

NOV., 1892.

The Canadian QUEEN



*Mrs. J. D. Cleveland
Gundak*

CANADIAN HOMES

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THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

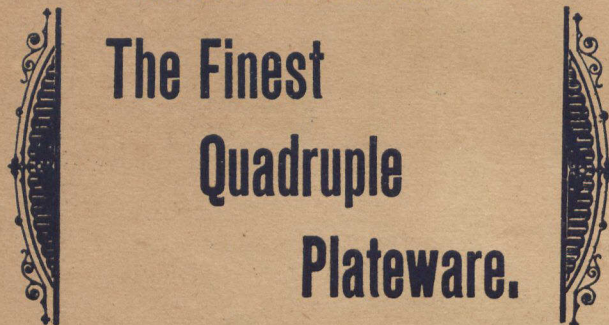
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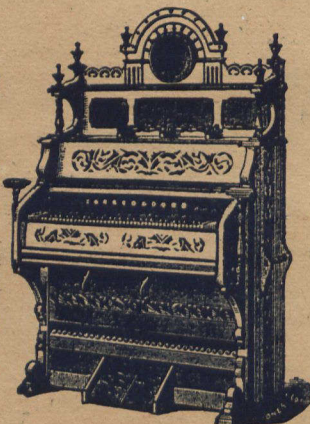
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Mention THE CANADIAN QUEEN 11-92

THE CANADIAN QUEEN'S TESTIMONIALS.

THE following Testimonials have been selected at random from the large number on file in our office:

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 7th, 1892.

Publishers Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIRs,—I have just received, by express, the Five O'clock Silver Tea Set awarded me by you as special prize in the "Excelsior" word contest.

I think the Service—Tea Pot, Cream Jug and Sugar Bowl—very pretty indeed, much more so than I expected, and exceedingly quaint and graceful in shape. I am much obliged to you for them.

Yours truly,

MISS FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7th, 1892.

Manager Canadian Queen:

SIR,—I have to-day received the Silver Tea Service awarded me as a prize, and find it very pretty. Respectfully,

E. C. TULLOCH.

937 R. I. Avenue.

MONCTON, N.B., Nov. 7th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Since sending you the card saying I had not heard from you, I received the Spoon and am very much pleased with it. Yours truly,

BESSIE JONES.

CHATHAM, N.B., Oct. 25th, 1892.

Received Tea Service. Many thanks for same.

M. J. GORDON.

MONTREAL, Oct. 13th, 1892.

The Queen Pub. Co., Toronto:

DEAR SIRs,—The Silver Tea Set arrived. I like it very much and I think it very nice.

A. J. J. WESTLEY.

30 Mackay St.

CLAREMONT, Oct. 9th, 1892.

To The Queen Publishing Co.:

DEAR SIRs,—I have received your handsome Spoon. Wishing The Queen every success. Thanking you gentlemen.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. J. CLAREY.

CLARKE, Oct. 12th, 1892.

Publishers The Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIRs,—I have received to-day the Five O'clock Tea Set won by me in the daily prize in the "Excelsior" word competition. It is very nice indeed, and I am well pleased with it. Yours truly,

MRS. (DR.) A. G. ALDRICH.

TAYCHEDEAH, Wis., Oct. 12th, 1892.

Pub. Canadian Queen, Toronto, Can.:

SIRs,—The Manicure Set arrived safely yesterday. Yours respectfully,

FLORA GIBSON.

ROXBOROUGH, PHILA., Oct. 20th, 1892.

The Queen Publishing Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—Will thank you for the Souvenir Spoon of Canada, which I received in due time. Will soon send you a few subscribers. Yours truly,

MRS. H. A. TUGHSAUG.

4348 Mitchell St.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 14th, 1892.

DEAR SIRs,—I received the manicure set on Wednesday last. I have shown it to a great number of friends, and it has been admired by them all. I am myself much pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks for the present.

Yours respectfully,

SOPHIA M. MEHLER.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 25th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—I acknowledge, with thanks, the Manicure Set which I received, and am quite pleased with it. Respectfully,

EMMA PAEPER.

ST. HUBERTS, Nov. 14th, 1892.

DEAR SIRs,—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the Silver Tea Service and Nut Bowl which I have received. I think it very nice. With best wishes for the paper.

Yours truly,

BELLA FERGUSON.

PETERSBURG, VA., Oct. 24th, 1892.

DEAR QUEEN,—Your letter, also Spoon, has been received. Many thanks for the Spoon, which is very pretty.

Very truly,

MRS. F. E. MARKS.

No. 161 High St.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 13, 1892.

Publishers Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIRs,—The Souvenir Spoon has just arrived safely. I think it is exceedingly pretty in design and I thank you for it.

Yours truly,

FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

723 Thirteenth St., N.W.

NEEPAWA, MAN., Oct. 13th, 1892.

To Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIRs,—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the lovely Spoon received last week from you. I wish you every success. I am not quite settled as to my remaining in this town, so cannot at present renew my subscription for the coming year.

Yours very sincerely,

L. HODGSON.

WOODSBOROUGH, MD., Oct. 21st, 1892.

The Canadian Queen Pub. Co., Toronto, Canada:

GENTLEMEN,—The Ring awarded to me, one of the lucky five, has been received. It is very neat and pretty. Please accept my thanks for it and my good wishes for the success of that charming magazine "The Canadian Queen."

Yours respectfully,

J. GEO. HOFFMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16th, 1892.

Publishers of The Canadian Queen:

DEAR SIRs,—On receiving the Diamond Ring, which was sent to me because my answer to the "Henry and John" problem was among the first five received on a certain day, I showed it to all my friends, who thought it was very pretty.

Yours truly,

L. STAUFFER OLIVER.

TOPEKA, Ks., Oct. 11th, 1892.

The Canadian Queen Co.:

I send you a great many names and addresses of the most noted and wealthiest people here, if they are of any use to you. I thought perhaps you had sample copies you send. I received your Tea Set and thought it beautiful. I have it at the store on my desk and take great pride in showing it. Here enclosed are names.

I remain yours,

MABEL MORGAN.

409 West

PORT GAMBLE, WASH., Nov. 3rd, 1892.

Pub. of Canadian Queen, 72 Bay Street, Toronto, Can.:

DEAR SIR,—I write to acknowledge the receipt of the Manicure Set. Have shown it to a number of friends. Accept thanks for the present.

Yours respectfully,

EVA L. GOVE.

NEW LISBON, OHIO, Oct. 15th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Please accept my thanks for the beautiful butter knife, which came to hand on the 13th. I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen it admire it greatly. Wishing you much success with your paper, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

MARY E. WILLIAMS.

BERTHIER, P.Q., Oct. 13th, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR,—I received the Souvenir Spoon, for which I am grateful to you. I think it very pretty. I am trying hard to get three names for your valuable paper, which I always read with great interest.

Yours truly,

C. R. AMARM.

:- A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION FREE. :-

THE Management of this journal commences with this issue a department which they are sure will be of great interest to the youth of this country. Each month there will be a number of questions, and the series will cover GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, MATHEMATICS, GRAMMAR and LITERATURE.

NONE of the questions will be so difficult that an intelligent boy or girl cannot answer after a short perusal of their school books.

WE will offer prizes which will stimulate the students to answer promptly and correctly. This will be a monthly examination of greater benefit than the ordinary school examinations, and the knowledge thus gained will be most valuable to the competitors.

WE believe that through this department the coming of THE CANADIAN QUEEN will be anxiously looked for each month; thus through increased circulation and friends we will reap our reward.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

(GEOGRAPHICAL.)

1. Which is the largest city in Canada ?
 2. How many Provinces in the Dominion of Canada ? (Name them.)
 3. Which is farthest north, Winnipeg or Quebec ?
 4. Which is the most southern point in Canada ?
 5. Name the lakes in the great chain of America ?
entirely in the territory of the U. S. ?
- Is any one of them

N.B.—Answer by Number.

Awards :

To the FIRST one answering correctly all the above questions will be given *A SEVENTY (\$70) DOLLAR SCHOLARSHIP IN THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE*; to the SECOND, a *YOUTH'S BICYCLE*; to the THIRD, a *SEAL SKIN CAP OR MUFF*; to the next TWENTY-FIVE, prizes ranging in value from *FIVE DOLLARS* to *ONE DOLLAR*. To the LAST person from whom is received the correct answers will be given a *LADY'S GOLD WATCH*; and to the FIFTY next to the last, will be given prizes ranging in value from *SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS* to *TWO DOLLARS*.

Conditions :

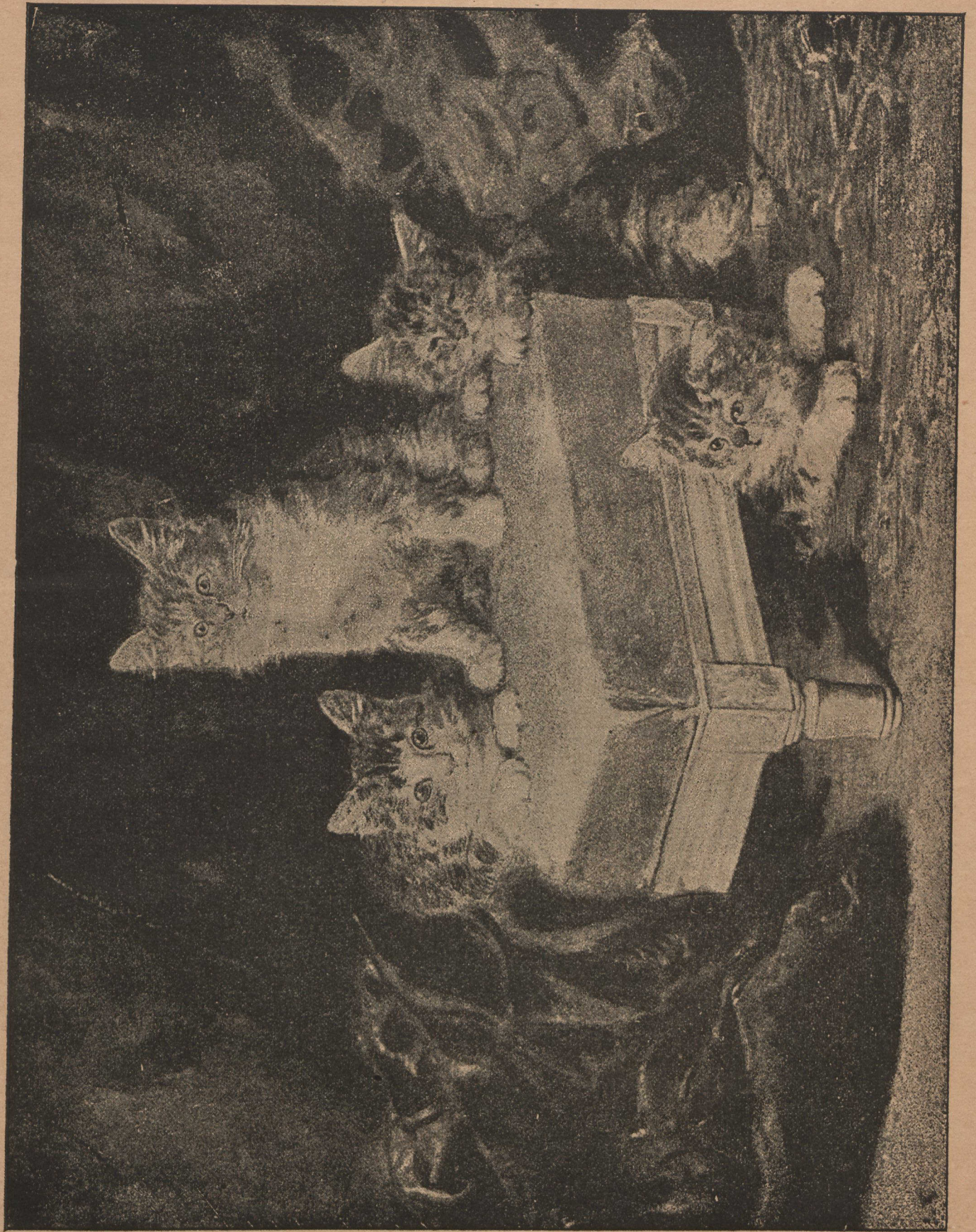
Each competitor must send **FIFTY CENTS** for Six Months Subscription to THE CANADIAN QUEEN. This will entitle him or her to enter six consecutive contests.

No conditions are imposed on granting of prizes in the first contest in which a competitor enters. But should they in either of the five subsequent contests be successful, they are expected to secure at least one-half yearly subscription for THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Contest closes **DECEMBER 15TH**. Answers post-marked not later than that date will be accepted.

ADDRESS :

The Canadian Queen,
TORONTO, CANADA.



Serenade.

* BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER

Stars that swiftly bud and bloom
In the fields of night,
Burst thy sheaths of purple gloom—
Spread thy petals bright !
Fill the gardens of the sky,
Stretching wide and deep and high,
With thy silver light.

Moon that with thy face unfurled
Risest swift and still,
Let the realms of night's blue world
Golden shimmers fill !
Twilight, timid, doubtful, wan,
Yeans to see thy rich beams dawn
O'er yon misty hill.

Maid, who blossomed in my life
Like a flower divine,
On my heart's dark doubt and strife
Let thy pure love shine.
As star-buds on the night's soft breast
Lie in happy, trustful rest,
Lie thou, love, on mine !

Nature's Music.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

When summer suns shine in the sky,
And sails upon the waters he,
I rest within my boat and dream
A thousand thoughts that rise and gleam.
And in the smooth, white pebbled stones
I hear a melody of tones ;
Among the massive woodland trees
A symphony in every breeze,
As thro' the deep, wide forests float
Pæans of music note by note.
From craggy heights resound along ;
The chimes of some cathedral song ;
Or, in the silent summer air,
Echoes divine of holy prayer.
And thus I hear the far-off tide
Of waters near the riverside,
Or sounds of sweetest minstrelsy
Where sunbeams break along the sea.
Alone within my bonny boat
I watch the lilies rise and float,
Until the long, dark shadows come
And wreath the silent earth in gloom,
As far upon the vale and hill
Nature in solitude is still.



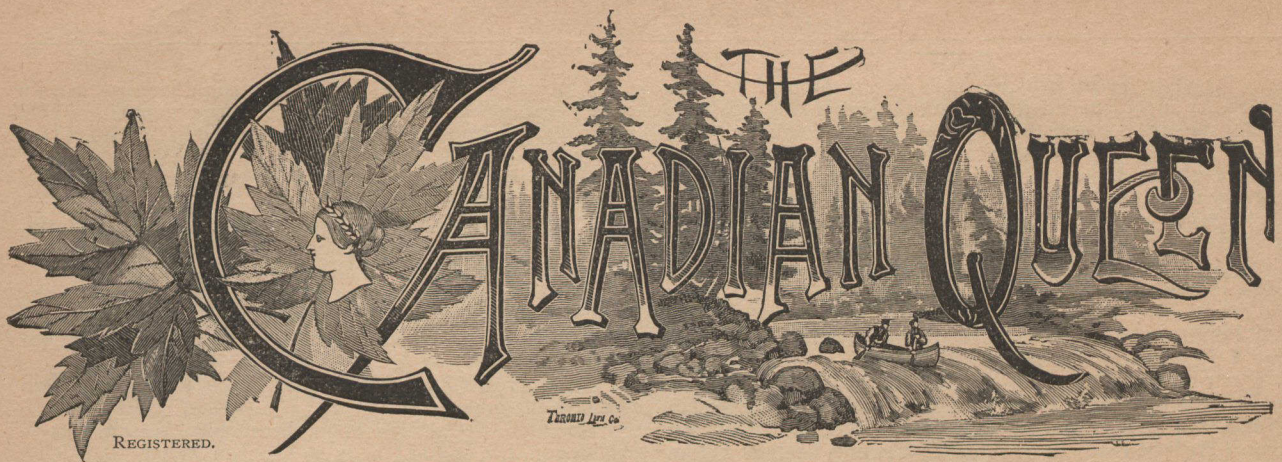
A RELIC

This fan was grandmamma's ; it went
With her to rout and dance,
And e'en to-day methinks a scent
As of its old romance
Breathes from its silken folds, whereon
In hues now dimmed by age
A mimic painted chariot shone—
The Love-god's equipage.

It was in General Jackson's time
When grandmamma, they say,
Reigned queen-like in her beauty's prime,
The fairest of her day.
And wheresoe'er she went, a train
Of gallants spick and span
Followed, in hope a glance to gain
From o'er this fringed fan.

Rich suitors vied to seek her hand,
But vain their utmost art—
On one who had nor gold nor land
She had bestowed her heart.
And he, the story goes, in spite
Of angry parents' ban
Met her, and slipped, one fateful night,
A message in her fan.

Two steeds at midnight fled amain,
And on them rode—but ah,
You guess the rest ; that daring swain
Became my grandpapa.
And as a token of the day
Whereon their bliss began,
Here, treasured safe in ebon tray,
His lady kept this fan.



The Duel at Frog Hollow.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

(CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER ISSUE.)

"'LL git um, Jim," and she bustled in, producing the writing materials and placing them upon a table, remarking as she did so: "Jim Banks, tell that black-livered skunk, Nelse Pullam, he better git ready to hab silber put on his eyes."

"Frances," called out Peter, in a forced tone of anger, from the window, "whut I done tol' yer? What I done tol' yer 'bout you open yo' mouf a'lays at de wronges' time?"

She bustled out in haste, and Jim seated himself to write an acceptance of the challenge.

"Whut I mus' tell 'im, Peter?" he asked.

Peter was stretching his neck out of the window and did not appear to hear the question. Jim sat expectant, with his eyes fixed on his friend's mute, bent back, and allowed his mouth to fall ajar. The silence became awkward. Jim dipped the pen well down into the ink, stirring up the sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

"I b'lieve, on my soul," said Peter, in a half listless, half indignant tone, "I do b'lieve er hog is got in my turnip patch; de is some er de beatenes' hogs in dis yer town I ever seed. I'm er good min' ter tek down my gun en kill one er two des fer spite."

Bob Lash put on a semblance of disgust.

"I'm sho gittin' out er all patience wid you ge'men," he said; "dis de fus' time I ever witness sech perceedings." He stood up, buttoning his flabby duster and swinging his hat and cane in his hands.

"Peter," pleaded Jim, "suppen hatter be done; you ain't er gwine to back down?"

"Who seh I gwine back down?" asked Peter, jerking the bandage from his head and pretending to roll up his sleeves.

"Nobody ain't seh you gwine back down," said Bob, as he shifted a fresh cigar into the corner of his mouth and closed an eye to keep out the smoke. He shrugged his shoulders and then said to Jim: "Well, dat's all I want; y' all see Mr. Brown is 'cep' my frien's challenge, en all you is gotter do now, Mr. Banks, is ter write de note."

"What mus' I write?" asked Jim.

Bob puffed at his cigar a moment, then he dictated and Jim wrote:

"Mr. Nelson Pullam, colored deacon in de big Bethel Chu'ch: Dear Suh—Dis will be han' ter you by my friend—no, hol' up—dat won't do, kase I gwine tek it myse'f ter save time. Go on: 'Dis will be han' ter you by yo' frien' en 'ficient second, Mr. Robert Thornton Lash, who will ac' fer me.'"

"No, I'm gwine ac' for Peter," interrupted Jim. "I'm his secon'."

"Dat's so, 'scuse me, des er slip er de lip; but go on wid

de note; seh ter 'im: 'I'll meet you dout fail at de p'inted place. Countin' de way I feel at dis present writing', I know dat blood will be let out. I am, suh, yo' mos' erbedient servant—'"

"Peter," broke in Aunt Frances indignantly from her point of observation, "don't you sen' no sech er note ter dat stinkin' Nelse Pullam—'erbedient servant!'"

"Dat's all 'ight, Miz Brown," said Bob, as he folded the note and moved toward the door; "it des a lill matter er style, lak quality people do." Then to Peter: "Mr. Brown, I have the honor er bid you good day, suh; we'll meet you in de holler; en less'n de sheriff git dis in de win', we'll hab saterfaction 'fo' de day is troo."

Peter seemed roused by the sudden idea that the officers of the law might interfere, and he said to Bob, who now stood bowing in the door:

"You tell Nelse Pullam I'll be on han' early. I'm al'ays ready fer his kin'."

At four o'clock the shady spot in the edge of the town called Frog Hollow held a peculiar gathering. Colored people of all shades, ages and sizes hung around among the trees in whispering, speculating groups. Even a few red and blue gowns of women brightened the green background in the extreme edge of the spot. Peter and Jim sat on a fallen tree, and about fifty yards from them, on a stone, sat Nelse Pullam, a big revolver cocked ready in his hand. Bob Lash stood at his side looking more important than ever and emitting perpetual clouds of cigar smoke.

"How you feel, Nelse?" he asked, looking at an old brass watch and then glancing up at the sun.

"Oh, I'm game ernough; you kin bet on dat," said the ebon knight, shuddering and looking over his shoulder furtively, as a sudden breeze stirred a bush behind him. "I ain't er feared er no man dat ever seed de light er day."

"Well," said Bob, "I reckon it erbout time me en Jim is medger off de paces. No use in waitin'. So long!"

As the two seconds advanced midway between the two so-called duellists and began to step off the ground, every negro in view dodged out of sight behind a tree or stump.

Bob walked jauntily over to Nelse.

"All ready, Nelse," he said. "Come on en tek yo' stan'."

"Who tek what stan'?" asked Nelse. "Look yer, Bob, ef dat black nigger des dare—des dare ter come yer whar I is, I gwine put er ball in 'im. Now, you yer me! I'm er gwine ter set 'ight yer on dis rock, en ef he come—well you des keep yo' eye open, dat's all!"

Jim had gone over to Peter and notified him that all was in readiness. Peter did not rise.

"You er fool, Jim Banks, ef you 'low I gwine out'n my

way ter 'blige Nelse Pullam. He's de one dat sen' de challenge. I'm yer; en I'd des lak ter see 'im er anybody else make me move. See dat rock deh?" pointing to a stone weighing about five pounds; "ef Nelse Pullam des dare ter come nigh me, I'll sen' it at his head, I wouldn't even cock dis pistol."

"Shuh!" grunted Jim, disappointedly, and he turned away to meet Bob, who was leaving Nelse.

"My man's er lill tited wid de walk over yer," remarked Bob, indifferently. "I reckon we better wait er lill while on 'im."

"Peter say he hain't quite ready yit, returned Jim, mashing a troublesome mosquito on his cheek.

"Ter tell you de trufe, dough, Peter is a stric' chu'ch-member, en I 'clare I b'lieve Peter think it wrong ter kill Nelse, but he's er makin' up his min' es fas' ez a dog kin trot. He'll be ready in er minute; des now he look lak he was prayin' ter de Lawd ter tek Nelse's soul in han'."

Both men were awkwardly silent for a moment as they looked off over the tops of the trees where a few buzzards were circling towards the earth. The pause was ended by Bob.

"Look-y yer, Jim," he ventured in a confidential, experimental tone. "I like Peter Brown en he's gotter nice woman fer er wife—seem lak it er pity ter have his funeral ter-morrer; he's er man 'at might live fifty year yit ef he let er lone."

"Dat des 'zactly de way I feel 'bout Nelse," said Jim, with a cunning twinkle in his eye; "he's er lill bragsome en bull-heady, but he's er nice feller, tek 'im all in all."

"I wuz des er studyin'," went on Bob, "whut's de use er des fellers shootin' one ernurr? Why'n' me en you des ez well tek de balls out'n de pistols? Ef dey don't know no diffunce, it all de same."

"Dat's er mighty good plan," acquiesced the other with a face-marring grin, "en den de woul'n't be sech er likeliness er stray balls er flippin' roun' us; no tellin' how blamed crooked dese darkies might shoot ef dey once got started."

Accordingly the two seconds sat down out of sight of their two friends, and in a few moments they had picked the balls from the cartridges.

"Now dey'll do," chuckled Bob; "dey'll mek des de same fus' en dey won't be er bit er harm done. Now, Jim, I'm gwine hat dis duel er me 'n' you kin tek it up; what yer seh?"

"I'm wid yer," said Jim, and both of the men hastened to their principals. But no persuasion could induce the offended men to rise from their respective seats. At last the spectators began to venture nearer and nearer till a dozen or more stood around, indulging in raillery over the evident cowardice of the ones most concerned.

"Dis won't never do," said Bob to Jim, in an under tone; "de whole town is gwine de laughin' over des; suppose we tell um de oin't no loads in de pistols, seem lak it de onlies' way now."

Jim consented and both returned to their men.

"Peter," said Jim to his sulky friend in a whisper, "I want er tell you suppen, en it mus'nt go er step funder: me en Bob Lash is tuk all de balls out'n de 'volvers so de cayn't be nobody hu't, en we is want some show er fightin' ter go off yer terday, kase de whole town 'll be er-laughin' en seh y'all bofe back down. Don't yer see (drawing a blank cartridge from the revolver), don't yer see it all 'ight?"

Peter pretended not to have heard Jim's remark. He rose to his feet hastily, grasping the revolver.

"Who seh I gwine back out?" he asked in a thunderous voice; "who dare to tell me dat in my face? I'm ready en er-waitin'; show me whar ter stan'."

Nelse Pullam was also on his feet and advancing toward the selected spot. The astonished spectators scattered like the fragments of an exploded shell.

"Hurry up en git ready," said Nelse, drawing himself up to his full height and lightly toying with his revolver, as he stood, his right foot placed in front of his left. "Hurry up, I want dis done wid; it mos' sundown now."

"Now," said Jim, "w'en we count three, bofe mus' wheel roun' ez quick ez he ken en 'gin ter shoot, en shoot tell de las' ball out'en de pistols ef he be able ter pull de trigger."

"I objec'," protested Bob; "dat ain't 'cordin ter de code; you mus' bofe des fire one shot er piece, and den hole up ter see ef damage is been done er anybody is prepared ter 'pologize."

Nelse grunted in profound derision, and Peter echoed the grunt with increased resonance.

"Hol' up," said Jim, "I mus' speak ter you in private, Bob."

The two seconds walked a few paces away together.

"Don't yer see?" said discerning Jim in a perturbed whisper; "don't yer see dat all de shots mus' be fired or somebody might git er hol' er de pistols atter it over en find out dey is blank loads?"

"Dat's er fac'," answered Bob "you is right." Then aloud to the others:

"Gen'men, de 'gestion er my brer secon' is er lill out de reg'lar run, but ez you bofe is so bent on blood, we is 'cide 'at you mus' shoot all de balls des ez you like. You kin tek yo' time er you kin pop um off lak er pack er fire-crackers."

The make-believe duellists began to quiver anew, but they held their revolvers out at arm's length in front of them and got ready to wheel round at the signal.

"W'en I git ter three," said Bob, "wheel en go at it. Now: One! Two! Three!"

They turned and began to fire. Nelse's revolver cracked five times, but Peter in his agitation managed to explode but one shell.

"Hol' up!" cried Bob, and the smoke rose. "Now it seem dat Mr. Brown is got fo' shots lef'; en 'cordin' ter de code he is got er right ter shoot um all in my hand. So far it look lak nobody ain't hu't, but I boun' yer dem trees out deh is got many er load in um. Now de 'fair res' twix you two, en ef you kin mek saterfaction dout any mo' smoke en blood oll well en good; ez fer my part I think befo' you men is sho dat you is brave fum de wud go."

Peter raised his revolver majestically and rested it upon the branch of a bush in a direct aim at his opponent's broad breast.

"Nelse Pullam," said he in a deep, thrilling tone, "I is got fo' mo' balls lef'; is you now willin', wid death en 'struction in yo' face, ter 'trac' whut you seh ter me w'en you 'low I is er liar?"

Nelse folded his arms calmly, and looking round upon the sun-lighted spot and up at the sky as if he were bidding farewell to earth, said: "Seem lak I'm yo' meat; I reckon I kin die lak er man; le'me hat 'im yer," putting his broad hand grandly upon his breast.

"I is got fo' mo' shots lef'," threatened Peter slowly, keeping a steady aim at Nelse and humping bis shoulders by way of emphasis. "Is I er liar or not?"

"Let um come," said Nelse, closing his eyes."

"Sholy, gem'men, dis kin be settle'," interposed Bob. "You is bofe game, en hit do seem er brrnin' shame ter hat one er sech two fine men laid out erbout er lill matter. Cayn't suppen be done?"

"I is got fo' mo' balls lef'," repeated Peter, looking along the barrel of his revolver; after he had spit upon his hand to take a fresh hold of the handle.

"I don't keer ef you gotter whole houseful er um," said Nelse. "Yer won't see me back down, Peter Brown; yer des let um come; I got my whack at you en mis, kase I been smokin' too much; now you do de same."

"Let 'im off dis time, Peter," advised Jim; "shoot de shots off in the air lak white folks does."

As if thankful for the suggestion, Peter slowly, magnanimously raised his revolver over his head, and bang! bang! bang! bang! went his blank cartridges.

"Now dat's er brave thing!" approved Bob. "Now shek han's lak men; I fer one is glad dis is settle'."

The two armed men threw down their weapons, and in an instant they were warmly shaking hands and laughing.

"Peter Brown, I 'low I is er brave man," said Nelse as they walked away followed by a motley procession of admirers.

"Yes, dat's so," admitted Peter, "en I 'low I is, too; I didn't feel er single shiver thoo de whole battle."



Things New and Old.

Written for THE QUEEN.

Thanksgiving.

Thank God for Life!
 Even tho' it brings much bitterness and strife,
 And all our fairest dreams are wrecked and lost
 Even tho' there is more ill than good in Life.
 We cling to life and reckon not the cost.
 Thank God for Life!

Thank God for Love!
 For tho' sometimes Grief follows in its wake,
 Still we forget Love's Sorrow in Love's joy,
 And cherish tears with smiles for Love's sweet sake.
 Only in Heaven is bliss without alloy.
 Thank God for Love!

Thank God for Pain!
 No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,
 And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find
 No curse, but blessings in the hand of pain.
 Even when he smiteth then is God most kind.
 Thank God for Pain.

Thank God for Death!
 Who touches anguished lips and stills their breath,
 And bringeth peace unto each troubled breast.
 Grief flies before thy touch, oh, blessed Death!
 God's sweetest gift! thy name in Heaven is Rest.
 Thank God for Death!

MARIE JOUSSAYE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

The Icicle.

He hung from the eaves, with but little of grace,
 For his feet they were cold, and seemed glued to the place,
 His back it was stiff, and his knees would not bend,
 Nor could he the cause of it all comprehend.

He had dropped on the roof in a neighbourly way,
 And had set himself down, not expecting to stay,
 But as from the edge, he would peer at the town,
 He was seized with a chill, with his head hanging down.

And there all the winter he'd silently hung,
 Nor from his position had ever once swung,
 Till the sun waxing warm, on a pleasant spring day,
 He dissolved into tears, and ran weeping away.

H. M. GREENLEAF.

Written for THE QUEEN.

Eolus and the Pine.

Once a pine was fuming and sighing
 And a low murmur was heard,
 When little Eolus went to his side
 And whispered to him a word.
 "Look around you both far and near,
 How grateful we both should be,
 For lo! King Frost has killed all the flowers,
 And see he has spared you and me."
 The pine thought awhile then raised his head,
 And his face was all smiling again,
 For the sunshine of love had come from above,
 And chased away sorrow and pain.
 And now he holds sway, and is swaying once more,
 And a happier you hardly will find,
 For little Eolus still plays with his beard,
 And makes music that's borne on the wind.

E. HOWARD.

Written for THE QUEEN.

The Devil's Agent: The Ground Hog.

The sun soon shed a shimmering sheen,
 Then slowly sank to rest,
 While softly, swiftly, silently sailed
 A cloud o'er the mountain's crest.

Whack, whack, the big chips fly,
 The sky will be covered with cloud,
 And these crude words came to my ears,
 "'Tis jes' 'zactly what I 'lowed.

I've got to finish up dis pile,
 To ebery single log,
 All on account ob triffin' .
 Ob a low-life sassy hog.

De groun' hog is de one I mean,
 He's de debil's agent too,
 Fuh Saten he finds wuk
 Fuh idle han's to do.

De white folks wuk de niggah,
 Dis pile'll soon go, I guess,
 But 'tis kind ob comfurtin' to think
 Ole Saten, he'll git less.

I laid off, to smoke my corn-cob
 By de fire, an' hab some peace,
 But de debil and de groun' hog
 Done gib us no release.

Fuh two long mont's dey'll hab me
 A choppin' ob de wood,
 De groun' hog an' de debil
 Wan' born fuh any good.

E. HOWARD.

C. O. D.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE were long strings of dried apples hung in festoons on the back stoop. At the big barn door lay piles of golden pumpkins. There were grand old turkeys in the yard walking about with a stately air, as if proud of their wonderful fatness.

These things were remarkable. They gave all who passed the house a feeling of general joy and of thankfulness. What good times were coming to the little white house with green blinds!

You never can tell. There may be a neat two-story house, with a garden in front and a driveway leading to the big barn, and a kitchen garden behind the house, and fields and meadows beyond. There may be prize turkeys out of doors, mince pies in the kitchen, and all the other good things for giving a thankful spirit, and yet the folks in the house may not be happy. Parson Bascom came slowly up the village street till he reached the little white house, and then he opened the gate with a sigh of relief and perplexity. The mail had brought him a big letter from the governor of the state, and at the express office he had found a telegram. The parson did not often receive telegrams, and this one was so strange that he was more than perplexed; he didn't understand it all. However, it was well with the child, and it was coming to his home, C. O. D. He hung up his hat in the little front entry, and then walked slowly through his study, through the dining room out to the pleasant kitchen, where sat his wife paring apples.

"It's come, mother."

"Not now?" said Mrs. Bascom. "Mercy! and the spare bed not aired nor any fresh bread in the house."

"Not the child. The telegram. The child is coming next week from Elmira."

"Why, I thought its mother's name was Susan. Perhaps her middle name was Elmira."

"Elmira, New York. It's coming Cod. That's what the telegram said. My middle name is Codman, but it strikes me as rather familiar in strangers to address me as Cod."

"Elmira, New York. Oh! I remember, John died in a place like that. Her folks came from Elmira, he said in one of his letters, though I never knew much about the place. Guess it's not much of a village, or they wouldn't give it a girl's name."

"It's a large city, mother. I read it in the 'Encyclopædia' at the town library. I stopped there the minute I got the telegram."

"And are they going to let that mite of a child come all the way from the West alone. These Western people are so peculiar. When does it start?"

"Monday or Tuesday."

"And Thursday Thanksgiving."

"Yes, here's the Governor's proclamation. I shall read it on Sunday at meeting. I've read the proclamations every year for fourteen years, and every one ends the same. There it is in large type: 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!'"

Parson Bascom unrolled the big sheet on which the worthy Governors of the Bay State call on the people to give thanks every year for all the mercies that have fallen to them.

"I guess, father, you'd better tell Lias to kill one turkey Saturday night. It will do for Monday's dinner, and it's well to have a little cold meat in the house in case the child arrives unexpected."

The parson read the proclamation slowly through, while his wife went on paring red apples.

"It's no doubt wise to be thankful over our mercies, but the past year has brought heavy troubles to us both. John was a wild boy, but he was our only child, and he's dead these six months, and now his young wife, whom we never saw, is

dead, too, and their little girl is coming to live with us. It's a mercy there's only one, though I do wish it had been a boy."

"You never would see your daughter, Samuel. She was of the world's people, you said; and now she's dead, poor thing, and her daughter is coming to live with us. Let me see the telegram."

"It says," said the parson, as he unfolded the message, "Letecia will start by express C.O.D., Monday or Tuesday. That's all, except the signature, Patrick Smith."

"It is rather familiar to address you as Cod; but I dare say Mr. Smith didn't know any better. These Western people are very ignorant."

"Letecia Bascom! You just sit still. The wagon will be here in a minute. Goodness me! I hope your folks can manage you. It's more than I can do. Here! If you must fly all over the house, take that pail and get me some water."

The mite of a girl, in a new black hat and an old blue frock, from which the tucks had been twice let out, stood by the window, looking into the narrow muddy street. She started with a little sigh of relief. Must she go for a pail of water? She had hoped never to do it again. The last dreary day had come. Release and relief were at hand. She hesitated and looked down the street. Would that wagon ever come?

"Letecia Bascom, do you hear me? Get some water."

The child picked up the pail from the sloppy floor, where the woman was washing, and timidly went out the side door of the little wooden house, through the dirty yard, out into the street. A straight street bordered by trees, now bare against a wintry sky. At one end the street looked out on the broad and shallow Chemung, with its long iron bridges. At the other end it was lost in a vista of wooden houses. It was all the world she had ever known. She knew it well to her terror and grief. There was a well in a yard four blocks away. On every corner there were boys who tormented her. In every block there was another kind of terror—a place where men stood who knew not what they did, having sold their heads in the store. Must she go again for water from that particular well when every house had water and to spare? Mrs. Kilderkinder would have that particular water for her cuffs and collars. Letecia had paved that street with tears ever since her mother had been taken sick.

This time she fairly ran through the streets. If that wagon should come while she was away! It was to her a fairy coach. Perhaps her grandfather's very coachman would come. Mother had told her all about grandfather's home, his horses and barn and chickens, and the dogs and everything, though mother had never really seen it herself. The boys were more terrible than ever. Twice they upset the pail in cruel sport, and the men leaning against the doors of the shops laughed at her black hat and tear-stained face. At last, by going round the block, she toiled toward the house, bending under her heavy load, only to see a dusty express wagon just driving away from the door. Mrs. Kilderkinder stood on the walk, waving her bare red arms and calling to the man. Letecia put the pail on the walk and fairly cried with misery and disappointment. Grandfather had sent an expressman instead of his carriage and—yet it was going away. The last hope of her young life had gone.

The man hearing the outcry, pulled up his horse and looked back. Mrs. Kilderkinder pointed to the child and then the man wheeled round and drove up to where she stood.

"Are you the kid what's going express?"

"Oh! wait a minute, mister. Let me take the pail back or she will whip me again." "Not a bit of it. I'm in a hurry."

Got to collect a lot of stuff. Jump aboard quick. I've got your bag and signed a receipt for you."

"Fetch me that water, this minute!" screamed the woman.

"Don't you do it. Jump right in, I tell you. She's a dragon, anyway, and you're my freight, now. Be quick I tell you."

Letecia saw Mrs. Kilderkinder coming, and sprang into the wagon and sat down beside the driver.

"Drive fast, mister, I want to see grandfather."

How rapidly it all happened. Windows were opened and heads poked out, and shrill voices filled the air. Some of the boys screamed with delight at the angry woman on the walk and the gallant rescue of the Erie Express Company. In a moment the team was in a broad and handsome street, lined with stores and gay with people shopping and driving.

"Shall you drive to grandfather's house?"

"Hardly, my kid. Its six hundred miles to the end of our route. The way bill says Seynasset, wherever that may be. Guess Adams will ship you to Boston. Hold the reins now while I load up."

Letecia took the reins as the man stopped before a store. In a moment a bundle was thrown into the wagon, and then they drove on. Again and again they stopped at stores and houses, and, at last, with a load, drove to the miserable, ill-kept station of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad.

"Here you are! Come in and be directed."

The man helped her down, picked up her little bag from the wagon and led the way into the express office.

"One child, Seynasset, Mass. Adams. C. O. D. Give me a tag, Bill."

"Who ships her?"

"Pat Smith. Said collect C. O. D. Thanks, Bill. There, kid! Let me tie this tag to your frock. All freight has to be marked, you know. We generally ties the tags to heads of live stock, but I'll put it on your clothes, seeing you're a gal. What's your name, kidlet?"

The man had tied a tag to her dress before she knew it.

"Must I wear it, mister? It aint very pretty! Mother calls me Letecia. Grandfather's name's Bascom."

"Yes, Miss Bascom; you're freight now. You belong to the Erie Company till you gets receipted for by somebody. Take a seat on that box till the train comes."

Letecia sat on the box to which the man had pointed. It was a strange place, full of bundles and boxes and crowded with men hurrying about in every direction. Presently the man brought her the little bag that made her baggage, and she began to feel better. At any rate, Mrs. Kilderkinder could never find her, and that was a comfort. A moment after there was a rumble and a roar outside, and a big door was thrown open and men rushed in and began to pick up the freight that filled the place. Then a tall man came up to her, and said quickly:

"Step lively, Miss. Come with me; train's ready."

She hardly knew how it all happened. She was put in a seat in a handsome car, and then everything flew away, and there was the Chemung, wide and shallow as ever, and the rows of wooden houses, and then—why, how pretty! fields and woods all brown and yellow. She had never seen the real country before, and the autumnal landscape seemed a fairyland. The people in the car looked at her curiously, and a colored man, in a white cap, came and read the tag on her dress, and smiled in a funny way that perplexed her.

Then a lady came and sat down beside her. She, too, read the tag, and laughed in a quiet fashion.

"Where are you going, little girl?"

"To grandfather's."

"Travelling express, C. O. D. It's very funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny, marm? Mother died last week, and Father's dead too. I expect Grandfather's horses—and perhaps the dog, too,—will be at the next station for me."

"Oh, no! nor the next place. Why Seynasset is in Eastern Massachusetts. You won't get there till Thanksgiving. You'll be just in time for the turkey and cranberry sauce."

"Thanksgiving, marm. What's that?"

The lady stopped and kissed her, and a tear ran down her cheek and fell on Letecia's dress.

"I think, my child, there have been no Thanksgivings in your life."

"No, marm. We never had them in Elmira."

Just here the colored man appeared again and said:

"If you please, lady, that messenger said I was to give the girl supper. I'd like to set the table now."

"Oh! let the child take tea with me, porter. She'll be my guest to-night."

"Well, I don't know 'bout that, marm. You see the child is freight, and I has to do what the company says."

"Oh! Well, then, give me my supper here. I'll take tea with the freight."

The porter laughed and the lady smiled and Letecia wondered what they could mean. However, there was not much time to think, for the man put up a little table right in front of her, and put on a white cloth and such a nice supper. It was true the milk in the glass swayed about, and the ice tinkled all the time, for the car was swaying this way and that in the most peculiar manner.

"I never saw supper hop round so funny."

"Yes," said the lady. "We are taking tea on the wing, and there's a chicken wing for you, just to have everything in keeping."

The lady laughed and told stories, and the supper was so nice that Letecia hardly noticed that it was growing dark. Just then the train stopped.

"Do I get out here?"

"No, you're freight, you know, and all you have to do is to sit still, like any good, little bundle, and wait till you are called for."

"Wont I get lost?"

"Oh, no! You are properly directed, and will be safely delivered."

The train went on, and the lamps were lighted, and time flew quickly. Then the porter came and said that her bed was ready, and the lady helped her to take off her hat and frock, and showed her how to get into the little bed. Somehow she was very tired, and fell asleep before she knew it. All she remembered was that the lady said good night, and then it was broad daylight, and the car was standing still. The porter opened the curtains and said she must dress as fast as she could.

In a moment she was ready, and the man showed her a nice place to wash her face and hands, and then she sat down and wondered what would happen next. Seeing the man making up the beds, she spoke to him.

"The lady, Miss? Oh! she's gone. She told me to bid the little freight good-by. I s'pect that's you."

Just then the door opened quickly, and a man in a blue suit came in.

"Where's that kid for Adams? Oh! there she is. Come with me, Miss."

Letecia took the hand he offered, and followed him out of the car to the dark and dingy station.

"Had breakfast, Miss?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps breakfast would be ready at grandfather's."

"Guess it is; but this is Jersey City, and my orders are to see you fed and delivered to Adams. Come right into the lunch room."

(To be Continued.)

PROGRESS IN COREA.—An interesting little magazine, called the "Korean Repository," has just been started in Seoul, the capital of Corea. This is a remarkable evidence of progress toward enlightenment in a country whose very name was hardly known to the average person a score of years ago, whose geographical limits are incorrectly outlined in school atlases still in use, and the greater portion of whose inhabitants had never seen a white man ten years ago. American apples, pears, and grapes, with grain grown from imported seed, are beginning to be raised near the capital; and though the larger part of the region is still a *terra incognita* to the Caucasian races, it is beginning to show signs of rapid development, especially under the influence of American ideas and American capital.

A Question of Diplomacy.

BY A. CONAN. DOYLE.

(CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER NUMBER.)

"AH!" said he, as he entered. "My young patient! I am glad of the opportunity."

"Yes, I wish to speak to you about her, Sir William. Pray, take this arm-chair."

"Thank you, I will sit beside her," said he, taking his place upon the settee. "Lady Ida is looking better, less anæmic unquestionably, and a fuller pulse. Quite a little tinge of colour, and yet not hectic."

"I feel stronger, Sir William."

"But she still has the pain in the side."

"Ah, that pain!" He tapped lightly under the collar-bones, and then bent forward with his binaural stethoscope in either ear. "Still a trace of dulness—still a slight crepitation," he murmured.

"You spoke of a change, Doctor."

"Yes, certainly a judicious change might be advisable."

"You said a dry climate. I wish to do to the letter what you recommend."

"You have always been model patients."

"We wish to be. You said a dry climate."

"Did I? I rather forget the particulars of our conversation. But a dry climate is certainly indicated."

"Which one?"

"Well, I think really that a patient should be allowed some latitude. I must not exact too rigid discipline. There is room for individual choice—the Engadine, Central Europe, Egypt, Algiers, which you like."

"I hear that Tangier is also recommended."

"Oh, yes, certainly; it is very dry."

"You hear, Ida? Sir William says that you are to go to Tangier."

"Or any?"

"No, no, Sir William! We feel safest when we are most obedient. You have said Tangier, and we shall certainly try Tangier."

"Really, Lady Clara, your implicit faith is most flattering. It is not everyone who would sacrifice their own plans and inclinations so readily."

"We know your skill and your experience, Sir William. Ida shall try Tangier. I am convinced that she will be benefited."

"I have no doubt of it."

"But you know Lord Charles. He is just a little inclined to decide medical matters as he would an affair of State. I hope that you will be firm with him."

"As long as Lord Charles honours me so far as to ask my advice I am sure that he would not place me in the false position of having that advice disregarded." The medical baronet whirled round the string of his *pinces*, and pushed out a protesting hand.

"No, no, but you must be firm on the point of Tangier."

"Having deliberately formed the opinion that Tangier is the best place for our young patient, I do not think that I shall readily change my conviction."

"Of course not."

"I shall speak to Lord Charles upon the subject now when I go upstairs."

"Pray do."

"And meanwhile Lady Ida will continue her present course of treatment. I trust that the warm African air may send her back in a few months with all her energy restored." He bowed in the courteous sweeping old-world fashion which had done so much to build up his ten thousand a year, and with the stealthy gait of a man whose life is spent in sick-rooms, he followed the footman upstairs.

As the red-velvet curtains swept back into position the Lady Ida threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sank her face on to her bosom.

"Oh! Mamma, you *are* a diplomatist!" she cried.

But her mother's expression was rather that of the general who looked upon the first smoke of the guns than of one who had won the victory.

"All will be right, dear," said she, glancing down at the fluffy yellow curls and tiny ear. "There is still much to be done, but I think we may venture to order the *trousseau*."

"Oh! how brave you are!"

"Of course, it will in any case be a very quiet affair. Arthur must get the license. I do not approve of hole-and-corner marriages, but where the gentleman has to take up an official position some allowance must be made. We can have Lady Hilda Edgecombe, and the Trevors, and the Grevilles, and I am sure that the Prime Minister would run down if he could."

"And Papa?"

"Oh, yes; he will come too, if he is well enough. We must wait until Sir William goes, and, meanwhile, I shall write to Lord Arthur."

Half an hour had passed, and quite a number of notes had been dashed off in the fine, bold, park-paling handwriting of the Lady Clara, when the door clashed, and the wheels of the doctor's carriage were heard grating outside against the kerb. The Lady Clara laid down her pen, kissed her daughter, and started off for the sick-room. The Foreign Minister was lying back in his chair, with a red silk handkerchief over his forehead, and his bulbous, cotton-wadded foot still protruding upon its rest.

"I think it is almost liniment time," said Lady Clara, shaking a blue crinkled bottle. "Shall I put on a little?"

"Oh! this pestilent toe!" groaned the sufferer. "Sir William won't hear of moving yet. I do think he is the most completely obstinate and pig-headed man that I have ever met. I tell him that he has mistaken his profession, and that I could find him a post at Constantinople. We need a mule there."

"Poor Sir William!" laughed Lady Clara, "But how has he roused your wrath?"

"He is so persistent—so dogmatic."

"Upon what point?"

"Well, he has been laying down the law about Ida. He has decreed, it seems, that she is to go to Tangier."

"He said something to that effect before he went up to you."

"Oh, he did, did he?" The slow-moving inscrutable eye came sliding round to her.

Lady Clara's face had assumed the expression of transparent obvious innocence, an intrusive candor which is never seen in nature save when a woman is bent upon deception.

"He examined her lungs, Charles. He did not say much, but his expression was very grave."

"Not to say owlish," interrupted the Minister.

"No, no, Charles; it is no laughing matter. He said that she must have a change. I am sure that he thought more than he said. He spoke of dulness and crepitation, and the effects of the African air. Then the talk turned upon dry, bracing health resorts, and he agreed that Tangier was the place. He said that even a few months there would work a change."

"And that was all?"

"Yes, that was all."

Lord Charles shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man who is but half convinced.

"But, of course," said Lady Clara, serenely, "If you think it better that Ida should not go, she shall not. The only thing is that if she should get worse we might feel a little uncomfortable afterwards. In a weakness of that sort a very short time may make a difference. Sir William evidently thought the matter critical. Still, there is no reason why he should influence you. It is a little responsibility, however. If you take it all upon yourself and free me from any of it, so that afterwards"—

"My dear Clara, how you do croak!"

"Oh! I don't wish to do that, Charles. But you remember what happened to Lord Bellamy's child. She was just Ida's



OW!

age. That was another case in which Sir William's advice was disregarded."

Lord Charles groaned impatiently. "I have not disregarded it," said he.

"No, no, of course not. I know your strong sense, and your good heart, too well, dear. You were very wisely looking at both sides of the question. That is what we poor women cannot do. It is emotion against reason, as I have often heard you say. We are swayed this way and that, but you men are persistent, and so you gain your way with us. But I am so pleased you have decided for Tangier."

"Have I?"

"Well, dear, you said that you would not disregard Sir William."

"Well, Clara, admitting that Ida is to go to Tangier, you will allow that it is impossible for me to escort her?"

"Utterly."

"And for you?"

"While you are ill my place is by your side."

"There is your sister?"

"She is going to Florida."

"Lady Dumbarton then?"

"She is nursing her father. It is out of the question."

"Well, then, who can we possibly ask? Especially as the season is commencing. You see, Clara, the fates fight against Sir William."

His wife rested her elbows against the back of the great red chair, and passed her fingers through the statesman's grizzled curls, stooping down as she did so, until her lips were close to his ear.

"There is Lord Arthur Sibthorpe," said she softly.

Lord Charles bounded in his chair, and muttered a word or two such as were more frequently heard from Cabinet Ministers in Lord Melbourne's time than now.

"Are you mad, Clara!" he cried. "What can have put such a thought into your head?"

"The Prime Minister."

"Who? the Prime Minister?"

"Yes, dear. Now do, do be good! Or perhaps I had better not speak to you about it any more."

"Well, I really think that you have gone rather too far to retreat."

"It was the Prime Minister, then, who told me that Lord Arthur was going to Tangier."

"It is a fact, though it had escaped my memory for the instant."

"And then came Sir William with his advice about Ida. Oh! Charlie, it is surely more than a coincidence!"

"I am convinced," said Lord Charles, with his shrewd questioning gaze, "that it is very much more than a coincidence, Lady Clara. You are a very clever woman, my dear. A born manager and organizer."

Lady Clara brushed past the compliment. "Think of our young days, Charlie," she whispered, with her fingers still toying with his hair. "What were you then? A poor man, not even Ambassador at Tangier. But I loved you, and believed in you, and have I ever regretted it? Ida loves and believes in Lord Arthur, and why should she ever regret it either?"

Lord Charles was silent. His eyes were fixed upon the green branches which waved outside the window; but his mind had flashed back to a Devonshire country-house of thirty years ago, and to the one fateful evening when, between old yew hedges, he paced along beside a slender girl, and poured out to her his hopes, his fears, and his ambitions. He took the white thin hand and pressed it to his lips.

"You have been a good wife to me, Clara," said he.

She said nothing. She did not attempt to improve upon her advantage. A less consummate general might have tried to do so, and ruined all. She stood silent and submissive, noting the quick play of thought which peeped from his eyes and lip. There was a sparkle in the one and a twitch of amusement in the other, as he at last glanced up at her.

"Clara," said he, "deny it if you can! You have ordered the *trousseau*."

She gave his ear a little pinch. "Subject to your approval," said she.

"You have written to the Archbishop."

"It is not posted yet."

"You have sent a note to Lord Arthur."

"How could you tell that?"

"He is downstairs now."

"No; but I think that is his brougham."

Lord Charles sank back with a look of half-comical despair. "Who is to fight against such a woman?" he cried. "Oh! if I could send you to Novikoff! He is too much for any of my men. But, Clara, I cannot have them up here."

"Not for your blessing?"

"No, no!"

"It would make them so happy."

"I cannot stand scenes."

"Then I shall convey it to them."

"And, pray, say no more about it—to-day, at any rate. I have been weak over the matter."

"Oh! Charlie, you who are so strong!"

"You have outflanked me, Clara. It was very well done. I must congratulate you."

"Well," she murmured, as she kissed him, "you know I have been studying a very clever diplomatist for thirty years."

MRS. MARGARET NEWTON, of Caldwell, Kansas, was a conspicuous figure at the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations. She and her four children had been deserted by her husband, and it was her desire to provide for her little ones that induced her to make her way with them to Kingfisher. Here she left the three oldest children, and carrying her baby, she set out for the reservation, where a kind-hearted woman took charge of it, while the mother joined in the mad rush of men and horses across the line into the newly opened lands. The plucky little woman secured and held an excellent claim, and as the chivalry of the men was aroused by her courage, she has received protection and aid in building her house and bringing out her children.

The Sketch Book.

The Little Watches.

A few years after the war, an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five-cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused?" said the old man. "Abused?" and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. And you won't take it on account of the holes! Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you! Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin, and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early in the morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No. Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy, I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it, because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than he was and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods, they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once, she forgetfully looked at her fifty-cent-piece. 'What are you doing?' asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company.

"Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached the house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: 'Papa, lean over.' I leaned over, and, taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.'"

The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist.

"Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?" said the old man. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud."

When the old man went out, he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.

How Marg'ie Died.

The Illinois Central train was half a hundred miles out of Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little weazened man, with a sensitive mouth half concealed by an iron-gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best and he moved awkwardly and stiffly in them. There was no vacant seats and after some hesitation he slid softly into one occupied by a grave stranger, intent upon his paper. The old man was ill at ease, and as he turned a careworn, haggard face toward the brown, flying landscape, it showed marks of some recent trouble. The stranger laid aside his paper after a while and half-wistfully the old man glanced at him. He spoke at last with a strange huskiness.

"I'm goin' to the city for the second time in my life," he said, half startled at his own voice.

"Yes?" and in the intonation of the other's there was an invitation to go on.

"The second time," repeated the old man. "Thirty year ago, come June, I went there for a wedding suit, and I'm a-goin' back there to-day for a coffin and a shroud for—the little woman that—married me."

His voice broke, and turning again to the window he looked out upon the dull, cold landscape and was silent many minutes.

"You don't know what it is, mister; you can't understand," and he was crying very softly and hopelessly. "You don't know what it is to live and work 'longside a woman for thirty years, day in and day out, to find her always patient and willin' and workin'—and then leave her a lyin' dead and cold, with her worn-out hands crossed on her breast. You don't have no idee what it is," and the sleeve of the old man was drawn apologetically across his eyes.

"I've be'n thinkin' a good deal since last night when Marg'ie died; it kinder puts a man on his thoughts. It was just a little after the turn o' the night, and nobody but me was watchin', when she kiner woke up, like, as if she'd be'n asleep.

"David," says she, "it's restful—so restful," and I took hold of her hand; 'is that you a-singin', David,' says she. 'Go on,' but I hadn't sung a word and couldn't 'a done it—'go on, David,' says she, 'and I'll be restin', for I'm so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity."

"And do you know, stranger, them words o' her'n have set me to thinkin'. Poor, tired soul! and I never thought how much she needed rest. I thought as I set there, watchin' her breath a-goin' out last night, that mebbe we'd made a mistake of it all. We never thought of it while we was a workin' and a-skipin' and a-savin'—ryin' to make both ends meet and to lay up somethin' for the children. But I thought about it all last night when only me and her was waitin' for the last. She never had no pleasure. She never took no holiday nor visited like other wimmin. She raised the children and slopped pigs and milked cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knowed nor thought how she done it all till I saw them poor crossed hands with little white posies in 'em. Some un o' the neighbours put 'em there, and it kinder choked me when I looked. I knowed she'd never had no time for posies when she might have smelled 'em. She didn't have time for nothin' but the thorns, mister, and—that's what hurts me."

After a moment he looked up through his tears.

"Some folks may 'low it won't do no good, mister," and his voice grew stronger; "but I'm a going to see that she's put away in somethin' rich. We wasn't skimpin' and savin' thirty year for this, but I'm a goin' to have the best money'll buy. She's earned it, God knows; and she's earned somethin' else—she's earned that white raiment that the good book says is washed in the blood of the lamb."

The old man's voice sunk into that reverent whisper so common to the God-fearing of his class at the utterance of holy things, and in the silence which followed he sunk into a reverie. He was awakened from it only by the stopping of the train at Van Buren street. At the door of the car he shook hands with his companion and a moment later was swallowed up in the crowd.

It was pitiful—all of it. And yet there was a passenger on that train who is the better man for the recollection of the old farmer's look and gesture, and for the thought that there are silver handles to the coffin that holds his sacred dust, lying out under a dark mound amid the barren brown of an Illinois prairie.

SHOOTING UNDER WATER.—Trials of the submarine torpedo gun, at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard, resulted in conclusive proof that the projectile so fired will, at short ranges, easily penetrate the torpedo nettings of a ship, and impinge upon her hull with destructive force. The full range of the gun has not yet been demonstrated; but the evidence is beyond question that this method of warfare must speedily revolutionize all old forms, and that the submarine torpedo constitutes the most effective possible means of harbor protection.



EDITED BY

Miss Madge Robertson, M.A.

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ALL LETTERS should be addressed

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

The Book Shelf in the Den.

The Shudder in Literature. **JULES CLARETIE**, in a recent article thus entitled, shews the connection between authors and their works. The writers of what he designates the "shudder" style of literature are, he asserts, often affected by the horrors of which they write. He instances Guy de Maupassant, Baudelaire, and others less familiar. Guy de Maupassant, now, as the world of readers knows, insane, shortly before the black delirium came upon him, wrote "Le Horla," that morbid analysis of a psychological state, in which it is easy to find premonitions of the misfortune which overwhelmed him. He was certainly haunted by delirious fancies, the terror and vertigo of death. Certain subjects are unwholesome, disquieting, perilous. Then, if the tale or the drama is to create in the reader or spectator that strange shudder, that sensation of anguish of which Maupassant so often speaks, the author must be himself condemned to this indefinable disturbance. The sentiment, as Mr. Claretie proves by dozens of instances, that one wishes to render, must first be experienced. The fact is not pleasing. The author is running a risk that the bravest man will quail before. One does not dabble in psychical mysteries with impunity. Fear to the

blasé becomes a caress, and has its dangers like morphine or opium. The men who create this shudder in literature are not worth considering as authors. But as men they are worth saving from the most harmful of influences. The literature, if one can call the emanations of a diseased mind literature, is beneath contempt, and ought to instil the purest pity for the author. What the mind gives forth in these unsound moments is a species of insomnia, the dreams of the sick, and as such as different from mental products in the fullness of the mind's waking state as day is from night. The author who dribbles in this sort of demoniac writing is walking on the edge of an abyss. This unhealthy "poetry of night" is a bad dream, and there's something radically wrong in the mental condition of the man who burrows away from the clear sunlight into wallowing mysteries and morbid terrors.

* * * *

Editors Responsible for Morbid Literature.

ONE really ought not to attack the authors of the creepy and horrible class of stories. For either they are predisposed to hysteria or dementia, and as such sufficiently accursed, or else they are very young people and passing through a stage of silly morbid dreaming, from which they will awake, sick at heart. But the people who publish this sort of thing ought to be held morally responsible. They either pander to a vitiated taste—in which case they are criminally and nationally responsible—or they delude the unwary reader into indulging in horrors for which he has no real aptitude—for with fiendish skill the real horror of the tale is often the close of it. Moreover, by filling his magazine with the products of disordered and malignant brains the editor is crowding out the brighter and more wholesome class of literature. He is forcing hundreds of readers to be fed by unpalatable food—for the starving mass of readers will read anything rather than be reduced to talking. He is lowering the standard of public morality, for man is not elevated by gazing into the depths. Many an indignant reader, lured by a promising beginning into reading a tale of horror, wipes his perspiring brow, and asks—"Why do they publish such stuff?"

If editors were hard-up one could excuse the imposition; but every day astonishing facts are brought to light of the rejected stories of the most famous of our wholesome and clever story-writers. Their experiences have been identical. The best and brightest of their productions went the weary round from editor to editor, year in and year out. No editor would publish them. They were busying accumulating horrors for a horror-disliking public. There is no excuse for this stocking of the literary market. The supply is far greater than the demand. And even if it were not so, no editor, no man, has any right to induce moral dementia or increase the number of lunatic asylums.

* * * *

The Woman's Page.

ANOTHER department of literature which ought to be cast down and trampled out beyond all recognition is the so-called "Woman's Page" in the newspapers. I say 'so-called,' because no woman of my acquaintance will claim it. It ought to be called "What Men Think a Woman's Page is, or ought to be." It pleases them still to consider us as so vitally con-

cerned in the color of hose worn at Newport, and the fact that the Countess of Noodledom carries forty roses in one bouquet, that the real affairs of life do not interest. The great ebb and flow of humanity goes on, kingdoms rise and fall, overwhelming disasters crush tens of thousands, suffering humanity groans under dishonest governments, great reforms are being fought for, a nation's wrongs are redressed, poverty rebels against rich oppression, anarchy sets in, the sacred rights of Christianity are infringed upon—and the "Woman's Page" presents a smooth unruffled surface of "The Latest Coiffure," or "A New Way to Remove Freckles."

It is a sea of inanities, frivolities, gossip. The chit-chat of fashion, copied from only the editor knows where, articles of doubtful value on household concerns, more or less un- vouched for and untried hints as to the care of the person, all sorts and conditions of paragraphs about the private (no longer so,) lives of public people, plenty of two-penny ha' penny poetry. This sort of thing may be necessary to the life of a well-regulated household. But why call it the "Woman's Page"? Is this all they are supposed to care for in the daily paper? Or is it to give the husband and father the first chance to look at the interesting part? From the air with which he shoves over the portion containing the "Woman's World" to his better-half and relegates her to a half-hour's twaddle, while he, in possession of the coveted portion, enjoys himself, is maddening. No woman, so far as I can find out, depends for her intellectual existence on the "Woman's Page." Even the poorest feminine literary critics disdain its flabby contents. If the information given were reliable the matter could be taken in doses as necessary knowledge, but in the majority of cases—having been behind the scenes I speak as one who knows—it is culled from sources owning no authority, unless we refer it to sources distinctly demoniac, and is as irresponsible as the wind that bloweth where it listeth. Some man or woman starts an idea that washing the face is bad for it. The remark is contagious. Nobody stops washing his or her face long enough to find out if the thing is so, but rushes around in the "Woman's Page," telling everybody else of the evil effect of soap and water. No reliance can be placed on the great mass of miscellaneous and trivial suggestions which waste good type and paper in the "Woman's Page."

★ ★ ★ ★

The Correspondence Column.

BUT even if it were so. If women did find solution for domestic puzzles in this apparently useless appendage to the newspaper, there is still much harm. There is too much stern reality in this world to play at dolls' houses. When noble women everywhere are occupied with great and strong work it is no time to discuss with mock earnestness the best way of shewing a gentleman that his attentions are unwelcome. The Correspondence Column is the recognized medium for the exchange of puzzling matters of etiquette, and no doubt of great blessing to the social life of the rural communities. But one reads with sad amazement of the trifles that are supposed to, and possibly do, interest women. How dare they, in face of life's tremendous responsibilities, thus deal in the flippant and trivial? With the great social and philanthropic questions of the day to discuss! With the hundreds of crying needs and reforms! With real questions, questions on whose answering depends the utility of the race

to intelligently discuss! With a whole world's wrong to set right!—I cannot think that any woman takes more than a passing glance at this stigma on modern intelligence and modern sympathy, the "Woman's Page."

Marge Robertson

The Two Ruins.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

A sea of moonlight,
And in the sea an isle
Black, rugged, tempest-torn, vast:
O mighty Colosseum
More grand in this thy ruin
Than when proud Cæsar smiled, and all thy walls
Rang with tumultuous acclaim,
While round thy dark foundations moaned
A wind of alien pain.
Terrible thou, O splendor of the Past.
How great the Rome that knew thee, and how dread!
Proud Roman, thine inheritance
Is as a deathless crown,
Yea, as a crown deep-set upon the brows,
The unfurrowed front of Time that is to be.

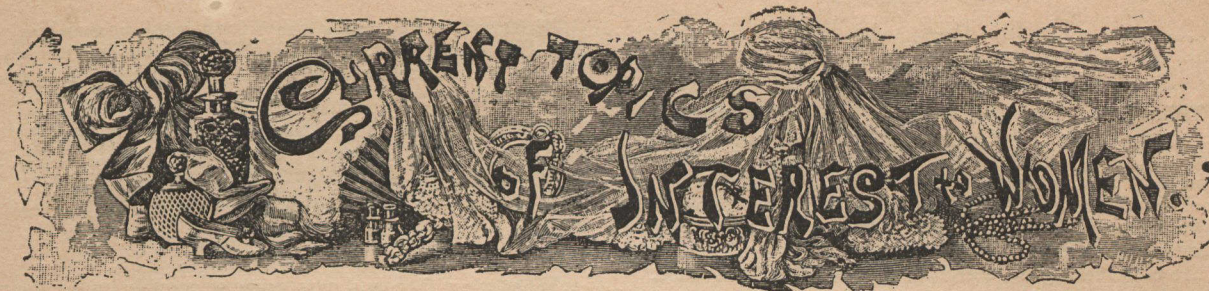
Hark, that low whine!
What crippled thing is this,
This spume of vice,
This wreck of high estate?
What ruin this that rises gaunt and wild?
Thou, thou art Rome, the Past,
The Rome that is!
Not here a venerable age,
But dull decay,
Slow death and utter weariness.
Yon vast forlorn walls are but the frozen surf
Of tides long ages ebb'd.
In thee ruin is, in thee and such as thee.

Archdeacon Farrar on the Oberammergauer Passion Play.

The Westminster Town Hall was filled to overflowing on the evening of Good Friday, when Archdeacon Farrar gave a most interesting lecture on the Oberammergauer Passion Play. Musical illustrations, taken from Hadyn's Passion Play, and a number of views of the scenery and the performers thrown on the sheet, helped to give much colour and character to the discourse. The reverend gentleman traced the history of the passion and miracle plays to its origin. Some of the earliest of these must have been very grotesque, since it has been alleged that the mummery we know as Punch and Judy is a direct descendant of them. The Oberammergauer Passion Play dates from the thirteenth century, and each time it has been performed it has increased in popularity, and it is imminent that publicity will end in destroying this wonderful spectacle of the Bavarian highlands. The simplicity and extreme reverence which were noticeable in the first interpretations are gradually disappearing, and nowadays the little village beneath the cross-crowned mountain is a happy hunting-ground for the ubiquitous hotel proprietor and a goal for the tourist agent.

Do You Think This Is Just?

In only five States has a mother absolute legal right to the custody of her own children. These are Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington. In all other States the right of fatherhood is paramount.



"THAT ALL MAY INHERIT WHAT EACH SURRENDERS."



It seems a pity that the brief discussion by Mary Elizabeth Blake in the *North American* regarding the propriety of wearing mourning has not received more general attention. Mrs. Blake showed that our present custom of wearing mourning is a relic of olden and barbarous times. It has apparently lost most of its significance; and she believes that the time has passed when the wearer of the "inky cloak" can make the pleasure-seeker pause or receive the respect due to those in grief. Mourning has become subject to the laws and caprices of fashion, and she finds in general that the tendency is to lose the meaning of the badge in the effort to give all the marks of worldliness to it. We have adopted our mourning customs from the Jews. The wearer was in olden times left severely alone. In the last century it was a costly process, for people mourned then for friends as well as relatives, decorated their beds with funereal black, liveried their servants in black, and carried the uniform on their horses and carriages. To-day, however, the whole thing is reduced to a convention—so many yards of crape for one relative, so many for another. "To sum up, in brief," says Mrs. Blake, "the custom is outworn; it is an anachronism in the nineteenth century. It is un-Christian; it clouds the spiritual significance of the resurrection with the ever-present expression of temporal loss. It is cruel; it forces helpless and innocent people into action which entails privation and unnecessary suffering. It is untruthful; it makes false outward show of changes in sentiment. And it is essentially vulgar; for it presses private affairs upon public notice; it thrusts claims of fashion and frivolity upon a time which most greatly moves the heights and depths of being; and it forces its superficial worldliness into the fiercest throes which can ever rend human nature. Why, then, do we still wear mourning?"

★ ★ ★ ★

WOMEN are aspiring nowadays to all the honors, emoluments, and cares which have heretofore belonged to men, and we may yet see a woman running for President of the United States, if indeed we may not see one actually installed in the White House. The latest honor sought by a woman is a membership of the Institute of France. Mme. Léon Berteaux pleads for a place among the Immortals, and would gladly fill the place made vacant by the death of M. Bonassieux. Mme. Berteaux believes that women can use the palette and brush or drive the quill quite as well, if not quite as profitably, as men. "The 'Immortals,'" says a writer of the Academy, "are much less liberal toward the beautiful sex than those who sat on Olympus. They want no Junos or Venuses or

Dianas among them. In this respect they keep up the monastic tradition. The learned corporations are the most conservative in the world. They have the deeply rooted conviction that woman's influence is disturbing to the intellect that is bent on philosophy and all serious studies. Imagine 'Gyp' or Mme. Séverine firmly seated under the cupola of the Palais Mazarin! There is not an academicien who does not tremble at the thought. All manner of perplexing questions would arise from such an innovation. One of these would be the costume of the lady academicien on ceremonial occasions. She might refuse to wear a bottle-green coat, a cocked hat, and a sword. Then, supposing one woman were admitted, what an endless succession of visits from petticoated candidates the quiet possessors of *fauteuils* would be exposed to ever afterward! Unless they gave a standing order to their servants to say they were not at home whenever a lady called, they would not soon be numbered with the weakest of mortals."

★ ★ ★ ★

"BECAUSE a carpet is put on the floor and is made to walk on, that is no reason why it should be neglected or abused," said a manufacturer recently. "The ordinary carpet lining is absolutely worthless as a protection from sand and grit which works through the carpet, and it really does more damage than all other causes put together. The carpet itself is to some extent open, at least, will allow the finer particles of sand to pass through it. Of course, these collect on the smooth surface of the paper lining and can go no farther. Here they remain, and every step taken across the carpet is just so much steady grinding on the back.

"For this reason, carpet should frequently be taken up, especially where sand abounds. A carpet should be taken up at least once in six months and thoroughly beaten to free it from gritty particles which lodge in the woven back of the fabric. It may then be relaid and thoroughly cleaned with naphtha or soap-suds. If there are sticky spots they must be removed with water. All grease spots may be treated with the naphtha. To do this, take a pan containing a quart or so of naphtha, and, with a scrubbing brush, go rapidly over the carpet. As fast as it is scrubbed, have an assistant ready with a soft cloth, to absorb whatever of the fluid may be possible. Then cover the clean part closely with the cotton cloth or an old comfortable. If spots appear after the carpet has once been gone over, repeat the process where necessary. Several applications might be necessary to effectually remove such soiled spots. In case it is necessary to use soap-suds, it should be applied in a small quantity. Candy or other sweets make spots which naphtha will not remove. If there are no spots at all on the carpet, merely a naphtha bath will brighten the colors amazingly.

"When it is not thought necessary to take the carpet from the floor, a thorough brushing with suds or naphtha will improve its appearance very greatly. When coal fires are used, it is well to take the utmost pains that no particles of coal are dropped on the carpet, even though they may be picked up at once, the dust from them being almost certain to leave a mark, and if stepped on and crushed, the particles make a most dangerous sort of grit. Large rugs should be placed in front of stoves or grates, and when ashes must be taken up, a thick paper or a piece of oilcloth will do to spread in front of the stove."

Useful Things to Know.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

Thimbles were scarcely known in England before the reign of James I., when John Loping, a mechanic, came over from Holland, bringing with him a stock of them. Finding very soon that the demand for his wares was increasing, and would soon exhaust the supply, he established a manufactory of thimbles in Islington, and invited over several of his countrymen to assist in working it. The success and profit of the undertaking were greatly beyond his expectations.

The most ancient piece of music which is still in existence is called the "Blessing of the Priests," and due to the nation which has produced the greatest number of musical composers of the first class that the world has known. This song or chant was sung in the Temple at Jerusalem, and is still to be heard in the Jewish synagogues in Spain and Portugal. The "Te Deum Laudamus" of St. Gregory the Great dates back to the sixth century.

Great students have generally extreme sensibility of nerves, consequently much irritability of temper; they are necessarily more liable to the attacks of disease, and their complaints are also more difficult of cure than those of others less keen to distinguish themselves. Over-study, besides, often defeats its object; it causes a kind of dulness of brain, and, as Rousseau remarks, "returns man to his original stupidity."

You should not use emery paper to a polished steel surface. Use a very finely-powdered Bath brick in a small quantity of oil, dip a piece of flannel in the mixture, and rub the spots of rust well with it. Then apply some whiting, rubbing as before; and if this does not succeed at first, repeat the same process till the rust is removed. But such spots should not be allowed to come in the first instance.

The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; and the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow; doubtless for the purpose of their conservation, and to teach us that we should ever be in action.

Nothing in the feminine make-up is so hard to manage as the shoe. A lady who has given the matter attention says that one of the best ways to keep shoes looking well is to change them often and never to wear out-of-door shoes indoors. It is wearing the same shoes both indoors and out that makes them look shabby so soon.

If the eyes are tired and inflamed from loss of sleep, by sitting up late or long travel, apply in the morning soft white linen, dripping with hot water—as hot as you can bear it—laying the cloth upon the lids. You will feel the eyes strong and free from pain or distress in half an hour.

This is one of those simple things which few people know of. If you are in a Pullman car, get a pillow from the porter, put it in your lap and place your writing materials on it. The elasticity of the pillow will insure smoothness. Where a pillow cannot be obtained use your coat.

Everyone knows that washed lace is improved by being dyed in cold coffee, but perhaps blondes are not aware that if it be dipped in tea it will become a color more likely to suit them. At any rate lace dyed in tea is a nice change and keeps fresh longer.

For severe hemorrhage from the nose try holding the arms of the patient up over the head for five minutes at a time. A small piece of ice wrapped in muslin and laid directly on the bridge of the nose will usually give relief.

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, try covering it closely with a tin and setting it over a basin of hot water. This plan will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent it from drying.

Meat can be kept very nicely for a week or two by covering it with sour milk or buttermilk and placing it in a cool cellar. The bone or fat need not be removed. Rinse well before using.

A piece of chamois skin bound on the edges, shaped to fit the heel, and kept in place by a piece of elastic rubber, worn over the stockings, will save much mending.

It is said that if the kerosene can is not tightly corked, both at neck and spout, especially if in a warm place, the oil will burn dull and cake on the wick.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

For simple hoarseness take a fresh egg, beat it and thicken with pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

Our Fair Critics.

Such pleasant results have followed from the discussion of various topics in this department that we offer another subject of discussion:—"IS THE DEACONESS MOVEMENT IN THE VARIOUS PROTESTANT CHURCHES THE BEST MEANS OF UTILIZING THE UNORGANIZED WOMEN'S WORK FOR CHRISTIANITY?"

CONDITIONS.

1. The answers to be written on one side of paper only and be accompanied with full name and address of writer. The *nom de plume* only will be printed if so desired.
2. The answer is to be not more than 200 words.
3. Each writer and sender must be herself a yearly subscriber to THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Results to be announced in January number.

* * * *

RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

The best answer to the query, "Are Silent or Very Talkative People the Most Trying to Deal With?" is here given. Its author, the prize-winner, is MRS. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, 2112 W. Market, Louisville, Ky.

And here is her answer:—"To talk" or "Not to talk." That is the "Question." I vote for Talking, even if it is only graceful nonsense. Deliver me from Carlyle's golden silence. I don't want a vis-a-vis silent, stern, staring as though a mental photograph was being taken, eventually to be transferred to canvas for the Rogue's Gallery. The wind gets in the east when I meet these *imbodied non-entities*. Still I dislike bores, "one who talks of himself when you want to talk of yourself." What is the use of dribbling your mind out "like a leaky barrel"? Good talkers are public benefactors.

SIXTEEN young ladies are included in the first bicycling club in Sweden, which has just been formed at Upsala.

MISS MARY STEELE has exclusive charge of the money-order department of the post-office at Pittsburg, Pa. Last year about \$2,500,000 passed through her hands.

MISS MATTIE WALKER has been made assessor of Mackford, Green Lake County, Wis. The office is no sinecure, for there are many residents of large wealth in the town.

MISS REGINA MANE, of Lisbon, said to be a lineal descendant of Columbus, proposes to prepare a genealogical tree of the family for the Columbian Exposition.

MISS MARGARET L. KNIGHT invented the machine for making square-bottomed paper bags, and has since invented a machine for folding these bags.

Musical Doings.



"While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the water die."

Madame Adelina Patti.

(CONTINUED).

AFTER having passed some pleasant days at Craig-y-Nos Castle, Madame Patti proposed a day's visit to Swansea, the principal town of South Wales, proudly named by its inhabitants "the miniature Bay of Naples," and which before it became so essentially a commercial centre, and darkened with the fumes of copper and chemical works in the neighbourhood, must have been a place of much beauty. It was fortunately a market day, and we could not but be amused, as we wandered about, at the sight of the Welshwomen in their quaint market dress, selling their butter, poultry, and cheese, at what

seemed to us merely nominal prices, whilst they chattered among themselves in a language of which no word was familiar to our ears. The town itself is pleasant enough with its long streets of cream-washed houses, but nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the peasants and miners whom we met on the way to the market, and who sulkily vouchsafed a few words of greeting as we passed.

Without, as well as within doors, nothing could be more agreeable than the life led at Craig-y-Nos. Madame Patti expects her guests to do exactly what they please, and only enforces a rule that they should come down punctually to meals, which are always served in a fine conservatory leading from the Italian winter gardens. Dinner at 7 o'clock is the event of the day, and then La Diva appears in her highest spirits, full of wit and anecdote. Like many celebrated people, she lives much in the past, and is never weary of talking of the father and mother to whom she was so dutifully attached, and who were taken from her long years ago. Of her childhood's days, as I have already shown, she has much to tell. "I was always merry, yet earnest at the same time, and took pains with everything I undertook—the real secret of my success in life."

The afternoon at Craig-y-Nos is always occupied in driving in the beautiful neighbourhood surrounding the Castle. Madame Patti is naturally a warm favourite with all the squires and squires of the country round, no less than with the poor on her estate; and when the wheels of her carriage are heard in the distance, children, big and small, leave their work and run into the lanes to wave their handkerchiefs, and lustily cheer the Queen of Song as she passes on her way.

Notwithstanding her great talents, Adelina Patti is the most modest and unaffected of women, and of a singularly generous and sympathetic nature. Nowhere is she seen to greater advantage than when entertaining her friends, whose names are legion, beneath the hospitable roof of Craig-y-Nos Castle.

Signor Lago, to whom is due the credit of the first introduction to England of Mascagni's successful opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," and who has been endeavouring for some time past to obtain a London theatre for operatic purposes, has at length secured the commodious new Olympic theatre in Wych street where he purposes commencing an autumn season of Italian and English operas. Details concerning the works to be included in the repertory have not yet been determined upon, but it is understood that Signor Lago, under whose auspices "Life for the Czar," by the Russian composer Glinka, was first given in England at

Govent Garden theatre, contemplates producing an English version of a modern Russian opera not hitherto heard in England, also contemplates giving "Lohengrin" and one or two other Wagnerian operas, and likewise Verdi's melodious work "Un Ballo in Maschera." Miss Margaret Macintyre is to be one of the chief sopranos, Signor Vignas, who sang so successfully at the Shaftesbury theatre in "Cavalleria Rusticana," is named as one of the principal tenors, and Mr. Eugene Oudin will be among the baritones.

PATTI AS "LIEDA."



PATTI AS "AIDA."



PATTI AS "JULIET."



PATTI AS "VALENTINA."

The Useless Little Toe.

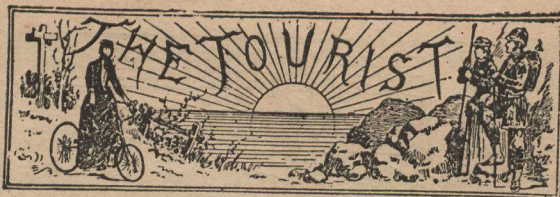
"Any man or woman who has suffered with corns must agree with me that the little toe is an entirely useless appendage of the human foot," said J. Y. Baskin, of Louisville, at the Lindell. "It is the little toe that invites and encourages the growth of the corn more than does any other of the five toes, and mainly on account of this propensity to fret and pain the poor mortal who is heir to so many ills, I am convinced that the little toe will entirely disappear from the foot and remain only a reminiscence to the race. We have no earthly use for it, anyhow, and the sooner it goes the better for humanity and humanity's hope of the hereafter. The little toe now hangs to the foot like a wart. In nine cases out of ten its possessor has no muscular control of it. You can not even work it as you do the other toes. Time was, perhaps, when it was strong and sprightly, and would spread itself out to assist in maintaining bodily equilibrium. But that was before we began to wear shoes.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, the author of that charming collection, "My Lady Nicotine," commenced his literary career as a reporter of cricket matches on a Dumfries paper. When he was 18—he is now 32—he entered Edinburgh University. He drifted to the Nottingham *Journal*, a paper which has ceased to have a separate existence, and, although he often wrote four columns a day, found time hung heavily on his hands. His "Auld Licht Idyls"—the Auld Lichts are a little and very fierce sect which seceded from the Presbyterian church about a century and a half ago—first appeared in the *St. James Gazette*. His humor is so convincing that people often take his jokes in earnest. In 1887 Sir George Trevelyan was contesting one of the parliamentary divisions of Glasgow as a Gladstonian Liberal, he having in the former year as a Liberal Unionist been defeated for the border burghs. The change suggested to Mr. Barrie a humorous skit in the *Gazette* entitled "The Strange Case of Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Otto," and modelled, of course, on "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." A Glasgow paper reprinted the skit, and at a meeting the same evening Sir George categorically denied the statements in the article, while the North Bristol *Daily Mail* gravely explained that there was not an atom of truth in the story that Sir George Trevelyan, after drinking a glass of water, became somebody else.

The habiliments of woe are not as dense, nor as long, nor as much of an eyesore as they used to be when crape wrapped a mourner round and round. This grewsome depressing and almost invariably dusty fabric is giving way before nun's veiling, and even this is scantily used. It is sufficient now, except in the case of widows, for a mourner to wear ordinary black, minus both crape and jet. Mourning colors the world over are strangely contradictory. In Ethiopia grayish brown is used as a sign of grief, because it typifies the color of the clay to which the body returns. Sky-blue, as worn in Syria and Arminia, carries with it the comforting assurance that the souls of the dead have been wafted beyond the skies. With the South Sea Islanders black and white express alternate hope and sorrow. In Turkey the mourning color is violet, in China white. The yellow of the dying leaf is worn in Egypt and Burmah.

It doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at \$500.

The water tank or cooler in which the drinking water is kept should be lined with porcelain, and it should be emptied and thoroughly cleansed every morning before the fresh water and ice are put in.



Wanderings in Normandy.

FALAISE—CONTINUED.

Bits of the old town walls remain peeping out here and there from amongst the houses, and are especially seen above the wooded slope overhanging the valley of the Ante; and one of its gateways—the Porte des Cordeliers—is still very perfect, an excellent subject for the sketch-book, whether viewed from within or without the walls. Past the east end of St. Gervais, and through the ruined Porte Lecomte, the picturesque suburb of St. Laurient is reached, built up and down the valley, with its old houses and very ancient little church perched on a rocky eminence. The suburb of Guibray, on the opposite side of the railway from Falaise, contains a specially fine church in the Norman style, dating chiefly from the eleventh century.

Falaise is certainly one of the places best worth seeing in Normandy, containing as it does such a variety of subjects for the sketch-book. The country round is very pretty, and if the visitor elects to reach it from Caen by carriage he will have a delightful drive through scenery of the most charming character.

Venetian Moonlight.

Everyone should make a point of coming to Venice at the time of the moon; in fact, it is a great mistake that a full moon was not made a permanency here. The entire population, or at least that part that the traveller sees—the natives who go out to amuse, and the strangers who go out to be amused—can be seen on these nights floating up and down the Grand Canal. Big boats full of people with the sweetest voices, in spite of their rather disreputable appearance, take turns in singing, under the windows of the hotels, songs that gain their crowning charm from the fact that you cannot understand a word. The moon is bigger here in Venice than anywhere else, and brighter; at least it seems so to me, and I ought to know, for I have never looked at it so often and so long. Oh, ye newly married couples, who have a spark of romance in your souls, and money enough to get to Europe in your pockets, come to Venice on your honeymoons! There never were anywhere else such exquisite nights, never any thing so soul-inspiring as the music over the water, and never were seats for two so luxurious as the seats in the gondolas.

The Japanese Skin.

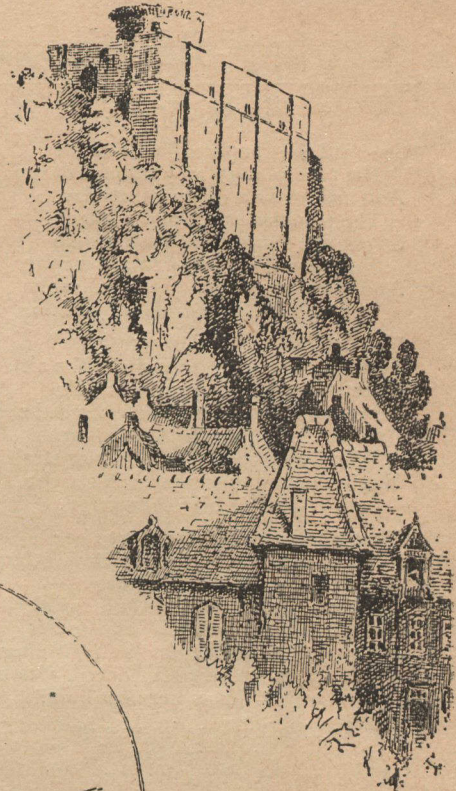
In hygienic matters the Japanese have everywhere a habit which may have a lesson for us. In their nightly bath and morning wash the water is never cold, never warm, but always as hot as it can be borne. To foreigners this habit seems very surprising, but the most inveterate Englishman, if he stays in the country long enough, abandons his cold tub in its favor.

The cold-taking which it is suspected must follow is not found to occur if the water has been hot enough. This heat is maintained by a little furnace beneath the bath. In the bath the bather or bathers take a prolonged soaking, the washing proper being done on the bath-room floor; then follows a second and final soaking, drying with towels, and a lounge in bathing wrapper.

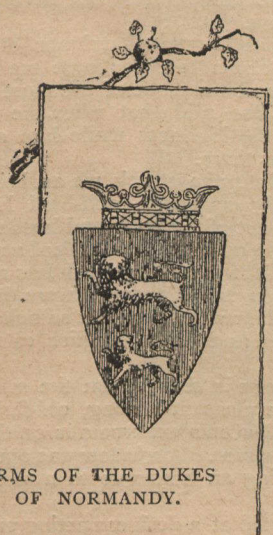
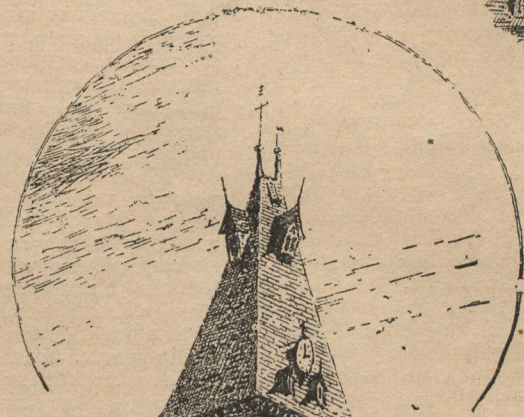
This habit seems to promote softness and suppleness of the skin, and by persons inclined to rheumatism is soon found to be altogether preferable to the cold bath in every particular.



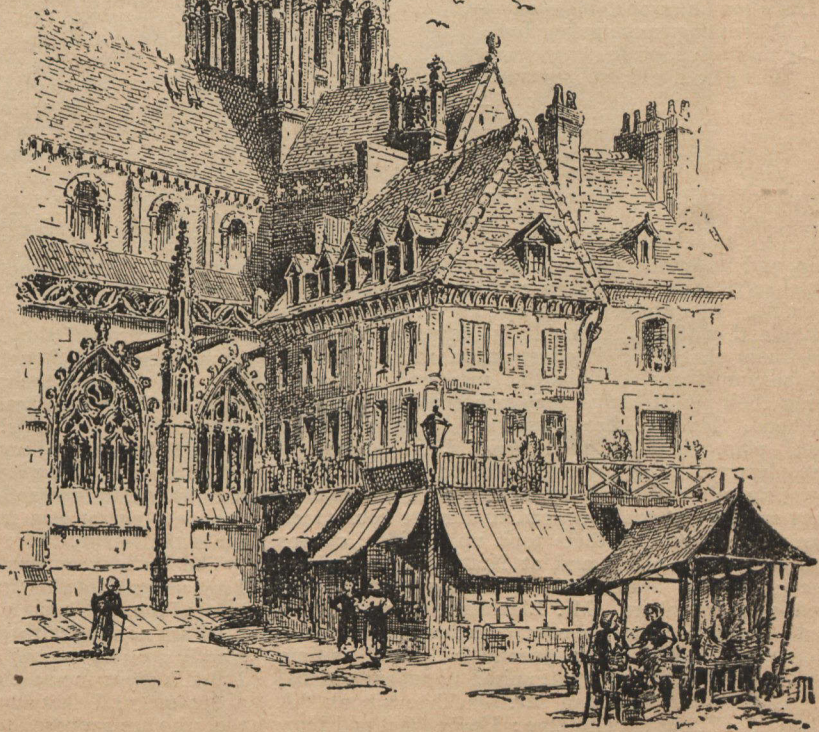
THE TALBOT TOWER FALAISE.



THE CASTLE AT FALAISE



ARMS OF THE DUKES OF NORMANDY.



CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS, FALAISE

WANDERINGS IN NORMANDY.—FALAISE.

(THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.)

Sunday Afternoon.

David's Harp.

"Go—find the shepherd-lad, that he
His tuneful harp may hither bring,
And soothe with ready minstrelsy
The troubled spirit of the king."
So ran the summons; then awoke
Soft sounds an angel might inspire,
And sweet as though the angel spoke
Through the swift trembling of the lyre.

The listener lay in silent state
While tender rapture stirred the air;
With such a key to Heaven's gate
Methinks he must have entered there.
And as the youth, divinely taught,
Won from the strings a nobler strain,
Haply the brooding monarch caught
Dim visions of Messiah's reign.

That wondrous Saviour yet to be;
Though David's son, yet David's Lord;
A man to set His people free,
A God to vanquish fire and sword!
The great Anointed in Whose praise
Yon boy prophetic songs should sing,
While Israel wreathed his crown with bays,
And hailed him as her poet king.

For David's harp is with us still,
It daily, hourly sounds again,
When thunders from the organ fill
The minster or the village fane;
And chanted by the white-robed choir,
Or gravely read, or murmured low,
We hear his words of sacred fire,
Who sang so sweetly long ago.

Yes! in cathedrals vast and dim
The harp of David still is set;
And often round some simple hymn
It wakens hallowed echoes yet,
As when he came that far-off day,
A stripling to the palace hall,
With finger swift to chase away
The gloom which conquered mighty Saul.

—SYDNEY GREY.

A Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.

A movement which has extended very widely in Great Britain and her colonies, but is little known here, doubtless owes much to its name. It is called the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, and its founders aimed to show that Bible study and Gospel services for young men could be made attractive and agreeable. In a way it was an outcome of Mr. Moody's visit to England in 1875. His methods impressed it on Mr. John Blackham that Bible-class instruction was too formal, stiff, and unsympathetic, and that the workers in that line were losing their pupils just as they emerged from boyhood into manhood. He therefore devised a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" plan, which included "brief, bright, brotherly addresses," hearty singing, prizes for attendance and scholarship, a weekly subscription of the members for attendance, and many special features contrived to interest young men of the working classes. Others took up the idea, classes were started in large towns, and at Nottingham a railway employee started a branch which in less than a year numbered 1,041 members. Mr. Blackham now gives his time and energy to starting new branches. These are independent, not united into a general body, and as time has gone on the idea of one great united undenominational class in each town (advocated in Mr. Blackham's book "A Bible Class of a Thousand and One: How to Get and How to Keep It") has given way to the plan of smaller classes

connected with the several churches. In the city of Hanley alone, 1,455 book prizes, of the value of about \$1,000, have been distributed. The subscription of the members makes the movement self-sustaining, and it seems to incite voluntary action and do away with cut-and-dried methods and lifeless formality much as the Christian Endeavor movement does here.

Archdeacon Farrar at Home.

(FROM JENESSE MILLER MONTHLY).

BY FOSTER COATES.

In America Archdeacon Farrar is almost as well known as in London. But it is as a writer rather than as a preacher.

Americans in London naturally go to St. Margaret's in Westminster Abbey to hear the famous pulpit orator who now has scarcely any superior in his Church. But most Americans cannot visit London or Westminster at their will, and it may interest them to know something of the great pulpiteer as he is today. I have had the pleasure recently of hearing him preach, and of spending a very interesting hour with him in his library.

Despite his great ability as a pulpit orator, I think he appears to a better advantage in private. In the pulpit his great, strong face becomes harsh and expressionless, his voice, which at its best is loud and rough, takes on a monstrous tone, and he seems without animation. Yet these are in a sense mannerisms. For all his seeming faults, the subject matter of his sermons is above honest criticism in the main. His style is florid, he indulges in metaphors and far-fetched comparisons, but his sermons are works of art none the less.

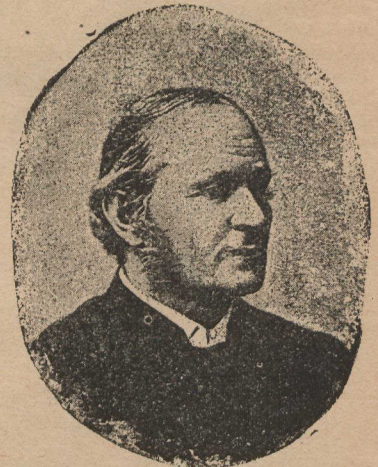
Dr. Farrar is one of England's great churchmen, even his critics admit. To see him at his best you must see him in private. His old friends say he was one of the most genial of young men, and it is also said that when he was a master at Harrow his simple kindness made him a great favorite with all the students there.

As I saw him in his library he struck me as being an excellent type of the kindly, courteous, well-bred English gentleman. It was around out of the noise and bustle of the streets that I turned into the quiet of Dean's Yard at Westminster. The trees in the little yard were much less sombre than the walls of the old house. Sparrows were there in abundance, but I thought their ways were not so bohemian-like, if I may use the term, as those of English extraction that flourish in America.

Archdeacon Farrar's house is situated on the southeast end of this square, and a pleasant-looking, old-fashioned residence it is. The Archdeacon's workroom is on the first floor, is well lighted and pleasant. A window was open, and outside a parrot was making an harangue to a vagabond cat in the square.

The Archdeacon was seated at a desk correcting proof as I was ushered into his presence. He arose from the desk and greeted me with a smile. We talked on many subjects.

"I am not one of those who believe that the world is constantly growing worse," said the doctor. "On the contrary, I find a great increase of seriousness and religious feeling about me, and that among what we call the upper classes, too, who are supposed to be most susceptible to indifference if not to downright unbelief. I think the more serious work-



men are devoting more attention to religion. It is a many-sided question, but I think, on the whole, the world is gaining in seriousness, and society is more awake to its duty."

Dr. Farrar is a noted temperance advocate, and so it was natural that the matter of the drink evil, which is greater in England than Americans can know, should come up.

"I am afraid," said the Archdeacon sadly, "that in England drunkenness is on the increase. Indeed, in the face of

the latest statistics I can come to no other conclusion. We are constantly adding to the number of total abstainers, but still among English workmen the drink habit seems to be growing rather than falling off. Still, our great temperance societies are doing good work. They have without doubt awakened the consciences of many thousands of people, although they have not succeeded in impressing those whose dangers are the greatest. What I mean is, the percentage of the working classes is not yet sufficient to make an impression upon the whole body. In the lower quarters of the great cities drunkenness is still the principal cause of all the evil and crimes. Lord Shaftesbury said he had been all over the country, and he thought that if it had not been for the work of the temperance societies England would be flooded with such a deluge of crime that the country would be uninhabitable.

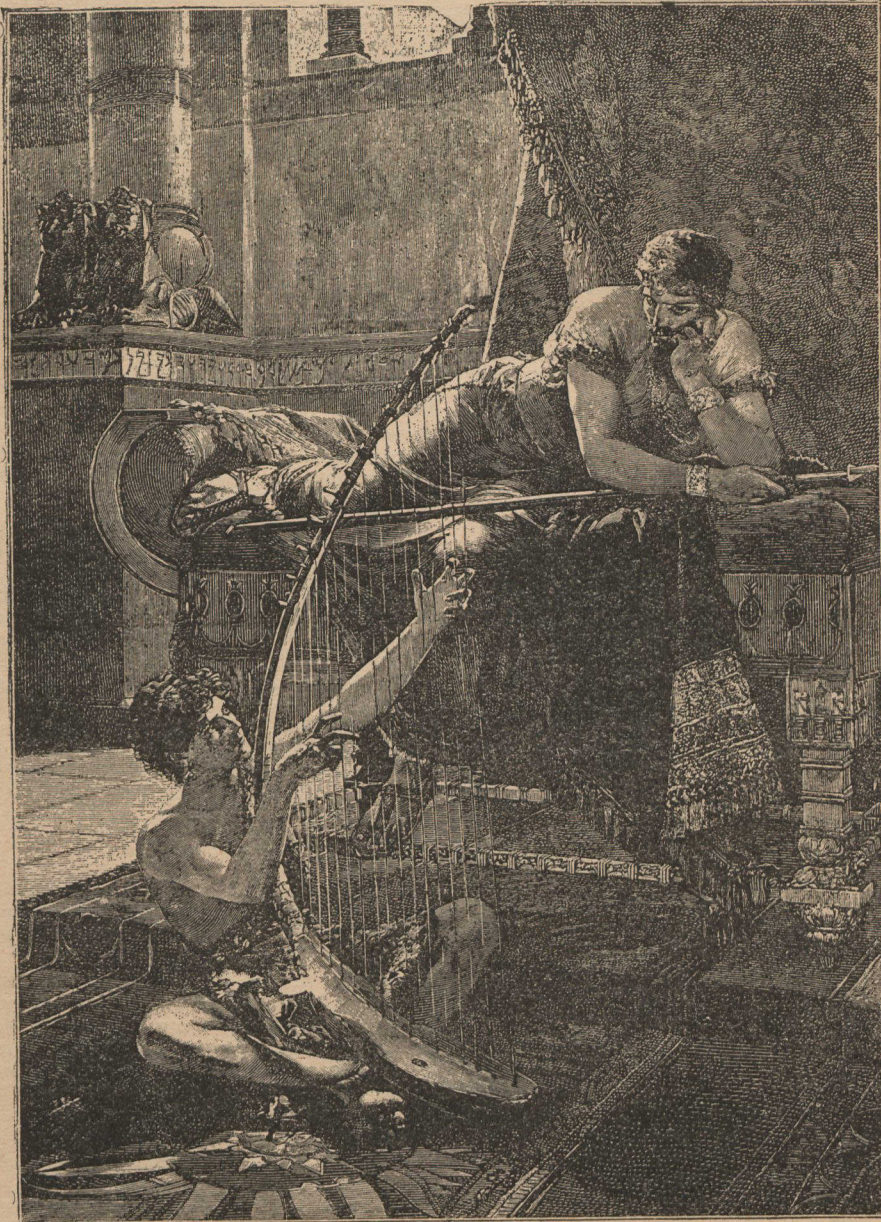
Most people are profoundly ignorant of the real state of the case. They know nothing of the tragedies and miseries that are to be witnessed every day in the houses of the very poor. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that did we not keep up a strong and steady war against drunkenness the country would in the end become uninhabitable. Drink is, in my opinion, at the bottom of it all."

The Archdeacon chatted on in his easy, genial way for some time longer. He touched upon socialism and its

apparent growth in England, but said it was too large a question to discuss offhand. He asked a good many questions, and expressed a high opinion of American pulpit orators, among whom he considers the late Henry Ward Beecher to have been the greatest. He spoke favorably, too, of the new copyright law, for Dr. Farrar, in common with the other English writers, suffered from American piracy of his books.

As he bowed me out he looked at his watch.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "I had intended to give you ten minutes, and here I have been talking over an hour. I must get back to my work."



After the picture by Johannes Jaeger

DAVID BEFORE SAUL.

[in the National Museum, Stockholm.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GREATNESS.—No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen.—*Epictetus; Thomas Wentworth Higginson's Translation.*

"A HOUSE," said Emerson, "should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It is not for festivity. It is not for sleep. But the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves, to be the shelter always open to the god and the true—a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impos-

sible to disconcert.

THE healthy body is good, but the soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of heaven.—*Carlyle.*

NOBLE words are a memorial and a crown of noble actions, which are given to the doers of them by the hearers.—*Plato.*



Art and Artists.

The Editor is pleased to announce that she has secured the services of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the well-known President of the Women's Art League, for this Department. Her clever work is widely known in Chicago, New York and Toronto.

Holiday Sketching.

The majority of our artists spend the summer months in the country, at the sea-shore, among the mountains or in quiet, rural districts, as either circumstances or individual preference may decree. With the studio door closed on dusty canvases and worn out models and a prospect of weeks spent in direct communication with Nature, the artist may well feel jubilant. This period is his life, his food, his harvest. What a range of subjects meets him at every turn, from the "poetry of earth and sea and sky," to the homely and everyday things of common life. For Nature and life out-of-doors presents a panorama inexhaustible and varied enough for every personality.

An artist cannot treat a subject without having first submitted to the influence of it. The sentiment that one wishes to render must first be experienced. A city-bred artist or student, always painting from models, could scarcely depict such a scene without his brush and his imagination, as that supremely beautiful description of the morning meetings of Angel and Tess—in Tess of the D'Urbervilles—during the heights of the milking season. Those daily meetings in that solemn interval the twilight of the morning—in the violet of pink dawn—which has its parallel in "The Bashful Suitor" of that great artist of the Dutch school, Israel; or, again, in the description of "The Storm" and "The Rain" in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

It is not within the four walls of the studio that the massive serenity, the large air, the austere dignity of Nature herself may be acquired.

Robustness of thought does not disdain the strong smell of the earth, the fierce activities of the energies of Nature, the rain and rudeness of black weather—"the moil of muddy ways."

Turner lashed to the deck witnessed a storm at sea. Corot loved the pure atmosphere and poetic mysteries of early morning enveloping the unrevealed realities of coming day.

Millet seeing things not at his feet only, but with his clear gaze taking in all in just proportions, painted with a purpose, "The End of the Day," with its battlers for bread loaded with toil and sordid with care.

Cazin—"when the constraint of day and suspense of night neutralized each other"—loved to paint the stars and moon shining serenely on some lone cottage of the Moor, with but a single light burning to guide the way-farer or benighted one, or, perchance, a loved wanderer still looked for; or, again, a quiet village street sleeping calmly under the stars.

IN out-of-door sketching, however, Nature has pains and penalties, as well as soft breezes, mysteries and rosy hues for her devotees. The buzzing insect can be particularly disagreeable at times. A memory of a morning of futile effort spent in fighting a bee, which pertinaciously insisted on disputing possession of the place I had chosen to make a sketch from, and of having finally to succumb to the enemy, however humiliating the confession may be, is still fresh in my mind. The gentle breeze sometimes increases one's temperature as it increases its momentum. When, after frantically having endeavored to hold palette, easel and canvas for an hour, you see them lifted and carried far beyond your reach, it is not with perfect calmness that you follow your belongings to find your canvas butter side down, and pick it up fuller of Nature's realities than you intended. And after picking off bits of sticks, straws, dust and other etceteras, resume your painting only to repeat the same thing a number of times during the course of the morning.

The lovely calm of evening, perhaps, inspires your next effort, and "all the air a solemn stillness holds," until suddenly you are recalled from your poetic dreams by the buzzing and whirring sound of a mosquito *en train* in such close proximity that you imagine yourself surrounded by an army, so loud are the voices in their nearness, contrasted with the stillness of the vast spaces beyond, from whose depths comes only an occasional tinkle of a bell, or a sleepy croak of a bull-frog.

If you are a cattle painter and seek the sweet clover-scented pastures where the lonely herd feeds, settle yourself in some shady nook and begin to work, feeling the rhythm of the movements of the grazing beasts as they go slowly on one foot at a time, the monotony only being broken when some big fly more vicious than another causes a stamping and vigorous tail-switching. When all lapses into the normal again you are absorbed, suddenly an animal in a distant corner makes up its mind to take possession of your sylvan shade, and you are ignominiously routed, and seeking safety on the other side of the fence, from which position you are obliged to peer through the spaces at your subjects or masters; but sweet, peaceful harmony with your surroundings is hardly regained that morning.

The next day you make up your mind to take a younger generation for your models, and invade the calf pasture, but upon your approach the occupants rise and flee; by gentle persuasion and some guile you succeed in calming their fears, and seeking some fence corner they lie down to doze. Now is your chance to get them in repose, when suddenly, from some inexplicable cause or some sound too subtle for your ear, one calf pricks up its ears and another puts its ears back on its neck in the most irresponsible manner, and immediately the whole group holds a conversation of ears as unintelligible to you as it is surprising, in which, however, they all seem to agree, as the one which began the conversation leisurely pulls itself up on its hind legs, first, and with a good stretch and yawn walks off, the others following suit. They

find another place which looks inviting, down they go again and are off in dreamland. You quietly creep near and begin to change your drawings to accommodate the new position; this performance must be repeated again and again if you have courage enough to go on.

Early morning study with all its illusions would be most delightful if one could employ aerial navigation, but walking through the dew-dropped grass so cold and wetting is an experience which demands a mind perfectly oblivious to comfort, and a body that scorns luxurious ease and warmth.

THERE are, no doubt, reasons why women have not been great painters of landscape and out-of-door life; and at a not very distant time it was thought an impossible domain for a woman, but they are now venturing to test their possibilities in this direction, with no little success and promise for the future. The courage of conviction has strengthened purpose. A woman who means to work, however, must make up her mind to overlook all the uncomfortable situations, and dress for work. The dress-reform movement is making it more possible to adopt a more desirable and convenient costume. The next decade will see more followers of Rosa Bonheur. It is absolutely necessary for freedom in work and the conserving of strength, for the work-woman artist to consider her dress.

Innovations are constantly being made by serious, unconventional spirits. Only the other day an American art student in Paris was seen "disgusting lovers of the beautiful by donning a monk's robe," because it was the very easiest thing to slip into, a suggestion that a few other of the same stamp greedily adopted.

It has been the custom of students for some time past to wear the peasant blouse and short skirt in the *atelier*, and some habitually wear short cloth skirt, box coat, tie and collar. Surely it is a legitimate desire in woman to fit herself for daily work, and dressing for physical comfort, artistic power, and mental vigor, should not shock the taste or be so "disgusting" or unwomanly. Noting the whereabouts of some of the women artists whose work is best known on this Continent. It will be seen that they are not confining themselves to home subjects.

Miss Elizabeth Phelps is in Japan. Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewall is still in Algiers. Miss Maria Brooks is in Europe, so that in the coming exhibitions we may expect to see the records of various experiences of many countries from well-trained and original hands.

—M. E. DIGNAM.

Social Providers.

HOW DANCING MEN ARE SECURED FOR LONDON DRAWING-ROOMS.

When a London hostess wishes to give a ball, she is usually forced to apply to certain well-known "social providers," who, themselves of mature age, are habitually to be found in those haunts of beardless youth, the Bachelors' and Isthmian Clubs. Like the poulterer, who is desired to send in so many quails and ortolans ready trussed for the supper, the provider will be requested to bring in so many dancing "men," and it must be owned that the faultless array in which they appear does him as much credit as the little birds aforesaid, each one resplendent in its waistcoat of fat white bacon or green vine leaf, reflect credit on the poulterer. Each contingent does its duty creditably.

The dancing men are active in the ball-room, the quails are succulent at supper, and the comparison might be made still more closely as regards the amount of brains which each contingent may be said to possess. But that these dancing marionettes (who are certainly as much hired out by their provider as if they had been sent from the establishment of the caterer) fulfill what is expected of them, there is no denying. Whether they like dancing or not, says Lady Colin Campbell, they know quite well that the eye of the "social provider" is upon them, and that if they do not acquit themselves of the task of whirling *débutante* after *débutante* round the room, their names will be struck off the provider's list, and they will sink back into obscurity.

Suffer Little Children.

"Suffer little children,"
Softly Jesus said,
As they came before Him,
By their mother led;
From the hands that held them
With no shy alarms,
Willingly they nestled!
In His loving arms.

"Suffer little children,"
For the way is long,
Sins and snares are many,
And the foe is strong;
I will hold them safely,
Guide them with my hand,
Bring them ere the nightfall
To the children's land.

"Suffer little children,"
Let them come to Me,
Still the word is wafted
Over land and sea;
Pity for the helpless,
Strength for those who fall,
In the heart of Jesus
There is love for all.

"Suffer little children,"
Lord, to Thee we come,
In Thy heavenly kingdom
We would be at home;
Keep us by Thy mercy,
Till we too shall stand,
And receive Thy blessing
In the children's land.

—MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

The Time to Eat.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the best time for eating certain articles of food. For instance, we are advised not to eat meat late in the day, not to take fruit just before retiring, and to avoid tea and coffee in the evening if a wakeful night is not desired.

Men of mature years and good stomachs are not devoting much time to studying these questions. They will tell you that watermelon never tasted better than on a dark night when the dog was chained and the owner of the patch was sleeping after the weary labors of the day.

Apples never were so sweet as when an entrance was surreptitiously effected into the rear end of the orchard and the invader punished the stolen fruit with an assurance that the proprietor was not within eyeshot. Cakes, pie, and preserves were eaten whenever the eyes of watchful and solicitous parents were temporarily off duty. Green cucumbers were smuggled to bed and eaten in the still watches of the night, while raw turnips were generally enjoyed on the top of a stake.

BOOK CHAT, reviewing *Marionettes*, exposes a blunder that one of Julien Gordon's weaknesses has betrayed her into making; the writer says: "But the Princess de M——, that Austrian grande dame, should know the article *nobilair* is always dropped in good society, and that she should have addressed M. de Meignan with 'Meignan,' and not 'de Meignan,' as she does in these pages; and, by the way, Mrs. Heathcote, who was evidently chummy with all the grand-dukes and mediatized princes of the *Almanach de Gotha*, made the same mistake in *A Puritan Pagan*, when she referred to the Prince de Breteuil as 'de Breteuil' in a conversation with the Puritan's outraged wife; she should not do it again; it is very provincial."

A COLORED girl carried off the second honors at the High School at Jacksonville, Ill.



"All those arts in which the wise excel."

OUR Work Table is a plain pine table, oblong, and with two leaves, one on each side. And we three girls, TINY, TAY and FLOS, are going to do all our work at it. Our fancy work, decorating, knitting, and all the thousand and one little odds and ends that skillful hands can make out of all manner of material is here planned and finished. We are going to tell you how we do the work, what kind of materials we use, and how much of them.

TINY's strong point is decorating; TAY's is plain sewing, knitting and crocheting, while I do the fancy work proper. This month TINY sends you an article on the decoration of a hall.

The Hall.

In these artistic days the arrangement of the entrance hall is a most important consideration, as it should really strike the keynote to the character of the house, and serve as an index to the mind of the mistress thereof. It must, however, be sadly confessed that if this rule were to hold good, the minds in question would prove remarkably barren, for it is the sad truth that as a rule the average hall presents a bare and comfortless appearance; the efforts at furnishing and decoration consisting mainly of a depressing paper, the orthodox hall stand and table, and a couple of chairs which have probably been invalidated from the dining-room.

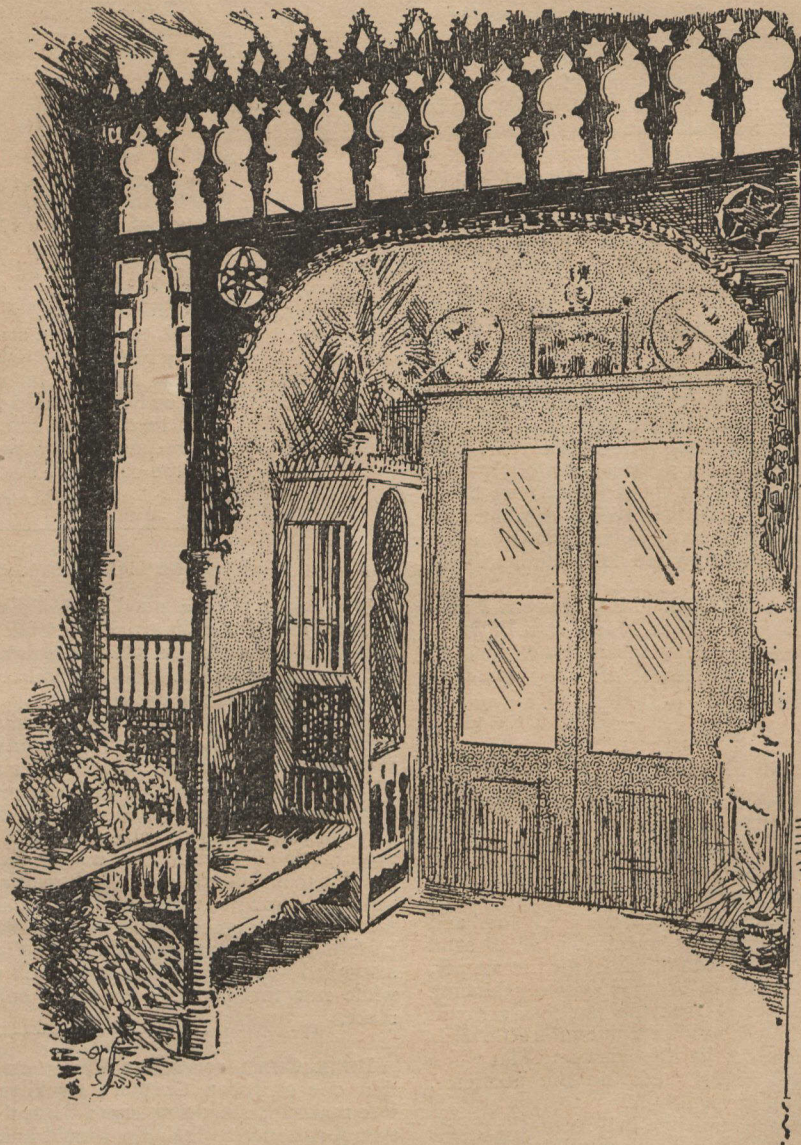
Just a little trouble and expenditure will, however, suffice to effect a wonderful transformation in this much-neglected portion of the house; and even when, as so often happens, the entrance-hall consists merely of a narrow passage which is too small to admit of any furniture being placed in it,

much may be effected by the selection of a pretty wall-paper and harmonious paint, and by having nice portières and overdoors. The best and cheapest wall-paper that I have found for a hall is Essex's "Bamborough," which costs only 36 cents the piece, and is made in several good shades, the red or blue being decidedly the best for this purpose. Then a hall and staircase should always have a dado, which can either be of varnished paper, in color and design to go well with the wall, or, preferably, of Indian matting, or the ever-useful and effective Japanese leather-paper. These are most durable, and are well worth the sum they cost, which need not be very large, after all, as both these materials can be procured from 24 cents the yard. In all cases there should be a red dado rail of painted wood, which can be

procured from 4 cents the foot. The best material for covering a hall is undoubtedly Treloar's tile linoleum, which costs 96 cents the square yard, is very pretty, and, as the pattern goes right through the material, wears for an exceedingly long time, and looks well to the last thread. If the hall is large enough, one or two bright-colored Oriental rugs lend an air of cheery comfort, and these should always be of good quality, as, though the cheaper ones may look effective for a time, they will not stand the hard wear and tear which naturally falls to the lot of a hall floor.

The usual long passage which, as a rule, forms the entrance to a house is very greatly improved both in comfort and appearance if divided about halfway down by a draped arch; and this need not be by any means an expensive affair, as it can be erected by any carpenter, and, if made of plain deal, can be painted to match the rest of the wood-work. One house

I know has a plain wooden screen of this description midway between the stairs and front door, and forming a doorway, with a framework of wood about eighteen inches wide on each side. The corners made by this are, on the outside, occupied by a small palm stand, with a plant or fern, and a pretty little corner table for holding cards or letters, and on the inner side, towards the stairs, by convenient pegs for the reception of hats and coats, which are thus kept out of sight; and a small umbrella stand also finds a place here. The doorway is draped with a heavy curtain, suspended from a simple brass rod, and looped back with a handsome cord,



except in cold weather, when it is allowed to hang in straight folds, and effectually screens the staircase from draughts. Even in a very narrow hall a light arch erected at the foot of the staircase, and draped with a substantial curtain, is a very great improvement, as in most houses the winds of heaven seem to find their way in force up the staircase, unless some preventive measures are adopted. The accompanying sketches give an illustration of this idea, and represent part of a small hall which has been very successfully carried out in Moorish style. This is indeed one of the prettiest methods for hall decoration, though it is hardly to be advised for those who have but limited means at their disposal, as work of this description must be executed in thoroughly good and artistic style, to prove really satisfactory. One of the sketches shows the front portion of the same hall, the wide arch being thrown across about five feet from the door, and a dainty carved seat and Mauresque table being placed at each side in the nooks formed between the arch and doorway. This arch and the double one at the foot of the stairs are both draped, the first with soft silk, printed with an Arabic design in rich, bright colors; and the other with heavy curtains of printed velvet in the same design, which wears beautifully, and looks most effective.

A hall treated in Japanese style is bright, pretty, and comparatively inexpensive. The walls should be covered with leather-paper with a "stork" frieze, and a dado panelled with split bamboo, and with simple bamboo rail. The floor should be covered with self-color linoleum, preferably red, or with Indian matting, with one or two good Japanese

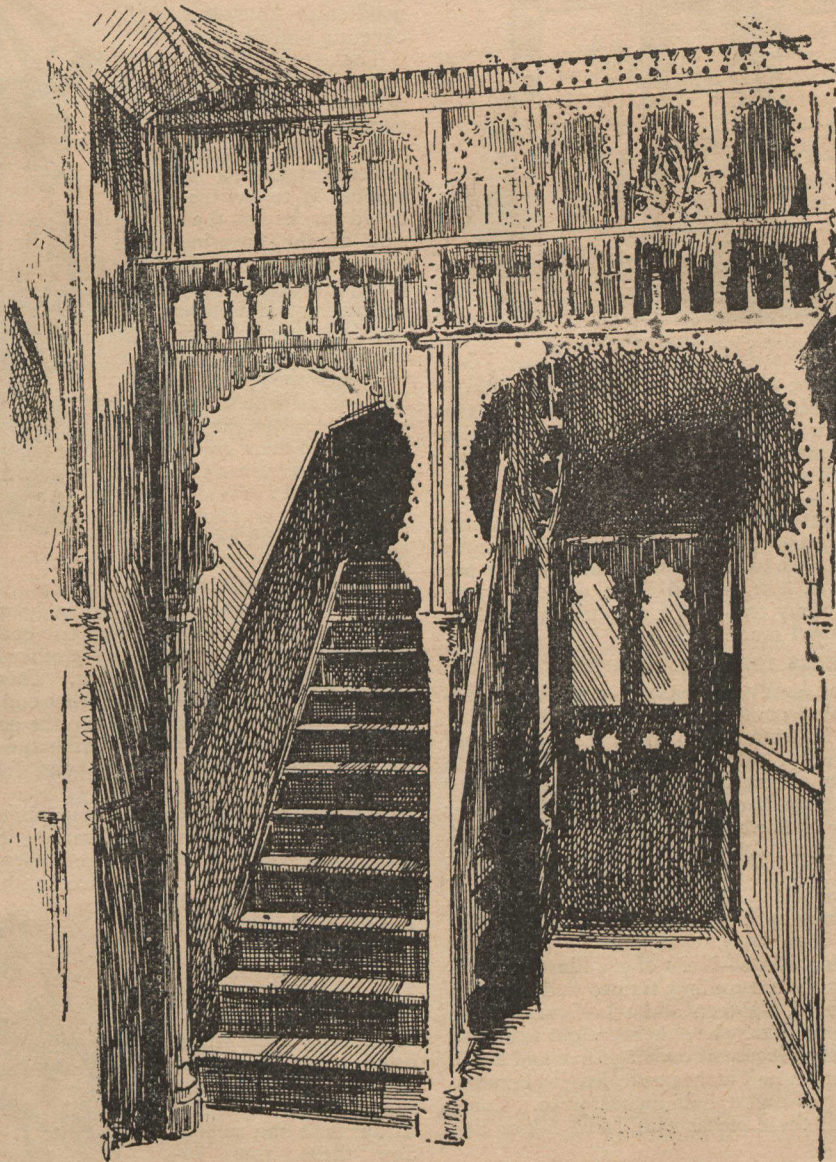
rugs; and the portières could be of dull blue art serge, with a Japanese stork and lily design boldly worked in crewels. If an arch is required, it should consist of a framework of bamboo, sufficiently substantial to support a serge curtain, while the furniture should all be of bamboo.

Even the smallest hall should have something in the way of plants displayed, if it be only a few cut flowers in a china bowl on a small table or bracket; or, what is less expensive, as it lasts longer, a nice fern or palm in a pretty art flower-pot, placed, perhaps, on a round provided for the purpose at the end of the bannisters. This lends an air of freshness to

the place, which is in itself a kind of welcome to the incomer. Good engravings or photographs, when not too large, always look nice on the walls, and hunting trophies, arms, and curios, of which nearly every household possesses some store, are most effective when artistically arranged.

I must for the present defer speaking of the treatment of those halls which are large enough to be used as a room, and also of the arrangement of upper landings, as both these subjects contain ideas which cannot be promulgated in the space afforded to a single short article; and I also intend ere long to say a few words about the "conservatory" porch, which always makes the approach to a house look so charming and cosy, before I finally relinquish the subject of

the artistic decoration of halls and passages.



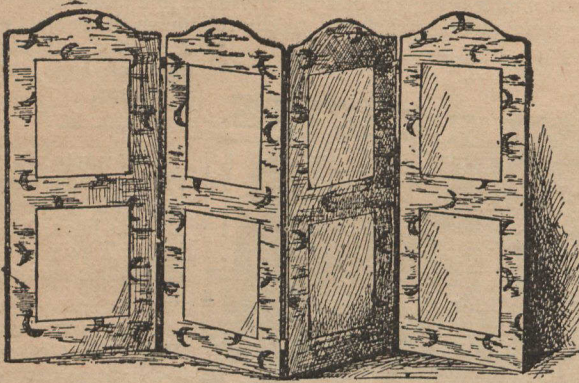
TAY wants me to tell you about some pretty night-dresses she has been making. They are chiefly for summer wear.

SURPLICE AND WATTEAU GOWNS.

—Night-gowns of cambric, batiste, or domestic muslin are made of two full breadths widened at the foot by side gores, the top in box-pleats at the back, the front lapped in surplice fashion to the left, or with a yoke of tucks, or of insertions of lace or embroidery. For those who never fasten the top button are low-throated gowns with wide turned-over collars of the material or of the trimming, while for those who need warmth about the neck are high standing ruffles, either single or double, of embroidery or of lace. Sleeves are cut full and high at the top, and shoulder seams are quite short. All the seams are doubled as in the English bag seam, or else they are joined by

narrow beading. Elaborate gowns for trousseaux and for the wedding set are handsome enough for room wrappers. They have deep pointed revers of lace coming up widely over the shoulders and pointed in the back, and they are belted across the front with ribbon or with insertion, or else they have a jacket effect in front, and the back falls in a broad Watteau pleat from a yoke of tucks and lace insertion. Deep falling ruffles are on the neck of others, extending in jabots low in front, while still others have the Byron collar with square corners, or the sailor collar pointed low in front and square in the back. Bridal sets of India linen, costing

\$145 for the three pieces, have the Watteau gown crossed to a belt in front, and trimmed with needle-work and Valenciennes lace of very fine quality. Inexpensive gowns of domestic cambric, as neatly made with doubled seams as are the finer models, have a doubled straight yoke in the back, with very full front gathered on the shoulder seams, then shirred across from the lower part of the armholes, the shirring covered with neat Hamburg embroidery, like that used for a ruffle around the neck and down the front to the waistline. The sleeves have two seams, and are cut to round high above the shoulders, are gathered at the elbow, and then



No. 1.

drawn in by a band of fine tucks finished by an embroidered frill that falls low on the hands. Still others are lower at the throat, and have a sailor collar of the material doubled, with an embroidered insertion let in an inch above the edge. Wide turned-back cuffs match the collar.

Now for my own part:—I chance to live in a house with two younger and prettier sisters. Result—photographs galore. I have been driven to my wits end for places to put them in, and I have at last evolved three or four pretty holders. In case any of my readers are afflicted in the same way, I shall tell you how I made them.

RECEPTACLES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

If any member of the family can paint, pretty plain hardwood frames, and frames covered with chamois leather or kid, can be purchased for from fifty to sixty cents apiece, and decorated with oil or water colors. These come in sizes to fit the usual sizes for photographs, and are "standing" frames, with a brace at the back. A flight of butterflies or small birds, or a spray of flowers or foliage, is a pretty and easily executed decoration. Artistic instinct will prevent in-harmony between the color of the frame, which is the background, and the colors in the decoration. Flowers with a suitable sentiment are appropriate when a frame is decorated for a special portrait.

Then there is a folding frame—No. 1 of our illustrations—that is very pretty. It is a standing frame, and requires eight pieces of card-board, eighteen and a half inches high and eight inches wide, which may be either straight or curved at the top. In four of the pieces cut openings five and a half inches long and three and a half inches wide, leaving between the openings a space two and a half inches wide. Cover the whole of one side of these pieces with India silk or any



No. 2.

pretty material, cut the openings, and at all the edges neatly glue the silk to the back of the card-board. Cover one side of each of the four plain pieces of card-board with silk, in the

same way. Then glue the corresponding front and back pieces together at the side edges, across the middle (between the openings for the photographs), and at top and bottom, excepting spaces wide enough to allow a photograph to be slipped in at the top, and one at the bottom. The panels can be joined with tied bows of narrow ribbon, one end of each ribbon to be glued in between the front and back of a panel; or several straps of ribbon can be fastened in, in the same way, to serve as hinges; or one piece of ribbon, or a strip of the material of the cover (doubled) may be used for the entire length. The spaces between the panels should be only sufficient to allow the panels to be folded together perfectly flat, and will depend on the thickness of the covering and paste-board.

The last-mentioned method of joining the panels is most usually employed when the material for the covering is narrow; but when a wide material is used, a preferred method is to lay the paste-board backs on the wrong side of the covering, with the proper spaces between them, fold the covering over them at top and bottom and on the outer side-edges of the outer panels, glue it well, face the space between the panels with a piece of the material (right side outward), and then glue on the front pieces (already covered as described above).

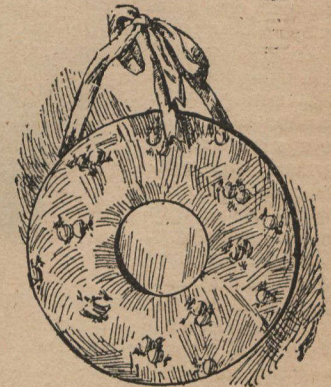
No. 2 is a photograph-case which can be made of *moiré* or satin sash-ribbon about six inches wide. The pocket should be double, so a yard and a quarter of ribbon will be necessary. Hem one end of the ribbon, then fold half a yard of ribbon over the other half, then fold again, and overhand the edges together. This will make a pocket nine inches deep. Fringe the other end of the ribbon, lay in small plaits about five inches from the end, and sew a cluster of loops and ends of "baby" ribbon over the plaits. Slip the photograph inside the case, and fold the flap over the opening.

No. 3 is intended to hold one photograph only. It is made of ribbon—double-faced satin is best, and yellow is a good color—and will require three strips, each twelve inches long and two inches wide. Overhand the selvages neatly together, to within four inches of the top, and fringe the ends to the depth of about one inch. Then cover with button-hole stitches twenty-eight small brass rings, using silk matching, or contrasting with, or a shade or two lighter or darker than the ribbon. Sew these rings together, run narrow ribbon through some of them, as shown in the illustration, and attach them to the ribbon foundation so they will hold firmly the corners of the photograph, which is to be slipped under them.

Before fastening the narrow ribbon, mount the ribbon foundation on a piece of cardboard as wide as the ribbon and a little longer than the photograph, tacking the rings at top



No. 3.



No. 4.

and bottom, and the narrow ribbons to the card-board. This will give firmness, and permit of a smaller picture being used in it, if desirable. Cover a larger ring with button-hole stitches, slip the unsewed ends of the wider ribbon through it, and the dainty frame is ready to hang up.

No. 4 is made of two circular pieces of card-board nine inches in diameter. Find the center of one piece, and cut a circular opening three inches in diameter. Cover one side of this piece with two thicknesses of cotton batting, cutting it away around the opening in the center, then cover the cotton with white muslin, gluing the edges neatly and firmly on the wrong side of the card-board. In a similar manner, cover one side of the other piece of card-board with white muslin, and when both are dry, cover, in the same way, with silk, satin, Japanese *crêpe*, cretonne, plush, velvet, or any pretty material. After the outer cover is firmly glued, glue the two pieces together, leaving an unglued space at the top, through which the photograph is to be slipped. A yard and a half of two-inch ribbon will be required to hang it. Fasten the ends between two pieces of card-board, and finish at the top with a pretty bow.

Faithfully yours,
FLOS.



Cooking.

"IF YOU HAVE TO EAT, DO IT GRACEFULLY."

LET me introduce myself to the lady readers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN as their friend and co-worker, PRISCILLA. I am going to try each month to give you some genuine recipes as well as hints and helps in the way of house-keeping. I will be glad to answer any questions regarding kitchen matters. And if any of our readers will send me recipes they know to be good and within the reach of ordinary Canadian cooks, I will publish them.

November is the month of plenty. Plenty in the barns, plenty in the house, and plenty on the table. And to have that plenty on the table means work in the kitchen, skilful work too, not just haphazard cooking. To have the plenty healthy and appetizing we must study, plan and get the best of materials, and the best of recipes.

In November comes the great family gathering on Thanksgiving day, when the housekeeper has to prepare for visitors and strangers. The wise housekeeper will start early and prepare for The Dinner. She can get raisins stoned, currants washed, fowl ordered, flour sifted, and many other little odds and ends attended to *before* the time comes to really start to cook. For the help of any young housekeepers who need it I give this month some recipes suitable for Thanksgiving day meals. They have all been tried by experienced cooks and are known to be reliable. Those recipes are from some Canadian friends. I shall hope to hear from my American readers as well.

This month a friend from the North has sent me these recipes. Try them.

A SIMPLE OMELETTE.—Beat four eggs very light with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Add salt and pepper very sparingly. Have your pan hot, drop in a piece of butter and pour in the mixture. Prick occasionally with a silver fork. When brown on one side fold over half. Watch carefully till it is quite set, then serve on a hot dish. Put some sprays of parsley or any green dressing around, and you will have a tasty and pretty breakfast dish.

BREAD PANCAKES.—Soak stale bread in cold water long enough to soften thoroughly, then add one cup of sweet milk, one egg, and enough flour to thicken sufficiently to fry. One teaspoonful of baking powder to each cup of flour; add a little salt and fry in hot fat.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One cup sweet milk, quarter cup butter, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one egg, one cup corn meal, one cup of flour, two and a half teaspoons baking powder.

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice green tomatoes in thin slices, roll each slice in flour. Fry in butter with a little lard to prevent scorching to a nice brown. Cook quickly till soft, remove to a hot plate and sprinkle with white sugar. No other seasoning is required to make this dish tasty.

TOMATO SOUP.—Peel and stew six good-sized ripe tomatoes for three-quarters of an hour in a quart of water, using a saucepan large enough to allow for effervescence. Then add a third of a teaspoon of soda, one and a half pints of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two rolled soda crackers, and seasoning to taste.

BOULES A LA MÉTROPOLE.—Mince very finely a half pound of tender steak, free from gristle and fat, mix with it a couple of ounces of white breadcrumbs, a spoonful of minced parsley, pepper, salt, and two or three beaten eggs, roll the mixture into balls, flouring the hands lightly whilst doing so, slice an onion into a frying pan with two ounces of dripping, fry it lightly, lay in the balls and a sliced tomato and fry a light brown, remove them from the pan, strain the gravy, skimming off the fat, return the balls to the pan, pour the strained gravy over them, add a little good brown sauce, season to taste and simmer for half an hour. Dish the balls in a border of rice, boiled as for curry, and pour the gravy round. Put the rice in a stewpan, with enough cold water to cover, and a pinch of salt; let it boil up, then strain and wash in cold water; put it on again with some boiling water, and cook till tender; drain it in a colander, rest the colander on a dish or pan on the stove, cover with a clean cloth, and let it dry for a couple of hours.

PLUM PUDDING.—Two cups bread crumbs, two cups suet, four cups raisins, four cups currants, four ounces lemon and citron peel, two nutmegs, four eggs, two wine glasses brandy, two cups beer, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls molasses, two cups brown sugar, three cups flour. If not thick enough, add more flour.

FRUIT CAKE.—Nine eggs, two pounds currants, two pounds of raisins, one pound of butter, quarter-pound citron peel, quarter-pound lemon peel, half teacup brandy, two nutmegs, one pound brown sugar, one tablespoonful molasses, one tablespoonful mixed essence (or rose water, if preferred), quarter-pound almonds, blanched and chopped. Add enough flour to thicken. A little baking powder will sometimes improve this cake.—Miss Little, Allandale, Ont.

LEMON PIE.—Yolks of three eggs, grate the rind and press out the juice of one lemon, one cup brown sugar, two tablespoons flour, one and a half cups water, one tablespoon butter. Bake in one crust; when cooked add the whites of three eggs well beaten with two tablespoons white sugar, spread on the top and bake a light brown.

SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.—One cup light brown sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour. Beat all together, and pat into shape; do not roll it. Bake in a moderate oven.

MINCE MEAT.—Seven pounds meat chopped, three pounds apples chopped, four pounds sugar, two pounds currants, two pounds raisins, two cups salt, one and a half pints vinegar, one and a half pints whisky, one tablespoonful ground cloves, one tablespoonful ground ginger.—Mrs. Hill.

OAT MEAL CAKES.—Two and a half cups oat meal, two cups flour, one cup butter, one cup sugar, one teaspoon soda, one and a half teaspoons salt, one and a half cups boiling water. Mix all together and roll out thin. Cook in considerably quick oven.—Mrs. Little, Churchill, Ont.

PRISCILLA.



At this season of the year, the female mind turns to the all-important question of what to get for evening wear during the winter. The pretty, soft muslins and crapes are too "summery," and besides, We want something new this year, is heard on all sides. Then comes a great hunting and rumaging among piles of silks, velvets, satins, etc., till just the very prettiest gown possible is planned with all due deference to the figure and face of the wearer.

Now, I have been doing a great deal of hunting and planning for you, my dear ladies, and I think I can show you some evening dresses that you will like, and tell you how to make them, and what to make them of.

First of all comes some net dresses. These creations are from Paris direct.

An under-skirt of glossy gold-colored Corah silk, with a three-inch pinked ruffle at the bottom, is veiled by an outer skirt of ficelle-colored (flax gray) net, which is sewed in with it, seam for seam, down to the knee, but is free from there down. It is trimmed at the foot with a light puff of green velvet, which falls on the ruffle of the under-skirt, and covers it all but the merest pinked edge. The gold-colored silk lining of the corsage is décolleté. There is a deep corselet girdle of green velvet, which tends to give rather a short-waisted appearance, and from this the net emerges front and back in deep folds, which pass over the shoulders and are caught there with knots of velvet. The large V's thus formed are partly filled in by a guimpe of fine gold-colored cream tulle, which still leaves the neck and a little of the chest exposed. The short puffed sleeves of net over silk end in a light puff of velvet, and there are long stone-colored gloves stitched with green silk and gold-thread.

Another dress, of mastic-colored net, is mounted on surah of a medium heliotrope shade. The surah skirt is edged with a pleating three inches deep. The net skirt, which is fastened in the surah skirt above and free below, is bordered with a band of changeable velvet, heliotrope shot with mastic, of the same depth as the ruffle. The net corsage is full on a fitted heliotrope lining, and is encircled at the waist by a velvet belt folded in three horizontal pleats, and fastened under a large *chou* at the back. The velvet standing collar is fastened with a clasp of brilliants at the side. The short balloon sleeves are of velvet, terminating in a ruffle of double net most cunningly *chiffonné*.

A similar combination is made of ficelle net over light coral red surah, with black velvet for the hem, girdle, collar and balloon sleeves. While for the present the net is thus fastened to the under-skirt, it is not unlikely that in a short time it will be lightly and prettily draped upon it, and caught to it with knots of velvet or ribbon.

Generally speaking, evening toilettes for autumn will be largely of transparent tissues, richly and variously embroidered, and mounted on light or contrasting foundations. Velvet plays an important part, and notably in some models now being planned for autumn and winter receptions, in which only the front and sides of the skirt are of net over silk, with a velvet band at the foot, while the train, expanding from a Watteau pleat, is entirely of velvet. For instance, one model of jetted black net over pink silk, has a black velvet band six inches deep at the foot of the front of the skirt, and a narrow black velvet train, the girdle and sash being of the pink silk of the transparent. Here, as elsewhere, black velvet will be much used. Another model is of jetted net over gold-colored satin, with border and Watteau train of black velvet, and gold-colored India crape girdle and sash.

Another way of using a transparent material—lace in this case—is to cover a sheath skirt of silk with a second skirt of lace that is about eight inches shorter. Usually there is a Watteau pleat forming a train of the silk of the under-skirt. Handsome toilettes for casino receptions or grand dinners

and receptions at country houses are being made in this style. A dress of this kind, just ready to be sent out, is composed in this wise: the sheath skirt is of handsome surah, old rose shot with cream-color, and applied upon it is a second skirt of cream guipure lace of Louis XIII. style; the under-skirt is edged with a ruche of the surah. A corselet of guipure lace is on the shirred surah corsage, about the opening of which is a bertha of lace, somewhat longer at the front and back than on the shoulders, where it droops over the top of short puffed sleeves of surah. A narrow belt of rose surah is knotted with long ends.

A similar dress, but high-necked instead of décolleté, has the under-skirt of surah in old gold shot with cream, with a narrow ruffle at the foot, headed by a narrow gimp of gold and silver passementerie with white and colored beads. The shorter upper-skirt is of ivory Venice guipure, and the corsage is of the same lace over surah, excepting the upper part, which is covered by a deep round Anne of Austria collar of the lace, headed at the neck by beaded gimp and a standing collar of the lace. The short balloon sleeves are gathered to a narrow band covered with gimp. A narrow belt, with long hanging ends, is of beaded metallic passementerie, underlaid with cream satin. More of an Empire effect can be given to the corsage by simply broadening the belt.

That there is no doubt that toilettes of this style will continue to be worn is evidenced by the fact that they are being prepared in dark colors for autumn. In one model, entirely black, the silk skirt is covered with a lace skirt applied with great precision, and the part of the skirt showing below and between the scallops of the lace is faced with black velvet. A narrow black satin ribbon ruche is at the bottom of the skirt. The lace of the skirt reappears above the belt in the corsage. A deep collarette of lace falls front and back, and narrower on the shoulders, with a black velvet bib overhanging it at the front. The balloon sleeves of black velvet velvet terminate in a deep sabot of lace.

Instead of the backs of evening gowns being made tight-fitting, they will be caught in at the neck and allowed to fall in soft little folds or plaits to the bottom of the skirt.

A very elegant gown which has been made up for a wedding, and to be worn by the bride's mother, is of heavy cream-colored brocade, all the seams being stitched outside, the bodice fitted loosely, the waist-line being scarcely seen. A long three-yard train fell straight from the shoulders at the back. The sleeves were full puffs and reached only to the elbow, being finished off with a guipure ruffle, and the same kind of a frill, embroidered in gold, outlined the corsage and fell very full over the sleeves. A heavy mixed pearl-and-gold girdle fell from the waist-line in front.

Another very exquisite affair to be worn at the same time is of dove-colored satin, made *à la* Louis XIII., being drawn up at the sides, with diamond bows, over a skirt embroidered with roses and gold and seed pearls, with a stomacher of the same embroidery. A tiny shell ruche finishes off the bottom of the skirt.

A pretty little costume for a young girl's *début* is of white surah silk, cut rounding at the neck, front and back, displaying the dainty shoulders. It has a full frill of fine white lace, dotted here and there with tiny seed pearls, which extends over the shoulders and all across the back. The round bodice is made tight-fitting both front and back, and has a wide ribbon girdle of white moiré, which extends half way up to the bust and is finished with a large upstanding bow, with long streamers which reach to the bottom of the short round skirt, which has a handsome ruffle of white lace, which is also dotted here and there with pearls. Full lace sleeves with a tiny lace ruffle finish the natty costume.

White China silk, trimmed with a fine silk lace, makes up very prettily for the girl just launching out into society.

A very rich and handsome gown for a woman who has just left off mourning, is one of a very fine black lace made over a pale lavender silk, for the skirt, and a handsome piece of black and lavender silk for the waist. Little shoulder puffs of black lace and a very full black lace fall finish off the V-cut bodice.

Long sleeves, or those to the elbow, are seldom worn in evening gowns, except by the young girls.

Very often, when the gathering is such that a very handsome evening-dress is required, and yet not a full dress, a stylish cloth gown is just the go. Gray is always found a good color for one of these half-way gowns.

SOME FALL DRESS MATERIALS.

Fine cloth, with close upstanding cords of a contrasting color, is much seen in the shop windows.

I have mentioned quite often the pretty crépons that have been in vogue for so long. And this fall they are to be so very handsome that I am sure they will be highly appreciated by every one.

There are some beautiful woolen crépons with tiny silken stripes so raised that they look like tucks or ribs standing out in the background. Among the handsomest, though, are the new silk crépons, without either stripe or design, and which costs about one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. The silk crépons with a narrow moiré stripe woven in the tissue are used for evening dresses and elegant tea-gowns.

Plain woolen materials may be prettily lighted up with striped trimmings and colored bands around the bottom of the skirt.

Spotted diagonals, made in tailor style, are worn on jaunting and walking expeditions, and for travelling.

The Czarina of Russia uses pure white for mourningcap, dress, wrap, trimmings, etc., all in dull white and white crépe.

The white mourning craze has not quite reached us over here.

For evening mourning costume, nothing is more appropriate and elegant than black crépon studded with jet beads. For street wear, black crépe cloth or Henrietta is very stylish and serviceable.

Of course, we know that the heavy Bedford cords will be worn much the coming season.

Nothing can be prettier for the miss than the natty novelty goods that are now being shown for fall wear.

Dresses will mostly be made with a combination of goods next season.

Black surah still seems to be a favorite material, and will be used extensively for next season's dresses.

Some handsome tailor-made walking dresses will be made of light mixed homespun.

Plain brown surah will be mixed with pale blue brocade. These two colors make a very handsome combination.

For the little girl at school, a red cashmere, with rows of black velvet ribbon, is both bright and dressy. The school-miss likes for fall wear something darker. They will still adhere to the pretty blues and browns, which are slightly trimmed with black silk braid.

Velvet ribbon will be used extensively as a charming auxiliary to many fall and winter gowns.

THE NEXT QUESTION IS :

Having the goods, how shall I make my dress.

Did you like the Grecian costumes they wore a few years ago? If so, you will have a chance to have one made up.

A very pretty way is to have the petticoat mounted flat, with a handsome Greek pattern ornamenting the lower edge; pretty soft draperies falling in folds from the waist. A round bodice with Greek band at the corsage and belt; full yoke; high standing collar; full sleeves gathered in with a Greek band at the wrist.

Well, a very chic waist is one of figured changeable silk made with a full bodice, with a pointed belt. It has a lace collar and necklet, and lace cuffs, which finish off pretty bishop sleeves.

And then, the tailor-made suits will be very popular this month. A natty one is of cheviot. The skirt is mounted flat, with rows of braid at the lower edge. A long coat, double-breasted, and with added basque finished with braid and rows of stitching, is very unique. With this a smooth fitting coat sleeve bound around with braid and trimmed with buttons.

The Eton jacket is much admired, and will be worn very much by the young girls next season.

A pretty frock for a child is of India silk, with a plaited skirt and a flounce of lace laid on flat. It has a round bodice open in front over a plain underwaist; full lace from the vest, which is of plain goods, falling over the shoulders; full sleeve and deep lace cuff.

SOME ODDS AND ENDS.

Black lace scarfs are worn, tied with long ends at the back.

The latest of the new colors is corn-flower blue, which is a rich vivid tint a little paler than sapphire blue but much deeper in tone than azure.

Paniers and draped skirts are being revived.

Dresses which are made with coats or jackets have them cut either very long or very short—otherwise known as the long coat or the Eton Jacket.

White felt sailors, with high crowns, will be much favored this fall.

Outing suits for fall wear will consist chiefly of a round skirt and a blazer, to be worn over a white silk or a thin white flannel blouse.

The late blazers will be made with deep rolling collars.

A great many ribbon bows will be worn on dresses this year.

The broad ribbon sash is being revived once more.

White felt Alpine hats will also be greatly favored.

Stripes will be very popular this fall.

A pretty little bit of jewelry is the lover's broach. It is in the shape of a gold wish-bone, about an inch and a half long. In the centre is a wreath of forget-me-nots, and inside of this wreath is a little gold heart.

Jet will be worn quite extensively on dresses and hats.

Wish-bone and bow-knot hat-pins are the latest.

Sapphires and emeralds, encircled by pearls or diamonds, are the leading styles of rings.

To be very *chic*, a girl must have a pretty, thin gold chain to wear about her neck. On it is generally suspended a tiny gold locket, in which is inclosed her "best young man's" picture; that is, if she is among those who have a particularly attentive admirer. Sometimes her monogram is on the outside, and sometimes it is entirely plain, with the exception probably of a brilliant stone or diamond.

Every girl must keep a good supply of ribbons and laces on hand for her neck and sleeves, besides jabots and little rosettes.

Great big, thick chain bracelets will not be worn as much as ever—the tiny thin ones are all the go.

For those of unlimited means, nothing is handsomer than the plain band bracelet with sixteen stones extending all across the top, and those of similar design, composed of alternate diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies, and diamonds and emeralds.

Hat and coat markers of sterling silver, consisting of a straight band and a chased border, and bearing the name of the owner, are becoming quite a fad with the gentlemen as well as the ladies.

Girls, when you go away for your fall outing, be sure and wear gloves all the time, for if you don't you will get your hands severely tanned, freckled, and roughened. For this wear, gauntlets are considered the nattiest. And they are so cheap, too. You can actually get them from twenty-four cents up to two dollars.

You smile at the first-named figure, but you really don't know how pretty and jaunty they look at that price, in the dark shades. Of course, the lighter ones show off the quality more, and consequently must be a trifle better. You can get the all-silk double-finger-tipped ones at ninety-eight cents, which are extremely catching, and the fine dressed kid ones at two dollars.

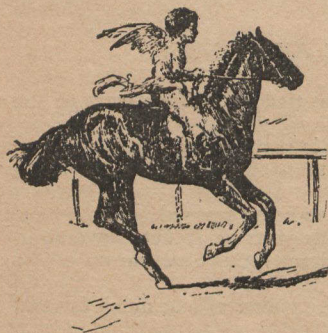
LEONORA GRANT.

Sports and Sportswomen.

"It is but a poor creature who does not delight in healthy sport."

Amateur Photography.

"WHEN making views for an atmospheric effect you should focus on some near object." "The best time for



making pictures in a dry country is late in the afternoon, when the shadows are long and things look a little moist." "The best photographs of water are taken when the side of the camera is toward the sun." "Do not take photographs of people when they are sitting in the sunlight, as they will squint; have them shaded." "When taking pictures of trees you should be careful that they have the sky or something white

behind them; else they will look flat to the eye."

My Wheel and I.

There's a road we know,
My wheel and I,
Where we love to go,
My wheel and I.
There the briars thick by the roadside grow,
And the fragrant birch bends its branches low,
And the cool shade tempts us to ride more slow,
My wheel and I.

But through shade and sheen,
My wheel and I,
By the hillsides green,
My wheel and I,
We roll along till there's plainly seen
The bridge that crosses the deep ravine,
With its echoing rocks and the brook-laugh between,
My wheel and I.

There's a hill we hate,
My wheel and I;
But we toil up straight,
My wheel and I,
For beyond the hills is an ivy-crowned gate,
And a pair of eyes that to welcome us wait;
If we do not haste we will surely be late,
My wheel and I.—ALBERTO A. BENNETT

Norman L. Munro's Steam Launch "Norwood."

Fancy a boat that ploughs through the resisting water at a speed that equals that of a locomotive coursing over unhindering rails.

Such a craft is the *Norwood*—the low-lying, rakish little imp that could make the voyage across the ocean in about half the time taken by any of the "crack" liners.

To see her scurrying along, panting, straining, like a thing of life bent on victory, beating the water into a mass of meerschau, puffing a dazzling array of sparks and smoke-rings from her funnel, one can easily understand the pride of her designer and of her owner. It is as if one were looking at the speeding product of the most scrupulously chosen and most carefully trained strains of horse-flesh.

The achievements of Mr. Munro's matchless little runner are always watched with interest by the curious, and with

concern by the studious. Upon the proved success of the *Norwood's* efforts in the direction of time and space depend some valuable problems in marine building and engineering. If the lightly-laden device can make from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour, there is no reason why a craft constructed on identical lines, but on a vastly larger scale, should not be made to do as well. And that means a four days' trip to Europe.

The *Norwood* is 63 feet over all, 7 feet 3 inches beam, draws 18 inches, and has a displacement of eight tons. The engine is of the triple expansion condensing type. The cylinders are 9, 14½, and 22 inches in diameter, with a 9-inch stroke, and develop 400 horse-power. The boiler is of the Thorneycroft type, with 26 feet of grate surface and about 1,000 feet of heating surface. The boiler is 7½ feet long, 6 feet wide, and 3 1-2 feet high. The *Norwood's* planking is of two thicknesses. The outer planking is 9-16 of an inch, and the inner 5-16, and between the two is a layer of light canvas, bedded in elastic cement. Without going into detail regarding her construction, it may be said that the *Norwood*, from stem to stern, is probably the best finished and staunchest vessel of her dimensions ever built. The builder is Mr. C. D. Mosher, of Amesbury, Mass., who is at present a member of the firm of Gardner & Mosher, yacht builders, of New York City.

Marine engineers and steamboat men who have seen the *Norwood* speed at her best, pronounce her the fastest steam vessel in the world. A sight, such as the above, of a vessel going through the water, was probably never seen by a living man previous to the *Norwood's* performance. The photo was taken by the instantaneous process when the *Norwood* was speeding under a pressure of 200 pounds steam, with her throttle valve wide open. It is a well-known fact that her owner has deposited in a New York bank the sum of \$25,000 as a wager that she is the fastest steam vessel in America from one mile to eighty knots, and, up to the present time, no person has had the courage to take him up.

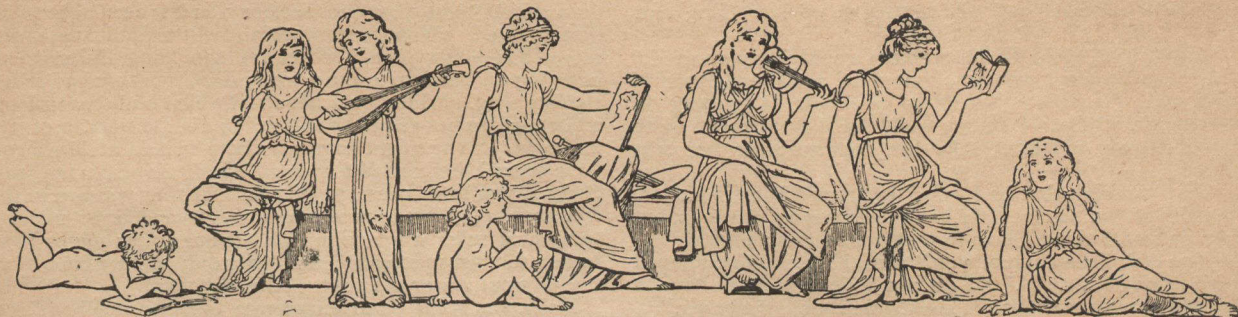
Over the Yale-Harvard course at New London, on July 1, the *Norwood* speeded, under many difficulties, two miles, making the first mile in two minutes and fifteen seconds, and the second mile in two minutes and thirteen seconds—a twenty-seven mile per hour gait. The Brooklyn *Eagle* speaks of the *Norwood's* performance in the following manner: "After the first mile the *Norwood* ran the gauntlet between the rows of yachts. They were on the look out and as she came rushing down like a demon, leaving a long trail of fire, smoke, and foam, and setting the yachts a dancing on the rollers, the people shouted almost as madly as they did when Yale led Harvard through the lines later. On both sides yachting cannons were set off, and so close were many of them that the concussion was plainly felt, and in one instance the wadding from one of the guns fell almost on board. The judge's boat just at the bridge was reached in four minutes and twenty-eight and one-fifth seconds. As the gallant little launch went under the bridge, slowing up under Engineer Maxon's guiding hand, but tugging like a spirited race horse, the crowds on the bridge and on the shore sent up a tremendous shout and cheer of enthusiasm."

NOUGHT among men abideth in one stay,
And he of Chios wisely spake and well,
"Like leaves in autumn passeth man away,"
Yet few there be who heed his oracle.

For Hope, the flatterer, standeth each one by,
Hope, alway very present to the young,
And saith "Thou never shalt grow old nor die,
Nor even sicken, thou who art so strong."

Fools they, who are deluded thus, nor know
How quickly all of youth and life must end;
O give no heed to such, but onward go.
Making and keeping each good man thy friend!

J. M. LELY.



The Children's Salon

Say ?

If you were a mouse
Would you take any risk with a trap,
That goes off with a snap,
For an old bit of cheese?
Or would you go to bed
With a whole neck and head,
And a hungry pain spoiling your ease?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, mes enfants, (these are OLD MADAME'S own words she uses when she talks in French to her little ones) here it is the month in which we are thankful. No, I hear you, Rose, we are thankful all the year, so it is the month when we all come together to thank the good God that he has given us so many good things. Then we have Thanksgiving Day. OLD MADAME is very thankful and grateful that she is still with the dear little SALON children. So many of you write me now and tell me so many wonderful and interesting things, and I have so many of your pretty photographs upon the walls of the SALON that I can smile at you all the time. You all smile back at me, don't you?

★ ★ ★ ★

Now, here are some things to laugh about. Isn't Rose a funny girl?

Rose's mother went into the nursery one day, and overheard her little girl saying:

"Now, Dolly, 'ou musn't be cwoss, or twy to get away or cw. If 'ou don't let me fix 'ou up, folks won't say 'ou is nice and kiss 'ou. Be still, now."

"Why child! What are you doing?" her mother asked, when she came up close to Rose and noticed that she was pulling out the doll's hair in handfuls.

"Combin' Dolly's hair," the little tot replied.

This next happened when Donald was at the seaside last summer.

DONALD—Where would you get to if you sailed right over there?

SISTER—Calais, I suppose.

DONALD—That's in America, isn't it?

SISTER—Oh, Donald! Where's your geography?

DONALD—In my box at home, thank goodness.

This is one of Cyril's naughty jokes. Wasn't he silly?

MOTHER—Mercy me! The dentist has pulled the wrong tooth. LITTLE CYRIL (gleefully)—I fooled him bully. "Fooled him?" "Yes'm. I told him that was the one. I knew if he touched th' achin' one it ud hurt awful."

OLD MADAME heard this with her own ears.

So Wise.

A fairy sat on a rose leaf edge—
The children have grown so wise,
one need'nt hide in a roses heart
For fear of questioning eyes,
Nor shake the gold dust out of one's hair,
Lest a sunbeam show it unaware.
One may tilt and sway in the gold green grass,
One may wander fairy-free,
For, of course, if the children don't believe
They will never look to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

[Now, here is a little piece you can learn to recite. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but Bobbie can say this right off without once being prompted!]

Written for the SALON.

Child's Hymn.

Loving Saviour, meek and mild,
Kindly look upon each child,
For each voice on joyful wing
Humble gratitude doth bring.
Lord, to us a blessing give,
Helping each for Thee to live;
Earthly blessings having giv'n,
Take us all to dwell in heav'n.

ANNA ALLAWAY.

[Now here is a story a kind girl sent you, and all the way from California. I hope she will send us some more, don't you?

Written for the SALON.

A Winged Party.

"Oh, girls! whatever are we going to do to-day to kill time," said Kate Morgan, to a group of schoolgirls gathered in the wide hall of B— Seminary. "Here is one whole day of twelve hours, and I for one have not an idea in my head how to spend it."

"Were you ever guilty of having an idea in your head, Kate?" saucily responded her friend, Dolly Lope.

"I do not remember one in the course of my acquaintance with you, and I am sure the girls will agree with me in saying the same."

This speech produced a loud burst of laughter from the group, for Kate was the brainy one of the crowd, and was specially noted for airing her ideas; but Kate did not deign to notice this lively thrust, and went on in the same serious strain.

"I am sure it is no subject for jest to spend a holiday—and that Thanksgiving—within these college walls. I had looked forward to having such a glorious time this Thanksgiving, and had made fifty plans, more or less, to fill in the day; but

now, since Mrs. Frances has sent forth the edict that no one must leave the Seminary, I have to give up everything and remain here."

"If only one could fly the problem would soon be solved," said Jessie Stanley, who was rather of a scientific turn of mind, and was always trying to work out everything on scientific principles. "All we would have to do would be to oil our wings and each take her departure for her own home."

"Oh! wouldn't that be lovely," exclaimed Flossie Hayes, the baby of the school. "I have always wanted wings, but mamma said I should have to wait until I was an angel."

"You dear little cherub, you," said Kate, as she stooped down to kiss the child. "I do not believe you will have to wait long for your wings. I see them sprouting already."

"Do you see mine sprouting, too?" remarked Nellie Lewis, the good-natured one of the class, and somewhat inclined to be stout. "It has been one of the dreams of my life to be able to fly, but if I don't hurry up and get my wings, I will be too heavy to use them."

They all laughed at the joke Nellie had made at her own expense, but quieted down as Amy Martin, a plain, thoughtful girl, took up the subject.

"There is no doubt about it, girls, we are all disappointed at not being able to go home for our holiday. Yet I do not see the use of crying over spilt milk and making ourselves miserable. Instead of building castles in the air, or wings, as you have been doing, let us get up some entertainment among ourselves, and if we are busy the time will pass quickly enough."

"It is all very well to talk about making the best of things," answered Kate, "but inside these prison walls I should like to know what entertainment one could have to last the whole day. If you were at home it would be a different thing. The time would be too short that would be the only difficulty."

"We might play 'Simon says thumbs up; Simon says wiggle waggle,'" sarcastically suggested May Fair. "That would be a highly intellectual game for Thanksgiving."

"Or, 'beans porridge hot,' 'beans porridge cold,'" chimed in Susy Reid. "It would circulate the blood this warm day and save us the trouble of keeping cool."

"Oh, girls! do stop your nonsense," spoke up Dolly Cope. "There are plenty of things to do if we want to exert ourselves. We might have a 'Fancy Ball,' or a 'Sheet and Pillowcase Party,' or a 'Fan Assembly,' or a —, but here her list was cut short by the sounding of the gong warning them to prepare for Thanksgiving service, and the girls dispersed quickly to their rooms to be in readiness when the church bell should ring.

B — Seminary was a time-honored institution, which had the reputation throughout the country for its high literary and disciplinary character. The resident pupils were limited to twelve, and as these were so well cared for in every respect, there was never any difficulty in procuring the desired number.

At the time of our story, the Seminary was in charge of Mrs. Frances, a woman of rare ability and of high Christian character, and one who had made the school what it was then—a blessing to the surrounding country.

The girls loved Mrs. Frances and her assistant, Miss Alliston, very dearly, and one could scarcely find a sweeter home life than that which existed at the Seminary.

They were twelve girls of whom any fond mother or father might well be proud, as they filed down the wide staircase on this clear November morning on their way to church. In spite of the depressing fact that they were obliged to spend a holiday in the Seminary, most of the faces were bright and smiling. Their superfluous spirits which had been kept down by the dismal proceedings of the morning now began to assert themselves. They chatted and laughed with each other until they came to the gate, where they lined up two by two for their walk and march in an orderly manner through the street.

Kate and Dolly were elected to walk together and as they proceeded on their way Kate suddenly burst forth, "I declare I haven't a thing in this world to be thankful for this morning. I wish I had asked Mrs. Frances to excuse me. I would much prefer staying in my room."

"Don't be disagreeable, Kate," responded Dolly. "It does not become you, and besides you have no right to be discontented. You have much to be thankful for—much more than you realize." "Let me see," and Dolly began counting on her fingers the various blessings that had fallen to Kate's lot. "First, you have to be thankful that you are white, not copper-colored or black," spoke Dolly in an oracular voice. "You might have been born in Asia or Africa and have shared the hard fate of our dark sisters across the seas. Second, you have cause to be thankful that you live in the free country of America and are not ground down under a tyrannical ruler in a foreign land. Your father might have been a foreign missionary, and your only society have been the wily natives or the unattractive cannibals."

Dolly was going on to enumerate blessing number three, when Kate broke in, "Yes, I might be thankful that I am not a white elephant, or an Angora cat, or any other ridiculous thing you can name. But that is not the point. I have nothing to do with anyone else, nor don't want to have. I am Kate Mason and never expect to be anything else."

"Perhaps you will change your name some day," demurely remarked Dolly. "Lots of people do, and it is leap year, too."

The line had reached the church door as Dolly finished her speech, and there was no time for an answer.

The girls were duly ushered to their seats and were soon settled in their places, anxious for the service to begin, and just as anxious for it to end. One could see at a glance that they were not in a worshipping mood. They listened to the reading of the lesson without any apparent interest, and entered into the singing in a listless sort of way. When the sermon began they settled back in their pews and made themselves as comfortable as possible. Their only aim and object seemed to be, to present a good appearance, and, at the same time, enjoy themselves.

Kate seemed to be having a particularly easy time. She had curled into the corner of her pew and was apparently fast asleep. Suddenly, however, she opened her eyes and leaned forward in the seat, arrested by the words of the preacher.

The sermon was on "Contentment," and the speaker in developing the head, "How to be contented," made the following statement. "If all discontents would stop for a moment and compare their condition with that of some one in less fortunate circumstances, they would find good reason for thankfulness. It is only the selfish who are really unhappy. Those who make the best of everything and live for others are the happy ones of the earth."

Kate heard no more of the sermon, nor in fact any of the rest of the service. This one sentence kept running through her head: "It is only the selfish who are really unhappy."

When they formed in line for their homeward march she was conscious of nothing but these words, which seemed to stand out in burning letters before her. All the way home they kept ringing in her ears and it seemed impossible to get rid of them.

Katie was glad to get to the Seminary and escape to her room where she had only time to make the wise decision, that, in the future, she would try to be more contented, when the dinner gong sounded.

In the dining-room they found a veritable Thanksgiving dinner spread—turkeys, jellies, fruits, in short, all those things which school girls are specially partial to. It is scarcely necessary to add that they did justice to the good dinner before them.

Those who have been thrown with school girls, and especially with boarding-school girls, know what capacities they have in this direction. No one could complain of their failing appetites, unless towards the end of the meal when the "vacuum which nature abhors" was about filled.

As soon as the last dessert was served and eaten, Mrs. Frances made an after-dinner speech. She told the girls they might have the free use of the house and the grounds for the rest of the day; and that if they liked to put their heads together and plan an entertainment of some kind for the evening, Miss Alliston and she would be only too glad to assist them.

Immediately the signal was given for dismissal the girls retreated to the music hall, where a lively discussion took

place. One thing after another was suggested only to be rejected by some one, and it really seemed as if there was nothing under the sun in the shape of amusement that these twelve girls could agree upon.

At last Kate Mason spoke up.

"Girls," she said, "I have a plan and a good one, too, if only you will think so."

Jolly! Go ahead! Let's hear it! came from different parts of the room, and before Kate realized what was going on, she was lifted in the air by the excited girls and placed on the rostrum.

"Now for a speech, Kate," said Dolly, "and be sure you remember the rules of rhetoric," she added, "and the logical sequence of tenses."

"Ladies and — ladies," began Kate, in a solemn voice, looking over her eager audience, "I have an idea at last, and since I was never known to possess one, I think I will keep it." She looked maliciously at Dolly as she finished her sentence, but Dolly saw something very interesting in the ceiling at that moment and did not meet her look.

"The fact of the matter is girls," resumed Kate, who had not the heart to keep them in suspense any longer; "I am truly ashamed of the way I talked this morning, and I now desire to say before you all that I intend to be as happy as possible the rest of this day and try to make others feel the same. Now for my plan! You remember our conversation this morning about flying, and how anxious so many were to have wings. Well, why cannot we have a 'Winged Party.' Let each one of us represent the bird of our choice and dress accordingly, having wings to match each costume. For instance, suppose Dolly chose Magpie as her bird. She would have to drape herself in a subdued colored robe with subdued wings attached, and talk in a very unsubdued voice."

"Further, I thought it might be more interesting and exciting if we kept the birds we chose a secret from each other, and then when we all assemble in the drawing-room this evening, for each one to write a list of the birds she thinks are represented. Whoever has the largest number correct to award a first prize, and a consolation to the one whose list is the smallest."

Kate's plan was received with enthusiasm by all the girls, and they almost strangled her in the desire to show their appreciation of her genius. However, it was getting late and there was no time to lose in sentiment, so very soon the hall was cleared of its occupants and the girls were all busily employed in their own rooms.

If one could have looked through the key-holes that afternoon, she would have seen many curious and wonderful sights. But a peep behind the scenes was not allowed, so all curiosity had to be restrained until the evening.

Shortly after seven Mrs. Frances, Miss Alliston, and a few of their friends were in the drawing-room ready to receive their guests when they winged their way from the upper regions. They had not long to wait. Soon a great rustling was heard and the whole party swooped down the stairs and glided into the room.

It would be impossible to describe the different costumes. They were so varied, so unique, so startling, they almost took away the breath of their entertainers.

The wings especially were a sight to behold. Some were large and some small, some were mated and some ill-matched, while in some cases it was a difficult matter to make out wings at all. You would in all probability have thought of a sideboard or a door-mat first. In one case the owner had endeavored to help out the spectators by labelling her appendages "wings." But this was really an absolute necessity. No one would otherwise have dreamed of wings in connection with the huge points that stuck out from her shoulders.

The combination of birds represented was very pretty. The crow, the canary, the blue jay, the sparrow, the woodpecker, the wren, the eagle, the lark, the oriole, the robin, the red-bird, and the swallow, made a very pleasing spectacle as they flitted around in "Sir Roger de Coverley" and the "Hay Makers' Dance."

It was especially amusing when Kate and Dolly, as crow

and canary, were partners. Poor little Dolly's body was almost enveloped in Kate's large, glossy wings, and her tiny canary voice was drowned in the loud, cracked tones of the would-be crow.

Quite a pleasant surprise awaited them towards the end of the evening, when Mrs. Frances announced that refreshments were ready in the breakfast-room and invited them to hop in and enjoy in. There they found delicious cake and ice cream, and if you think birds cannot enjoy such dainties as these, you are mistaken. They sipped their cream and nibbled their cake as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives, and even used their table napkins properly. Altogether they were a very polite and courteous assembly, and not at all like the greedy birds you read of in books.

As soon as refreshments were over, they all repaired to the drawing-room where the last part of the programme was given.

The girls had made out their lists of birds at the beginning of the evening and had handed them to Mrs. Frances, who examined them and awarded the prizes. Now was the time for their distribution, and as Mrs. Frances stepped forward to do the honors of the occasion she was greeted with loud applause by the girls.

"The one who is entitled to the first prize for the largest correct number of birds," she said, "is Miss Kate Mason." Then turning to Kate, "we present to you this 'fairy lamp' with the best wishes of the school, and we hope that it may shed radiance on your path and brighten your future life."

"The consolation prize," Mrs. Frances went on to say, "is given to the youngest of our pupils, and the one from whom we would expect the least."

Everyone looked at Flossie Hayes, and Flossie promptly stepped forward to receive her reward in the shape of a bottle of shoe blacking with the appropriate inscription—"If you do not shine at the head you will shine at the foot."

And now the "Winged Party" was over and the girls with bright faces and dilapidated wings bade their hostess good night.

As they flitted quietly to their nests Kate whispered to Dolly, "This has been such a happy day after all, and I have learned the lesson that contentment is a thing of the heart and does not depend on circumstances."

PRIZE POEM COMPETITION IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

The prize has been won by Miss Ellen Jackson, of London, Ont., and here is her beautiful little poem. Old Madame has much pleasure in forwarding her a pretty copy of "Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales."

October.

Fair October, so bright and clear,
Loveliest month of all the year;
All day long the sun shines bright,
A pale young moon and stars at night.

The trees are glad October has come,
Please to notice what they have done:
They have changed their summer dress of green
For the gayest colors to be seen.

The lovely woods lonely seem,
Though October is their queen;
The sweet wild flowers are all dead,
They fell asleep on their mossy bed.

In the woods squirrels jump and play,
Though they're busy all the day,
Gathering nuts so ripe and brown,
Which October frost just knocked down.

October is the last bit of summer,
Saying to us good-bye;
For soon the pretty leaves will fall,
And the trees with cold winds will sigh.

ELLEN JACKSON.

HERE is something OLD MADAME heard the other day. It was new to her. Did any of you ever hear about it?

"There is a kind of crab used by the natives of Chiloe Islands as a natural barometer. It appears that the shell of this sensitive little kicker is nearly white in dry weather, but whenever it is exposed to moisture, little red spots appear. These deepen and thicken according as it gets wetter and wetter, until finally in the rainy weather, it becomes red all over."



ANSWERS to puzzles in September number.

- I. Charade—Blue Stocking.
 II. Concealed Birds—1. Eagle;
 2. Nightingale; 3. Heron; 4. Swan;
 5. Hawk; 6. Hen; 7. Lark; 8.
 Flamingo; 9. Ostrich; 10. Dodo;
 11. Dove; 12. Pewit; 13. Owl;
 14. Emu.

III. Numerical Enigma—Beware the Ides of March!

IV. Drop—Letter Puzzle.

★ ★ ★

ANSWERS to puzzles were received from:—Eddie A. Shipman, Bella Heath, Helen K. Smith, Walter Brennan, Rose Stevenson and Mary Miller, Daisy, "Færie Queen," Isabella C. Tornes, M. F. S. and "Helen's Babies."

Now, OLD MADAME wants hundreds of "Salon" children to answer these instead of a dozen; yes, and send her puzzles too.

I. TRANSPOSITIONS.

When the right word is set in one of the blanks, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks and make sense.

—caught a—snake which he put in an empty box, over which he tied a—of his mother's; with the hope that the—creature would not survive to do—

MAGGIE PHILLIPS.

II. TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

1. (1) A kind of grain; (2) A trembling fit;
 (3) A melody; (4) Observed.
 2. (1) A time of blossoms; (2) Employed;
 (3) Necessity; (4) A current.

Notice.

Now this is OLD MADAME'S little reading notice for this month. Whatever "Child of the Salon" shall send in the best "Description of an Ideal Play-room" shall receive OLD MADAME'S prettiest new picture called "The Little Sister." It is beautifully colored and will make a large picture for your play-room.

CONDITIONS.

- I. Manuscript to be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Manuscript to be accompanied by full name and address of writer.

3. The writer must be *himself* or *herself* a subscriber to THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

4. The manuscript must be in my hands by the 20th of December.

OLD MADAME.

The Merry Men.

By THOMAS, RICHARD AND HENRY.

"It makes me sad, but I must not grieve. I must smile, perforce."

IMPOSSIBLE.

SHE (reading)—Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race.

HE—I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost.

AT NAHANT.

"W-H-E-W! what makes the water so cold?"

"Bostonians in bathing."

PROFESSOR—In case a man had both hands cut off, what would be the first thing you would do?

STUDENT (candidate for position of ambulance surgeon—Feel his pulse.

A RARE CHANCE.

ART PATRON—Look there! a Rembrandt at 300 francs, and signed, too! What a rare chance!

FRIEND—What does the picture represent?

ART PATRON—The taking of Sebastopol.

WHY HE WAS DROWSY

BERTIE—"Fweddie, deah boy, are you ill or have you been dwiniking?"

FWEDDIE—"Neither, pon honah. I was impwudent though, and sat down neah a bouquet of poppies and gwew dweadfully dwosy."



FISHING.

She hangs up the "God Bless Our Home" motto when the honeymoon is over.

WANTED A SHOW.

GIGLAMP—"Why does Rowley always keep his mouth screwed up in that way?"

SURFACE—"He got into the habit while trying to pronounce his words so that he can get them in edgewise when talking to his wife."

"Did you have a good time at the picnic, Maud?"

"No. Horrid."

"How was that?"

"I was kept busy taking care of our chaperon."

EVEN if you wish to speak in private to a man who has artificial arms and legs, do not ask him if you may take him apart for a while. He may misunderstand you.

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In your reply mention THE QUEEN.

"Do you think any girl ever proposes in leap year, as they say, Jennie?" he asked.

"Not unless she is obliged to," answered the maiden.

"H'm! I hadn't thought of that," he said, after a pause.

"But, George," she said, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm and looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation."

"No—er—that is to say—of course not. I—"

The ice was broken, and three minutes later George was Jennie's accepted.

A Remarkable Resemblance.

There were two brothers living in a Texas town some years ago who resembled each other in a marvelous degree. Some gentlemen were talking about them one day, and it was the opinion of nearly everybody present that it was impossible for any two men to look as much alike as they did.

"Gentlemen," remarked one, "I don't agree with you. I had a twin brother once and we resembled each other much more than these two do."

"That's not possible," remarked several.

"Well, my brother is dead now, and I can't prove what I say, but you can get some idea about how great the resemblance was when I tell you that we looked so much like one and the same man that it was utterly impossible for us to have a dialogue. A monologue or a soliloquy was the best we could do."—Texas Siftings.

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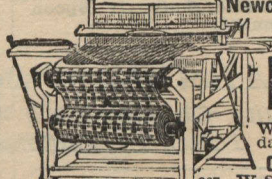
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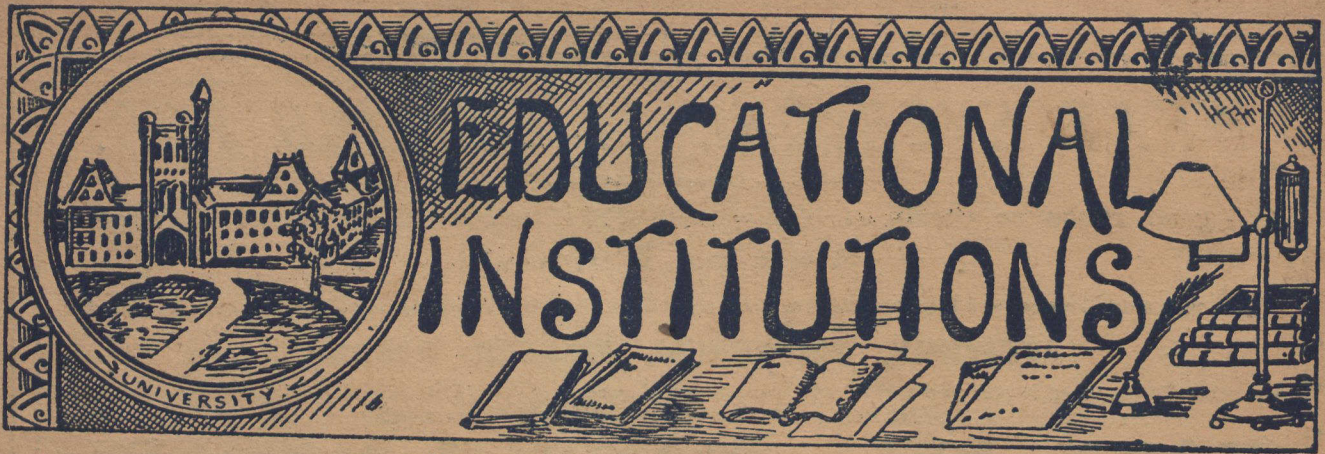
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