

## A WILD NIGHT-RIDE.

At nine o'clock on September evening in '78 I took the coach which left Custer City or Custer Village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty log structures—to go to Sidney, Nebraska. A coach, I suppose it should be called, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat on the same level as the passengers' seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply-store at the new town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the "hack," discovered to me two passengers within as I entered and took my seat. One was an old gentleman, apparently weak and ill, for although it was not a cold night, he was muffled in a coarse, heavy ulster overcoat. Moreover, so much of his face as I could see between a gray beard which almost covered it and the rim of a slouch hat was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least, so it struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly dandified in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and stand-up collar encircled by a neat tie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom-made, which was an unusual "get-up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine, and placed it between my knees.

"I see you didn't have no gun," said he, "an' I keep a couple of extras on sech."

That was all. No farther explanation was necessary in those days.

I took charge of the weapon, although I was a little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith and Wesson in my hip-pocket, which, indeed, I had never yet discharged.

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with the gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the peaceful and unarmed citizen; but a stage-ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped" by road agents, as the phrase went, the freebooters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat, without noticing me, twirling a slight mustache and humming a tune. "A fresh gamester, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver no doubt regarded him as out of the fight in any event.

As we rolled on up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been ill with mountain-fever, and after ward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the East. He spoke freely, and in the careless English of Western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Neh Yawk," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but that was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowing over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner, took such momentary cat-naps as the nature of the road permitted. At eleven o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was exchanged for fresh horses.

I peeped out, and got a glimpse of the team, of two men with a lantern, of a low structure of sod or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine-covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the swaying "flap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and I settled back in my corner, as my companion had done, to get a little solid sleep if possible. I dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the growling of the old man beside me. He seemed to be in great pain, and writhed about nervously. I asked him what was the trouble. He replied that the rheumatism in his legs was nearly killing him.

"I wish the driver'd let me out when we get 't' the nex' crick. He'll water likely, 'n' I've just got 't' stretch my legs or die. Ye see I'm troubled with cramp rheumatism, an' the 'sint no room in hyer 't' git the cramp out-o' my legs."

I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bank of a stream—White River, I believe. I thrust my head out at the side, and asked that the old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right!" said the driver, as he elbowed down from his own seat. "I'm goin' ter oncheck 'n' let the hosses take a pull at th' drink."

I then helped the old man to dismount, steadying him by the arm as he got down. He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap swung to after him, as I had unbuttoned it all around to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eyeing me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes probably responded when they fell upon him, for he straightened up in an alert fashion, and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old chap's all right? Strikes me that growning of his was put on. What d'ye think?" The question startled me no less than the young fellow's manner, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had startled our team, and we went down the bank and into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a front rib of the hack with the other. Then he leaned out and glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were going at a gallop,—they were animals which needed no urging,—kept to the road, and the cool-headed young fellow was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting onto their horses. They've killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long-lashed whip, which lay in the box, and dropping upon his knees began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me; "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defence or action on my own account.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out, on my knees before the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed. It was light enough to distinguish objects dimly at a hundred yards, and there were at least five horsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, but made awkward business of it. Presently I got a shell stuck, and began trying to get it out. In the meantime our pursuers were gaining with every second.

They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the hack went out, and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at them! Load the guns for me, 'n' let the team go. We might's well smash as we riddled by bullets. Here; here's two boxes of cartridges!"

I dropped back to the other seat and gave place to him. He threw his carbine over the back of the hind seat and began firing.

Crack! crack! crack! It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun, his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back at me.

Loading was awkward business at first, as I had to feel for the feeder, but I managed soon to thrust them into my gun as fast as he could work the lever of his own. The men, whoever and whatever they were, rode up to within twenty-five or thirty yards, and spreading out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade, as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpses, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horse-man with shadowy, outstretched arms, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right!" rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch, and darn't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, too. I remember the road."

Sure enough, the men had dropped back, and the shots had ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in some way got into the front seat of the jumping coach. A moment later I noticed that we were slowing up and running more steadily. Five minutes more and we halted, what was left of us, safe and sound in front of a stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged and a fresh driver, doubly armed, put with us. Such little accidents did not stop stages in those parts.

There was no danger, they told us, from that same gang. The three men who were left promised to go immediately and look after our other driver.

It was only the darkness and the motion of the vehicle and horses that had saved us from being hit. We found several bullet marks about the coach next morning; one of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and must have passed directly between us. My respect for my young comrade was greatly raised by the events of that night, and was further increased by an after acquaintance which discovered his modesty and worth.

On my return to the "Hills," I learned that our driver had been picked up at the crossing of the creek, badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to 't' team to go the very second he was hit. He had been carried to Sidney. As to the rheumatic old man, he was, of course, a rascal in league with the band who had attacked us.

FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

The students of Lisbon threaten to attack the British embassy in that city and mob the ambassador.

If by our preaching do not wake you, we rock your cradles and make you more insensible every time we warn you. The most startling preaching in a certain time ceases to arouse the hearers. You know the great boiler factories. I am told that when a man goes inside the boiler to hold the hammer when they are fixing rivets, the sound of the copper deafens him so that he cannot hear it, it is so horrible; but after he has been a certain number of months in that employment, he hardly notices the hammering; he does not care about it. It is just so under the word. People go to sleep under that which was once like a thunder bolt to them. It would need an earthquake and a hurricane to move some of you solid ones.—Spurgeon.

## Fashion's Very Latest Feat.

Women will wear shirts from this time forth if they follow the fashion of the "four hundred," which has already sounded the edict in Paris and London. The woman's shirt is a pretty and delicate combination of female acquisition and masculine concession. It is made with collar and cuff attachments of the latest pattern worn by gentlemen. The body is of fine muslin and the bosom of three or four ply linen, as the case may be; the collar and cuffs are also linen, of course. The garment is made open in front to the entire length, the skirts falling loosely to the hips. A gathering string controls the waist and serves to hold the bosom in easy conformity to the personal contour of the wearer. The bosom is provided with worked eyelets for studs, thus granting woman another field in which to gratify her purse or a passion for the display of diamonds or other jewels. The bosom is not so long as that of a man's shirt, only falling to the length of nine inches, but that measurement can, of course, vary with the styles of dress. The bosom of the shirt falls just low enough to come into its place and to be held there by the corsage. With these shirts are worn little cut-away coats. The coat may be of navy or bright blue, brown, or ruby, and is considered in good taste if worn with almost any skirt, and if not an unpleasant contrast of shade. With a black skirt and blue coat, a light blue linen or silk shirt and tie can be worn. The coat is made exactly like a man's cut-away coat, fastened across the chest by one button, with turned-down collar and lapels. It is tight-fitted at the back.

Home gowns for the early spring are made very simply, without bustles or looping, and with a slight train in the back.

White cloth gowns, made in dressy styles, and braided with gold and silver, are now in favor for ball dresses here and abroad.

A London *Lancet* correspondent furnishes the following list of football casualties in the English season from the first week in September last to the third week in the past January, taken from a carefully tabulated record of such casualties as have been publicly announced: Deaths, 13. Fractures—Legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11. Injuries—Spine, 3; nose, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.

A writer in a New York sporting paper makes an interesting comparison of the various modes of locomotion, with the following result: A man can swim a mile in 26 minutes 52 seconds; he can walk it in 6 minutes and 23 seconds; he can cover it on snow shoes in 5 minutes 39½ seconds; he can run the distance in 4 minutes 12½ seconds; he can ride it on a tricycle in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; on a bicycle in 2 minutes 29 4-5 seconds, and can skate it in 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds. Behind a trotting horse he gains nearly four seconds by covering the distance in 2 minutes 8½ seconds; while on a running horse he gallops the mile in 1 minute 39½ seconds, and last and fastest, he sits in a railroad train and flies over a mile of the steel rails in 50½ seconds.

A decoy bass is a novelty in angling, yet the *American Angler* tells of one weighing two pounds that belonged to a man named Dyer, that he had trained from a fingerling just one year. The fish has two rings in his gills, upper and lower, and in these Dyer fastens a swivel, so that his bass can't catch minnows while on duty, or take the old man's bait. When he gets to the water he wants to fish he attaches a long line to the swivel and puts his bass into the river. Four or five feet up the line is a large float, as big as your fist, with lead on the bottom for ballast, and a small mast with pennant on the top side. The line is say forty or fifty feet long. Dyer says that as soon as his decoy is in other bass gather about him and keep coming, and he casts in among 'em, snaking 'em out right and left. That's the way he does it, and he catches more big bass than any man on the river.

Ontario is not the only Province that's endeavoring to increase its breed of quail. A committee meeting of the Mainland Game Protective Association was held at the Leland hotel, Vancouver, B. C., the other evening. In addition to the 300 pheasants ordered from China and Japan, it was decided to import 100 quail. These will be turned down as soon as they arrive, and if they do all well there should soon be some quail shooting. The association already has over 40 members, and it was decided to canvass the neighboring city of New Westminster to increase the membership as much as possible. All the farmers in the district are giving the association a hearty support, and the Legislature will be appealed to to protect pheasants and quail on the mainland of British Columbia for at least two years. They had quite a cold snap there after Christmas, which drove the ducks south. They have now returned, and the shooting is again excellent.

The extraordinary prices paid for trotting horses at the great sale of Mr. L. J. Rose's California stud, which was held at the American Institute, New York, for two days last week, cannot fail to attract exceptional attention throughout the world. On Tuesday \$25,800 was paid for the stallion Alcazar, and \$24,100 for another youngster. None of Wednesday's prices approached these almost extravagant figures, although \$13,100 and \$10,000 were paid. The average price of all the horses sold is \$2,712. There was apparent ground for the fear that existed a few months ago that a notable reaction would follow the purchase of Sunol, Axtell and Bell Boy at phenomenal figures, but there are no signs of it now. Nor is there any indication of a decline of interest in trotting. On the contrary, it is obvious that the interest in the breeding of trotting stock and in the development of this species of sport is greater than ever. Moreover, a market for the American trotter has started up in England and in Europe generally, so that there is every prospect of prices being sustained. There is more profit in breeding trotters than in horses for the army.

## He Couldn't Answer the Question.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as neatly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure out for yourself."

Tartans, Scotch colors in broad stripes, and bordered robes are the pronounced novelties in woollen stuffs.

## A MERRY FRENCHMAN.

Adventures of Himself and Wife in the Wild West.

The recent duel between the Marquis de Mores and M. Camille Dreyfus, in Europe, recalls the many famous exploits and deeds of De Mores a few years ago in America. Your correspondent was a close friend of the Marquis while the latter was experimenting in the cattle industry among the Bad Lands of Dakota, and had numerous opportunities for sounding the pluck and sand of the doughty Frenchman. The Marquis was certainly a most wonderful man, and deserved better treatment from the community in which he moved than he received. The handsome young Frenchman, who left the clubs of Paris to become a prince of cowboys and manager of slaughter houses and refrigerator cars, possessed more than ordinary nerve and pluck, for he defended his life against organized bands of outthroats and desperadoes in the Northwest, who had sworn to shoot him on sight.

He was a passenger aboard a Northern Pacific train one day, that was shooting along from St. Paul, Minn., towards the setting sun. He was bound for the Bad Lands, where he was about to put into operation gigantic, though unsuccessful, schemes for sheep raising and beef slaughtering. For some reason or other, the country was down on him. At every station we stopped a report would be received that at Bad Lands, station hundreds of cowboys and other tough citizens were waiting for the Marquis, and that he would be

## RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

the moment he stepped from the train. They called him "A bloated French aristocrat," "A titled land pirate," "A brigandish foreigner," and so on.

The train pulled into the depot at the Bad Lands, and De Mores, with each hand carelessly laid, but ready for quick use, on a pair of handsome silver-mounted repeaters, stepped out on the platform. Bad men galore crowded around him, but when they saw the plucky nerve of the young aristocrat they honored and respected him for it, and not a single arm in all that vast crowd was raised to do him the least harm.

The story of his life in America is quite interesting. He first landed at New York in August, 1882. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterwards he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long-legged boots, and with plenty of silver-mounted jewelry on his belt, he pursued his investigations far and wide on horseback and finally decided to found a city. He bought outright six square miles of land on the Little Missouri River which was then considered to be, by the wise men of the Northwest, about the very worst bit of earth on the whole North American continent. Hence the knowing ones shook their heads gravely and predicted ruin.

The Marquis went bravely on notwithstanding the warnings and predictions of disaster which were gratuitously poured in upon him from all sides, and on April, 1883, (I may times said it was a fool's errand, in perfect keeping with the day), he pitched, unaided, a tent in this lonesome desert on the banks of the Little Missouri, and when the last peg was driven which held the canvas house in position, he broke a bottle of wine over the iron tent pins, and christened the embryo city Medora, in honor of his wife. He announced his intention of going largely into the sheep and cattle business, built a rude shack of logs and mud which he furnished luxuriously for his wife, secured large tracts of Government land and bought numerous herds of cattle. At first the herdsmen and roaming cowboys of the Bad Lands looked upon him to be

## AN ADVENTUROUS CRANK.

who would surely leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris. They hated him because he had a servant and wore clean clothes. He was a "monopolist," they said, who was going to fence in the country. They had to scare him away, but they found he had been a soldier once and would not scare. The cowboys said he had come to drive them all off their ranches. The hunters declared he was going to buy up their buffalo grounds; and to own the truth the young man did act as if he were going to buy the earth.

It took the best part of the first year to convince the people that De Mores, though sanguinely foolish, was a sane man, with plenty of capital at command, and with an object in view. Before many days he won the respect of his Western neighbors in more ways than one, but still they took him to be a well-plumed bird that ought to be plucked and who could easily be swindled. Their ire was raised to its highest pitch when the Marquis gained control of about 50,000 acres of land in Montana, which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the East, South, and West. At the time it was generally said that the cowboys in the neighborhood were set against the Marquis by agents of New York corporations, for they began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle wholesale and menaced his herdsmen when they were off duty. Appeals to the Sheriff proved useless, so, finding himself in a bad fix, the Marquis determined to take the matter into his own hands and stop the trouble himself. He declared if he found a man killing his animals he would shoot the rascal as he would a steer. In six months he was shot at by an unseen enemy no less than eighteen times. His most bitter foe was a man named Mitchell and an old hunter called Luffey.

One day while riding over the prairie accompanied by one of the most faithful followers, a man named Paddock, a bullet whistled by his head, the smoke curling from a little bunch of sage brush about two hundred yards in front. Without a moment's hesitation the Marquis dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed headforemost

## DIRECTLY TOWARD THE AMBUSH.

The ringleader of the gang jumped to his feet and levelled a Winchester at the Marquis; but the latter like a flash, and while going at full speed, drew his little silver-mounted repeater, and the would-be assassin fell in his tracks to rise no more. Another of the band was badly wounded, and the rest, quickly leaping to their horses, sought safety in flight. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, for his marksmanship instilled a great deal of respect into the minds of the bloodthirsty herdsmen, and there was peace in the Bad Lands from that time thenceforth. Nevertheless, he had three trials before Justices of the Peace for

the so-called offence, and was three times acquitted; yet he was again indicted by a Dakota jury for murder, and languished in the Bismarck jail many days before he gained his freedom.

The Marquis de Mores is a lovely woman. She is an American, but thoroughly devoted to her brave husband. She is a handsome little brunette, one of the best lady rifle shots in the world, and she rides as well as she shoots. Her father is the banker von Hoffman of New York city. When in the Northwest Mme. de Mores accompanied her husband on most of his round-up and hunting trips. On the plains she rode and shot faultlessly.

GALLOPING WILDLY OVER THE PRAIRIES, on her well-trained buffalo pony, an eagle plume in her hat, and a rifle slung from her saddle. The Marquis and his wife made a trip to Further India not long since, and reports say that the gallant little lady actually killed a royal Bengal tiger. She has done better than this in our Northwest. Once she ran upon a cinnamon bear in the Bad Lands of Dakota, and succeeded alone and unaided, in capturing bruin's scalp. On another occasion, when a hunting party were going after big game in the Big Horn Mountains, she fully equipped herself to go along, determined to accomplish as much as the next one.

In a lonely gorge, accompanied by a good hunter, she tracked three bears. It would not be true to say that she killed the trio of shaggy fellows unaided, and yet in one sense she did precisely that very thing. The hunter was ready to render assistance in case of necessity, although the lady did not require his help; but, keeping her head cool and hand steady, she salted their hides in the most approved fashion, all three of the bears falling as trophies to her own individual skill. One of the fellows was a monster silver-tip, who would have fought savagely had he been allowed the slightest opportunity. In New York, Paris, St. Paul, or London, she is one of the richest and most tastefully dressed women one would want to see; and an observer could scarcely realize, unless he was fully cognizant of the facts, that the delicately gloved hands which hold the lorgnette or move the fan so gracefully can easily and at will check a plain's bronco in his mad flight, or sent a bullet speeding true to the mark.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and shirks her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterupted prosperity and success qualify anyone for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

The exercise of every faculty is necessary to its development, and therefore to its life. Inaction, fully carried out, means stagnation and death. On the other hand, over-exhaustion, and if the period of rest necessary to restore its vigor be denied, it will wear itself out. Health and happiness require that these laws be recognized and obeyed.

No matter the rank of life, any woman, be she princess or peasant, who undertakes the care of a family becomes at once responsible for the welfare of that family, whether she actually toils for them with her own hands, as does the laborer's wife, or simply oversees and superintends the work of others, as does the lady rich in all the goods of this world. The responsibility is there, and no one can escape it without risking not only her own happiness and welfare, but those of all connected with her.

## Beautifully the Home.

As yet we have nothing ready-made in this country equal to the Aspinwall (English) enamels, prepared for immediate use in furniture painting, and, as they are now sold everywhere, it is just as well to tell people how they can renew their dingy Wakefield or other rat-trap chairs, their old cane-seated rockers, and how to paint the common Windsor (wooden) chair so that it will be a beautiful thing. When there is a broad, low window that you want to use for plants, a common wooden wash-bench painted with some of these delicate colors, or done over for stouter wear, in blacks, dark blues, or Indian reds, such will make a substantial and ornamental stand. There need be, with these pretty paint cans, as ready for use as tomato cans are for cooking, no more lead-colored wicker furniture or worn dingy shelves.

## LADY'S HOME-MADE WARDROBE.

"I made it myself at a trifling expense, and was amply repaid for the time and trouble, as I completed it, hanging and all, in two afternoons."

"Having procured two triangular pieces of wood one and a half inches thick, to fit into the corner where I wanted my wardrobe, I fastened them to the wall by means of strips of moulding, leaving a space of about a foot and a half between them. This space to serve as a receptacle for bonnet-box, shoes, or articles of any description desired conveniently at hand, but not 'en evidence.'"

"Into the lower shelf were screwed a dozen hooks on which to hang garments. The upper shelf, which I had previously covered with bronze-colored plush in such a manner as to conceal the outer edge of the shelf, was six feet from the floor, and had attached to it a brass rod, from which was suspended a portiere, also 'home made,' in this wise:

"A piece of cretonne in imitation of Gobel in tapestry, representing a Watteau scene, was bordered top and bottom with the bronzed-colored plush."

"The plush-covered shelf served to hold an old brass plaque and a tall blue vase. The effect of the whole was wonderfully pretty and artistic."

## A CHAIR CUSHION.

A new idea in chair cushions, which possesses the idea of adaptability to a greater degree than many of the decorative articles now scattered about houses wherewithal vex the soul of man, is in appearance exactly like a mammoth tea cosy, and fits over the back and half over the front of the chair-back. The chief beauty of this new cushion, which is made of the materials ordinarily employed for this purpose, and filled with down, is that it does not slip down or out of place, but remains firm under the head.