

## QUEEN OF THE MERMAIDS.

BY PAISIE.

The long pleasant summer was drawing to a close; already the winds were becoming raw and chilly, and the pleasure seekers who had spent their vacation months enjoying the cool sea breezes had returned to their city homes, leaving the shore bare and deserted. Little Annette thought with a sigh of the long, cold winter which would follow, and wished that her fretful, fault-finding aunt were more kind and loving, or that when her dear mamma died she had been sent to some less desolate place than this humble home on the shore of the great ocean.

As the little girl wandered on the forsaken beach where many times she had watched with such pleasure the sports of happy children, she spied sitting on a rock not far off the beautiful figure of a woman. Her long golden hair fell like sunshine about her neck and shoulders, and with her white hands clasped around her knees she looked dreamily off over the water. For a few moments Annette gazed with astonishment; then advancing slowly she stood before the lovely image, which said: "How came you on this lonely shore? Have you wandered from home, and are you not able to find your way back?"

"Oh, I am not lost," answered Annette, "my home is near by. And do you also live here?"

The lady smiled and replied: "Then you do not know me: I am the queen of the mermaids, and have my palace far beneath the waters. But in the evenings, when the summer visitors are gone, I come to this shore to see the beauties of the sunset."

Having thus spoken she arose and was about to take her departure, when Annette cried: "Oh, please do not go. You are so beautiful; and I am very lonely on this dull shore. Could I not go with you to your palace under the water? I should serve you so faithfully and true."

"You know not what you ask," said the mermaid; "my people are not like yours. They live only for enjoyment; and often in their pursuit after pleasure, are selfish and cruel. They punish severely any violation of faith made to them; and always resent to the utmost any injury."

"Try me, fair lady," said Annette; "take me with you; you will find me faithful and obedient, and I shall soon win the love of your subjects."

"Come, then," said the mermaid, "and do not forget that you come by your own choice."

Loosing a golden girdle from her dress, she gave it to her, saying, "Put on this that you may be known as one of my people. With it you will have power to live under the water and to go where you will. But you must never mount to the surface of the water, nor betray to mankind the secrets of the sea."

Trusting Annette placed her hand in that of the Mermaid's and with her approached the waves. When they reached the water the setting sun had made a shining path which led down, down, far from the sandy shore even to the bottom of the sea. There, instead of finding darkness and gloom as Annette had feared, it was bright and warm, and the sun shone just the same as on the shore.

"Now you are in my kingdom," said the mermaid, "and henceforth this shall be your home."

Annette looked about with sparkling eyes, and thought she would never wish to leave this charming spot. In the distance appeared a grove of large trees, whose wide spreading branches bore leaves of many colors.

"That is my coral park," said the mermaid, noting the direction of Annette's glance; "and in the midst stands my palace, whose crystal walls you can see gleaming through the trees."

At that moment hundreds of fairy creatures appeared bowing before their Queen, and bidding her companion welcome.

"These are a few of my subjects," said the mermaid; "and so long as you are faithful to me, they will obey all your commands, and will neglect none of your wishes."

The wonders of a mermaid's realm did not end with a crystal palace and a coral park; there were palm groves, brilliant colored flowers, and innumerable shells with their dainty tints. But to Annette, the most beautiful of all was, when, as the sun was sinking and the shadows of the coral trees began to lengthen, the Queen would bring her golden harp, and sing of the treasures of the sea until the moon arose and the stars danced merrily on the waves.

One day, while wandering through the grove, Annette discovered a narrow path which until then had been unknown to her. Following its intricate windings, she came to a wide space grown over with sea weeds and water lilies, and among the flowers and



FIG. 46.—No. 4689.—GIRL'S DRESS. PRICE 29 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 3 years, 4½ yards; 4 years, 4½ yards; 5 years, 4½ yards; 6 years, 4½ yards; 7 years, 5½ yards; 8 years, 5½ yards; 9 years, 5½ yards; 10 years, 5½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 2½ yards; 4 years, 2½ yards; 5 years, 2½ yards; 6 years, 2½ yards; 7 years, 2½ yards; 8 years, 2½ yards; 9 years, 2½ yards; 10 years, 2½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 2½ yards of 42-inch material, ½ of a yard of 18-inch velvet, and 4½ yards of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

Dress Pattern No. 4689, price 20 cents, on this little tot is suitably made of challie China silk, crepon, etc., with a trimming of piece and ribbon velvet, the latter answering for three bands from the side seams tied in front, and the former for the neck revers, cuffs, and V-shaped vest. The round waist has the fullness laid in tiny pleats at the centre of the waist-line, back and front. The full skirt is gathered to the waist, and the short sleeves are fitted, top and bottom. Pattern No. 4563, price 15 cents, furnishes the guimpe, which is a yoke of tucks and insertion, with a neck-frill, shirt-sleeves, and frilled wristbands, fastening around the waist with drawing-strings to keep it smooth when the dress is put on.

her way to the palace, and had gone but a short distance when she saw the mermaid advancing with an angry countenance.

"Have you been to the surface of the water?" she asked, "and have you betrayed my secrets?"

When Annette had confessed all, the Queen said: "You can no longer remain with us. Return to me the girdle."

Annette, forgetting that only while possessing the girdle she could live under the water, did as she was commanded. Then the waves which before had been so warm and gentle, now became cold and rough, and beating fiercely about the little girl, carried her above, where they tossed her so rudely that she feared she would be dashed to pieces. The mermaids glided about her laughing scornfully, taunting her with bitter words. Just as she was sinking for the last time, and the water nymphs were about to carry her lifeless body below, the old man, who had watched the struggles of the child, now advancing in his boat, rescued her, and carried her to his home, where she was the comfort and joy of his old age.

It is a luxury far off, desirable but unattainable, so says the practical mind; but not so. This luxury of the ancients can be obtained by the nineteenth century maiden at a cost second to nothing. The bath of roses can be made as follows: The warm water, in quantity amounting to the usual requirement of the bath, is first softened by stirring into the tub finely sifted oatmeal, into which also is added half a pint of glycerine; lastly put into it two drops of attar of roses. If the massage treatment be available, use it by all means; if not, let a coarse towel and hard rubbing serve the purpose of the massage system. This bath is simply fine, as it softens the skin and blends perfume into each line of the body. After all, to obtain it is a simple thing, too, the two drops of the attar of roses being the greatest expense of all.

## SOME TESTED RECIPES.

**CORN CAKES.**—Three eggs, beaten separately, whites and yolks, a quart of grated or canned corn, four pounded crackers, a little flour, and salt to taste; beat well and drop into a hot skillet greased with butter and drippings. When brown on one side turn to the other. Serve hot.

**CANDIED CHERRIES.**—Boil seeded cherries in a syrup of one cup of water one pound of sugar, till tender. Let stand in the syrup two days. Remove, drain, separate the cherries and sprinkle thick with sugar. Dry on plates in the sun.

**CANNED TOMATOES (whole).**—Select small, smooth, sound tomatoes. Pack them without peeling into wide-mouthed jars, fill the jars with cold water, and finish precisely the same as lima beans, boiling only thirty minutes. Be sure that the cans are filled to overflowing with boiling water before screwing on the tops.

**ITALIAN CREAM.**—In a cup of cold milk soak for half an hour one-third of a box of gelatine; put a quart of milk into the farina kettle, and when boiling stir in the well-beaten yolks of eight eggs, a cup and a half of sugar, and the gelatine; remove from the fire when it begins to thicken and mix with it the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Flavor to taste, pour into molds and set away to cool.

**CUP PUFFS.**—One-half cup white sugar, one-half cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, a pinch of salt. Flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Butter six teacups and put a spoonful of batter in each, then a little fresh fruit, and fill up half full of batter. Berries are nice, but apples sliced thin are better. Steam an hour in a steamer over a pot of water. They come out of the cups perfect puff balls, light, spongy and digestible. Serve with plenty of wine sauce.

**NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.**—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-colored fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the coloring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mold, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mold, cut the colored jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base—*Good Housekeeping*.

**ICES AND ICE-CREAM.**—This is the season when coolness, external and internal, is sought; and a great deal of it is bought, when the homewife, at much less expense, could with slight labor, and that a labor of delight, prepare for her table a much superior article. It is, of course, necessary to have the best of materials, and to exercise exactness and care in preparation—which is equivalent to saying that the work must be done by her own hands or under her immediate direction. Here are a few formulas which will be found delicious:

**RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM.**—Half a pound of powdered sugar and six egg-yolks. Mix well with a spatula for ten minutes, then add one pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole in a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and with the spatula, stir gently at the bottom until well heated, but it must not boil. Take from the fire, set it on the table, then immediately add a pint of sweet cream, mixing again for two minutes. Add half a pint of well-picked and clean raspberries. Mix well with the spatula for two minutes. Then strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, pressing the raspberries through with a wooden spoon. Remove the sieve, cover the freezer and freeze.

**PEACH ICE-CREAM.**—Half a pound of powdered sugar with six egg-yolks, then mix well with a spatula for ten minutes. Add a pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole into a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and heat it thoroughly, stirring it continually, but not letting it boil. Remove, lay it on the table and mix in, immediately, one pint of sweet cream; then leave it to cool for 30 minutes. Have six ripe, fine, sound peaches, wipe them nicely, cut them in two, remove the stones, then mash into the cream, mixing thoroughly for three minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into a freezer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon; then freeze.