowed to search for them. Hide away one hundred small pieces of candy, each wrapped in paper, and set the little ones on a hunt. To the one who finds the most give a prize of a pretty box of candy tied with ribbons.

"Mrs. C. M."—If the door creaks and you can't get oil, and can get a soft lead pencil, rub the point into all the crevices of the hinges and the creaking will cease. Even if you can get oil the black lead is neater.

"RESPECTER."—A "white lie" is nevertheless a lie, and anyone who permits himself "a little harmless prevarication" will soon find that his conscience will become sufficiently elastic to admit of a cream-colored lie, and so on through the various shades until some day he will surprise his best friends by being detected in a black, a very black, lie. Vanity is a good suggester of lies, but as the really desired object is a good reputation, even the vainest will find truth the best means to such an end. As bluff Hotspur recommends, "while you live tell truth and shame the devil," and you certainly will avoid many humiliating explanations, if nothing else.

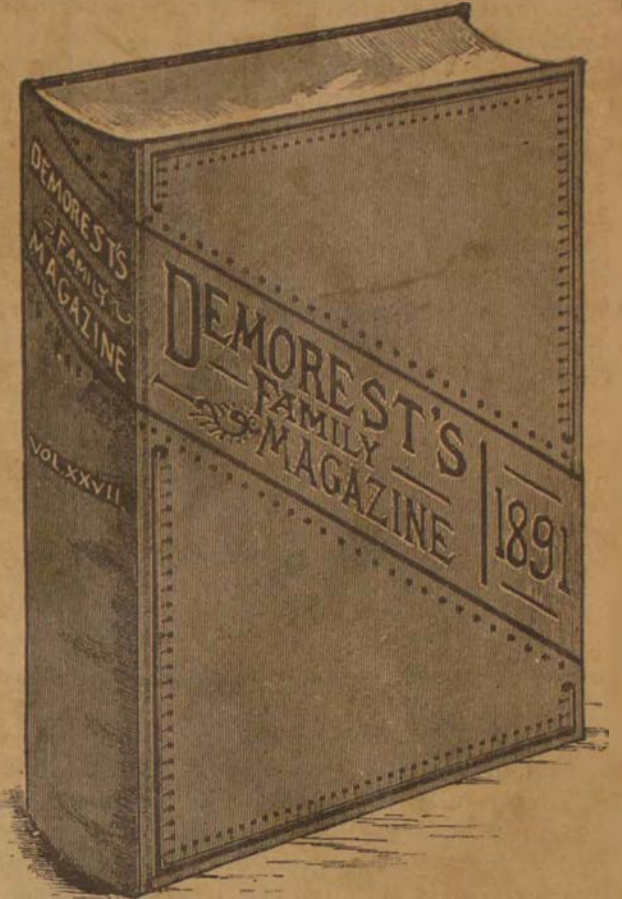
(Continued on page 79.)

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 \$12 Buys a \$66.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents' profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT CHICAGO, ILL.

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