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The Canadian QUEEN



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TORONTO, ONT.



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11-92

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SEELY MAN'G CO.,

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Soothing Syrup,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Should always be used for Children while Teething. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

AN EASY WINNER.

After a trial, nothing wins a woman's confidence so easily as "Sunlight" Soap. Her own good judgment tells her that it is a different soap and a better one than any she ever tried before, and that its cleansing yet mild properties are far superior to anything she ever used before. "Sunlight" Soap will never disappoint anyone who gives it a fair trial, and the beauty of it is, that it can be used for every purpose for which soap is used.

4-92



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in Galveston, T., an old coin worth
\$5,000
A Boston baker sold
149 old coins
\$13,389.

We can prove that others have done nearly as well.

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If you have any Old Coins or Proofs coined before 1878, save them, as they may be worth a fortune. Illustrated circulars on rare coins free

at office or mailed for two stamps. **AGENTS WANTED. NUMISMATIC BANK, Court Street, Boston, Me.**

4-92

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT

10-92

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IS SUPERIOR IN ECONOMY, EQUAL IN

Purity and Healthfulness

to any. Distinguish it from Alum powders by Biscuit and Cakes made with it, having a pleasant flavor and NOT becoming dry or prematurely stale.

10-92



MOUTH ORGAN Chart an Circular free. Will teach a tune in ten minutes. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue of Musical Instruments. Agts. wanted. **MUSIC NOVELTY CO., Detroit, Mich.**

Mention THE CANADIAN QUEEN 11-92

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Permanently, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury with "Pilla Solveme." See particulars, 6c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

KIND WORDS FOR THE QUEEN FROM FRIENDS IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

SANDHURST, ONT., Feb. 18, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Your special prize of a fine silver-plated biscuit jar awarded me has been received and much admired by my friends.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. C. W. WRIGHT.

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 17, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Have received the Berry Dish and am very much pleased with it. Wishing THE QUEEN every success.

Yours,
NELLIE STAPLES.

ARTHABASKAVILLE, QUE., Jan. 28th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with best thanks the prize awarded to me, from extra daily prizes, for each of the first five persons from whom an application is received for sample copy of the "QUEEN" each day. The prize is certainly magnificent and exactly as described in your favor to my address of the 10th ult., consisting of an elegant silver biscuit jar of the best quality of plate—valued at \$12. Wishing you constant success, I remain

Yours very truly,
LOUIS RAINVILLE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 3rd, 1892.

GENTS:—Received THE CANADIAN QUEEN Jan. 30th and am very much pleased with it. The cooking recipes alone are worth one dollar to me, the cost of the QUEEN for one year. THE QUEEN is out this a. m. making morning calls among my friends. Will send subscriptions in a few days.

Respectfully,
MRS. E. W. DICKENSON

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 18th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Have just received the squirrel nut bowl and consider it very handsome; all my friends admire it. I will do all I can to further the interests of THE QUEEN.

Yours truly,
HENRY MCTHEOWN.

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 16th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the berry dish which was awarded to me as being one of "The lucky ten." My friends, and myself think it very pretty. Wishing your paper every success, I remain

Yours truly,
G. PATTISON.

HAMILTON, ONT., Jan. 29th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the Silver Dessert Set which I received today as one of your special daily prizes, and I am much pleased with them, I think them very pretty.

Yours truly,
MISS EMMA WORRALL

HANTSFORT, N. S., Feb. 12th, 1892

DEAR SIR:—I received the silver dessert set by express for which I thank you very much. I think it very nice indeed. Everyone that has seen it thinks it very nice. I am growing quite fond of the magazine and look for its arrival with pleasure. Wishing you every success.

I am yours truly,
J. T. SMITH.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 5th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the "Service" which I am well pleased with. I have also received the January number of the "Queen."

I remain yours
ERNEST M. WILLCOX.

BURFORD, ONT., Feb. 1st, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—My Biscuit Jar arrived safely on Wednesday; I thank you very much for the lovely present. A great many of my friends have been in to see it and they all admire it very much indeed. I like my paper very much.

Yours truly,
FRED METCALF.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT., Feb. 16th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge with thanks the pretty spoon which I received a few days ago.

Yours truly,
A. GIROUARD.

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 10th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the Silver Tete-a-tete Kettle awarded me as a daily prize, some time ago. I am greatly pleased with it, and think it fully as good as represented. Thanking you very much and wishing your valuable QUEEN every success, I remain

Yours truly,
A. DENISON.

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I received my pretty "Souvenir Spoon," and all who have seen it admire it.

Yours, etc.,
J. M. PHILBIN.

PICTOU, N. S., Feb. 18th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The five o'clock tea set to hand Thanks, I think them very pretty indeed.

Yours truly,
MRS. IVES.

287 QUEEN ST. E., TORONTO, ONT., Feb. 9, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the Souvenir Spoon, and am much pleased with it. Long success to THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

Yours truly,
J. FENNEL.

TERRELL, TEXAS, Feb. 19th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the pretty tete-a-tete kettle just received, also for the charming "souvenir" of The Peacemaker. Suggestion: "Why not offer book prizes."

Very respectfully,
MRS. C. M. DESEL.

WINFIELD, W. VA., Feb. 24, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the "Silver Dessert Service" which I received last week. I am much pleased with it, and am greatly obliged.

Yours truly,
MINNIE PRIESTLEY.

LUMBERTON, N. C., Feb. 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Many thanks for the pretty vegetable dish, that I received two days ago, it is very neat and pretty and I am very much pleased with it.

Yours truly,
E. WILLSON.

11 SUFFOLK PLACE, TORONTO, Feb. 17th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your very handsome gift of a Berry-dish, and I have shown it to at least twenty of my friends and they all agree that it is very pretty indeed.

Yours truly,
MRS. D. SYLVESTER.

SOUTH LONDON, ONT., Feb. 10th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the five o'clock Tea Set, awarded me as one of the lucky ten. I think it is very pretty, and all my friends admire it. Wishing THE QUEEN every success, I remain

Yours respectfully,
MRS. J. W. WILKINSON.

PORT HOPE, ONT., Jan. 30th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received my prize on Thursday, and am very well pleased with it. Wishing your paper every success, I remain

Yours truly,
E. A. GILL.

HAMILTON, ONT., Feb. 5th, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the Souvenir Spoon last night, I am very much pleased with it. Wishing your paper every success, I remain

Yours sincerely,
M. BIRTH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I was the recipient of a very pretty "Souvenir Prize" today mailed me from your office. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same.

Sincerely,
M. JEANETTE BALLANTYNE.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., Feb. 8th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I received my daily prize, consisting of a Silver Dessert Set all right and am very pleased with it. I like the QUEEN very much and I think it is a very nice plan publishing a prize problem each month. And in reference to your manner of doing business with your customers, I like it very much and I am sure all those who have had any business transactions with you, do too. I remain

Your obedient servant,
F. W. R. PULLEN.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Feb. 9th, '92.

DEAR SIR:—Received Biscuit Jar all right, am very much pleased with it.

Respectfully,
WILLIE ANDERSON.

CHATSWORTH, ILLS., Feb. 23, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Your Silverware received to-day for which please accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
A. H. ALTMAN.

MONTREAL, QUE., Feb. 4th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Silver Service received and much appreciated

Yours truly,
R. J. SKINNER.

MORLEY, ONT., Feb. 20th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I received the prize (a Silver Biscuit Jar) and am delighted with it. Accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
F. M. GRAHAM.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 20th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—My sister has been detained, therefore has not been able to write and acknowledge the Cream and Sugar Set. I think they are very handsome, I have shown them to a great many of my friends, every one admires them, they came all right.

In haste,
MRS. J. R. NOBLE.

HAMILTON, ONT., Feb. 16th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your prize on the 13th, and it proves very satisfactory; think it well worth the trouble, therefore accept my thanks.

Yours truly,
MRS. AIKEN.

270 St. Luke St., MONTREAL, Jan. 29th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of the Tete-a-Tete Kettle awarded me as a daily or extra prize in the Cat Competition connected with your journal. Accept my thanks for same.

Yours truly,
MRS. B. BURLAND.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 13th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—Accept my thanks for the Silver Afternoon Tea Set just received, and I am quite well pleased with it. Think it quite pretty.

Yours truly,
MRS. C. H. NEAR.

ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 4th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—The Vegetable Dish and Biscuit Jar kindly awarded me as prizes in your Word Contest have been received. I think they are quite pretty. Please accept my thanks for the same.

Yours truly,
MRS. G. W. WILSON.

MONTREAL, QUE., Jan. 27th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:—I just received the Silver Biscuit Jar which I prize greatly, and I will have much pleasure in exhibiting it to my friends. Wishing THE QUEEN great success.

Yours respectfully,
JNO. HEFFERNAN.

WINNIPEG, MAN., Feb. 5th, 1892.

SIR:—Have just received the prize awarded me and hasten to acknowledge same by return mail. Please accept my sincere thanks for it. I had no thought of it being so good; it is indeed an elegant silver Biscuit Jar. More than ten of my friends shall see it, and know where it came from, too. Wishing a long and prosperous life to THE CANADIAN QUEEN, I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,
M. M. TOMKINS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 21, '92.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Sugar and Creamer, which reached me yesterday. It is very pretty and I shall try hard to win some other prize offered. Have shown it to many friends and they too are going to try what they can do.

Respectfully,
MARY PRATT.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Feb. 10th, 1892.

SIR:—I received the Biscuit Jar all safe, am much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for same, wishing you success,

I remain yours,
ARTHUR MCFARLAN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 16, '92.

GENTLEMEN:—Miss Viola Remington of 390 Clark Ave., has received the five o'clock Tea Set and herewith returns thanks for the same.

Yours truly,
V. Remington.

HAMILTON, ONT., Feb. 17th, 1892.

SIR:—I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your prize which I received in perfect condition, and was well satisfied. I intend to try and get all the subscribers I can for your journal, for your journal is worth the money. I remain,

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN MORTON.

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

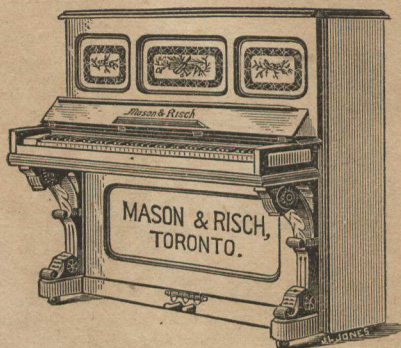
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WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE MUSICAL PUBLIC TO

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

We have decided to try the effect of direct advertising and correspondence, and thus lessen the expense and salaries of travellers, giving their customers the benefit of the saving effected.

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AT
ONCE,



WRITE
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And our **Illustrated Catalogue** will be mailed you at once **free**. Select the style of piano you prefer and we will **SEND YOU A SPECIAL PRICE**, referring the matter to our nearest traveller.

As this is done to test the value of our advertising, please state, when writing, the name of the paper in which you see this and we will mail you an **Elegant Piece of Music worth 50 cents FREE** with the Catalogue. State name, occupation and address. This offer stands for one month from date.

MASON & RISCH, 32 King St. West, TORONTO.

Announcement to Advertisers.

The advertising rates in **THE QUEEN** are **40 cents per agate line each insertion**. This is the regular rate for display advertising in this publication. **Twenty-five per cent. discount** will be allowed on yearly contracts or contracts for one thousand lines or over, to be used at the option of advertiser within one year.

No deviation will be made from this rate.

No special position will be given in any advertisement.

Only advertisements of a reliable character will be admitted to the columns of **THE QUEEN**.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN will pay \$1,000 in cash to any Charitable Institution in Toronto on production of proof that any publication in Canada has a larger paid circulation.

THE QUEEN is the only high-class, popular monthly family magazine in Canada, and has a National circulation, being found in almost **every good home** from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Our subscription list contains the names of nearly

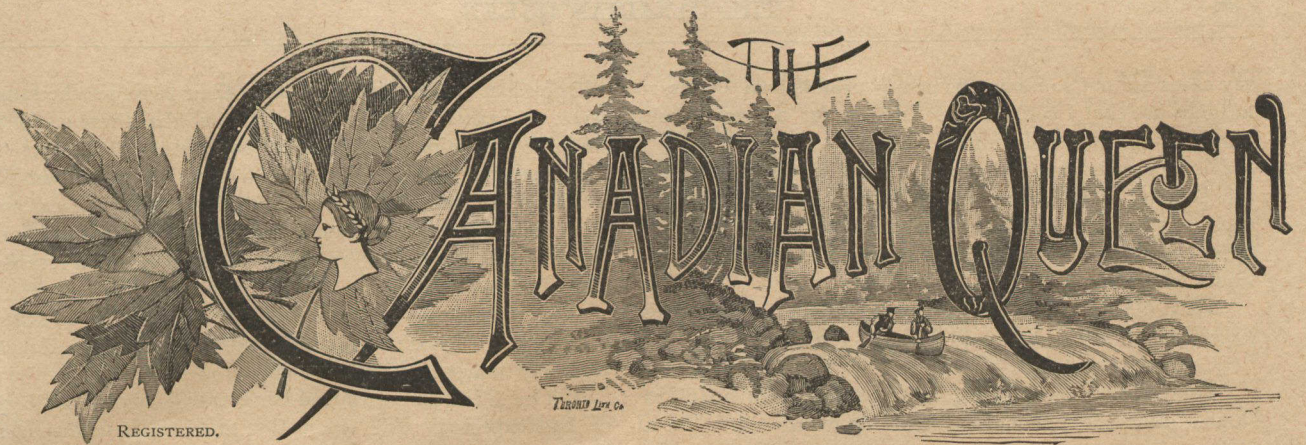
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THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH, 1892.

BARCLAY, CLARK & CO LITHO. TORONTO.

"SEVEN, HE LOVES."



Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. V.

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH, 1892.

No. 3.

Written for THE QUEEN.

TOM TWITCHETT, M. D.

By WILLIAM T. JAMES.

AUTHOR OF "THE BACKSLIDING OF ELDER PLETUS," "AS SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN," ETC.

PART I

TO-DAY is the happiest Mrs. Twitchett has known for many a year, for her only son, Tom, has just rushed into the room to inform her, in his exuberant way, that he has passed his examination and is now entitled to write M. D. after his name. Now she is alone, she leans back in her arm-chair and closes her eyes while she reviews, with a thankful heart, the arduous years of her existence since the death of her husband.

The relict of a physician who had practiced and died in a small Ontario town, leaving her a meagre income, (derived from two small properties and the investment of the proceeds of his life insurance policy in mortgages on Toronto real estate,) her widowhood had indeed been a prolonged struggle. In order to maintain a respectable appearance and support and educate her son without exceeding her means, she had need to exercise close economy and self-denial; and nobly she fulfilled a mother's part towards the darling of her maternal affection. By abstinence in the matter of luxury and dress and, often by deprivation of personal comfort, she has defrayed the expenses attendant upon the education of Tom from the time when he first went to school until to-day, when a few moments ago, after having informed her of his collegiate triumph, she heard him say, in a hopeful, energetic tone; "Now, mother, it's my turn to look after you."

For a young fellow just out of college, "Now, mother, it's my turn to look after you" is a sentence which does not grammatically display an elegant diction; but the ardor with which it was spoken and the sentiment so tersely expressed have brought to the widow's heart more joy than it can contain. Rocking herself now gently and now faster and faster as her emotion is aroused, she repeats the words to herself over and over again, dwelling upon each significant of filial love and distilling from it the nectar which seems inexhaustible, until presently her pent-up feelings must needs find relief in tears of joy. Calm at last and satiated with a peace which worry has rarely heretofore permitted to enter her

mind, she lifts up the voice of her soul in thanksgiving to Him whom she regards as the rewarder of her fidelity; and then, without scarcely knowing it, falls to crooning an old lullaby with which she had been wont to soothe into the serene slumber of babyhood that stalwart young chap who has so bravely announced his intention to look after his mother.

The front door opens, there is a hurried footstep in the hall, and, before she can dry the tears that still glisten in her eyes, Tom is back in the parlor and exclaimed!

"Say, mother, did you ever see the like of it? True saying that: 'It never rains but it pours.' Our luck's coming all in a heap to-day. I met the postman turning the corner of the street, and here's a letter for us from England. I shouldn't wonder if that matter's settled by this time and if this letter is to say everything's O. K.; come and take possession. I'm not avaricious, mother, but 'come and take possession' sounds as musical to me as the jingling of gold. *Come and take possession.* Come to think of it, though, it would seem more real to see it in black and white, now wouldn't it?"

Laughing at his own jocoseness, he handed her the letter, which she received with a dubious shake of her head. Nevertheless, her fingers trembled nervously and bespoke the contagion of her son's hopefulness as she broke the seal; but the writing, seen through her tearful eyes, seemed blurred and illegible, and she was fain to request him to read it.

It was a note from a solicitor in Plymouth, relative to a claim she had upon an estate in that place, and simply said that the legal investigation was progressing satisfactorily, that the prospects were promising, and that, while her presence was not necessary, in his opinion, the case might be facilitated if she could conveniently come to Plymouth, as frequent correspondence caused delay.

"Suppose we go, mother?" queried Tom, and then, with counterfeit seriousness, added: "You know that at present

my cases are not so numerous or my professional duties so arduous but that I could leave Toronto for a time without jeopardizing the life of a single patient."

His mother replied with a very austere frown, considering the severity it conveyed was feigned: "Doctor Twitchett, suppose your advice should be sought in a case which none other could diagnose, and you were absent what, think you, would be the result?"

"Why, mother, I fear the patient would not be out of his misery so quickly as he would if I were present."

"Certainly; therefore——"

"Therefore we had better go at once, lest such an event should occur, and I should be held for manslaughter on a charge of malpractice, you were about to remark, were you not?"

"Well, Doctor Twitchett, since you are determined to misconstrue my meaning, be it so." Then relapsing into genuine seriousness, she said: "My dear boy, this is a matter which we must first think over; we must not decide without deliberation."

If Mrs. Twitchett had been allowed to "deliberate" after her own fashion, she would probably have revolved the matter in her own mind for several weeks or perhaps months, in her slow, methodical way, studying its details and debating minor points which Tom would never pause to perceive, finally concluding to let the question "lay on the table," which would mean indefinite postponement. Not so with Tom. When a knotty question arose in his mind, he settled it with despatch,—that is to say, he came promptly to a decision concerning it, though he should subsequently discover he had been mistaken. It was not his nature to remain long in a state of negation. Mrs. Twitchett's extreme cautiousness embarrassed her will, so that persuasion was often necessary to induce her to come to a prompt decision. Tom knew this from experience, and, as he had seized upon the idea of going to England with as much tenacity as alacrity, he had soon made a hasty estimate of the expenses likely to be incurred in the trip, when he proceeded to enthusiastically demonstrate the feasibility of his proposition.

His mother had a married sister in a village on the coast some nine miles from Plymouth, which we will call Edenvale, whose husband—Mr. Preece by name—was a retired civil engineer. For some years past—in fact, at intervals, ever since Mrs. Twitchett became a widow—Mrs. Preece had urged her sister to visit her; but the latter had waived all such invitations until Tom should have graduated. Now that long-anticipated time had arrived and her interests in Plymouth made such a visit so opportune, Tom succeeded in the course of an hour in eliciting the reluctant consent of his mother to undertake the journey, after proving the practicability (subject to the usual proviso—rigid economy) of their being able to afford the costs. So it was settled that they should sail early the following month and that Mrs. Preece and the lawyer should be immediately apprised of their intention.

They had time for little else than preparing for their voyage to Europe during the three weeks prior to their departure. Forsooth the arrangements of the last few days were hurried through with pell-mell, greatly to the annoyance of Mrs. Twitchett, who believed that such a formidable prospect as an ocean voyage was something not to be undertaken without a preparation involving, according to her method, at least six months' time.

Tom had insisted upon booking their passages the same week they received the lawyer's letter, so that there could be no procrastination; and, having completed all the outside arrangements with expedition, now declared an unalterable intention to take charge of the packing, only consenting, after remonstrance and persuasion from his mother, to allow her to attend to her own clothing. Tom had still a lurking fear of postponement.

"Now," said he to himself as she went out to do some shopping, "if I don't surprise the old lady when she comes back, my name's not Tom Twitchett."

And he did so; he surprised her greatly—much more than he had expected. She returned in three hours to discover Tom wrapping up the last of thirteen parcels in brown paper, after having filled all the trunks, valises and band-boxes in the house.

Mrs. Twitchett gazed in blank dismay and astonishment at a pyramid of miscellaneous baggage piled up in the centre of the parlor, from behind which its architect appeared, bestripped of his coat and vest, his shirt sleeves rolled up and rivulets of perspiration trickling down his face, as, with a triumphal sweep of his hand, he exclaimed: "There, mother, is the whole bag o' tricks ready for the express-man!"

"Ready for the ragman, I should say," was her retort as soon as her surprise would let her speak. And then half vexatiously she continued: "My dear boy, what *have* you been doing?—what *have* you been doing?"

"*What have I been doing!* Well, if ever there was a monument erected to the industry of any man, *there's one!*"

"A perfect Tower of Babel!" replied his mother, constrained to laughter.

"Whereat there is likely to ensue another confusion of tongues. I've been talking Dutch fluently for the last half hour myself, and now here you are scolding, which I declare sounds decidedly foreign to me."

"Well, but, my boy, see what you have done!"

"*Why, what's the matter with that, mother?*"

Mrs. Twitchett opened one of Tom's trunks hap-hazard, and she at once saw what the matter was. Its interior looked as though Tom had gone to his wardrobe and seized an armful of clothing and crammed it promiscuously into the trunk. At the bottom was the contents of a bureau drawer, comprising an assortment of underclothing; next came a stratum of cuffs, collars, ties and handkerchiefs; then a layer of shirts, covered with as many garments of different suits as the lid would close upon, folded as they chanced to fall in.

"Oh! dear—oh! dear," she murmured, taking off her bonnet and jacket and, without any more ado, beginning to unpack.

Tom saw, with disgust, first one and then all the parcels in succession opened and their contents placed in different heaps about the room; the trunks, valises and band-boxes were treated likewise, and then, when all his work had been undone, he scratched his head and, with a lugubrious smile, offered to get the tea.

"Never mind, Tom; I'll take your will for the deed. I'll get tea myself, thank you. After tea, I intend to give you a lesson in packing. I wouldn't for the world have the future Mrs. Doctor Twitchett leave her husband in despair on the eve of some holiday excursion. Mind you don't touch a thing until I tell you, as, I warn you, there will really be a confusion of tongues."

"In which case I might find my Greek and Latin useful, notwithstanding my previous doubts of its utility."

"And still fail to come off the victor, Master Tom; for what I lack in variety, I might requite in quantity. So beware." Saying which she went into the kitchen.

It was nearly twelve o'clock that night when a valise received the last article. When Tom saw that there was no need to resort to paper parcels, he said: "Well, mother, you've taught me how to pack anyway."

The following day they were to leave Toronto. On their arrival at the Union Depot they found waiting for them on the platform, besides a few family friends, a vociferous crowd of students, who kept them busy, until the starting of the train, shaking hands, and treated the public ear to a medley of college songs, sung with such gusto that left no room for doubt that Tom was a favorite with his classmates.

At Montreal they connected with the Allan Line steamer *Parisian*, which, after an ordinary voyage, landed them at Liverpool, whence they took train to Plymouth, driving from there to Edenvale.

At their destination, Tom was made acquainted with his aunt and uncle and their niece, a vivacious young lady of his own age, who, since the death of her parents, had shared their hospitality and protection.

A few days served to effect on intimacy between the young couple, which sanctioned the use of the familiar abbreviations of their names—Nel and Tom—and they became, as Tom expressed it, "good chums."

Dame Nature had not withheld from Tom Twitchett his share of good looks, or of affable manners; moreover, he carried himself with a manly, independent grace and was a genial, jolly fellow to boot. Consequently he had many friends, and Nellie Jeffrey was one of the number whom his sociability and good nature drew to him. He could sing a good song when he liked with that musical baritone voice of his, and it was invariably one with a rousing chorus to it, in which he insisted everyone present should join. Nellie also had a pleasing voice, and sang alto in the choir of the Episcopal Church. She had heard her "cousin Tom" troling snatches of college songs about the house, so she made up her mind that he should accompany her to the next choir practice in the school-room. Tom, nothing loth, was willing to blow the organ if she wished him to do so; Nellie therefore impressed him into the choral service of the parish church.

So on the evening when the choir met weekly to rehearse the hymns and anthems for the following Sunday, Tom went with "Cousin Nel," was introduced all round as her "Canadian Cousin," and was soon on good terms with each. He was not a little flattered that all the girls insisted upon his joining the choir for the period of his sojourn in the village; but, more than all else, he was gratified by a few words of praise in regard to his vocal powers which Miss Fairweather, the organist, had remarked aside to Nellie, and which she repeated to him on the way home.

"A fine girl, Miss Fairweather. Seems to be very modest and retiring—bashful even," he commented.

"She's 'the pink of perfection'—sincerity personified in fact. All the girls like her, and the gentlemen, too, for the matter of that, but she makes them keep their distance."

"Yet she doesn't seem prudish."

"A girl can be reserved without being prudish, you know."

"That's so."

"She's a dear girl—my most intimate friend. By the way, she's coming to take tea with us on Thursday next."

"Is that so? I am very glad of that, for I want to get better acquainted with her."

"Now, Tom, you need not get so interested; it's no use. She has had several good offers, it is currently reported, but she's still 'heart-whole and fancy free,' and, to the best of my knowledge, she intends to remain so. She is not like other girls. She's so devoted to her mother, who is an invalid and a widow, that I believe she thinks it would be a sin to harbor matrimonial considerations in her mind. If the idea got abroad that she was willing to marry, the whole bachelor population of this village would fall at her feet and beg her to take her pick."

"So you don't think I would stand any show?"

"No, you would not stand *any* show, as you say."

"Pshaw! Nel, you're sentimental," said Tom, laughing outright.

"Wait until Thursday and see who'll be sentimental *then*, Mr. Stoic."

"I'd just like mother to hear you talking about me getting married, she'd go for you pretty lively for putting such precocious notions into the head of a young saw-bones who has never yet physicked a man for a fee."

"Well, now, that's the very thing I'm trying to dissuade you from."

"I protest against your diagnosis of my case; you want to prescribe before I am sick."

"You're worse than you think you are, Tom; when I introduced you to Fanny Fairweather I saw, from your eyes, that your case was hopeless."

"Great Scott! In this country you surely don't expect a fellow to be booked for matrimony as soon as he has said 'How d'ye do?' to a girl?"

"Not exactly; but you know every disease has its peculiar symptoms."

"Come, Nel, no quackery. You needn't try to foist upon me some patent nostrum for the cure of broken-heartedness because I happened to look cross-eyed at Miss Fairweather this evening. Nellie Jeffrey's world-renowned Anti-Heart Disease, warranted to restore to its normal shape and action the broken heart, however badly shattered. Or maybe this would be more striking: £5,000 reward for the worst case of broken heart that Dr. Jeffrey's Unparalleled Dissuasion will not heal! Take me in as partner, Nel, and I'll furnish all the testimonials you want."

"You cannot change my opinion with ridicule. 'He laughs best who laughs last!'"

"Joking aside, Nel, I admire her devotion to her mother, it bespeaks for her a genuine, self-sacrificing disposition."

"Wait until Thursday evening, Tom."

"Say, look here, Nellie Jeffrey! There was an inelegant expression in vogue among the boys when I left college, which was both terse and cutting. It was used as a verbal missile to hurl at the promulgator of a stale joke. It was simply 'Chestnuts!' Now, Nellie, don't tempt me to utter slang."

"What a queer expression."

"It *is* a queer expression. So beware."

"But I only said, and I reiterate: Wait till Thursday."

"*Chestnuts!*"

"How dare you? I'll box your ears for that. Take that, now," and she boxed his ears, and they both laughed heartily.

By this time they had reached the house. As they entered the garden gate Tom said :

"I wish to say in conclusion of the subject, that I *can* wait patiently, and sleep eight hours per night in the meantime. And, mind, if you lower me in Miss Fairweather's estimation by depicting me to her as being in such an insipid state as you have insinuated, I'll scold you in all the dead and living languages of which I have a smattering, which, I promise you, will eclipse slang in the density of its significance."

But, somehow, whether it was the change of air or the novelty of his surroundings, *something* cheated Tom of his usual repose. What it was, even to himself, he argued was wholly a matter of conjecture. He was in robust health, he had nothing to worry him—nothing upon his mind—no, he was sure there was nothing upon his mind, yet he muttered : "Blamed if I can get to sleep until past midnight." Then he commenced to catechise himself thus : "Sure it is not the latent effects of hard study in preparing for that last exam. ! Yes. Sure it wasn't that. Sure it is not due to indigestion ? Yes. Or Fanny Fairweather ? Yes ; sure—well, anyway, I don't think so. Now, Tom Twitchett, be careful how you answer me. Remember the words of Professor Puffin : 'The diagnosis is of first importance ; the treatment and regimen are determined by it.' You are not positive as to the latter suggestion. Now answer these questions—yes or no—without equivocation : When you unexpectedly met Miss Fairweather crossing the meadow the day before yesterday, did you not experience violent palpitation, a sudden rushing of blood to the face and a sensation of sinking through the earth to the Antipodes ? Come, now—yes or no ? Yes. Since which occasion you have been troubled with insomnia ? Yes. That'll do. I see it is a clear case of heart disease. Take care, young man—take care, or you will be Dr. Twitchett's first patient."

This dialogue between Tom and himself occurred in his bed-chamber before he retired on the night of the Wednesday preceding Miss Fairweather's proposed visit. An hour

later, as Tom made a third resolve that he would go to sleep that time, the whole household was aroused by a knocking at the front door. Tom heard his uncle go down stairs and open the door. Then he heard him in conversation with some one who talked in a low voice that he could not hear. Presently his uncle left the person in the hall and came upstairs, his footsteps drawing nearer until they stopped at the door of Tom's room, at which he rapped and requested admission.

"Tom, my lad," said he, coming to his bedside, "here's a case for you. Miss Fairweather's mother has had a bad turn, and, as you are the only doctor nearer than Plymouth, Miss Fairweather is sorry to disturb you, and wishes to know if you would be so kind as to come at once and see her mother."

"Certainly, uncle, with as much pleasure to be of service to Miss Fairweather as I am sorry to hear her mother is worse."

Tom was up and dressed and on his way with Miss Fairweather to the sick room in a few moments.

Some time ago Mrs. Fairweather had been stricken down with a paralytic stroke, since which time she had been confined to the house an invalid. Even to inexperienced Tom it was evident she had sustained a serious relapse and was in a critical condition which seemed hopeless. He administered such restoratives as his knowledge suggested and stayed with the patient, who was unconscious, until the arrival of the family physician from Plymouth in the morning.

Dr. Vaughan endorsed the treatment of his young colleague, saying he had done all that could be done under the circumstances, and expressed an opinion that the patient would never recover consciousness. Nor did she. Ere the next day closed, Frances Fairweather mourned with a grief that refused her the relief of tears, the death of her mother, who to her had been a wealth of affection and the dearest object of her attachment on earth.

PART II.

Frances Fairweather bore her bereavement with commendable fortitude. The years wherein she had ministered to the necessities of her afflicted mother, and had by her diligence as organist and at music teaching kept their little hoard of ready cash in the Post Office Savings' Bank intact for exigencies, had made of her a brave little woman, able to rise superior to the adversity of circumstance by an effort of her will. Tears she often shed after the poignancy of the cruel separation was past, but only in the privacy of her own room, when pain and despondency oozed from her tender eyes with the love-drops of grief, only to leave her troubled heart soothed with consolation which, by the magnetism of faith, she drew down deep into her soul from above. Outwardly her countenance betrayed not the concealed burden of her heart ; it was serene and cheerful as before and its sunshine had not departed. Although the cloud that darkened her life had bedimmed the quiet mirthfulness of those deep blue orbs, they beamed with a new-born foregleam of that exultation which could triumph even over the desolation of the worst enemy and see beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death a vision of life's sequel. Thus fortified against despair by a confident trust in the goodness of her God, she could challenge with the words of scripture the death and the grave that had taken and engulfed her mother : "O Death,

where is thy sting ? O Grave, where is thy victory ?"

Nobly she bore her sad part alone, and yet not alone, for beside the sympathy of true friends that compassed her with healing comfort, who shall say that there is not support in the companionship of a kindred spirit, transformed in the laying hold of eternal life ? She was of an unselfish nature, yet it was not wholly from a desire to avoid being a bore to her acquaintances that she forbore to obtrude her sorrow upon them : she was chiefly actuated to an almost jealous reserve by the fealty of her heart to its affection, and the commingled love and pain made the memory of her bereavement a bitter-sweet, for which she craved as an evidence of her union with the spirit of a just woman made perfect. So she did not parade her grief or for proffered sympathy return a moan. She gave friendship for friendship—love for love—smile for smile.

After the formalities of the funeral were over, she allowed herself to be persuaded to take a brief respite from her musical engagements and visit her friend, Nellie Jeffrey, who with her uncle had secretly conspired to entice her to Oakleigh—the name of Mr. Preece's residence—under the pretext of a visit, purposing to induce her to defer her departure from time to time until they won her consent to remain altogether.

At the end of a month, she persisted and succeeded in resuming her classes, but in the matter of leaving Oakleigh—upon which she had also insisted—she was outnumbered by great odds and defeated. Nellie would not hear of her going, and called a meeting of the inmates of the household to consider the question forthwith, declaring emphatically that the majority should decide and the minority succumb. Having formed themselves into a committee of the whole and elected Mr. Preece to the chair, Miss Fairweather moved that she be allowed to go about her business; but, as she could get no seconder, the motion collapsed. It was then moved, seconded and carried that Miss Fairweather be not permitted to take her leave and that she be forcibly detained, should she refuse to stay. Consequently the weeks went by and Miss Fairweather still remained at Oakleigh “under protest.”

As these weeks elapsed, Tom and Frances—or as she was now called about the house, Fanny—became good friends—very good friends. They walked and talked together and sang and played chess together, as Tom did also with Nellie—when Fanny was not around. Regarding this latter pastime, Mr. Preece one evening propounded what he was pleased to call an enigma to the members of the household, as they were sitting in the twilight on the verandah. Being offered a penny for his thoughts as he sat meditatively smoking a long clay pipe, he had remarked, with a sly twinkle in his eye and a gravity of speech which had in its inflection an implied impeachment, that he had been thinking and had come to a conclusion that it was strange—really enigmatical that, while Nellie was a better chess-player than Fanny, Tom invariably beat Nellie unmercifully, yet was generally the loser when opposed to Fanny. Now how was that? Could Tom explain?

Tom murmured something about luck and his inability to play equally well on all occasions and became suddenly patriotic, whistling to his audience the refrain of “The Maple Leaf Forever,” and coming round by an indescribable process of transition to the tune of a college song, the burden of which, being sung, was “Polly wolly doodle all the day,” whatever that may be. And when Nellie declared she had noticed the same curious fact, that she thought it high time to insist upon fair play, and that she meant to keep a strict watch upon them in future, Tom said he thought that was a mean way of retaliation for defeat and made an awkward attempt to ridicule the trend of the insinuation, which, however, was a signal failure, and increased his embarrassment to such a degree that he went off to see if the pony had been fed, turning back to say to Nellie that the next time she had the toothache he would deem it a pleasure to be allowed to extract the tooth, “just for practice, you know,” but he would not guarantee that the operation would be painless, or that he would be sure to extract the right tooth. This tickled his uncle so that he laughed loud and long, and called out to Tom that they had a “good one” on him. Fanny was so engrossed in her needlework as to be apparently unmindful of what had been said, and found it necessary to get Nellie’s immediate advice as to the use of a certain stitch in the border.

For several days the sheepishness of Tom and his abrupt efforts to appear indifferent to the existence of Miss Fairweather, when he noticed they were the object at which side-long glances and mysterious nods were aimed by Nellie and his uncle, provoked subsequent teasing from both. “I told

you so,” Nellie would whisper covertly to him, and then turning from him in feigned derision, she would exclaim, “Spooney Tom!” Just as he was forgetting to fume longer about the taunts of that busybody of a cousin of his, behold she came tripping up to him, with a frank smile in her mischievous eyes, to enquire if he would not like a dose of Dr. Jeffrey’s Uparalleled Dissuasion, guaranteed to cure the worst case of love-sickness the human heart was ever afflicted with. Again, at dinner the next day, after having drawn him into a conversation about the climate of Canada, his uncle had said—and had said it so meaningly that everyone understood the joke—that in a country where the mercury occasionally fell to twenty below zero, it was little wonder that a certain young doctor should be so extremely desirous of coming to England to be thawed out.

“Came to Devonshire an icicle, and in a month was a gushing young man. What a splendid advertisement for the locality this would be, if Tom would only consent to its incorporation in our guide books,” added Nellie, amid the laughter of all but the sacrificial victim.

“I’ll do nothing of the kind; but I tell you what I will consent to, my dear, sweet cousin,” retorted Tom, in a supreme effort at irony. “When you have consummated your malicious designs upon an inoffensive relative, you may inscribe some such an epitaph upon my tombstone:

“IN LAMENTABLE MEMORY OF
THOMAS TWITCHETT,
Who was ejected from this life A.D. 188—
In the Bloom of Life
By the persistent nagging of his friends.
Beware of Cousins!

‘Who killed Tom Twitchett?
I, said the midget;
With my joke and fidget,
I killed Tom Twitchett.’

For a moment Tom had the laugh on his side. When it began to subside, Nellie wished to know what he meant by “midget,” since there was no midget in the house, to which Tom replied by asking, in lofty tones, whether she, who boasted an academical education, had ever heard of poetic license.

“Poetic license! Pooh! If *that* is an illustration of the proper use of that cloak for doggerel, all I can say is that the perpetrators of such inane effusions should be taxed for the privilege of ignoring their mother tongue for the sake of rhyme.” And she was half in earnest in what she said.

“Come—come, no quarrelling! Honors are even this time,” interposed Mr. Preece. And thus the conversation was turned.

Poor Tom! Tact usually forsook him under fire of his uncle’s innuendos and Nellie’s open attacks, and it was but rarely that, as on this occasion, he turned the laugh against his adversary by repartee.

When he left the dinner-table that day, his mother took him aside to enquire the truth of the matter whereon he had endured the jesting of his tormentors at dinner. So Tom had to confess his secret to her, and to plead for her consent to his making a proposal at the proper time, which she was quite willing to give, provided he postponed the date of his marriage until his professional prospects were assured.

This was a restraint that chafed his impatient nature and taxed his filial obedience, for he wished to marry in two years’ time at the latest, fearing some rival might cheat him

of the prize if a settlement of the eventful date was indefinitely delayed. He was eager to know his fate at once and have the contract sealed by an engagement, and thus put an end to raillery. From this impulsive step he was checked only by a consideration of the recent bereavement of Fanny. By reason of enforced bridling of his ardor in order to subject it to silence, he began to be worried and ill at ease; it even affected his appetite and his spirits to an obvious extent. This called forth another remark from his uncle, who seemed never tired of the subject. In comparing his appetite with what it had been, his uncle said he was getting to be like a love-sick chap he once knew, who dwindled down to a mere skeleton rather than make a clean breast of it, adding that if he was a young man and in love again, somebody would pretty soon know of it.

Since Tom was the only one whose conduct was open to criticism, as Miss Fairweather had only been as affable to him as her cordial nature inclined her to be to all for whom she had not an aversion, Nellie still derived a fund of amusement from his predicament, and never lost an opportunity of making fun at his suit. This grew decidedly monotonous, not to say annoying, to Tom, so he resolved to adopt the most effectual means of silencing Nellie. He could devise no better way than of speaking to Fanny herself about it and enlisting her influence on his behalf.

Accordingly, he waited for a chance to speak privately with her until the afternoon of the next day, when he found her alone in the conservatory. Full of the subject and rehearsing a set of words with which to introduce so delicate a topic, Tom walked boldly up to her, his face foreshadowing his thoughts.

"Fine collection of flowers, these, aren't they, Fanny?" he blurted out. His resolution had crumbled into invisible dust and the elaborate preamble had eluded his memory at the instant when he would have spoken.

This was the first lucid idea that had presented itself to his mind after his discomfiture, and he gave vent to it at random

merely to break the inopportune silence. Fanny was cutting grapes for the table; and, save the choice foreign plants and shrubs requiring an even temperature and a few slips in pots, the flowers were still in the beds outside. It was only natural, therefore, that she should look askance at him in surprise at the impertinence of the remark. In an instant the absurdity of his mistake flashed upon him, and he felt utterly confounded.

"Surely nothing has happened, Tom, that you have unpleasant news for me?" she said interrogatively with a sincerity that signified she had not guessed the purport of his reservation aright.

"Oh! no,—nothing has happened. I was going to say some trivial thing, but it escaped my memory and left me confused, so that I made that absurd remark about the flowers," he replied with *maladroit* evasion.

Fanny was perplexed and rendered rather nervous by the duplicity of his speech, not knowing what to expect and fearing—well, who knows but what she may have feared a proposal, since she could not have been so blind as not to have noticed his predilection for her society. While Tom was revolving in his mind what to say next, there was an awkward pause, which became embarrassing for both. Seeing he did not revert to what he had intended to say, with feminine tact she offered him a bunch of grapes and broached the subject of botany by alluding to the flora of Canada, which Tom suffered to drop almost as soon as it was introduced, for he was still contemplating the utterance of what was uppermost in his thoughts. When she had gathered all the grapes she required and turned to leave the conservatory with Tom at her side, he detained her by requesting her attention a moment longer and saying:

"Fanny, I came to you expressly to say something, and I don't wish to forfeit this opportunity."

She stood still with her face averted and outwardly composed while Tom, now he had begun, went on with dogged persistence:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

Returning home at close of day
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody!

Who sets for me the easy-chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there
Nobody

When plunged in dire and deep distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
Nobody!

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
And grief distracts my fevered brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody!

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody!

Then I'm resolved—so help me fate!—
To change at once my single state,
And will at Hymen's altar mate—
Somebody!





“YOU FUNNY MAN.”

FOR BREAD.

AN INCIDENT OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR IN CANADA.

By MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

AUTHOR OF "PILOT FORTUNE," "LITTLE MAID OF ACADIE," ETC., ETC.

HERE are few breaks in the line of high red-sandstone cliffs that stretch away and away seaward, from the fishing village of Paspébiac, until the Quebec coast rounds out from the Baie des Chaleurs into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

But here and there a brawling little salmon-stream, the noisier for its occasional shallowness, flashes down into the bay; and in one of these, in the broad noontide blaze upon the water, Arsene was sitting in her stranded skiff, to have her picture taken.

There was half a pout on the girl's face; though one might think she would know the portrait could not fail of being pretty enough; since the artist was the truth-telling sun himself.

"The photograph shall go into an early number of the *Dominion Illustrated*," said Monsieur Morin, from behind his camera on the rock opposite. "The moment I return to Montreal, I will have it developed. That will be just as soon as I can get a good view, on my way back, of the Tracadie-gash peaks and the Governor-General's new farm. Richmond Bay was blotted out in rain the day I was there before, and I could do nothing. That will complete the views of the Baie des Chaleurs; Gaspé; Perce Rock; Cap d'Espoir; Port Daniel; *you*, Mamselle Arsene; Richmond Bay; Dalhousie. Now, don't you think it was worth your while to unearth your Breton great-grandmother's wedding-dress, when I tell you I regard my picture of Mamselle Arsene in it as my *chef-d'œuvre*?"

Arsene flashed him a saucy smile, across the glittering water.

"How much of it is Messire's work?" she asked, demurely; "how much, Messire, the sun's, and Madame, my grandmere's, whose busy fingers fashioned the costume in old Brittany? But I wish I could have found her cap, too, with its great, wide linen wings; it would have been much better than this veil, which suits the costume as little as the costume itself suits our cold Canadian coast."

"Remember, this is the Bay of Heats," Morin corrected. "So it ought to be warm, if it isn't. What is Mamselle doing there?" he asked, suddenly, raising his head.

She had bent hers over the bunch of daisies in her hand, and was evidently telling her fortune with them, after the fashion of maids everywhere. She flung them rudely from her into the water, at Morin's question, and said, defiantly:

"*J'Il m'aime passionnement—pas du tout!*"

"It couldn't have been I, then, Mamselle," said Morin, deprecatingly, "else you would have stopped at '*passionnement*.' For I love you—"

"It wasn't you," she broke in, still defiantly.

"Then, was it your cousin Aime Trehan, the sailor I have heard of?" he questioned her, jealously. "I never heard he loved Mamselle; and he does not seem to care to stay at home much; but—"

"The Marguerite said '*pas du tout*'—and Aime is no cousin of mine; his poor grandparents took me in out of sweet charity, when my mother died, and left me nothing but her grandmother's wedding-dress," said the girl, looking down and stroking its folds.

And then she looked up, and the defiant color sprung to her cheeks and the flash to her eyes.

"I hate Aime Trehan," she said; and she caught up her paddle, and pushed out into the stream.

"Mamselle—Mamselle—"

Was she going to leave him to wade in from his post on the rock? There was no danger in it; but certainly it was enough to cool any man's ardor.

"Mamselle—Mamselle!"

She flung him a glance over her shoulders from the deep pool to which she had already paddled on her way up-stream.

"*Un mot*," she called back: "I hate Aime Trehan, but I would rather hate Aime Trehan than love any other man!"

* * * * *

That was when summer was doing his little best toward making the Bay of Heats deserve its name.

When winter puts in his work, the bay is an arctic sea.

The black-stemmed, red-sailed boats are frozen out of it; the Canadian and Acadian fishermen have drawn into their nets, with their latest haul of cod, the last silver for the great Fishing Company of the Robins. The very last silver. For now, after toiling for this firm through five generations since the first Robin, in his little "Sea-Flower," sailed from the Isle of Jersey to seek his fortune in this wild bay—now, these fishermen are told they cannot have the flour for which they plowed the deep all summer long: cannot, because, forsooth, the Jersey house has failed!

No wonder, though the sea is surging rudely enough under the Paspébiac cliffs, and dragging at the ice piled on the fishing-beach, the sound there is nothing to the roar within the walls of the Robins' "Establishment" from these surging hundreds of men beating against the closed doors of the warehouses.

The high gates of the establishment open to the rush through them of the sleighs of the *habitans*, pouring into what may well be called Fish-town; built, as it is, for the finny folk.

It lies, with its triple row of a hundred white and red-faced edifices, great and small, on that triangle of beach so evidently for the accommodation of the cod that one can hardly see how they could refuse to come and be cured. Nor do they; these wide pebbled reaches between the plank sidewalks are their summer drying-ground; and those big store-houses are for their salting and packing. Yonder is the cooper-shop, where kegs and tubs are made for them; here is the ship-yard for the building of the craft to carry them everywhere from South America to the Mediterranean. On the one hand the smithy, still in their employ; on the other,

the shops to clothe and feed their employes. To feed—and yet no bread!

That muttering, surging wave of men swept all the street.

The gay general shop, with its windows glittering temptingly in the sunshine, was passed by; it was the flour store-house which was flung open. Evangeline's mild Father Felician found it easier to rule his Acadians to patience; this his successor to a more mixed flock, as he stood on the threshold to bar them out, found himself put aside firmly, albeit not irreverently; and now a rolling of flour-barrels mingled with the shouts and cheers and orders in high-pitched French voices.

Bread—bread—

How the barrels thundered and crashed down from the upper floors, and out by the lower: fast and faster, through the great rear doors to which the sleighs drove up in succession.

All sorts and conditions of sledges and sleighs and boxes on runners; a few drawn by horses a jingle with bells; more than a few yoked to steer or ox, and creaking under their loads as they filed in line with the procession passing back, along the Barachois.

In one of the *rudest* of these a lithe young figure stood muffled in a man's ulster, a fur cap pulled down low on a brow about which the sea-wind was blowing curling rings of sunny hair. A mannish head-gear; but the pretty young creature need not care to disguise her sex; for there was more than one woman here, rolling and heaving the barrels with the stoutest *gars* beside her.

The others, however, were for the most part dark and heavy-browed: one or two of them showing a hint of Indian blood. These joined in laugh and cheer and jest that showed the mob was waxing good-natured over getting its own way.

But Arsene did not laugh. Her lips were set in a passionate tension, her cheeks were blazing, her brown eyes glowing with smothered fire. With tug and strain she pitched her share of the booty, her one barrel, on the sled, lashed out almost savagely at the old piebald horse, and jostled through the throng, and up the Beach lane. Almost before the busy people could tell that she was among them she was gone, a dark spot in the blaze of sunshine on the Queen's Road.

The Queen's Road—faced on either side with farm-houses set in a checker-board of farm-yards and snow-fields, marked out by lines of wriggling worm-fence—the Queen's Road was quite silent and deserted, far as the eye could follow its sweep above the red-sandstone cliffs and the white, glittering bay. The bay itself is still more silent and deserted, when once the winter has fairly set in. And set in it had; fairly indeed, with sparkle of ice-floes, and amethyst flash of sea-water in the open spaces; and upon the blue horizon the far New Brunswick coast-line rising like a mere frost-breath exhaled.

Along the Queen's Road Arsene fled as fast as the piebald could carry her and her booty; while at her back the wintry sun sank to his early rest behind the mountain-crests that head the bay.

The northern lights, as ruddy as the sunset, succeeded to it, as the hours wore on, tinting the snow-fields, when a man tramped across them to the lonely Trehan cottage and flung open the storm-house door into the kitchen.

"Arsene!"

She turned swiftly round from the wide hearth where she was standing.

The leaping flames behind her threw flickering glances

about the room, with its flowering screen of fuschias and geraniums in the window; the big loom, gaunt and mysterious in the dusk, in yonder corner: Arsene's spinning-wheel pushed aside from the hearth to make room for the new flour-barrel; and in the opposite chimney-corner, in two big split rocking-chairs, set side by side, two shrunken old, old people, who might have posed for Smallweed and his wife, asleep. Only this Smallweed was always, as it were, asleep in the stillness of paralysis; and it was the deaf and half-blind wife who in her waking hours would handle the cushion—only to shake it into comfortable shape for the old spouse, instead of pelting with it after the Smallweed fashion.

Both the old people were asleep now; as the grandson saw in that swift instant when his glance ranged from them to the girl.

How pretty she is! prettier every time he comes home from a voyage: and more unmanageable.

He was angry enough to-night, almost enough to crush her in those two strong hands of his, clenched at his sides as he stood looking across at her. Angrier than ever before with grandmere's stray little protegee, who has turned now into protector.

How pretty! The glow of the firelight showed the slight figure clear against a shining background: the short, striped woolen skirt, the scarlet kerchief knotted about the throat, the sleeves rolled up from the round arms that lightly poised the loaf she was in the act of putting into the oven scooped out in the side of the chimney, when he stopped her with that sharp:

"Arsene!"

"Plait-il?" she answered, after that instant's pause: as carelessly as if she had seen Aime Trehan only yesterday.

After that instant's pause. But in it she shook like a leaf, and the blood flew to her head dizzily.

She recovered herself so quickly that Aime guessed nothing of her agitation.

"It does *not* please me at all, Arsene," he said, striding in wrathfully, letting the door swing to behind him. "When a man has been long months away, struggling to make bread for the family: to come home and find—"

"The bread all made and ready for the baking," broke in the girl, flippantly.

With a deft turn of her wrist, she tossed the loaf into the glowing oven, from which she had already raked the coals that heated it. Now, she planted her empty hands upon her hips, and turned round on the young man defiantly.

"Eh ben! what are you going to do about it, Messire Aime?"

"I shall fling it in the fire!" he cried, passionately. "After which I shall roll that barrel out and empty it in the snow, over the edge of the cliff."

With a slight swing of her supple body, Arsene perched herself on the edge of the barrel in the chimney-corner.

"Ca!"

She might as well say that she and the flour-barrel go over the cliff together; he understood her perfectly.

For the moment he was checked by the beauty of that mutinous face, the soft lips set rebelliously, the proud blood burning in the cheeks, the brown eyes flashing out on him, from under the shining aureole of hair which her work over the hot fire had made to curl in a wavy cloud about her low, clear brow. And then he saw that as the angry color faded, her cheeks were a little thin and pale.

So he came nearer to her, and took the small, floury hands in his, half roughly.

"But stolen bread, Arsene!" he said, still angrily; "stolen bread—"

"Oh! pah! fine words will not nourish the bird; and stolen bread—if you call it stolen!—will. And look there, Aime."

The turn of her head pointed him to the other side of the hearth, where the two arm-chairs stood side by side.

The old woman stirred a little. She had opened her eyes. They passed quite unobservantly over her grandson and fixed themselves on Arsene.

"Bread!" she said, in a glow of pleasure. "Bread, petite—isn't it bread I smell baking?"

Arsene jerked her hands from Aime's grasp, and went down on her knees by the old woman's side, and buried her hot face in the folds of that big white apron.

"*C'est ça, Marraïne*, bread—bread that your little Arsene has stolen for you—stolen!"

"Stolen! *O ça, c'est beau!*" cried the old woman, ironically. "Somebody else may have stolen; not my good little Arsene."

Her dim old eyes were resting upon Aime.

She stretched out her withered hand, pointing at him in the firelight as he leaned on the barrel.

"There is the thief!" she cried, in her shrill quaver; "the robber! Ah! *voilà!* I call on the best saints to hear me—"

The door was opening; but hardly for the saints on whom she called.

The doorway was full of rugged faces. Foremost, that of the constable from New Carlisle.

As he stepped into the room:

"I thought as much," he said, sternly. "I knew when the Trehan piebald was seen in the thick of the riot, Aime Trehan must have got home. You'll come with us, quietly, my man; for the sake of the old people."

"For the sake of the old people; yes."

It was the very briefest pause, Aime had made in his sentence! and at its close, he turned his eyes meaningly upon Arsene.

"For the sake of the old people," he said, again looking full at her.

She stared past him, like some wild creature fascinated, at the gleaming handcuffs the constable fancied he was holding out of sight behind him.

The leaping firelight caught at them, striking a spark from the metal surface.

Arsene covered her eyes with her two trembling hands.

There was a slight stir at the door.

So slight that when she looked up presently, it took her very breath away to find those men were gone.

And Aime Trehan with them.

"Aime—"

She would have struggled to her feet, with that hoarse cry.

But Aime's grandmere was clinging to her, with both hands, eagerly.

"Bread, Arsene!" she was crying: "bread!"

And then, with a sly laugh:

"She'd put herself in the kneading-trough, would our Arsene, rather than we should not have bread and to spare. They said it was a boy, *mon viert homme*: but thou seest it is a girl. *Moi*, I always wanted a girl; I always said a daughter was worth more than a son—"

Arsene tore herself free from the grasping hands, and away from that grating chuckle of a laugh that jarred on her. She had swung the door open, standing outside the storm-house threshold, in the snow.

Too late. Already the big sleigh, with its indistinguishable burden of black forms blended together in one mass, was speeding far away, up the white road.

She looked wildly after it.

Is she shut out in the cold, away from him, forever? It seems to her that golden gates are opening and shutting yonder; a crimson glory shooting down from the zenith dazzles her.

It is only the northern lights.

She came back to herself at a shrill cry from within:

"Arsene!" *O ça m'apeurit*—Arsene!"

At the terrified voice, the girl hurried within-doors, as she might to comfort a frightened child trembling at being left alone.

"Nay, then, nothing shall frighten thee, manaine," she said soothingly. "Yes, yes, thou shalt have bread, bread and to spare: I will not have done this wicked thing for nothing."

But when the bread came out of the oven, crusty and fragrant, Arsene put no crumb of it between her own lips.

* * * * *

From the Queen's Road to-day the scene is hardly the same as that on which last winter's sun shone down.

The checker-boards of fields are there; the cliffs; the bay with its faintest line of the New Brunswick coast opposite.

But the houses on the checker-board have the white bloom of the low cherry trees about them; the fields are green with summer's promise; the blue Chaleurs is glancing and sparkling, and the fishing boats are out. And Robins, down yonder on the Barachois, has taken new lease of life, like the budding year; the "fish flakes," the drying lattices, are shingled with cod, and the drying beaches are astir with men pacing back and forth, turning the fish upon their pebbled beds.

At the turn of the Beach lane, Arsene has paused, for just a moment, looking down upon it all. The summer gladness has not bloomed out in her small, wan face, and about her dress there is the touch of blue, the traditional Breton mourning, which hints that her old people are gone away beyond the blue heavens.

The girl's heart is beating heavily as she stands there; there is a mist before her eyes, in which she sees the tumult of that winter day of which she was herself a part.

Those hoarse cries are still in her ears; the shouts, the jeers. No wonder she is deaf to a step that comes briskly along the Queen's Road: then stops suddenly, behind her.

"Arsene—"

She starts: turning round with so violent a gesture that the bundle she carries knotted in a big red cotton handkerchief falls in the road between them.

He stoops for it, lifting himself just in time to stop her precipitate flight past him.

He has caught both her hands, letting the bundle fall between them again.

"What does it mean, Arsene?" he demands sharply, looking from it to her white, startled face. "You were going away—where?"

She droops her head, shrinking from his eyes.

"You'll not believe me—I don't deserve you should believe

me, Aime, after these long, terrible months. But there," flinging her head back, and flashing her clear eyes full on him, "you *must* believe me that I am going straight to the jail, to surrender myself, the robber, in your place."

He does not answer at once. The two pairs of eyes hold each other fast one breathless moment.

When he does speak, it is to say, quite quietly :

"In my place? But, Arsene, my place is here."

He lifts one small brown hand, and sweeps it across his lips.

"My place is here—with you, Arsene."

She looked at him wildly; then tried to draw herself away.

"You have escaped!" she said, hurriedly, glancing round in a tremor. "But you must not stay here, you must not be seen here in Paspebiac. You must keep out of the way, you know, until I've gotten to the jail to take your place—*my* place: to tell them the whole, wicked, shameful truth of that winter day."

But he holds her fast still; he sweeps the small brown hand again across his lips.

"I thought you were not ashamed of it, *ma mie?* I thought you scoffed at the idea of the *stolen* flour?"

"Ah, yes! when they owed it to us, and you toiling all the while for them! It is not that that is wicked; it is not that that is shameful. But that I should have suffered *you* to bear the blame; *you* to be dragged away—handcuffed, perhaps—"

"No, no," he says to her, soothingly. "The handcuffs were not necessary. I was ready to go quietly, for the sake of—the old people, did you think, Arsene?"

She cannot misunderstand that pause now, nor the look in his eyes.

But she only groans impatiently.

"What does it matter—what does anything matter, but

that you should keep out of the way *here*, till I have confessed *there*? Let me go, Aime; let me go!"

"Before you know that I am a free man, Arsene?"

She stares at him, bewildered, her color coming and going.

"A free man. The Queen's Jubilee—"

"Yes, yes!"—breathlessly.

"The Queen's Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of her reign just past—'God save the Queen!'" taking off his hat.

"The Queen's Jubilee opened wide the prison-doors to us, and such as us."

"Such as—let me go, Aime, let me go! You can never forgive me for leaving you to suffer there, innocent."

"Not when I bade you take care of my old people, Arsene? And you have taken care of them; Messire Morin told me so."

"Messire Morin? Then he did carry my message for me after all! But why did they not then let you go free—"

"Because Morin gave your message to me, not to the prison authorities. And I bade him be silent on it. He was not unwilling, Arsene," he says, looking at her narrowly.

"Not unwilling; for he loves you."

The girl shrugs her shoulders indifferently.

"Arsene, Messire Morin told me he had come back to Paspebiac to tell you so, for the second time. Arsene, he is a *gentilhomme*: I am only a sailor—" letting her hand go.

She looked up at him indignantly.

"Aime—"

"No. Better than that, Mignonne, better than that! Arsene, say '*mon ben-Aime!*'"

A wild rush of color illumines her whole face. She droops it a little; but she puts both hands in his, and she says, quite steadily, in the lingering Acadian patois :

"*Mon ben-Aime. Je sus bèn-benaïse.*"

MENDING STOCKINGS.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

A pair of baby's stockings!

They are small and black and plain,

But I find sweet satisfaction

In looking them over again.

I mended these same stockings—

It must be two years ago—

And then they were laid in the drawer;

There was no one to wear them, you know.

For our own beautiful baby

Had gone to a fairer clime;

She had entered the golden city

Where we hope to meet her some time.

And though in the mending basket

There still were stockings small,

There were none for a tiny baby

With daintiest feet of all.

Yet again from the open heaven

A wonderful gift has come,

And the sound of a baby's cooing

Is heard again in our home.

And tiny feet are moving

Along the nursery floor,

And dainty baby stockings

Are needed now once more.

It is strange that I find a pleasure

In taking them in my hand?

They speak of our newest treasure,

And of one in the Fatherland.

"THE LAST SUPPER."

THE LEGEND OF THE PAINTING.

BY ELLEN ELISABETH ARMES.

VASARI, in his "Lives of the Painters," tells this legend of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo. Having failed to fulfill several commissions given him by the duke, and having gained the enmity of the prior of the convent, Santa-Maria-delle-Grazie, the former, at the instigation of the latter, commanded him to paint the "Last Supper" on the walls of the refectory of the convent, giving him one year in which to finish it. The petty annoyances of the prior so exasperated Leonardo, that he painted him as Judas, and then found himself unable to paint the Christ. On the evening of Holy Thursday, the evening before the picture was to be publicly unveiled, it was still unfinished. In his grief and despair, and fearful of some terrible punishment from the duke, the painter knelt at midnight and besought his dead master, Andreas, to come to his aid. On the next day at noon, he crept into the hall with the throng who had been invited, knowing, or believing that the fingers of all Milan would point to him in scorn, and dreading the judgment sure to follow. What was his surprise and joy to behold the picture complete, the lineaments of Christ grand even beyond his conception. Andreas had indeed painted them in "hues of heaven:"

From the suffocating heat of the ducal palace,
Went forth, into the refreshing cool of the evening
Where he felt his courage revive for the solemn task,
The painter, Da Vinci, and wandered through the gardens
Of Milan, wholly unmindful of time and of place,
Till he found himself before the Dominican convent.

Out on the air was borne the organ peal, and the chant
Of the monks, from the chapel, at evening devotions;
And, as the solemn strains of music fell on his ear,
There stole over his spirit, a sweet peace as from heaven.
Through the convent hall to the refectory passed he
With slow, timid footsteps, and knelt on the threshold:—

"O Thou, who takest away e'en the sins of the world,
How can I paint Thee in Thy hour of greatest glory?
Guide Thou my pencil lest I faint and fail, even though
Within my heart burns deep devotion, holiest love!"

Raising his eyes slowly, he started in amaze—
A scene, glorious as of opened heaven, met his gaze;
His Lord sat before him at the refectory table,
And around Him were the twelve disciples whom He loved.
The head of the blessed Jesus was encircled by
A halo, which the sunset glow in the western sky
Flung softly through the oriel window at His back;
Nor anger nor reproach was in those eyes of love,
But a thrilling, unutterable sadness, as if
The dreadful shadow of the cross was hovering near.
Then fell the painter senseless to the stony pavement,
And when the monks, devotions o'er, came in, they found him,
And brought him back to life.

The plan within his mind was formed to paint the vision
As he beheld it on that Maundy-Thursday eve;
But when his task was hardly yet begun, the prior
Of the convent, with his cunning and malignant hate,
Forbidden to look upon his work, sought to watch him
When he passed; his face might tell of failure or success.
At first Leonardo neither saw nor thought of him,
But when his hateful presence and satanic smile
Came ever in his way as he passed through the convent halls,

His anger burst all bonds, and in contempt and rage he cried—
"Wait but a little while, and I will seal thy fate,
O prior, as thou canst not even dream nor guess."

The eleven finished, Judas waited, and for him
The painter caught the prior's cunning smile and look of hate—
This done, his fury and revenge were satisfied,
And he sought to paint the glorious majesty of Christ;
But how could he unite his work of wrath and dream of love?
Day after day, with trembling hand and aching heart he wrought—
Alas! those tender, loving eyes were turned from him,
And in his haggard, grief-worn face the prior read the truth.

Again 'twas Maundy-Thursday eve—
At midnight in his anguish Leonardo knelt,
"My work is ended, I have failed, and now must meet my doom;
O Andreas, save me in my greatest earthly need!"
And there were those who, passing the convent at that hour,
Told of a light of strange, unearthly brilliancy
Shining through the windows of the refectory hall,
And of shadows moving to and fro, as if they wrought

The morning sun stole in upon the curtained wall;
But o'er the floor no footsteps passed, for such the duke's command,
Until the hour of noon, when doors were open thrown to the great throng—
Then, by the duke's own hand the curtain swung aside, and there,
In all its wondrous beauty, the picture stood revealed—
The matchless glory of the Christ—painted in "hues of heaven,"
Before whose glorious presence all hearts in homage bent.

A death-like stillness, and then a tumult of applause
Louder and louder swelled that Maundy-Thursday noon,
Till all the waiting city caught the glad, exultant cry.

But look where stands the prior, the Judas close beside,
And mark the stolen glances, and list the whispered words,
Till every eye was turned to him, and hands were raised in scorn;
Then 'mid the smothered curses, the laughter and the jeers,
He passed, alone and silent, out from his convent halls.

Both duke and prior were long since forgot;
But Leonardo lives in fame, and still, though dimmed by time,
The picture on the convent wall breathes of the "Love Divine."



THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

BY MARIA I. JOHNSTON.

THE little steamboat had groaned and labored through the tortuous, semi-navigable stream for a day and night, and now ran her bow up to the landing at Vaucluse Plantation. Among the passengers who disembarked was Olive, or Olivia, Rothwell, aged twenty-two, and only ten months from Vermont. She had been a schoolmate (although younger) of Mrs. Colby, and had come South to teach her two little girls Roberta and Ethel. The mother had excused herself from taking a trip to the country, and on this occasion, when Miss Rothwell's oft-repeated wish to visit the plantation and see cotton growing was to be gratified, Mr. Colby himself and the above-mentioned children with their nurse, composed the party.

Mr. Colby's three-storied, brown brick house, sitting in the centre of a systematically improved town lot, was the dullest place in Wakefield. The husband and father was immersed in business, the wife and mother played the exclusive in a narrow circle, and for want of out-door exercise and mental occupation, had fallen into delicate health. She was, however, kind and gentle, and when Olive Rothwell thought it best to work for her living, in accordance with the sentiment of the community in which she lived, she found no difficulty in reminding her school friend of their old pledges of friendship at the seminary. "My children are five and seven years now," she wrote. "I mean the girls (the two boys as you know are mere babies) and need some teaching. Come and be their governess. Mr. Colby wishes it as much as myself."

It is often a little pilgrim, but a veritable soldier, that goes into the world in the form of a bright girl, seeking to maintain herself by the work of her head or her hands.

"Olivia" said her friend soon after she reached Wakefield, "I do not really wish you to work. Don't do it; you shall have your money just the same."

"Fannie, Fannie!" was the reply, "this is exactly what I feared. I will not take your money unless I can give you something for it. Can't you understand that I could have been fed and clothed in Vermont? I can never be contented till I can earn enough money to live on."

"That is absurd, and Mr. Colby says so. The morning you came he laughed a good deal and said, 'Pray is *this* your Yankee school ma'am? She will be much better at flirting than teaching. To whom will you marry her?'"

Olivia's pretty face turned crimson.

"If your husband really thinks our arrangement silly Fannie," she said, "perhaps——"

She did not go on, seeing that Mrs. Colby was not only perplexed but distressed. She wished to be very kind and it seemed she was giving pain. She stood a little in awe of Miss Rothwell, who had discovered that the children were over-indulged in some things and neglected in others. Olive was just charming in the parlor—she could keep Mr. Colby out of his study and prevent several habitues of the house from yawning whenever she took the trouble. How much nicer if she would put on her blue silk, take to crocheting mats of rose-colored worsted, and leave the children to their nurses? What if they *were* bathed irregularly and ignorant of their alphabet? It was too early for them to suffer from its ill effects. Olivia, on her part, liked company and blue

silks and rose-colored mats, but she had some mental vigor and an inconvenient conscience. She had read and thought much on education, and had a great many theories that would not stand the test of experience or bring practical results, but they gave her an amount of enthusiasm that it was hard to restrain. She was much amused at discovering Mrs. Colby's first scheme to marry her off. It was to an old bachelor with money. After a little shyness they became good friends and enjoyed the joke together. She found herself put on the tapis afterwards for the inspection of several other parties. It was an annoyance but had to be endured. She wished for love but not for its counterfeit, and this daily and hourly discussion of matrimony was distasteful to her. Because Miss Rothwell was not susceptible, however, it must not be supposed that she was invulnerable. Even Diana fell in love with Endymion, and by and by there came a person whom Olive seemed bound to approve.

"You admit that he is handsome?" said the pleased Mrs. Colby.

"The handsomest man I ever saw."

"And a nice talker?"

"I enjoy his conversation very much."

After that they were constantly thrown together, and neither party appeared to object. When we introduced Miss Rothwell to the reader she was walking from the boat Headlight on to the levee at Vaucluse, holding a little girl with each hand. Mr. Colby tarried to speak with the captain and the servant went forward with the satchels.

"Will there be such an immense rise in this river?" she heard asked.

"I'll bet on its being the biggest you ever saw," answered the captain.

"I don't like that prospect," said Mr. Colby, as he joined her. "My crop is too promising, and the season too far advanced for me to contemplate a high water with patience."

"In my State farmers think *they* have all the disadvantages that agriculture can labor under, and speak of Southern crops as if they grew uninterruptedly.

"They should come and try to raise cotton," said Mr. Colby, who, from an elevated position on the levee was looking about him in all directions.

The prospect was very pleasing. The long, low house with its broad gallery was in the midst of some fifty china and locust trees in full bloom. Pigeon houses on high staffs, stood like sentinels on either side. There were cisterns under lattice, arbors in front, and a yard with bright flowers to the right hand. Far down on the left the whitewashed cabins of the slaves were ranged in regular order, each fronting the river. From these improvements to the distant line of forest, the glebe was divided into fields, heaving with furrows through which the (as yet) unscraped cotton made deep green lines. Olivia walked on towards the house much pleased. Negroes were bringing in freight left by the boat on the landing, and a moment later a procession of plowmen, followed by what, in plantation parlance, is called the trash gang, came in sight returning from their day's labor. "Look, lady, look, children!" cried out some of the latter, and she found herself surrounded by a dusky throng, who inspected

her and the little charges, from head to foot, paying attention to hair, ribbons and finger rings. Etta, the nurse, who could not conceal her dislike of *country negroes*, attempted to remove the children by force, at which Olivia as a means of making peace, threw them a handful of nuts and some small coin, in the midst of the scramble for which the new-comers escaped into the house. Next day Miss Rothwell made a strange acquaintance, and met with a singular adventure. "I believe rowing a boat is one of your accomplishments, is it not?" said Mr. Colby soon after breakfast.

"I've had some experience in boating on our own little lake," said Olivia.

"That would hardly fit you for pulling through our swamp and backwater. I'm to take a rough trip this morning but am afraid to propose that you and the children shall accompany me."

Miss Rothwell was eager to go, as Mr. Colby had expected. His manner of proposing the trip, was a sort of finesse to shift the responsibility, while accomplishing his object. A light cart drawn by a mule, carried the women and children through the regularly plowed fields to the place where they entered the boat. Mr. Colby riding along reined up his horse now and then to explain the topography of his estate. It was new land, recently prepared for cultivation. Even the fields around the house, from which all timber had been eradicated, were primeval soil ten years before. They passed later through some deadening where huge trunks, made black and white by the action of the fire, still remained defiantly erect.

"They choose their own time for falling," he said, "as far as our efforts are concerned, but succumb by hundreds to a high wind. At such a time one had better be under fire on the field of battle than here."

He presently dismounted, and after seeing the cart party on their feet, sent that vehicle and his horse back again. The skiff, rowed by four stout oarsmen shot swiftly through the barren trunks of the deadening where the back water had risen to the height of four or five feet. By and by they reached a ridge, where in spots it was nearly dry. Here Mr. Colby's prophecy of difficulties was fulfilled. When the skiff would not float, it had to be pulled, and Olivia thought the black men showed themselves each as strong as Hercules, in performing that duty.

"You are going to a raftsmen's camp," said Mr. Colby when they were again afloat, "and you can write home that no white woman has been there before you. The singular person who makes it his abode was born in Wisconsin. He came down here some years ago and began to cut logs and float them out into the river, when the water rose in the spring. I found him frantic with rage, when he heard I had entered the land where he was, to add to my own tract, and could only be conciliated when I offered him a partnership. My negroes join him in cutting when the crop is laid by, and there is nothing to do. We let the logs accumulate until what we call an overflow comes, and then float them out to the nearest saw-mill. The water has been low for three years, so there are several large rafts cut and dried. My business with Knox is to try and contrive a route to get our wares to market. My own of course is the lion's share and will, I hope, amount to many thousand dollars."

"What a lonely, isolated life!" exclaimed Olive.

"And yet he likes it! Nothing annoys Knox more than to have other men sleep about his camp. He has become a

mighty hunter before the Lord, and wants no poaching on his preserves. He has not near the dread of fighting with a bear that you would have with a mouse, and has taken the prize of five dollars, offered for a wolf's scalp by our county authorities, half a dozen times."

Knox here met the party in a dug out, and giving them a rough but apparently sincere welcome, proceeded to pilot them to a high ground. In the thickest part of a magnificent forest one of three Indian mounds had been selected by the man as his abiding-place. Here, at the foot of a giant gum tree, he had made a rude cabin of logs. Its roof and the crude furniture within, seemed made, for the most part, from trophies of the chase. There were hides and skins and furs hung up promiscuously. The late hairy covering from the bear was thrown across a log to make a seat for Miss Rothwell and the little girls, by Knox, who seemed anxious to do them honor. He was a sinewy, hard-featured man, embarrassed, though gratified by the influx of company, and trying hard to tone down his language and manners to suit the occasion. He gave a nervously quick stir to the boiling pot with a long stick, saying that the beans might stick, and then going into the hut brought out some wings of birds and a string of alligator's teeth which he offered as gifts.

"I told Miss Rothwell a white woman had never visited your camp before, Knox."

"Yes there were."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Colby. "Is it possible?"

"You bet!"

"Where did she come from?" called out one of the children.

"Mister Knox only jokin', chile," said Etta.

"No I ain't joking," responded Knox. "There has been a woman here, and I wish she hadn't. You know I told you Jack Hindman was cuttin' just over the line? Well, thar's a woman campin' with him, and the way the dog beats her is rid'lus."

"Good heavens!" burst from Olivia.

"You would say so for true, if you could have seen her shoulders the day she first run over here. There warn't no skin left on 'em. I swar I couldn't sleep none that night."

"Is she his wife?" asked Mr. Colby.

"That or the same thing. She's a little woman, but game. She says she fit him back till he knocked her down. I wanted to take her over to Vaucuse, but she 'low'd she was 'fraid. She had sumthin' rit on paper she begged me to send somewhere, but I couldn't read it, and no more can you."

"Let me see it," said Olivia quickly.

"Lord, mum," said Knox, "I lost it 'rectly after she left. I never could keep nothin' of that sort. Pin it as fast as you please to a tree, and the first wind comes it's gone."

"I'm so sorry," said Olivia.

"Don't you go for to think I didn't befriend her. I told her to tell Hindman if I heerd his doin' the like again, I'd send a ball through him sooner than if he was a buzzard."

"Bless me!" said Olivia, "is there no law to fit the case?"

"Law! law!" said Knox with a loud laugh, "there ain't no law in the swamp! If a man acts the bear or the skunk, you are at him with your shotgun. That's the way we settle it. When the officer comes for you, you run, and he never finds you."

"Don't tell Miss Rothwell such things, Knox," said Mr. Colby, "she'll be frightened and insist on going home."

"Scuse me! I don't suppose a young lady do care to hear 'bout such trash as that women."

"Don't say that, please," said Olivia, earnestly. "I feel so very, very sorry for her. Do you think——"

Knox had jumped to his feet and was looking intently through the trees at some object which was approaching.

"Needn't think nothin'," he said, "but see for yourself, for there she comes, paddlin' herself in a dugout, or I'm a liar."

Olivia immediately went forward to meet the unfortunate woman for whom her sympathy had been thoroughly aroused, who, on her part, tied her boat to a shrub at the water's edge and walked slowly up the mound. She wore a short blue cotton skirt, a red flannel shirt tied at the waist with a bandana handkerchief serving in lieu of its body. On her head was a man's torn straw hat. But in spite of her uncouth attire she was comely to look upon. Her olive skin was smooth though badly tanned, her eyes and hair very black, and her teeth white and regular. A bag made of deer-skin hung at her side, fastened to a strap that passed across her shoulder, and her feet were covered with sandals made of skin and tied fast with strings. Miss Rothwell made haste to address her.

"Mr. Knox had just told me that you lived in a camp near," she said kindly, extending her hand, "and I was just thinking that I should like to see you."

The girl made no response. She looked from one to the other of the group, evidently abashed and alarmed.

"I hope you will come up the hill and sit down and take something to eat with us," continued Olivia in a soft, half-coaxing voice.

"No, no, no!" was the answer, "I must go back now—right now."

"Don't say nothing of the sort," broke in Knox. "Come right on. These ain't nothin' to skeer you. This lady ain't proud, and hates a swearin', woman-beatin' man like pison."

"Did you go for to tell *her*?" cried out the poor girl in consternation. "Lordy me, what shall I do?"

"Now don't you fall to fussin' and 'nying nothin'," said Knox. "She knows it all. I told her, and I don't keer if I did."

"Lordy, Lordy! What I come for was to beg you not to tell."

"I've dun told, but no harm shall come to you just the same."

"Lord have mercy on me!" exclaimed the poor girl, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Every person present tried to reassure her, and after much persuasion on the part of Miss Rothwell, she agreed to talk with her alone. Olivia found her illiterate and dull, but in an agony of distress, the cause of which she seemed unable or unwilling to explain.

"It's nothin' to you. Let me go; let me go," was the burden of all she said.

"But it is something to me. I'm sorry to see any woman living in trouble."

"Not my kind o' trouble. I know what you think and say 'bout the like of me."

"I would not be hard on you, even if you are very much in fault," said Olivia. "Don't you know we are all God's children. Tell me what I can do for you."

Very little could be done, and Olivia was about turning away, when the other woman seized her by the arm and asked in a deep whisper, "Will you carry a letter for me?"

"Certainly I will. Where is it?"

"In my shoe, between my stocking and the bottom of my foot."

She displaced the rag she had called her stocking and brought out a soiled and much ruffled piece of paper. Olivia took it and after examining the direction, said:

"I cannot read this. I might stamp and put it into the postoffice, but it would never reach its destination."

"Can't you really read it?"

"On my honor, no."

"What *shall* I do!"

"If I had pen and ink I might write it for you, but of course there is none here. Couldn't you come over to Vaucluse plantation to-morrow?"

"No, no, no!"

"When could you come again to this camp?"

"Maybe never."

Olivia paused a moment and then said, "Well, I will try my best to see you again soon. Your name I presume is Mrs. Hindman?"



CUTTING TIMBER FOR RAFTING.

"No it ain't. My name is," and she seemed to pronounce it with a painful effort, "my name is Dilly Shaw."

"Dilly Shaw," repeated Miss Rothwell. "Very well, I shall not forget it, or you."

The little girls assisted her in filling the woman's deer-skin bag with bread, ham and cakes and they saw her enter her boat and paddle it away, with only a monosyllabic expression of gratitude.

Some five days afterwards when Mrs. Colby returned from riding about the streets of Wakefield, who should meet her on the gallery of her own house, but our little New England lady.

"I left all well at the plantation," she made haste to say, "and you'll laugh when I tell you I came back to transact some business for your husband. He thought I could find some papers for him better than any one else, and here is the key to unlock his desk. The country is beautiful—growing more so every day, and if you don't object I'll keep the little girls there at least two weeks longer. I'm to go back

myself the very next trip of the Headlight."

Mrs. Colby was perfectly willing, and said so in a few words; but in regard to another matter she was very loquacious.

"I knew I was right about Silas Marmaduke," she said. "All I told you of him was true, and more. He talked the matter over with me this morning and said he admired you more than any other woman he had ever seen; that he had never met with your *type* before, and that he intended to ask you to marry him."

Olivia's heart, accustomed to beat with great regularity, stood still in her bosom. A sensation of extreme delight spread through her whole being. She seemed motionless and silent for a moment and then broke out in a sort of ecstasy, "Oh, Fannie, Fannie! does he *really* love me? It makes me so *very, very* happy to think of it!"

"Of course he does, and it will be a grand thing for you. He is not so very rich, but he is a good speaker and goes in the best society, and that investment in the Lasker county land was not so bad after all."

"Was it not?" asked Olivia mechanically, not knowing or caring what she said.

"No," was the answer, "the taxes never amounted to much, and he is slowly putting it into cultivation. But of course he will tell you all about that himself, so I'll go now and send him word that you have returned, as I promised to do when we parted."

Olivia made but a faint protest against such summary action. She escaped to her room and relapsed into a state as dreamy as if induced by sleep. How noble was this man's exterior! How well he suited her taste! How thoroughly he seemed to come up to her standard! Was she really to have his love?

He came in the evening, and she went forward to meet him, blushing deeply, but without a shade of coquetry in her manner or tone of voice. To say that Silas Marmaduke had a well-proportioned form and regular features, was to express most poorly the secret of the impression he had made on Olivia Rothwell. His intellect was not highly cultivated, but it was clear and strong. Men taught him history and politics and from women he essayed to learn romance and religion. His youth had known no struggles and his self-confidence had never been checked. There was a vigor and originality about him that made him at all times conspicuous among his fellows.

Olivia, on her part, had sprung from a highly intellectual race. There had been historians, philosophers and poets among her ancestors, and almost from the beginning of her life she had lived in a world of books, inheriting ideas and opinions that infused a spirit of analysis into her natural enthusiasm. She was thoroughly refined, but innocently unconventional. Affinity between such characters was not unnatural.

"I have not lost one moment in coming," said Marmaduke when he had seated himself beside her. "An absence, short in one sense of the word, has shown me plainly that my happiness is no longer in my own keeping, but entirely with you. I have longed to tell you that I love you, and earnestly to supplicate your love in return."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Olivia in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Why should I doubt it," was his reply, "and why should you? I do not see, indeed, how *any* man, not already

interested elsewhere, can come in contact with you and not feel as I do. With you it may be different. I have been tormented with fears that you have loved some one before I saw you. Do tell me that such is not the case."

"I have never been in love——" She was about to say "before," but she paused.

"Say until *now*," exclaimed Marmaduke, eagerly, "and make me feel supremely happy!"

Olivia sat silent a moment, with her head averted; then turning towards Marmaduke with great earnestness in her clear, soft eyes she said, "I am wondering if we know what love really is?"

"I have learned my lesson thoroughly," he replied, "and you have been my teacher. Miss Rothwell! Olivia! Do not keep me in suspense. May I not hope to win your love?"

"I long to give it to you," she answered gently, "but I must think; I must be sure. Real, pure love is so holy, so wonderful. Do not let us trifle with it."

Her mood was strange to him—very different from what he had anticipated. His expectation had been to receive some expression of tenderness from her—to press her hand—nay, more—her lips. Now the denouement had come, she seemed more like a spirit hovering just out of his reach than a living, breathing woman by his side.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see I am unworthy of you!"

"It does not seem so *to me*," she said; "far from it! I have seen no one so handsome, so noble, so agreeable, as you are!"

"And yet you will not say you love me?"

"Not now," and there was a real sadness in her tone. "I am afraid. Will you wait for me?"

"Unquestionably I will. But oh, Olivia, let it not be long!"

Marmaduke had entered Mrs. Colby's house an eager, sanguine lover. He left it in two hours, a restless, disappointed man, but his resolution was even stronger to win Olivia Rothwell. She, before going to rest wrote to her mother in this manner, "I am so excited I can scarcely hold my pen. Mr. Silas Marmaduke, of whom I've written you in terms of admiration, has just asked me to be his wife. Of course I would not accept him without writing to you first, but that is not all. It is too sudden for me to make up my mind. I must know him better and so must he me. Marriage is so very serious! How can people speak of it lightly? But to be in doubt and uncertainty is very painful. Mr. Marmaduke urged me to say I loved him. I asked him to wait, and he consented. Oh, dear mother, it was well he left me when he did. I felt myself yielding, I could not have resisted him much farther. He is so gallant, so elegant. It seems to me I would not have him look or talk differently for worlds! I know I am doing right in declining to decide, however, and am glad I'm going back to the country to-morrow, where I can think it all over, without seeing him. I know what you will say. That is, 'try and do your duty.' Before heaven, I will!"

Marmaduke met her at the wharf next day, and, assisting her and Mrs. Colby from the carriage, went with them on board the steamboat. Other friends were in waiting in the lilliputian cabin to pay their respects to Miss Rothwell.

"What a strange fancy of yours to leave town just at Easter!" said a Wakefield belle who was fashionably religious. "The greatest objection to the country is the dearth of church privileges."

"And of society," said Mrs. Colby. "I was once a whole

month at our plantation of Vaucluse without seeing company at all. Pray, Olivia, do the Hunters live at Deerlodge now? They were our nearest neighbors."

"No, Fannie, I'm told they have not been there for a year or more."

"Then you will not see the face of a white woman till you come back here."

"Yes I will. I've already seen the wife of a raftsman seven miles back of Vaucluse plantation. She is a weird, startled looking creature, and most unfortunate. I am to see her again when I get back."

"Gracious! I hope Mr. Colby will not let her annoy you," said Mrs. C. "A wild woman must be terrific!"

"My heart bled for the poor girl's poverty and isolation," said Olivia. "I tried to enlist Mr. Colby's sympathies for her I'm afraid in vain, for he laughed at me, and said I had selected a rough protege."

"Were you in her house?" some one inquired.

"House! she has none. She lives in camp with a brutal man. If you had seen her and heard how she is situated, you would have pitied her as I did."

"Could not some of us assist you in relieving her?" said Marmaduke.

"Thank you for offering," she made reply. "I fear that neither you nor I can do anything. Mr. Colby told me frankly that as long as a woman prefers to live with a bad man interference generally results in harm to her. I have promised to see her again and will do so, however!"

A few moments later Marmaduke had an opportunity to speak in an undertone to Miss Rothwell. "I do regret the necessity for you to travel on this wretched little boat," he said. "I've been on the point of coming to beg you to give it up to-day, but alas, I have neither the right to remonstrate, nor the hope of influencing you. I feel unhappy and discouraged."

"I believe it will be best for both of us," replied Olivia. "What you said to me last night was under a sudden impulse. Think calmly upon it, my friend."

"I have thought calmly of it, and I reiterate it a thousand times. The sympathy which you waste so lavishly on poverty and misfortune—have you none of it for me?"

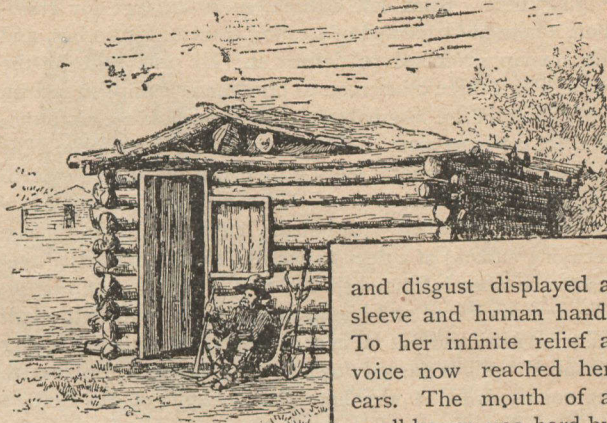
"Ah!" sighed Olivia, "if you knew how constantly I have thought of you lately, both night and day, you would not compare my feelings for you with the compassion I express for poor Dilly Shaw."

The steamboat's shrill whistle sounded through the cabin and summoned the loiterers to leave the guards. Marmaduke uttered a hurried good-by, and hastened to escort Mrs. Colby to her carriage. He then walked rapidly away as if anxious to escape from the chance of interruption. Olivia's last words had thrown him into consternation, and he said repeatedly to himself, "My God! that I should live to hear Olivia Rothwell utter the name of Dilly Shaw!"

* * * * *

"Let me first row alone before taking out the little girls. I fear I am greatly out of practice," said Miss Rothwell some days later, as she stepped from the levee at Vaucluse into a boat that had been repaired for her special convenience. It being considered a singular thing for a young and handsome lady to be her own oarsmen, a mixed crowd, composed of the proprietor, the overseer, the carpenter and some dozen negroes, stopped on the bank to see her under way. Things went smoothly at first, but when near the point some two

hundred yards away, designated by Mr. Colby as the proper place for turning, the girl found herself at fault. She plied first one oar, then another, but was in a strong current, being carried around a bend in the river, and finally realized that she was out of sight of the audience assembled to watch her exploit. There was nothing alarming in the situation, for the boat soon became entangled in brush and proceeded very slowly. Olivia, more anxious to help herself than to wait for assistance, reached over to pull by the willows, still endeavoring to turn. A singular object met her view. It was a shapeless mass floating on the surface of the water, and swaying up and down with its every ebb and flow! Could it be an alligator? She had seen a few since her approach to the tropics, and always thought, when looking at them of the Egyptian crocodile amid the lotus-starred Nile. This monster in the waving billows, overshadowed by limbs from trees, seemed to intrude upon a landscape almost as fair! It did not approach, but continued its monotonous nodding in exactly the same space. She leaned far over and touched it with an oar. It turned slightly, and to her horror



KNOX'S CABIN.

and disgust displayed a sleeve and human hand. To her infinite relief a voice now reached her ears. The mouth of a small bayou was hard by and through it, Knox,

paddling a dugout, came in sight. The sound between a song and shout, which Olivia had heard, suddenly came to a close, and the man called out upon recognizing her, "Good God, Miss Rosburg, I took you for Jim Dunn!"

"Mr. Knox," she said, trying to control her emotions of alarm and surprise, "please bring your boat close to mine. Here is something I want you to look at."

"God Almighty!" exclaimed Knox, who perceived in a moment to what she alluded, "somebody drowned in this overflow agin."

He rowed up close to the body and poked his paddle into it much as if he was examining a bag of corn. Then he sat down flat in his boat and gave a whistle. "Jack Hindman!" he finally ejaculated, "as sure as I ever shot a bear!"

"What! the man that lives near your camp?"

"Him and nobody else!"

"Did he drown himself purposely?" asked Olivia.

Knox spit out a great quid of tobacco and began to poke again with his paddle. By and by he stood upright, balanced himself in the boat, put a hand in either pocket, and giving Olivia a sort of confidential wink and nod said, "No, he never drowned himself a purpose! His skull is clove with a ax or hatchet, and there is two bags of sand tied to make him sink!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Olivia, "who was it?"

"You mean, who done 'im? Sure, I dun-no." Though in

no distress about the matter he was sorely perplexed, and showed it.

The relief boat containing Mr. Colby and two negroes had by this time arrived and Olivia had to explain her rencontre with the ghastly remains. Under Mr. Colby's direction they were then tied to one of the boats and after being thus transported were straightened, as well as circumstances would allow on the levee in front of the house at Vaucluse, to await inspection from the coroner. Startling developments resulted from the inquest. Knox testified that he had been over to Hindman's camp three days before, and had seen him apparently sleeping under a tree. The woman Dilly Shaw stopped him at some distance, begging that he would not wake Hindman, who she said was drinking hard and very fierce. He did not see Hindman move; was not near enough to hear him breathe. The woman had a bruised face and was much frightened. He tried to persuade her to get in his boat and go away, but without success. She said if he would come back Sunday she would go over to Vaucluse to see the lady staying there. Knox left a threatening message for Hindman, whom he suspected of stealing some of his timber, and the woman promised to deliver it. He was sent by the coroner and three other men to Hindman's camp, to inform Dilly Shaw of the whereabouts of the body and seek information in other respects. There were found unmistakable evidences of a murder. Very little effort had been made to wash away the blood or conceal the weapons. Dilly Shaw was almost stupefied with hunger, having nothing but the decaying carcass of a deer to eat, and made not the slightest resistance when informed that she was placed under arrest. The negroes jeered and hissed her as she was taken through the plantation and put in one of the cabins for safe-keeping till the Headlight passed down so that she might be sent to the county jail. It was here that, in spite of Mr. Colby's protest, Olivia Rothwell redeemed her promise of seeing the wretched woman again.

"My poor girl!" she said, unable to restrain her tears, "it is hard for me to believe you guilty of this dreadful crime."

Dilly was swallowing great mouthfuls from a piece of corn bread that a negro child had given her. There came a dull sort of recognition into her eyes as Olivia spoke.

"I will not ask if you are guilty," Miss Rothwell continued. "It is best for you to keep silent on the subject till you see a lawyer, but be sure that I'm very sorry for you."

"I loved you would come out Tuesday," said Dilly.

"I did not know you wanted me. If I had dreamed of it nothing would have kept me away."

"Kin you write that note?"

"Certainly. To whom must it be addressed?"

"I'm afeerd I don't know his true name."

"That is unfortunate. How did you happen to forget?"

"I didn't forgit. I never knew. Jack Hindman told me to call him Duke, because he said if there was 'ristocrats in this country he would sure be a lord."

"Why do you want to communicate with this Duke?"

"He's got plenty of money, and he's got to buy me out of jail. They shan't hang me. I know he will git me off!"

Several hours afterward when she had sufficient food, she told Olivia her history. She was an orphan living with an aunt, poor and humble as herself, on a small piece of land in Lasker county. A rich gentleman bought all around them and finally offered her aunt three hundred dollars for her

patch. She refused at first, and the gentleman, accompanied by Jack Hindman, who drove his travelling wagon, came down several times to negotiate the matter. "The Duke," as he was called, talked alone with Dilly at times, and made her frequent presents. Her aunt decided finally to make the sale and with her niece go back to her old home in Georgia. 'Twas then that the Duke asked Dilly to remain and be his housekeeper. He would be obliged to come to Lasker once a month, and could stay with her at such times for several days. She was to start to Georgia with her aunt, but after a few hours' travel, Hindman was to meet her on the railroad and assist her in running away from her and coming back. The plan was carried out in every particular, and Dilly became mistress in the ci-divant home of her childhood. The Duke gave her fine clothes, or rather what seemed so to her, and lived with her as his wife whenever he came to the country. During his absence a rough boy, the son of a neighbor, stayed on the lot as her protector. The women she had known before did not, as a general thing, avoid her, but seemed rather to envy her good luck, and Dilly, as she told the story, appeared almost unconscious that she was publishing her disgrace to Olivia.

Once the Duke did not come to see her for a long time. She was feeling most unhappy when Hindman put in an appearance and said he had been sent to take her away. "You are going to have a better house and be near town and see things," he said. "Git your clothes ready and come along. I'll come back later and sell the cow and the horse, and the furniture." "He told me the Duke wanted to see me mighty bad, and that I must hurry," to use her own expression. Hindman took her up hills and over rivers, and told her all the time she was going to the Duke. They drove all day for a week and stopped at any house where they could get lodgings at night. He never offered her any sort of familiarity or insult till one day after the woods had been getting thicker and thicker, he took the horses from the wagon, kindled a big fire and began to build a hut. Then he told her Duke had given her away and she belonged to him. She raved and swore and finally fought like a tiger to be free. Hindman first beat and then starved her, and ere many months she was humbled. He taught her to fish and to hunt, and sometimes would promise to take her back to her aunt in Georgia. She heard him tell men who came to their camp that she was his wife. At first he never left her, but lately had done so often. She was not afraid to be alone, she could kill any sort of "varmint" that came around. "Do you know why I killed him?" she said in conclusion. "He was going to sell me to another man. He showed me the money."

Another week and Olivia was back at Wakefield. She lost no time in sending a note to Silas Marmaduke. "Come at once," it said. "I have the greatest favor to ask of you."

"Why, you have been ill?" was her greeting made in a tone of surprise and regret. His appearance certainly indicated that it was so. The pallid cheek and sunken eye told a tale of suffering.

"I have been ill both in body and mind," was his reply.

"And I am the cause of it? If so, I can administer a cure. You shall no longer be annoyed by my indecision."

"Alas, Olivia, my doubts are not only of you, but of myself. But of that by and by. First explain your note. In what way can I oblige you?"

"It is a twice-told tale. Do you remember how a solitary woman I lately met excited my compassion?"

"Yes."

"A perfect net-work of horrors has since entangled her and she is not only an outcast but a prisoner."

"How and where?"

"In the county jail, indicted for murder."

"Who is she?"

"She calls herself Dilly Shaw."

Marmaduke winced in spite of himself when she pronounced the name. He had tried to think her having spoken it before was a delusion, a sort of nightmare. He now tested the matter and it was a reality. The woman, who in her ignorance and helplessness, he had so much wronged, had passed from his life for many months. He had incited her to run away from her only relative and believed her an apt scholar in that she soon afterwards ran away from him. He had grown thoroughly tired of her, and regarded her going as a relief. It was with some difficulty, however, that he commanded his voice and asked steadily, "Who is it said that she killed?"

"A man named Jack Hindman."

This was indeed a disclosure! Marmaduke had discovered Hindman to be a thief and dismissed him from his employ. When the latter showed a disposition to be insolent and defiant, he had driven him away, but he had never connected his disappearance with that of Dilly Shaw. No

matter what else was doubtful, however, one thing was clear. The coupling of the two names, that of the man and the woman, proved that his hope of her being a stranger to him was fallacious. She was the same girl he had degraded. She seemed likely now to come between him and his happiness. How far was she to be avenged?

It must not be supposed that he decided to submit quietly. His courage rose Phoenix-like after the first shock. "What," he reasoned with himself, "had she, Olivia Rothwell, a reputable woman, to do with the habits of a single man who had never seen her? Was not this Quixotic espousal of the cause of a degraded woman, which she seemed to anticipate, unbecoming the dignity of a young lady? Surely it would require very little ingenuity on his side to keep them apart." It was a fine piece of acting when he quietly took out his memorandum book and said:

"Your wish in this matter shall be my law. Give me the name of the parties and I will undertake to see that there is no injustice done the woman. You need feel no further concern in regard to it."

"Thank you a thousand times!" said she, holding out both hands. It was a charming advance on her part, towards a greater intimacy than they had enjoyed. It was a

little opening of the gate of Eden, but Marmaduke dared not take advantage of it. It was balmy and beautiful to look upon, but the dread was full upon him that it was not to be his.

Their intercourse seemed to take a different shape for some time. There was a confiding gentleness on her part, which seemed to increase under the dignified reserve of his bearing. She was free to sit near him, and to raise her eyes at any time to his face. He would listen to her talk with absorbed attention, but he seldom so much as touched her hand. This was the state of things between them when Olivia one morning heard Mr. Colby say that he had been subpoenaed to appear as a witness at the trial of Dilly Shaw. During the day a writ was served upon her to the same purpose. Six months had passed since the finding of Hindman's body in the willows. Olivia was annoyed at the re-opening of a subject that was fast losing its interest for her. Through Mr. Colby she had put Marmaduke in full possession of the facts of the woman's confession to her and believed him following up every clue to find her original betrayer.

"I do not want to testify," she said to him when he came as usual in the evening, "can't you prevent my going to the trial!"

"Certainly," he replied; "some trivial excuse of a bad cold or headache shall be duly exaggerated."

"But you must go up. If the poor girl should be convicted and duly executed I could never sleep again in



OLIVIA AND MARMADUKE.

peace."

In his heart of hearts Marmaduke doubted if ever he could do so himself. He was in fact most anxious as to the case. He had engaged attorneys and looked into its merits himself. Apart from Dilly's confession to Olivia, the evidence was only circumstantial, and Knox could prove that she had suffered extreme brutality at the hands of Hindman. Were she *his* client, to clear her or secure her conviction for manslaughter would be easy. But he was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution. The lawyers engaged evinced no interest in the defence. He was willing to spend money freely, but afraid to awaken suspicion from its lavish disbursement.

"Were I defending her," said Olivia, "I would assume that she killed Hindman in self-defence."

"Why not deny the killing altogether," said Marmaduke with a smile at her impromptu pleading.

"No, I would not deny the killing, for she as good as admitted it to others, besides me. For fear she would commit herself I asked no question about details, but her poor mutilated body and bruised face would tell powerfully with the jury. In truth, if she had not taken the man's life, I honestly believe he would have taken *hers*."

"I'm glad such lawyers as you do not practice at our Southern bars," he said tenderly. "What possibility would there be for an unprejudiced verdict?"

"When this poor girl is free again," said Olivia, somewhat later, "what shall we do to put her in the way of leading a good life?"

It had been no part of Marmaduke's plan to set her free. The jail or penitentiary must be her abode till he could send her so far away that an appeal from her would be as unlikely to reach him as complaints from an inhabitant of Iceland or Patagonia. "That is for you to decide," he answered.

Mr. Colby came from the scene of Dilly Shaw's trial, which was conducted in the same county in which Vaucluse plantation was, with the depressing news that she was found guilty of murder.

"They surely will not take her life," said Olivia, almost with a shriek.

"No, no!" he replied kindly, "it shall not come to such an extremity as that. It was, in my opinion, no hanging offense, and we'll get her a new trial. If it goes against her again, I will myself appeal to the Governor. It would have been different but for that foolish Knox. He took great pains to prove that she killed Hindman and very much applauded her for the deed. He called Hindman every bad name in his vocabulary and seemed to think it a virtue to put him out of the way, legally or otherwise."

He had hardly finished when Knox, unannounced, was ushered by a servant into the dining-room where the family were assembled. He scarcely said good evening before falling into a tirade of self-accusation over his conduct at the trial.

"They say now it's done for—that my evidence fixed her, which means that I've as good as tied the rope round her neck. Thank God! I was the only one as told the truth. Every man of the rest of 'em lied. Everybody I meet says I played the fool. I swar I'll shoot any sheriff that goes for to carry out that iniquitous verredik."

Efforts were made to quiet and pacify him, Mr. Colby giving the assurance that the poor girl was even yet most unlikely to hang. "Go back to your camp in peace, Knox," he said, "and depend fully upon me."

"Mr. Colby," was his answer, "I am a gwine to leave Wakefield, to-night. I know as well as you it is no place for me, but *where* I am a gwine you won't know for several days yit. It's my own business."

This was Sunday. The next Thursday Silas Marmaduke called at an hour somewhat unusual to see Miss Rothwell. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and Mrs. Colby sent him out on the terrace at the back of the house where Olivia was giving a geography lesson to little Ethel. He found her seated in an arbor covered with honey-suckle. She wore a thin white dress sprayed with rose-buds and a small hat, and the fall day being cool, a blue scarf lay near her. Most women aro beautiful at times; Olivia was emphatically so to-day.

"I should make an excuse for interrupting you," said Marmaduke "except that I positively have none at all. I can only say that I wanted to see you *very, very much*."

"That is a sufficient reason for coming," she answered in a joyful tone. "I will be through with Ethel in a few moments; meanwhile you may come and sit on the other side."

There was a table by the bench and upon it she had spread out a child's map and picture of Venice. "See," said Ethel, "that is where Miss Rothwell wants to go."

Marmaduke inquired with interest how she knew *that!*

"Because she has just said so."

A thought, and with it a hope, passed through Marmaduke's mind like lightning. "What if she would consent to go there for a year? Everything else might be left to chance."

"Tell me all about it," he said to the child.

"I'll tell you myself," playfully answered Olivia. "I said that my dream of perfect happiness is to glide along in a gondola in the beautiful moonlight of Italy, with one that I dearly love."

Marmaduke made a pretense to send the child away. He drew Olivia's hand through his arm and they walked far down into the orchard. Seating her upon the sward at the foot of a large tree, he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Olivia, will you go to Venice with me?"

"You mean some time in the distant future?"

"I mean immediately—to-morrow, if you will?"

"I cannot realize that you are in earnest."

"Oh, dearest," he said greatly moved, "my every hope, almost my life depends upon your saying yes. Are you afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"Afraid? Oh, no! When I said so, it was in the beginning of our acquaintance. In all these months of love, I have learned to trust you fully. Take our joint future into your own hands. Lead on, my love, and I will follow!"

Then came murmured vows and deep, eloquent silence. Marmaduke experienced then and there the only hour of happiness that fate ever gave him, with a woman that he truly loved. The memory of her face and figure of her fleecy robe and the odor of the white rose in the waves of her dark hair stayed with him till his dying day.

The rough voice of Knox startled them from their reverie. The daylight had almost passed away, when he made his way out into the orchard. "Whar air you? Say, Miss What's-your-name? Whar air you?"

"Here, Mr. Knox," answered Olivia. "Have you anything to say?"

"To say? Well, I should think so."

He began to talk very loud and fast in his own peculiar style. He had "got light" he said, about Dilly Shaw. She told him she belonged to Lasker county, and he had been there and "got pints." Money would do anything, and he knew a person now who would have to "shell out." "Maybe you have heard her speak of a Mister Duke? A pretty duke, to be sure, ridin' round in this country and tryin' to act like a lord! I went to the records and got his full name. I had it rit on paper, though thar was no need. I'm not likely to forgit it."

He was vituperating "the snake in the grass," and told the whole story over again. How the girl had been persuaded to leave her only relative. How she had later been deserted and turned over to Jack Hindman, and ended by saying that the scamp who first put her in the way of ruin had the name of a gentleman—that he dressed as "fine as a fiddle" and went about waiting on decent women.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Olivia. "Who can it be?"

"You are mighty apt to have seed him in this very town. I don't know him yit by sight, but as sure as I'm a livin' man his name is *Silas Marmaduke*."

"No, no!" said Olivia quickly. "You have mistaken the name."

"Not a bit—I know it, and besides it's rit."

There was a long and awful pause, and then Olivia trembling violently, said to Marmaduke, "For God's sake! tell this man what a mistake he has made."

Marmaduke rose to his feet and said slowly but distinctly, "He has told the truth. I am the betrayer of Dilly Shaw."

The moon had risen, and by its light he saw Olivia's face, and read his sentence in its expression. There was no hope from appeal—it was final and irrevocable. He walked from her presence straight into the world, where men judged him lightly or not at all, and where a successful career awaited him through life, but he left behind him every hope of happiness and peace. "*The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small.*"

TO WHAT KINGDOM DOES WOMAN BELONG?



AN belongs to the animal kingdom. That fact has always been conceded; but where shall we place woman? On the logic of the ages that "man excludes woman," and that it is more shameful for a woman to be masculine than positively wicked, it becomes a real puzzle to know where to place her. The ancients wrestled with the problem, and "celestial," "angelic," has been suggested. But as earth knows so little of celestial beings, this is merely a name, not a description, whereas woman's place in life has always been carefully described if not even circumscribed for her. Her sphere has been repeatedly explored from centre to circumference.

Now we venture to assert that the traditional description suggests an analogy to the vegetable kingdom. To man has always been conceded the right of being a biped that he might move from place to place as do nearly all animals. But for woman have been invented long robes that render her form from trunk downward as shapeless and in the days of hoop-skirts as spreading as the roots of a tree. The very contour of bifurcated garments would be a shame to woman. She was made to be planted and rooted in a home, stationary as a house-plant; not to walk about.

Woman, like the tree, will be stripped of her beauty by winter's blast, or, like the tender lily, killed by exposure to winter's first snow. Woman's hands and face must be lily-white, bloodless of course. Full veins, a bounding circulation, suggest the animal to a repulsive degree in woman.

Brain and nerve are elaborated first in the animal kingdom. Their existence seems to rest upon an animal foundation. What wonder then that women reared in vegetable environment grow hysterical and "nervous," as the physician expresses it in apology for a nerveless condition, and only a limited number of exceptional prodigies exhibit the same degree of mental strength that husband and brother possess. Stale air makes stale thinking. Let women be content to re-breathe her husband's breath and she will re-think his thoughts, re-echo his opinions.

This vegetable ideal for womanhood is well brought out in Charlotte Bremer's description of her mother, in the life of her sister Fredrika. Says she, "My mother read vast quantities of novels and I suspect that the hope of one day beholding in her daughters, delicate, zephyr-like heroines of romance was constantly haunting her imagination." She had a "detestation of strong, stout, and tall women." Again, Miss Bremer says, "After having been locked up the following winter, as usual, in Stockholm, Fredrika and I felt a greater desire than ever to walk out and take exercise in the fresh air." The mother was appealed to and replied that "if we were in want of exercise we might stand behind a chair, hold on to the back and jump." It would seem that in proportion as Fredrika rebelled against such methods of training, she gained in strength of muscle and brain.

In those days the fittest only survived to make boast of

superior strength to their daughters of the present age, and almost every household numbered its invalid or imbecile member. It was well for them that open grates, poorly built houses, and insufficient methods of equalizing the temperature of all the rooms, suffered so many to survive. Yet of such the ancestral worshipper exclaims, "Why do not our women of to-day equal them in strength?" "Sir, because of this vegetable existence that women led in the past, *therefore* their daughters have not even as good constitutions as they." It is the children's teeth that are set on edge because their mothers ate sour grapes.

Perhaps "it doth not yet appear" what woman shall be in the day that a complete transformation for her, from the vegetable to the animal mode of existence, shall have been effected, and out-door life and out-door air shall have become her daily portion and her lot by inheritance. Is not the animal squaw quite equal in strength to the animal Indian?

Women have not invented many things; they have not originated many ideas; they have not, unaided, wrought many revolutions. There have been great women; a few as great as our greatest men, but the luster of their glory has faded so soon as to arouse a suspicion that for some reason such glory did not belong naturally to woman. Now we make bold to assert rather that such glory belongs not to the vegetable environment. If woman will insist upon vegetable habits of life she must pay the penalty in brainlessness and nervelessness. I know a great woman of remarkable intellectual gifts, but she is breaking down. She thinks fresh air and exercise luxuries to be dispensed with in her self-denying work for humanity. In a few more years the splendid store of brain power inheritance gave her, will all be exhausted, and people will look at the pitiful wreck and say, "Let women learn better than work as men do." They should rather say, "Let women learn better than work *as men do not work*,—ignoring the demand for fresh air and exercise." This woman at her death will slay more good arguments for the rights of women than when living she slew bad arguments against them; for the world, as usual, will find an argument here against the sex of the woman rather than against her sin.

The vegetable woman is unfit to meet the demands of a great existence. Taught to avoid winter's blasts, she cannot endure the chilling wind of adverse criticism. If the first frost of winter is sufficient excuse for retiring to her overheated chamber, the first shot fired in a great battle for moral principle will be quite sufficient reason for surrender to the enemy. Great thoughts and noble resolutions are maintained upon fresh air and abundance of animal vitality. If woman will not be an animal she may not be a thinker.

All hail the day of dress-reform, divided skirts, common-sense shoes, and "safetys!" They mean substantial brain development for women; they mean a change from the vegetable to the animal mode of life. Women in the advance in these reforms need now only a sensible head-gear.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

IT was the pleasantest room in the big, old-fashioned house, of course; with its east window looking on the street, and the south windows into an old-fashioned garden, wherein crocuses, violets, hyacinths, tulips, and lilies of the valley blossomed through March and April, to be succeeded by sweet peas, mignonette and roses, white, pink, and red. In June tall white lilies stood in stately rows, while purple wistaria and a great luxuriant *Baltimore Belle* rose ran riot over the outer walls, mingling their fragrance with the faint odor of the white India matting on the floor.

In winter the open fire welcomed you as soon as you opened the door. The furnace might do well enough for the rest of the household, but Grandmother knew too well the comfort of a fire on the hearth to give hers up. So the flames danced merrily on the big brass and irons in which we used to gaze at our faces, reflected so mysteriously changed. And what a place that broad hearth was for cracking nuts from Grandmother's supply! Running the length of the mantel was the mirror in its gilt frame, surmounted by peacock feathers. On the mantel were the tall silver candlesticks, for though Grandmother did accept gas, she would never be without her cherished candles—and what is prettier than the soft wax lights? A clock inlaid with pearl had marked the flight of time for more years than I can tell.

Beside these there was a quaint, oddly-shaped opaline scent-bottle. It had been long empty before my recollection, but there still issued from it a delicate, clinging perfume, unlike any other I have ever known. I used to fancy this odor a spirit or ghost of flowers from some unknown land. Through some freak of association this cloudy, starry bottle is so connected in my mind with Holmes' *Wind Clouds and Star Drifts* that one always suggests the other.

Dimity curtains, with ball fringe, draped the windows and the high "four-post" bedstead. On the wall hung three hunting scenes brought from England some time during the last century. Over the bureau hung the portrait of Grandfather's mother, in a high-crowned mull cap, with lace frill, her dark waving hair and brilliant blue eyes, with their long black fringes, reappearing to-day in her sunny-tempered little great-great-grand-daughter.

Then that old secretary—combination of bureau and desk. What a mine of wealth it was for my imagination! The lower drawers did not interest me much. I did not care for mere clothes; but the beautiful rich color of the mahogany was a source of admiration, and when, one day, with a ready promise "not to touch," I was lifted into a chair and saw the mysterious front let down, disclosing numerous little drawers and pigeon-holes, I was speechless with delight.

One drawer held bits of jewelry, each with a story of its own. A little gold necklace had belonged to the baby who

*"Stayed a little while to play,
Then went home unwearied."*

A bracelet set with sapphires and pearls, given to a bride by a husband, who died in six short weeks after their wedding; an ivory miniature of the young French girl whose tragic story I learned long after. There is no hint of coming tragedy in that lovely face, with its rosebud mouth, laughing eyes and fair hair wreathed with pearls.

Another compartment held old love-letters with their stately phrases, a bit of Grandmother's wedding-gown, and a collection of profile portraits of her family. In another was

a paper publishing an account of Washington's funeral services, and, carefully wrapped up, a lock of Washington's hair, set in gold and crystal, and handed down from one generation to another.

The last drawer held an old muster roll, ragged as the "regimentals of the old Continentals" whose names it bore. Two of our ancestors were at Valley Forge with Washington, and, child as I was, I thrilled with delightful awe at the sight of their names on the old yellow paper. A few notes of "Continental" money were with it, and one was given me for my very own.

For years and years I never felt sure that I had seen *the whole* of that secretary. I had a strong suspicion that somewhere in that interior was a secret drawer containing—well, I was never quite certain just what, but something rich and wonderful, surely!

I must not forget the cabinet, with the funny little camphor bottle, the Arnica, the long-necked bottle of "lily-leaf liquor," for childish hurts. Currant wine and blackberry cordial were brought out of this for our delectation. I wonder whether nectar and ambrosia would taste much more delicious to me now than they did then!

The gun-rack held the old musket Grandfather carried in the War of 1812; above it, the sword of the soldier boy who fell in the battle of South Mountain. Over these—the sole concession Grandmother would make to the modern rage for such decoration—a Lafayette dish. It is a long meat dish, blue and white, with a view of the welcome of Lafayette in New York harbor on the occasion of his visit in 1824. Grandfather was present at his reception in Baltimore and we never tired of hearing him tell about it.

By the window in summer, and the fire in winter stood the high-backed rocking chair, with Grandmother in it. She was small, never strong, but with an unceasing energy, always dressed in black with Quaker-like simplicity; white cap and kerchief, and was much given to black silk aprons. There she sat and knitted. A small wooden rocker, and two little splint chairs, painted green, served two generations of children. I loved better to curl upon the rug before the fire, when we begged for the oft-told tale of how Grandfather went to fight the British. "Why did you let him go?" little Helen would ask. Then Grandmother would explain that it was before she knew him, and he was only a boy. At this we would look at each other and at her in silent wonder that she could remember *before she knew Grandpapa*.

Then we would plan for the future, and Fred would bravely declare he would be a soldier. Helen would plead, almost in tears, while I, though insisting that of course he must go if his country needed him, would yet comfort her by the assurance that it was very unlikely there would be another war in our day. Fred would agree to be a surgeon while awaiting the call of arms: Helen would marry her father, and I would keep a bookstore! My idea was that this would give me unlimited opportunities for reading.

And now the future is the present. Helen has married—not her father, but "*Another*," Fred is winning his spurs as a surgeon, instead of on the battlefield, but my bookstore is still in the blue distance!

The fire is out on the hearth; the arm-chair, the old secretary—all the belongings are scattered—Grandmother has gone to her new home in one of the many mansions, and Grandmother's room is only a memory.

Fashion Notes.

"In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known."—DRYDEN.

BODICE FOR VELVET GOWN.

The skirt is plain and bell-shaped, with a short train. The bodice, the edge of which is thrust under the skirt, has a draped vest of pale shrimp pink bengaline in the front, with the upper part ornamented with a plastron of applique-work in velvet and gold. A similar applique ornaments the deep close cuffs of the drooping velvet sleeves. A deep lace collar covers the shoulders, and tapers in a jabot along the edges of the fronts. A metal belt encircles the waist.

EVENING nets are embroidered. Upon some the foliage of the floral pattern will be wrought in tinsel, the flowers of a crinkled embroidery silk that was introduced in fancy work a few seasons since, but has not appeared before in gown decoration. It is shaded effectively, and the chenille surface it creates is specially suited to the reproduction of roses and similar velvet-petaled flowers. The cloaking matelasse is run with tinsel threads. Silk embroidery has tinsel threads through it.

THE demi-train holds its own. Ladies' dinner and evening dresses are made either in the princess

shape or with draped bodice and round waist and sash. The former style is most elegantly adapted to rich, thick materials, such as velvet and brocaded silk.

IN some of the new bell-skirts the severe and trying lines about the hips are relieved by groups of plaits made toward the back in the top. The plaits cause the front to fall in innumerable folds and wrinkles, which will be found improving alike to stout and slender figures. One extremely youthful-looking bell-skirt has a corsage-like bodice portion supported by shoulder-straps.

ALL skirts for demi-toilette are made with short trains. Frequently there is a cluster of ruffles at the foot.

TRIMMINGS, in general, have an unaccountable fascination for women. Nine women out of ten can pass wraps, hats, and dress-goods without being tempted above what they are able to bear, but when they enter what may be called the department of trivialities they give up the struggle, and suffer themselves to be led to the counter, there to buy in mere gratification of their sense of the beautiful, without reference to their necessities, and often without regard to the state of their purse.

MILITARY capes and cloaks in sealskin and cloth will be the fad in wraps for chilly days in early spring.

THE jet girdles, with fringe that falls almost to the bottom of the gown, are still popular.

OF the tight three-quarter length jackets the plurality of pelerines is the newest mode. The jacket is made of colored cloth, Gobelin blue, or shades of fawn, long-skirted and double-breasted. Seen from the front, the jacket seems to have a series of shoulder-capes, but viewed from behind, they end at the back of the arm, at the sleeve. Neutral shades of cloth allow of the pelerines being of two shades, or even of three, from light to dark.

THE long cloaks with double fronts have become rather common, but on wet days must be again taken into favor, as they cover the whole dress-skirt.

VERY common-sense are the large blanket-cloth cloaks, which are made this

year for muffle, not for dressy occasions, of heavy nap cloth, gauged into a small shoulder-piece, and hanging in rich folds round the figure.

THE long, straight overdress, similar to Directoire coats, to be worn with a bell-skirt, either as a part of a walking costume or of a demi-trained house-dress, is the newest thing shown by modistes. The bell-skirt (with the exception of the front breadth) and the coat are of the same material, while the front breadth, vest, sleeves, and girdle match.

THE zigzag pattern in dress materials is decidedly the thing. The pattern is in all sizes and shades, and is fashionable, whether in woolen, silk, satin, or velvet.



BODICE FOR VELVET GOWN.

WALKING DRESS.

Russian pelisse made of handsome brocaded black velvet on a ground slightly woven with silver grey, trimmed with



fox fur, and rich passementerie. It is lined with silver grey broche silk.

DRAPED corsages promise to be very popular.

LONG sleeves will continue in fashion this winter and early spring.

THE tinkling sound of passementerie, the fluttering motion of feathers, the soft, warm smell of furs fill the air and beguile the senses.

PLENTY of ribbons are used in trimmings, the most elegant are brocaded or striped, or both, and they should match in color the material of the dress.

FRENCH walking-coats, made of deep Alderney cream-colored billiard cloth, and trimmed with cut jet cabochons and faceted nail-heads, are very stylish.

A HANDSOME material formerly used only for wraps, but now used for parts of gowns, is velours du Nord, a fabric which may be described as a short-piled plush or a long-piled velvet.

SCOTCH mauds, the heavy-fringed shawls, are made up into very nice mantles, shaped to the figure at the waist behind, the fringe forming the edge. These rugs are of tweed, or of clan tartan.

THERE is an increased preference for lustrous, heavy-grained poplins. These goods are nearly as handsome as silk proper, and they are far more durable. Furthermore, they never wear shiny, as do the most expensive silks.

THERE is a fashion now, and a very pretty one, too, of wearing a band of satin ribbon around the throat—the color of the ball-gown—fastened to the back with a small rosette and two long ends that reach to the bottom of the skirt.

SIMPLICITY is not the fad of the hour. This is a winter of trimmings, of garnitures, and decorations, and ornaments. Every gathering of women exhibits such splendor of ornamentation as dazzles the eye and confuses the brain—vivid, glittering, splendid.

VERY elegant evening-dresses are now made for young girls, with yokes formed alternately of narrow tulle puffings and strips of trou-trou style of insertion, with colored ribbon. This yoke may be worn with any low-neck dress, and either with or without a silk lining.

FASHIONABLE dress-makers perfume the crescent-shaped pads of horse-hair that are fitted around the arm-eyes of bodices, under the perspiration shields, with the best quality of sachet powder, using enough only to impart a delicate fragrance, and not an overpowering perfume.

LONG sleeves will continue in fashion, and the women who like delicate lace ruffles falling down over their hands and making them look small may indulge in this fancy, and not only have the knowledge that they are in good taste, but also that it is a fashion approved of by the Queen of England.

THE latest designs for this season's gowns are of fine-texture woolen stuffs—cashmere, camel's-hair, cloth, and the fleecy, rough-finished fabrics. Fur trimming of brown mink or beaver, or with the fleecy Mongolian fur—white, black, or colored—to match the cloth, is still the rage for stylish street costumes.

THROAT-KNOTS of chiffon, edged with deep falls of thread lace, are almost too dainty to touch. A chiffon flouncing is wrought in delicate field-grasses, with white silk embroidery and crystal beads. Women love the airy fabrics. Chiffon is the limpest product of the loom, but a web of it will bind a woman as fast and tight as chains of gold or ropes of jewels.

BALL DRESS.

This very elegant ball dress is made of black net, embroidered with a floral design in heliotrope and white, the blossoms being formed of iridescent sequins, very closely sewn together, and the leaves and buds of silk interspersed with steel beads. This is to be made over satin with a ruche of net round the skirt, and the full bodice is to be crossed with heliotrope velvet ribbons formed into a rosette in the centre of the front, and hanging in long bows and ends at one side, while on the shoulders are to be erect knots of this velvet; and at each side of the skirt are to be pleated panels of plain net with the hem threaded with "baby" ribbon velvet to match. This threading with ribbons is always very effective.

IN passementerie the pearl-wrought garniture takes the lead.

THERE are bands for the skirt, panels, basques, berthes, shoulder-pieces, cuffs, bretelles, and girdles.

JET passementerie is shown in variety which it would seem could never be outdone. One style of the thousands has Persian bead-work within rings of jet. These rings are made of the minute round beads of jet, set solid in the style

of the cheap bracelets worn long ago. Large parallelograms of jet are in arabesques of cut jet. This passementerie looks heavy, but the blocks are hollow.



BALL DRESS.

GIRLS with pretty throats affect the new necklaces.

A PASSEMENTERIE of white tinsel leaves is edged with gold tinsel and gemmed with big pearls.

THE moderately high Medicis collars rolled with the fronts are decidedly becoming.

THERE is a tendency toward wide collars, the cape effects being sought. Turn-over collars of linen, plain and lace-edged, and those of embroidery, are worn with tailor gowns, though the standing collar with turned points is not abandoned.

AN odd little necklace is coming into being as an accompaniment of the collarless gown. It is an inch-wide black velvet ribbon, on which are sewed a collection of old jewels of divers kinds—quaint crosses from ancient abbeys, old medals of forgotten sovereigns, miniatures, jewel-set, and all manner of interesting curios which

require considerable energy in accumulating and skill in arranging, so that the trinket is not liable to become vulgar through too great popularity.

PARIS LETTER.

Fashion is almost in a chaotic condition at this season, the dressmakers awaiting with anxiety the developments of the autocrats of *la mode*. The fall and winter fashions have been reproduced until one is weary of their monotony in spite of the various modifications due to the ingenuity of the skilled costume artists.

There are whispers of many changes; but it is not probable that any startling innovations will be inaugurated, the present styles, in their simple elegance appealing to womankind in general. There is but little chance of a return to abbreviated skirts, the Bell skirt having an awkward appearance if made too short. In spite of their inconvenience and lack of economy, women cling with pertinacity to the sweeping dress skirt, which one cannot but acknowledge is extremely graceful and imparts an added symmetry to a fine figure and disguises the clumsiness of an ungraceful one.

The bottoms of gowns are almost invariably finished with a band of velvet, silk, passementerie, or two or three narrow bias flounces. Most of the silk and grenadine gowns are trimmed with draped flounces, interspersed with bow-knots of gold, or with tiny bows of narrow ribbon or full choux or rosettes, caught here and there with buckles of pearl and jet. The slashed side, revealing a panel of different material or color is just the thing for dressy gowns; as is also the skirt lifted over a brocaded or striped petticoat.

Vandykes, battlements, and deep scallops finish the foot of many skirts, while beneath is a side pleated or gathered flounce of silk or velvet. A narrow puffing of silk or velvet edges some of the skirts, and is a great protection, as it may be removed when soiled or worn.

Fuller and looser sleeves will be used on summer gowns, but by far the most popular one is the sleeve pushed up from the elbow, the lower part simulating a deep cuff.

There is a prospect of sleeves becoming shorter as the season advances, but the very short sleeve will not be revived. Long tight cuffs of velvet or embroidery, wide mousquetaire cuffs, and leg-o'-mutton sleeves buttoning at the wrist will all be worn. Puffed sleeves banded at intervals with velvet are pretty for either woolen goods, India silk or crepes. Many of them are left open on the back of the arm and tied together with narrow ribbons over a puffing of chiffon, or they are slashed and a puffing of contrasting color is introduced.

STREET GOWNS.

The princess has lost none of its deserved prestige and is always regarded as a *distingue* cut, as none but a first-class dressmaker is capable of fitting one of these gowns. For street wear they are frequently made in redingote fashion, without any extra fulness, and opening over a silk front either plain or elaborately jetted or embroidered.

The draped princess is slightly more dressy than the redingote and is more becoming to the generality of figures as the scanty draping conceals too great embonpoint or even an undesirable slenderness. The drapery should be placed low down on the hips, the fulness being lost in the back breadths, which are pleated in long straight lines. There is a foreshadowing of a return to draped effects, and this style is eminently adapted for the thin summer fabrics. Draping when used at all, need be neither full nor voluminous.

The Russian blouse, which was introduced too late in the winter to have become very common, is even better adapted for light-weight fabrics than heavy cloths which, when full

and belted, have somewhat a clumsy appearance. Russian blouse suits are shown in great variety, the distinctive feature being the very ornate girdles, which are of hammered silver, or formed of plates of repousse linked together with slender Venetian chains. Others are composed of a deep fringe of gold or silver beads, or they are of velvet in Byzantine shape, richly embroidered or studded with gems.

For wash fabrics the full Russian blouse is eminently adaptable, as it can be made without a lining, so that it can be readily laundered. Ribbon belts with long floating ends tied at the side are a pretty finish for gingham or batiste gowns.

WASH MATERIALS.

It is a strange but time honored custom to display the cotton dress goods while yet the year is new: and while wintry blasts make one button up one's fur wrap the closer, and the hands snugly seek the depths of a protective muff, the summer goods flaunt their gay beauty in the shop windows side by side with furs, woollens and velvets.

Each spring the patterns and textures seem more alluring, and it appears as if human ingenuity could devise nothing more beautiful than what has already been displayed. The textile artists seem to have an inexhaustible fund from which to draw, judging by the ever-recurring novelties which are lovely enough to tempt an anchorite, and loosen the purse strings of a miser.

Once upon a time a gingham gown was only deemed fit to wear in the seclusion of one's own domicile; but now the gingham holds such an exalted position amongst the summer fabrics as to be considered eminently suitable for even stylish street or watering-place wear.

There is one noticeable revolution in cotton dress goods, and that is that none of the new importations show either borders or side bands. Stripes are decidedly in the ascendant, and, although plaids are shown, they are quite overshadowed by the all pervading stripe, which varies from the hair line and the narrow pencil stripe to the broad ones, two or three inches in width.

The monotony of these striped goods is often relieved by floral designs either introduced upon the lines themselves or strewn in set patterns upon the white or tinted grounds.

Old rose, heliotrope, green and clear blue are the dominant colors. A gingham of the softest pink strewn with large rose buds in shaded black broched upon the surface was decidedly distingue and unique; while one of porcelain blue over which were strewn geometrical figures composed of tiny flowers, was very striking.

Others are woven in broad bars of two shades: and in every alternating bar is a victor's wreath in black or white or shaded colors. White lace stripes alternating with a herring bone stripe of old pink or blue are dainty and fresh looking: while other textiles show a design, like cross-barred nainsook, with a broad and solid stripe of Chinese blue or red.

Gray and pink, green and tan, and heliotrope and rose are the newest and prettiest combinations of color. Zig-zag, running wavy effects, and Vandyke patterns are also noticeable. Gray ginghams with brocaded designs in black or white make quiet and lady-like dresses relieved with cuffs and collars of black velvet.

A robe of pale pink Chambray shows a pattern in white net, the material being cut away and finished with a needlework edge.

NEW OPERA CLOAK.

It is made of rose-pink cloth, jacket-shaped, with the back cut upon the cross and hanging loose from the neck. Round the shoulders is a pelerine of black lace graduated to the hem, and the fronts which are rather loose are confined below the waist with a band of pendant jet which passes under the arms and terminates beneath the back pleats. Round the throat is a high collar turned right back and lined with a black Mongolian boa which falls with long ends about 5 inches below the coat itself. The lining is a lovely black and pink satin brocade.

MILLINERY.

The spring styles are usually reproductions of those of the winter, and as the season advances there is a greater demand for larger shapes with protective brims.

Trimmings are likely to be more massed in front than they have been for some time past, and cunning pert little bows are tucked away beneath the brims of wide hats, while wings, great upright loops and coquilles of lace, stand guard over the rear portion of the head-gear.

The toque is again seen in many styles with the crown perhaps a trifle higher, and with a little less severity of outline. Ombre and changeable ribbons and those with brocaded patterns are among the new importations with a decided tendency toward extremely light and gay colors. In common with the dress goods, stripes are in the ascendant and moire ribbons will be again used for trimming.

WITH the severe tailor-made dress, which has this year a plain, medium-length coat bodice, not slashed, but stitched, is worn this year by slender women a belt of the cloth about two inches wide and stitched on the edge. With more dressy toilets the girdle is of jet,

dull silver, and even of gold, and these are worn not only at home, but in the street, and even with rough woolen toilets.

IN Europe, this season, white is brought prominently to the front for dinner and afternoon gowns, and modish women will appear at meets, church parades, and seaside promenades, in these more favored climes, in white wool gowns trimmed with lynx, fox, Astrachan, and sable.

EVENING gloves are now worn in twenty-four button lengths, embroidered upon the backs in steel, jet, or silk, to match the toilet for which they are designed. A revival of the Spanish comb was noted some time ago, since when the tall shell ornaments have come greatly into vogue. They require that the hair be dressed high, but the Mother Shipton and Grecian styles show no diminution of popularity. The former may be seen in the three horizontal coils set one above the other surmounted by crown curls, and are always accompanied by a very pointed bang.

WITH the theatre hats and bonnets are worn *jabots*, *fichus*, vests, and inside jackets of *chiffon*, *mousseline de soie*, *crepe de Chine*, *crepon*, and the softer silks. Sober cloth gowns are, by the addition of these neck decorations, brightened daintily into harmony with a light bonnet, and an entirely appropriate theatre costume is in a trice contrived. In the shops this muslin neck-wear is sold all arranged for use; but a woman who is fond of arranging with her own fingers such pretty trifles of the toilet, can, in an evening, fashion from quarter yards of fairy-like materials and lace sufficient *fichus*,



NEW OPERA CLOAK.

etc., to suit her bonnets and gowns.

A MAUVE and crystal bead bodice is charming.

PRETTY collars and cuffs may be made of Irish lace edgings, by gathering them on ribbon run through the meshes.

STYLISH AND NOVEL SLEEVES.

Fig. 1. Fancy gauze, arranged in waves in front and flutings at the back, and resplendent with jewel galons.

Fig. 2. Long-fitting sleeve, in sprigged net or muslin, draped with Surah silk, embroidered on each edge.

Fig. 3. Loose pendent sleeve, artistically draped, in cashmere, lined with silk, and elaborately embroidered and spangled above the piping of either fur or shaded feathers.

THE Turkish crescent and the star appear in many different colors upon dark or light grounds, and broad rings, quaint Arabic and Japanese designs and reproductions of old English chintzes and French cretonnes add to the endless list of novelties. The palm leaf, bereft of its Oriental coloring, is also seen—a most striking example being a double palm, one composed of minute purple hyacinths, and the other of creamy white flowers.

A VERY artistic design shows large leaves outlined in faded rose upon a black ground. Batistes with lace-like stripes of white or ecru contrasting prettily with pale green or absinthine green have an airy beauty almost as fascinating as that of more ambitious fabrics.

FIGURED mulls in delicate patterns of sea-weed, flowers or tiny rings and dots are new and charming, the grounds being invariably white. Dotted Swisses, strewn with floral patterns in artistic colors, are among the high novelties, while the sheer and crisp French batistes imbue one with the idea of coolness allied to durability. The latter come in plain colors or stripes.

COLORED batistes in robe patterns are shown; among the most novel being the Derby, the Eventail and the Pompadour. The Eventail consists of some pale color embroidered in white, the edge being cut in deep Vandykes, while beneath is a side-pleated ruffle of black batiste.

IN embroideries the Venetian and Irish points are fashionable, the patterns being rather fine than showy. Blind work or Grecian embroidery, which is thick and heavy, is used for morning dresses and skirts. Fine close work is used for children's dresses, and the same pattern is shown in four different widths. Tucks, stripes and herring bone are combined with embroidery.

THE manufacturers are again making an effort to introduce pique, and both white and colored piques are exhibited. The material is of lighter quality than that once so fashionable, and bayadere stripes of china blue or dark crimson, in conjunction with white, are among the new fancies, while white piques in broad and narrow stripes and draped designs are stylish and eminently suitable for children's dresses.

PERHAPS quite the newest thing in cotton fabrics is Bedford cord in contrasting stripes, about the width of the cord of the woolen goods. *Cote de cheval*, which is of somewhat similar texture, is also quite new.

SUCH gay little house gowns are made of warm, glorious, cheerful, rebellious red this season.

IRISH guipure, point de gene, and the heavier Russian lace are inexpensive, but often extremely pleasing.

WRAPS.—It is too early to predict with certainty much in regard to the style of wraps. The becoming reefer, the Russian blouse and the Louis XV. coat, with many modifications, are almost certain

to be worn again. The French Guard coat is a coquettish little affair, made in semi-military fashion. Among the prettiest are those of Uhlan blue amazon cloth, two Vandykes of white cloth being introduced at the back, which are laced across with gold braid finished with rows of small brass buttons. The cuffs, *a la mousquetaire*, are of the same fashion, and the very unique garment is finished with a broad square collar of white cloth trimmed with gold lace. A lining of pale old rose gives a touch of becoming color to the garment.

WOOL FABRICS.—

In wool goods as yet there is but little that is new or striking.

Light tinted lady's cloths and fancy cheviots take the lead.

A DESIGN of shaded bow-knots in gold color, in which are tied a few straggling pansies or violets, is altogether new: while another shows flowers such as daisies, cowslips and violets, stemless and leafless, placed irregularly on the surface and resembling the designs on painted china. Great purple amaryllis, lilies and jonquils bloom perennially upon fields of black, dark blue or wine color.

TINY bouquets of rose buds or daisies, tied with long floating ends of ribbon, are placed at intervals upon the fronts of evening dresses, and a tuft is often placed in the hair.



STYLISH AND NOVEL SLEEVES.



Etiquette.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Certain things are supposed to come by the grace of nature and the free gift of Providence; and the art of conversation is one of them. No one dreams of cultivating this art, either in its perfected form or in those rudiments which stand as a "grammar in use for beginners;" that is, correct diction, just expression, that inflection of the voice which shall be eloquent without being theatrical, and that emphasis which shall be indicative without being exaggerated. People draw out their words into long tails or clip them into docked stumps; they loop them on to the other with a running chain of "ers," or they bite them off short, each word falling plumb and isolated, disconnected from all the rest; they let their labials go by the board, and they bury their r's in the recesses of their larynx; they throw the accent on the wrong syllable, and transform their vowels according to their liking; they say "wuz" for "was," "onnibus" for "omnibus," and "y' are" for "you are;" they shoulder out all the middle aspirates and some of the initial, and forget that words ending in "ing" have a final g which is neither to be burked out of existence nor hardened into a ringing k. All which lingual misdemeanors they commit with a clear conscience and a light heart, because ignorant that they have committed any misdemeanor at all.

Even people of birth and breeding, who should be without offense in those matters, fail in their grammar, and say the queerest things in the world. "These sort of things;" "Who have you asked?" "Every one of them know you;" "Between you and I;" "Neither men or women;" "No one" as the antecedent, and "they" as the relative—these are just a few of the commonest errors of daily speech of which no one is ashamed, and to which, were you to make a formal objection, you would be thought a pedant for your pains, and laughed at when your back was turned. If these things are done in the green tree of method, what may not be looked for in the dry of substance? And sure it is that we find very queer things indeed in that dry of substance, and prove for ourselves how the art of conversation is reduced to its primitive elements, which few give themselves the trouble to embellish, and fewer still to perfect.

To begin at the beginning, how seldom people pay undivided attention to the conversation on hand, and how often

their thoughts wander and stray everywhere but where they should be! The most absurd, the most trivial things distract them. A spider on the wall breaks the thread of an intrinsically narrative, and a butterfly on the lawn breaks into the gravest or the most poetic talk as ruthlessly as the proverbial bull smashes into the proverbial china-shop. Another alumnus in the same school, though of a different class, will not let you speak without interruption. Like a cockerel, spurring and springing at its brother, this kind dashes at you with an answer before you have half stated your case. "You mean this?" he says, performing that feat called "taking the words out of your mouth." And forthwith he

begins his refutation of that which you have not said and probably had no intention of saying. Another will not wait until you have finished. His words cross and intermingle with yours in hopeless confusion of both sound and sense. You both speak together, and neither listens to the other—you, because you "have the floor," and he, because he wishes to have it. Conversation with such is impossible. It is a battle of words—mere words—like a heap of loose stones shot pell-mell out of a cart; and not that orderly interchange of ideas which is what true conversation should be.

Others, cousins-german to these, interfere in talk with which they have no business. They do not join in; thus enlarging the basis and enriching the superstructure; but they break in with something quite irrelevant, destroying the most interesting discussion on the most puerile pretense, as a feather whisk might knock down a Sevres vase. This form of bad breeding is much in use among women when they are jealous, and want to make themselves unpleasant to each other. The poet or the lord, the bishop or the general, that grand name or this great fortune—the man who is the feminine cynosure and whose attention confers distinction—is talking to some one singled out from the rest. He has to be detached and made to transfer himself. Accordingly, one of the boldest of the discontented outsiders goes up to the charge, and in the midst of a talk on literature, art, politics, on his travels or her experiences, cuts in with a question about the next flower-show or the last murder; with Who? What? When? How? no nearer to the subject on hand than the moon is near the earth. This is an offense of daily occurrence even among well-bred people.

Others yawn in your face with frank and undisguised weariness; and some put up the transparent screen of a fan or two fingers; others, again, make that constrained grimace which accompanies the eating and the swallowing of the yawn, and think that their sudden gulp and hesitation will pass unobserved. Some give wrong answers, with their eyes fixed on yours, as if listening devoutly to all you say, and absorbed in your conversation. They have mastered this part of the form, and can look as if drinking in to the last verbal drop. The reality is analogous to that condition of Baron Munchausen's horse with which we express by the phrase: "Going in at one ear and out by another." One who had learned this art of looking attention without giving it once fell into a pit whence was no possible extraction. "Do you call gentlemen in England It?" said an English-speaking German, who thought his sweet companion had been entirely interested in his talk. Her eyes—and what eyes they were!—had been all he could desire—fixed, listening, interested. Meanwhile, her ears had been occupied elsewhere. At her back, on the ottoman where she was sit-

ting, was being carried on a conversation in which she was deeply interested. Before her sat her German, laboring heavily among the stiff clay-clods of his imperfect English. Her answer to his remark betrayed the absence of the mind underneath all the steadfastness of her bewildering eyes. "Do you call gentlemen in England It?" he repeated, with mingled reproach, sorrow, and—enlightenment. That random answer to his previous question cost her the offer of a spray of orange-blossom—and him the pain of its refusal.

BEHIND A SCREEN IN BEAUTY PARLORS.

"The visible girl is either beautiful or bright, or interesting or stylish, and has ease, aplomb, and wit enough to take care of herself. The invisible girl is too bashful, timid, ugly, doesn't know what to wear or what to say, and generally slinks away in a corner and bemoans her fate, or grows bitter and 'sours on the world.' The invisible girl is the one in whom I am interested, and who is my support," said a very artistic little woman who carries on her beautifying business in a very mysterious way, and is only heard of from flattering patrons, who tell over tea-cups or in the *abandon* of a slipper and *neglige* gown chat, when women wax confidential, who and where she is.

"How did you come to think of this unique business? I've often wondered somebody didn't start it?"

"Well, I've always been a favorite with young girls, and have always had the reputation of being artistic and knowing just what to wear, and I have told a score or more of friends what they should and what they shouldn't wear, and finally, when my income failed to meet all my desires, a friend suggested that I should really make a business of giving advice on style and the art of dressing, and so on, and half in fun and half in earnest I started in, and I now have a bank account.

"There is somebody now! Run behind that screen, and if you dare to move so you'll be heard just comfort yourself by thinking what death you would prefer, and be prepared for it when you come out!"

The door opened, and a tall, lanky girl entered with a timorous air, as if she had sneaked in to have her fortune told and was ashamed of it.

LEARNING TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

"Miss B—told me about you, and I thought I'd like the benefit of your advice. Miss B—says you know everything."

"Sit down. I shall be glad to help you, and I can easily," said the beauty adviser, with a reassuring smile. "First, you are what I call a partly invisible girl. You are not beautiful, have not a really good feature, but no really bad one either. Throw off your jacket. Your neck is very pretty; you must make the most of it. Your hair is drawn too closely from your forehead. Bang it nearly to the crown, no matter what the prevailing style is; you can never be a stylish girl; but you can be an exceedingly picturesque girl, and you in that respect will never go out of style, and will not seem to age quickly if you follow the advice I give you. Curl your hair in soft ringlets. Let it flutter around your ears. There, knot your hair like that," said the beauty adviser, warming to her subject.

"That is an individual knot. It is artistic. It suits the tip of your nose; I mean the slant of it. Your complexion? You are nervous and bilious. You drink too much coffee and don't sleep enough. Take Roman baths, not Turkish. Do

not take vigorous exercise. The decomposing exercises of the Delsarte culture will be good for your nervous temperament. They afford a perfect relaxation and will give you repose. I mean by 'repose' a certain well-bred poise in sitting, walking, standing, and entering a room—a surety that your hands and head and feet will go all right.

"Now, your dress. Take off that blue gray and never wear it again as long as you live. It brings out every shadow in your face in bold relief. It positively seams your face. If you wear gray at all wear silver gray. The lightness in it brightens your face. Wear a street gown the color of your hair. There is a faint suggestion of gold in your hair, so get golden brown. Line your hair to match with cardinal velvet, or have a rim of cardinal velvet to your turban. It will bring out the warmth in your hair. A big hat would be becoming, turned upward from your face so it will not cast a shadow over it."

DRESSING TO MATCH ONE'S EYES.

"Your eyes, your eyes," said the little woman, meditatively, "are a—a nondescript blue. In the house wear a dull blue as nearly their shade as you can get it. For the evening wear a soft crepe gown of a creamy tint, as nearly the tint of your complexion as you can match it. Have your gown cut or gathered at the neck as a baby's waist is, and that will show your neck to advantage. Always have some sheer dainty lace fall against or away from your neck. Do not study to make your gowns strictly in the prevailing fashion; you are entirely too slim to stand it. The long, big sleeves are just made for you.

"Now, your bearing. Lift your chest. Let your shoulders drop. Take exercise to give you a free swing from the hips. Cosmetics? Well, you must be careful. Only a stage artist could put rouge on you as it should be. It would be perilous for you to dab it on with unstudied care. One cup of oatmeal soaked twenty-four hours in three cupfuls of rain water and then mixed to a cream with almond oil would not hurt your skin. Here is the pattern for your street gown. As soon as you have it made come to see me, and I will criticise it free of charge. How much are you indebted? Five dollars, if you please."

The timorous maiden who entered went out with a fearless tread and a dull glow of pleasurable excitement on her cheek. She could hardly walk fast enough, she was so anxious to go home and put the advice into practice.

"Are you alive? Come out from behind the screen. No, stay in there, and don't you dare to sneeze or breathe audibly; here is another patron—my straw-colored girl. She is a good subject."

THE YELLOW GIRL TRANSFORMED.

"Oh, Miss S—, I hardly recognized you." (Miss S— of course expanded with pleasure.)

"Couldn't wait. I wanted you to see me in my new party-dress I'm going to wear to a New Year's party. You know you said I would look like a dream in primrose yellow, and, oh, it is awfully becoming," and with a joyous flirt of her hands the straw-colored girl flung off her long cloak and stepped out in the full light, looking delicious enough to eat. Her blue eyes looked bluer, the yellow in her hair beamed.

"Oh, yes, I touched up my hair a bit; only brightened it. That won't hurt it. Well, what do you think?" asked the yellow girl, winding a fluffy feather boa of yellow feathers around her throat.

"What do I think? I think you are my finest triumph ; you are positively lovely !"

"Just think !" said the yellow girl, carefully pinning up her skirts and wrapping her thick cloak around her, "in the society notes the other day I was described as beautiful ! Even papa thinks I've improved ! Never told him, though,

what I did to improve. I don't get a bit blue any more, and mamma says 'my disposition is growing better with age,' and with a rapturous kiss the straw-colored girl fled.

"There ! Did you see her ?"

"Yes ; I pecked all the time."

KATE C. BUSHNELL, M.D.

THE PLACE OF THE YOUNGER SISTER.

THE elder sister's place has been defined by a long series of admonitions and warnings from the earliest "Instructions to the Young" to the latest "Talks with Girls ;" the elder's duty as an example to her younger sisters has been expressed so that there can be no doubt of the general direction of her line of life. "Will you please tell the younger sister what she shall do?" was the timid enquiry made by a Sunday-school girl, who had heard so much advice of the conventional kind that she had a desire to change the subject.

Looked at in the broad light of theory and in the clear sharp rays of practice, the sisters' duties are alike in the general directions of honest perseverance in following everyday tasks, in generous preferring of one another, in that faith which is inspiration. The latest ideas in the education of girls may be applied to both, although there is always a chance, unless the parents are absolutely just and impartial, of the usurpation by the elder sister of more than her share of the mess of pottage and of the attention which its possession brings.

The difference in duty comes from the relations of leadership. Common opinion, assisted by the expression of the law in many countries, assumes that the heir is responsible for the good of the younger members of the family, and that with greater privileges he has taken more serious tasks and cares. The younger member, freed from responsibility, has the even more difficult duty of yielding and of following advice without loss of individuality and without weakening of character. Mrs. Gaskell says that Anne, the youngest Brontë sister, "was always patient and tractable, and would submit quietly to occasional repression, even when she felt it keenly." In many families the lot of the younger sister is that of repression, which is hardly palliated by the affectionate petting and fondling usually bestowed in full measure upon the youngest daughter. When the elder sisters are tyrannical, and make their youngers errand-mongers and opinion-bearers, there arise those unpleasant family rebellions and ebullitions of "nagging," showing that none of the sisters have learned to maintain their proper places. Much sweeter are those sisterly relations of mutual dependence, when each sister yields to the stronger qualities of the other.

The place of the younger sister is always that of the tenderest family affection and solicitude. It is the protected place, and often that nearest the parents, for after the older children have left the home roof, "the baby" remains as the daughter dear to the parents in their old age. If she too

goes forth into the world, she is given the most solicitous blessing and plenteous advice from the elders.

The historical sister, prominent in literature, art and science, seems often to be the only child carefully matured with all the parents' affection, or she is the one daughter protected by brothers, or the elder sister educated by self-assertion. But Harriet Martineau, the sixth of eight children, and one for whom was reserved the severest maternal discipline, brilliant Emily Brontë, sweet and assertive Phœbe Carey, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the third daughter and sixth child ; Emily Dickinson, the poet whose note in verse is audacious and original, and others that might be mentioned, show that the place of the younger sister may be as distinguished before the world as it is valued at home.

The sisters' places, studied in literature, offer an interesting subject of comparison. It has been popular with many well-known writers of fiction, who have given to the world a long portrait-gallery of sisters. What varied characters of young girls are shown in Miss Austin's many groups of sisters ! Much of the charm of the "Vicar of Wakefield" comes from the sisters fondly depicted by the good parson. George Eliot looked as keenly into the conditions of sisterly relations as into other phases of human existence. In concise expression, she has aptly expressed a common state of the younger sister's feeling toward the elder in her explanation of Celia's attitude towards Dorothea, "Since they could remember there had been a mixture of criticism and awe in the attitude of Celia's mind toward her elder sister. The younger had always worn a yoke, but is there any yoked creature without its private opinions ?" A more sentimental view of the sisters' relation is given by Dickens, who is quite conventional in his description of the younger sister's place in the "Battle of Life." The wholesome, bright and true description of sisters in "Little Women" has shown that in the best and most effective American families no sister is slighted, and no place is less worthy than the other. Of all portrayals of sisters in literature, there is found in the characterization by the great English dramatist, the most beautiful picture of the younger sister. Cordelia, "formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering," illustrates the beauty of the younger sister's place when guided by filial piety and true affection. In Cordelia's action the duty of the younger sister has a most interesting revelation.

GRACE WELD SOPER.



Home Decoration.

"Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours, unalated and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love."—MRS. OPIE.

GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

Corn-colored satin square, 16 by 12 inches, displaying a long pocket for gloves, and two smaller ones for handkerchiefs, enhanced with embroidered appliqué of Watteau baskets, large moiré bows, and mixed chenille cord. Quilted and scented satin lining.

HELPS FOR BUSY MOTHERS.

Few things are more becoming to the baby than a dainty little sacque, and none is equally useful and pretty. Late in the afternoon, when Baby's dress is apt to be rather crushed, they give it a "smart" appearance, when one is slipped on just before leaving the nursery for inspection by visitors in the drawing-room, and they lend just the necessary warmth in the cool morning, when heavier wrappings would be burdensome. Not all mothers, however, have time for the lovely, soft knitted or crocheted ones, and occasionally, in large families, the advent of a baby is so delightfully monotonous

every two or three years, that even the most admiring relatives fail in the gifts which came in showers for the first, and, furthermore, everything in worsted is spoiled in the first washing it receives. There are other sacques almost as dainty and attractive as those in wool, and yet they can be made in a few hours, are very inexpensive, and can be carefully laundered several times to look almost as good as new. They are made of cream flannel or cashmere, preferably the cashmere, since it does not shrink at all. The simplest way of making them is to run the seams together on the wrong side, pink the edges, and on the right side feather-stitch the same, and put a row of the same around the edge, collar, and cuffs, about a quarter of an inch from the pinking. A second style is like the first, with the exception of the edge, which is worked in buttonhole stitch instead of being pinked; a third style omits all the feather-stitching, the edges, neck and sleeves are finished with a tiny crocheted scallop in wool, and two rows of baby ribbon are run on a quarter of an inch from the crocheted edge and from each other. The fourth and prettiest way is to feather-stitch the seams, and the tiny hem made around the edge, collar and cuffs, and to finish these with a crocheted edge in washing silk—cream, pink or blue being equally pretty. All the little sacques are fastened

at the neck with a little ribbon bow, matching the color used in decorating them.

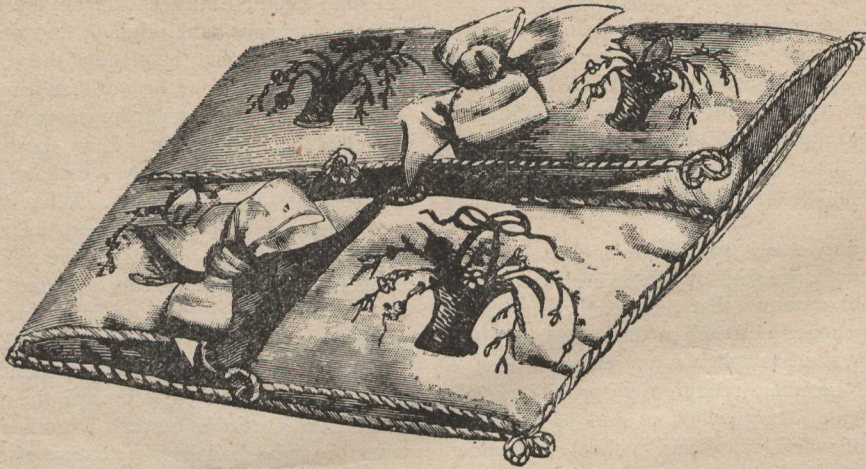
Not only will these be found useful to the busy mother but they are acceptable at fairs and the various exchanges for woman's work, and make a welcome Christmas or birthday gift for the baby, being a pleasant variation from Noah's arks and rag dolls that are often the first choice for the baby's present on such occasions.

CHAIR AND SOFA CUSHIONS.

These cushions still continue in high favor. We are lazy in these *fin de siècle* days, and instead of sitting decorously bolt upright on a high, straight-backed chair, after the manner of our grandmothers, we lounge in cozy, soft-padded *causeuses* and deep wicker arm-chairs, and support our weary backs and heads with piles of downiest cushions in endless variety of shape and covering; those of rich brocade, or brocatelle in the same style, also those covered with velvet velours, are still the fashion; the more common are made of denim, brown or blue, the embroidery worked with Bargarren linen floss. I saw at the art-room recently an effective cushion made of deep cream satin sheeting, the whole centre of the cushion filled with a peacock—decidedly conventionalized—somewhat in a Scandinavian style of design, delicately embroidered in shades of rich but dull blue, with touches of gold and golden-brown here and there. There was a narrow border worked in the same colors, and the cushion was edged with a ruffle of dull blue satin sheeting.

A very striking design for a cushion is a griffin of mediæval and terrifying aspect. This is outlined in thick gold thread on tan plush or undyed velveteen, and applied on a background of dark red corded silk. The colors could be reversed with an equally good effect. The large cushions of oblong shape, now so much used on sofas, look well covered with silk or plush, embroidered in an all-over design in Belding's filo flosses, a considerable amount of gold thread being introduced. Purplish thistles on sea-green silk look charming. Pale pink almond blossoms on "powder" blue plush is another effective arrangement.

The large size Turkish d'oyleys are used for the triangular cushions, which are suspended on the backs of chairs. The d'oyley is folded from corner to corner and arranged half on each side of the cushion, the latter having been previously covered and edged with full puffings of soft China silk; bows of wide ribbon matching the silk are used to hang the cushion on the chair. These hanging cushions are, indeed, most popular. Those of bolster shape look well in dark red



GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

sang de boeuf linen, embroidered in cross-stitch in the Russian style. A daintier one, and fit for a bridal gift, is of cream brocade, the pattern being thickly outlined with double lines of gold thread. The ends of this cushion are finished by knots of cream and gold cord; cord is always used for the necessary suspending loops.

NEEDLE CASE.

Figures 1 and 2 show a convenient needle case, closed and

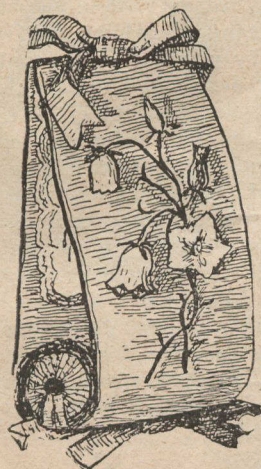


FIG. 1.

open. The outside cover of the case may be made of velvet, moleskin, oozle leather, celluloid, or a strip of ribbon may be substituted. In either case some pretty design should be painted or embroidered on the outside. The inside lining may be made of flannel or chamois skin, and should have a little needle book at one end, a spool holder in the centre, and at the other end a thimble bag. Fasten at each end a piece of ribbon to tie with. The outside and inside should be joined neatly by a narrow binding of ribbon.

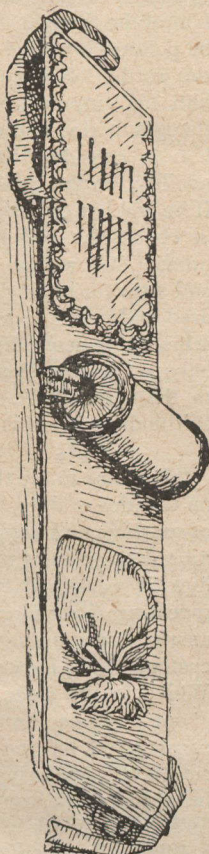
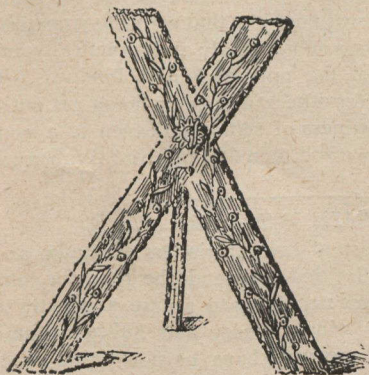


FIG. 2.

THE "X" WATCH HOLDER.

Both the narrow panels and support are either in enamelled and painted wood, or in plush, enhanced with trails of elongated leaves and berries in applique embroidery, and edged with a tinsel cable. Gilt hook in the centre.



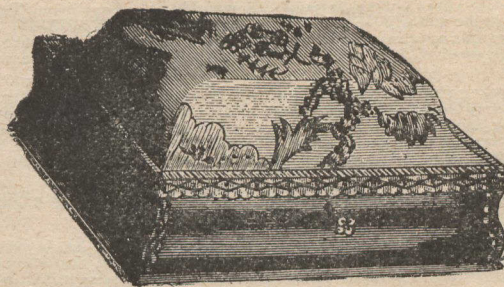
THE "X" WATCH HOLDER.

Two boards are necessary for the construction of each fold of the screen, one for the back and one for the front. They are made usually to

hold three cabinet photographs, and six pasteboards are therefore required. Figured India silk, or Canton crepe, is stretched over the boards, which are previously covered with sheer white silk, or tissue paper would answer. The edges are stitched together very neatly, care being taken to leave sufficient space between the folds to allow them to close readily, one over the other. Embossed velvet or plush covers these screens handsomely, but being heavy it should be used only on one side, usually the inner; a light silk being used on the other.

CASKET FOR PERFUMES.

Raised top, covered with antique brocade, and framed



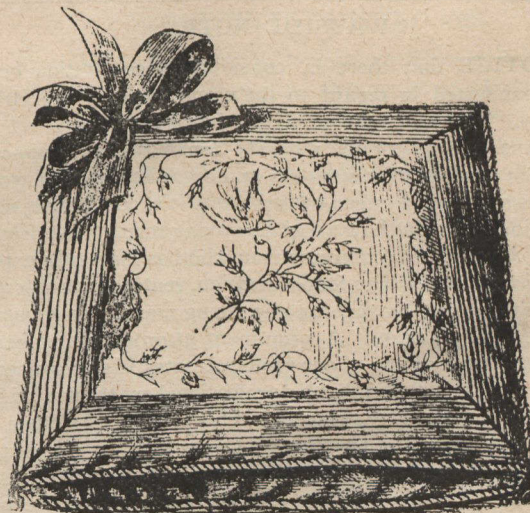
CASKET FOR PERFUMES.

with a thick chenille cord, which heads a fancy galon. Panels in plain ruby plush, enhanced with gilt ornaments.

OPERA GLASS BAG.—Moire silk adorned with a frilling of Spanish lace together with bows and drawn strings in corded ribbon, bordered with a satin stripe. The box-pleated heading displays a silk lining of a contrasting shade.

SACHET FOR LACE AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

Panel in white satin, ornamented with trails and sprays of rosebuds and foliage, with birds embroidered or painted. Frame in striped tinsel Bengalne, edged with a cord in chenille, and glittering thread; the inside pockets are lined with pale blue satin well scented, and corresponding with the butterfly bow at the top in ombre ribbons. Two cord loops



SACHET FOR LACE AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

and fancy buttons fasten the two flaps, which gradually narrow towards the top like a tea cosy.



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TERMS.

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ARTICLES.—State the price of all articles for which pay is expected; nothing will be paid for, unless the proper arrangements are made at the time of acceptance. Send all MSS. at least six weeks in advance.

NAME.—Always send the full name and address to the Editor, even if not intended for publication. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—All are **CORDIALLY INVITED** to express their opinions on any subject, give helpful talks to the inexperienced, and ask questions in any Department.

ALL LETTERS should be addressed

PUBLISHERS OF THE CANADIAN QUEEN,
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CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

The Editor at Leisure.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

† NOTICE that there is considerable solicitation being manifested in regard to the moral status of the girl of to-day. The idea, the thought, that our girls are not the patterns of propriety and modesty which they are supposed to be in the face of systematic and organized evil influences causes a spasm to sweep over the public's conscience semi-occasionally. But how about the young men? There's the rub. A well-known business man who has had wide experience and opportunities for observation, ventured the assertion to me the other day that not one young man in ten thousand is free from pollution. A prominent attorney, a member of the legislature of one of our principal states, in a conversation a few days ago stated that his professional experience led him to believe that fifty per cent. of his sex visited women for immoral purposes. These may be extreme views. Let us hope that they are, but there is so much of truth in them that the public conscience may well be diverted from the poor girls, who in most cases would be good if they had half a chance, and directed toward the salvation of the young men—the hope of the nation.

What can we do to improve the moral status of our boys?

Every parent should strive by precept and example to inculcate right principles in the boy. Take him into your confidence and impress upon him as soon as he is capable of understanding, that life was not given him for self gratification but to make others happier and more comfortable. As he grows up into young manhood help him to break the bonds of selfishness—that Adamic trait with which we are all afflicted—and stamp upon his mind the fact that sensual gratification always leaves a sting and a blight, not alone upon himself but perhaps on hundreds yet unborn. Disabuse him of the thought that he can harm no one but himself when he pollutes his mind and body, by pointing out the truth in the words, “No man liveth or dieth unto himself.” Show him his responsibility in that the influence of his every thought, action and desire, will go on and on forever. Induce him to consider the welfare and happiness, the virtue and nobility, or the possible degradation of his grand-children! If he will but develop his spiritual nature and keep the animal in check you will have a *man* of whom you may well be proud. No woman will know him but to be made better, and stronger in all the virtues. Life to him will be an hundred fold richer and sweeter, and more profitable than to the self-seeking sensualist who robs existence of its dearest joy only to find his pleasures turned to blight, who is indifferent to the words, “To be carnally minded is death but to be spiritually minded is life eternal.”

* * * * *

“It seems to me that we Americans have dwelt too much on the idea of duty, and it is time now to preach the doctrine of sunshine and happiness.” This was the remark made by a bright woman of my acquaintance the other day. Somehow it awakened a line of thought, and I found myself repeating the expression and trying to find a satisfactory answer to the question, what is duty? Duty is measured by custom, (that inexorable tyrant) by conscience and by law. Which is the safer guide, which the surer path? I look about and see innumerable instances of noble lives being consecrated on the altar of supposed duty I see genius smothered, bright hopes crushed, by this social moloch. I see brave and noble womanhood degraded, clinging to dismayed hulks which mark what might have been noble manhood.

Blind adherence to the duty of custom makes the lives of thousands miserable and blots the future of millions yet to be. Then, is there not a higher duty than that prescribed by custom and law? A very excellent New Year resolve would be something like this: “I will do all the good that I can, at all times that I can, in every way that I can and whenever I can.” To “do good and be good” is to reach the higher pinnacle of duty. This means that we will bring all the heaven into our lives possible, that we will sympathize with suffering and distress substantially and practically and never check the flow of the milk of human kindness. It means that we will live for others, and by so doing get out of the narrowness and pettiness of self. If heaven is a condition and not a place, we will then find celestial company in our thoughts.

TO PRIZE WINNERS.

At the special request of several winners of regular and special prizes, we have decided to extend the time for complying with the conditions necessary to secure any extra or regular prizes awarded during January and February, until April 15th. Any of those who have been awarded prizes during these two months may redeem same by complying with the conditions any time before April 15th. Those not claimed on that date will be cancelled and marked off from our books.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY
AUNT LUCIA.



BREAKFAST.

| | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| Tea. | Coffee. |
| Grilled kidneys. | Filleted soles. |
| Scrambled eggs. | Bacon and fried potatoes. |
| | Cold ham. |
| | Galantine of veal. |
| | Cold game. |
| | Hot rolls. |

TEA.—Few people realise how much depends on the water for making good tea, for if it is hard it will spoil the most expensive tea. It can be improved by adding half the quantity of rain-water (filtered of course) or a tiny pinch of bicarbonate of soda. The water should be freshly drawn and boiled quickly, using it at once. Allow one teaspoonful of tea to each person, and infuse the tea seven minutes, it will then be wholesome to drink.

COFFEE.—Grind the berries fresh every day, take a heaped dessertspoonful for each person and put it into a French earthenware coffee pot, standing the lower part in a pan containing boiling water. Pour freshly boiled water on the coffee, and when it has run through take away the upper part of the pot, and put the lid on the lower. Serve boiling milk with the coffee, and cream. Sugar candy broken up roughly is by far the nicest sugar for coffee.

GRILLED KIDNEYS.—Skin and split the kidneys, pass a small skewer through the sides to keep them in shape; let them lie for half an hour in a little salad oil, pepper and salt then grill them before a clear fire. Have ready for four kidneys 2oz. of butter, mix into it the juice of half a lemon and dessertspoonful of chopped parsley; place each kidney on a round of toast or fried crouton, and put a teaspoonful of the butter in the centre of each. Serve very hot.

FILLETED SOLE.—To remove the fillets, pass a sharp knife down the centre of the fish, and keep it close to the bone while working off the fillet. Rub each fillet with fine flour, dip in whole beaten-up egg, then in freshly made bread crumbs, and fry in clean boiling fat till a nice brown colour; arrange neatly on a napkin or dish-paper, and garnish with a few sprigs of parsley.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—For three eggs, take four tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of butter, and dust of nutmeg. Stir it well over the fire till it thickens, and then put it on little squares of toast, and serve quickly.

FRIED BACON.—Cut the slices thin as possible, and put into a frying-pan a tablespoonful of bacon grease left from the day previous; when hot, put in the bacon, and turn quickly. Dish round a pile of fried potatoes.

FRIED POTATOES.—Slice some good sized potatoes, if possible with a machine, and put them in cold water for an hour; then dry in a cloth, and fry in clean boiling fat; when soft, take them out, and heat the fat again, and then plunge the potatoes in to crisp them; sprinkle a little salt and finely-chopped parsley over them, and dish in a pile.

GALANTINE OF VEAL.—Cut up 1 lb. of lean veal and the same quantity of pork, if liked, if not, take 2lb. of veal. Pass both through a mincing machine, then season it well with pepper, salt, and a little powdered spice, work it on a wet board, using water to bind it; put the mixture flat, the width and length required, arrange along it strips of tongue and ham, truffles, pistachio nuts, and almonds, so that they appear well when the galantine is cut. Put some farces over these, and roll it up, then tie it up in a buttered cloth, and cook it in stock or water with plenty of vegetables in it for two hours. Take it up, remove the cloth, and tie it up again to tighten it, and press it till quite cold and firm; remove the cloth, brush it over with glaze or aspic jelly, and when set ornament it with aspic jelly and truffles.

HOT ROLLS.—Allow two teaspoonfuls of baking powder to 1lb. of best flour; mix and rub in quickly 2oz. of butter and some salt; stir in half a pint of cold sweet milk; cut into fancy shapes, brush over with a beaten-up egg, and bake on a floured tin in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

TONGUE WITH MUSHROOMS.

Skewer a large, fresh beef tongue, and simmer four hours. Remove skin, and place in a steamer over a kettle of hot water, to keep hot while the sauce is being prepared. Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir in a saucepan to a bright brown; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, and keep on stirring till it all bubbles. Now, if made with stock or strong soup, the sauce will be doubly delicious. If stock or soup are not at hand, use some of the water in which the tongue was boiled. Add one pint of the liquor, if you use fresh mushrooms; two-thirds of a pint if the mushrooms are canned, as the juice in the latter will make up for the additional liquor. Pour in all the liquid at once, and stir till all boils; put in salt and pepper to taste, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a pinch of sugar, a dash of celery salt, and the mushrooms. If the latter are fresh, set the saucepan into one of boiling water, and let all cook for at least twenty minutes; but if they are canned, it will be sufficient to bring all to the boiling point. Pour over the tongue just enough to mask it well, and put the rest in a boat. Serve on a hot platter garnished with a border of small white celery tips and slices of beet root.

Household Information.

OLLA PODRIDA.

AN EXCELLENT COUGH MIXTURE.—Equal parts of oxymel of squills, simple oxymel, and syrup of poppies mixed. A teaspoonful should be taken when the cough is troublesome.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Most brass-work may be cleaned and highly polished by using a mixture of emery powder and vinegar or brick-dust and vinegar to remove the stains, and afterwards polishing by brisk rubbing with chamois leather.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR A COUGH.—Boil half a cupful of treacle with a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, and afterwards add the juice of a good-sized lemon. The above will be found a soothing and efficient remedy for an ordinary cough.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM IN COFFEE.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth, add a small lump of butter, and pour the coffee into it gradually, so that it may not curdle. It is almost impossible to distinguish the taste from coffee mixed with fresh cream.

TO PREVENT CHEESE BECOMING MOULDY.—Cover the cheese with a piece of linen or cotton cloth well saturated with strong vinegar. This will preserve the cheese from mould, and keep it as fresh as when first cut. No flies or insects will touch it, but the taste of the cheese is in no way affected by the vinegar.

ANOTHER WAY TO CLEAN BRASS.—Brass which is very old or much discoloured may be cleaned in the following manner:—Pour some very strong ammonia water over it, and afterwards scrub it well in warm and soapy water for about five minutes. It should then be quite bright and new-looking. Rinse it well in clear water, and dry and polish with a piece of old flannel or soft linen.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Mix fifteen drops of the strongest ammonia with half a pint of spirits of turpentine; fit the gloves on wooden hands, and apply the mixture with a brush; dust on some fine pumice-stone, and rub with a piece of flannel. The gloves should then be hung in the air to dry, and when dry they should be placed in a drawer, with some pleasantly scented sachets between them.

A PLEASANT COUGH MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.—Take half an ounce of syrup of tolu, the same quantity of oxymel of squills, one ounce of mucilage, and three of ipecacuanha-wine, and mix with two ounces of water. The dose for a child under one year is one teaspoonful, two teaspoonfuls from one to five years, and a tablespoonful from five years. This may be given whenever the cough is troublesome.

TO WASH COLOURED EMBROIDERY.—Put a handful of bran into warm water, and leave the article to be cleaned in it to soak, pressing it together occasionally, but not rubbing it; when clean, hang it up until it is nearly dry, and then stretch it in a frame, or iron it.

Another method is as follows:—Simply wash the embroidery with soap in tepid water into which a pinch of salt has been put; the actual work should only be very slightly rubbed, but the material all round can be thoroughly cleansed. Have another basin of clean tepid water ready, in which the work must be rinsed, then roll it up tightly in a dry cloth, and press it immediately with a tolerably warm iron. The

latter plan is the best in ordinary cases, but the whole process must be very quickly done, as any delay will cause the colours to run.

TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.—Flowers which have been worn during an entire evening may be revived and made to look as though freshly gathered by clipping the stalks and placing them in hot water. In a short time the steam restores both flowers and foliage to their original beauty. Cut camellias can be preserved and prevented from becoming discolored in the following manner:—Take a raw, sound potato, and with a stiletto pierce a small but deep hole in it; into this hole the stalk of the camellia should be gently placed, care being taken that the stem is not bruised; there must be only one camellia in each potato, and when all are arranged they must be kept in a dark, cool cellar until they are required.

The following facts are worth remembering:—If your house is infested with rats, set a trap with cheese and valerian; this will attract both cats and rats. If this does not succeed, spread some bruised garlic where they frequent, and they will shortly disappear. If the floors of the house are sprinkled with a solution of a tablespoonful of common carbolic acid in a quart of water, red ants, earwigs, and many other insects may be rapidly evicted. The mixture, being acid, must, of course, be prevented from touching garments, carpets, etc. Chloride of lime is another cheap but most effectual remedy by which, for a few pence, a house may be freed from all vermin. If placed upon the floors dry, mice, rats, black-beetles, earwigs, and all other insects will disappear as if by magic.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the article, then a little salt and starch over that.

Cold tea is an excellent wash for cleaning grained wood or natural wood-work, and turpentine will remove paint from glass or floors. If soot falls upon a carpet or rug, throw about the same quantity of salt upon it. If this is done, and it is all swept up together, no stain will be left.

MARBLE may be stained different colors by the use of the following substances: blue, solution of litmus; green, wax colored with verdigris; yellow, tincture of gamboge or turmeric; red, tincture of alkanet or dragon's blood; crimson, alkanet in turpentine; brown, tincture of logwood; gold, equal parts of verdigris, sal ammoniac, and zinc sulphate in fine powder. The marble should not be quite polished, but made perfectly smooth and ready to receive the highest finish before the stain is applied. The longer the stain is left in contact the better the result.

SAVE all the paper bags. They are most convenient to draw over cans of fruit to shut out the light; the hand can also be slipped into one when cleaning the stove, as well as in doing much other household work which is hard on the hands.

CHEESE CLOTH.—A collection on the pantry shelf of pieces of this material, about fourteen inches square or larger, will many times save the wear that would otherwise fall on linen napkins. Its adaptability to cheese, butter, bread, and even meat, as a wrapping which may be easily cleansed, is well known, though sometimes forgotten; but for covering milk there is nothing that can supply its place. If it is wrung out in clean water, then stretched on the top of the vessel and plastered around the sides, it will prevent the smallest insect from entering, and at the same time allow thorough ventilation.



"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may ;
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."—MRS. HEMANS.

AN AMATEUR HEN.

A lad I knew—now this is true,
So listen, little boy—
Once had a hen of black and white,
He loved and watched from morn till night,
But had one pain with his delight,
One drawback to his joy.

His pride was such he wanted much
Some little chicks to pet ;
But every, coaxing, pleading word
Was wasted on this stubborn bird ;
She seemed to think the thing absurd,
And plainly would not set.

He fastened then his wayward hen
Beneath an empty keg ;
He tied her on the nest ; but still
Her protest sounded sharp and shrill ;
He could not force the biddy's will,
Nor make her hatch an egg.

Resolved—he came, with cheeks aflame,
And from the closet shelf
His trousers bringing : "Mamma," he begs,
"Please sew some feathers on the legs ;
I'm going to set on Speckle's eggs,
And hatch them out myself!"

THE BRAVE LITTLE GNOMES.

NEAR the large, beautiful palace garden of the dwarf King Laurin, stood a dense forest, surrounded by a high green hedge. The King had told his children that they must never go into these woods ; for the place was full of danger. One day the children were playing in the garden, when their ball rolled under the hedge, and disappeared from sight. In their desire for their toy, the Princess and Prince forgot the King's command, and pushed their way through the bushes into the forest. While seeking for the ball they wandered farther and farther into the forbidden grounds. Here everything was so beautiful that the thought of danger never entered their minds. They found the sweetest strawberries, and gathered gay flowers. Bright colored birds sang in the trees, and brisk little squirrels hopped merrily about.

Suddenly, at a little distance from the children, there appeared an ugly old woman, on whose shoulder sat a coal-

black raven, and before her waddled two black swans. The old woman was a wicked witch, who had come into the forest to gather poisonous plants, which she would cook in her great iron kettle. But the children were not afraid, for they had never heard of a witch, and did not know what evil creatures they were. The Prince said to his sister: "See that old woman's red nose ; it looks just like a large, ripe strawberry on her face."

At these words, the Princess laughed heartily and her brother joined her. The witch had heard the remark and laughter, and was very angry. She said to herself: "Just wait, my gay young people, you have not seen my red nose for the last time."

Then she went nearer to the children and said: "My pretty little dears, I am afraid that you are lost in this great forest and your kind parents will be anxious about you. My swans shall carry you home, and my raven shall show the way to the castle of the King."

The children were delighted with the thought of a ride on the swans, and without delay seated themselves upon the birds, which at once flapped their wings and flew after the raven, guiding them through the forest, while the old Witch, riding on a broom, followed close by. As the birds continued their flight through the air, the children became frightened and held fast to the feathers of the swans to keep from falling off, and the constant croaking of the raven sounded very dismal to them. At last they stopped. Not before the King's palace, but before an old tumble-down house, around which stood high, gloomy pine trees. The old Witch then dismounted from her broomstick and cried: "Now come in. You shall remain here until you learn not to make remarks about my red nose."

She dragged the Prince and Princess from the swans and pushed them into a cold, dark hole under the cellar, where they wept and begged to be freed ; but the Witch gave no heed to their cries.

In King Laurin's court there was great confusion when the children could not be found. Servants ran hither and thither, calling for the Prince and Princess. The Queen sat weeping in her room and the King offered great rewards to those who should bring his little ones home. Brave knights went forth in every direction, but each returned without bringing any knowledge of the missing children. After three days had passed and nothing had been heard of the fair Princess and her noble brother, two little Gnomes, Nimbo and Brambus, belonging to the palace, went to the King and said: "Your Majesty, we shall bring your children home, if it costs us our lives ; for we love the gay young Prince and beautiful Princess, and we want no other reward than to serve you."

At these words the King's eyes filled with tears, and, blessing the Gnomes, he bade them depart. Nimbo and

Brambus went directly into the great forest, where they called the children by name, and listened intently for a reply to their cries. Suddenly they came to the Witch's house, and here they heard the sobs of the little prisoners. The old Witch was not at home, and the key to her door hung on the topmost branch of one of the pine trees.

"We shall climb up and get the key," said Nimbo, "and when the Witch returns she will look in vain for our King's children."

The brave little Gnomes began to climb the tree, but they had gone only a short distance when the two black swans flew upon them, pulled their hair, and beat them with their wings until they were black and blue. The Gnomes beat the birds with their sticks, but the swans seemed to receive no injury, and were only stronger than before. Then the old Witch, with the raven on her shoulder, and riding on her broom, appeared.

"Ha, ha," she said, "you little men thought you could reach my key. Go home and tell your King that he will see his children no more."

But Nimbo and Brambus were determined to rescue the Prince and Princess. And after they had run away from the witch and had stopped in the forest to rest, Brambus said: "I have it. To-night when the swans, the raven and the old woman are locked up in the little hut, we shall dig a way under the house and thus rescue the children."

Nimbo approved of this plan, and the two Gnomes ran to the castle for tools. As soon as they saw, from their hiding place among the bushes, the raven take the key from the high branch, and had seen the Witch take her birds into the house and lock the door, the Gnomes began their work. They were very quiet, and did not even speak to the children, whose mournful sobs they could hear. But they worked steadily all night, and just as the day was beginning to break they finished the way into the dark cellar, and rescued the children, suffering from hunger and cold. They were not long in making their way to King Laurin's palace, where they were received with the greatest joy. The Queen was happy once more, and the King decreed that for three days no work should be done, but all the time should be given to rejoicing over the return of his children.

In the morning when the old Witch came out of her hut and saw how her prisoners had escaped she was beside herself with rage, and vowed that now she would take the life of the King and Queen, as well as of their children. Taking some of the broth she had made from the poisonous plants, and leaving the swans and the raven to guard her house, the evil witch went into the King's garden, and, bending over

some flowers which she sprinkled with the broth, she said: "These are the flowers that the children love best. They will soon come to find them, and when they have carried them into the palace no one in the whole house shall live long."

Nimbo and Brambus, knowing the evil disposition of the Witch, and fearing lest she might again attempt to take the children, kept strict watch over the garden. When they saw the old woman bend over the flowers, and heard the words she muttered, the Gnomes ran to their friend, the good little Fairy, who lived in the old oak, just outside the garden, and told their trouble. The Fairy gave them a bottle of clear water, which she said if sprinkled over the flowers, would destroy the Witch's magic; she also gave them some powder, and very careful directions for using it.

The Gnomes hastened back to the garden. Near the gate they saw the Witch's broom, on which she was accustomed to ride, and hurriedly they took the powder which the Fairy had given them and sprinkled it on the broom-stick, then hid behind a tree to watch the result. A moment later the old woman hobbled down the path and mounted her broom.

But she had no sooner seated herself upon it when she fell off, and began to laugh and sneeze. She then saw Brambus and Nimbo, and tried to scold them, but she could not speak for sneezing.

"Come," said Nimbo to her, "we shall take you to the King, and if he will pardon you, we shall tell you how you may stop laughing and sneezing."

The Witch, not knowing what else to do, followed the Gnomes to the palace. Here everyone shouted with laughter at the

comical movements of the Witch. King Laurin said: "You have been very wicked, and as a punishment you shall suffer for one year. At the end of that year, if you will return to the castle, you shall be cured of this malady."

Still sneezing and laughing the old Witch went away, but she never returned to the palace of King Laurin.

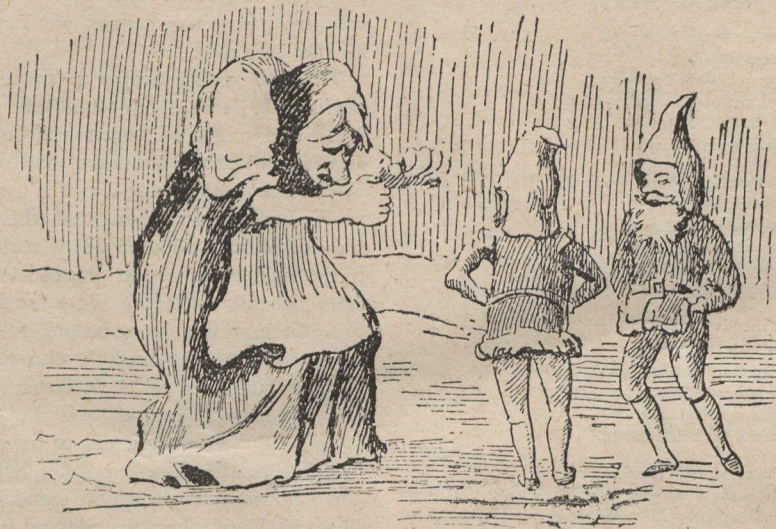
JUST IN TIME TO ASSIST.

The father of the family, disturbed by the noise, entered suddenly.

"Who is doing all this loud talking?" he enquired.

Master Tommy, who was standing on the centre-table, took off the pair of his grandmother's spectacles he had on, looked solemnly at the congregation of neighbors' children seated in front of him, glanced at the dumb-watch he carried, and said:

"My hearers, I leave this subject with you. Services this evening at the usual hour. We will now take up our regular collection. A considerable sum is needed for incidentals, and friends will please respond liberally." It cost Tommy's father \$1.75 to get out of the room gracefully.



THE OLD WITCH TOOK TO SNEEZING AND LAUGHING.

How Roxana Elizabeth DIED.



O, sad was the day
Tho' 'twas beautiful May,
And Eliza and me how we cried,
For our joy was all dead
And our happiness fled,
When Roxana Elizabeth
died.

One year was her life
In this brief world of strife,
As our child she with us did abide,
But we left her three days
In the Sun's blazing rays.

Thus Roxana Elizabeth
died.

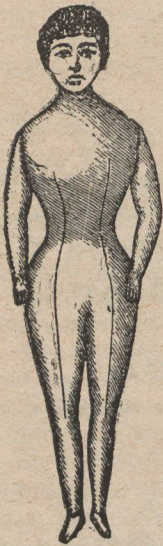
For wax it will melt
Was the truth that we felt,
"O, why was it thus!" then we sighed,
"Why wasn't she china
Like Hannah's Christina?
Then Roxana would never
have died."

The remorse that ensued
We have never subdued,
Tho' vainly and long we have tried;
But in spite of all that,
Just melted down flat,
Roxana Elizabeth
died!



PATTERN FOR A RAG DOLL.

This pattern, suitable for flannel, muslin, linen, jean or any material from which it is desirable to make the doll, is in two pieces: Arm and half of the body. The parts are



notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. Fold the material *lengthwise* through the middle. Lay the pattern on the goods—placing the *longest straight edge* of the body on the fold, and the arm *lengthwise*. Pin them smoothly, mark all the notches and perforations, cut the parts out, and take off the patterns. Take up the darts, placing the perforations *exactly opposite* each other. Close the seams according to the notches, leaving an opening between the single notches in the center-back seam. Also close the seams of the arm according to the notches, terminating the outside seam in dart style at the perforation. Sew in the arm according to the notches. Now stuff the doll with cotton, bran, sawdust or rags, packing it closely, and stuffing the arms and legs first. Then shape fingers and toes by

rows of stitching. Close the opening at the back with over and over stitches. With indelible ink or cotton, outline the mouth, the nose and the eyes. The back of the head may be covered with ravelled stocking yarn, jute, lamb's-wool or curled hair, and the eyes may be formed of beads and outlined with cotton or thread.

A BIRTHDAY SNOWBALL.

"If I could only see it!" sobbed poor little Christopher. "If I could only see it, it wouldn't be so bad!"

"See what, Kit dear?" asked his sister, looking up from her painting.

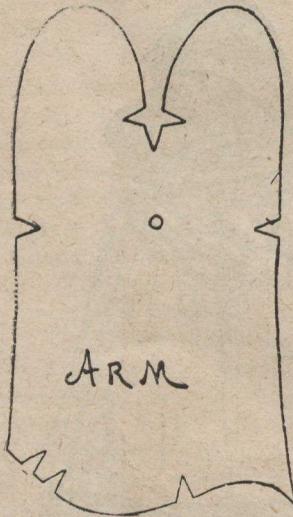
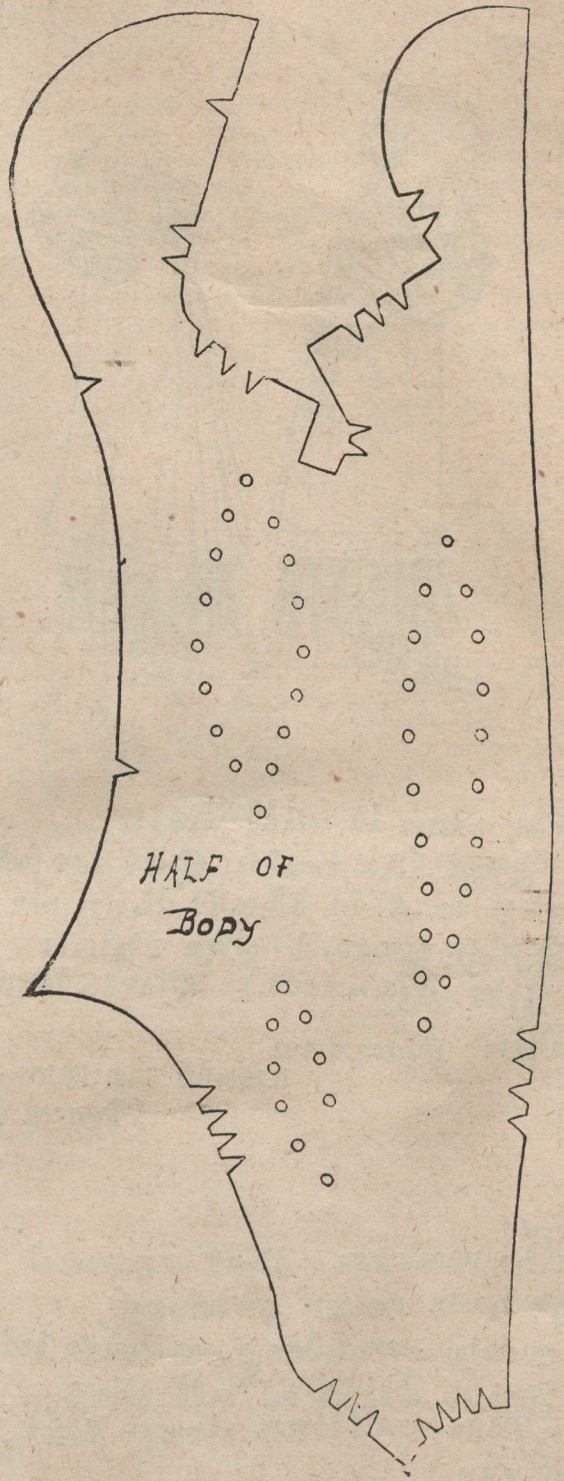
"The big snowball," said poor Kit, with a smothered sob, as he buried his face again in the cushions of the sofa, where he had been lying some time so quietly that Edith thought he was asleep.

But he had not been asleep by any means; he was thinking how hard his life was just now. Here he was a prisoner on his birthday, when the snow was on the ground, and he did so want to go out and make snowballs; yet the doctor, his mother, and nurse all said he must stay in. The worst of it was that his brothers, who were home for the holidays, had taken Edith with them when they started out to skate in the morning, and had rolled her a big snow-

ball as far as the furthest gate of the grounds. She had told him all about it when she came in afterwards, before she sat down to paint. He was so disappointed about it, that at last he felt he must sob out loud, if it were only to let Edith

know how wretched he was

She came up to him, and told him that the boys had said perhaps they would roll it back when they came home, and then he would see it.



"It'll be late, and they'll be in a hurry—you know how it'll be, Edie," he sobbed; "and perhaps it'll be melted to-morrow, and I shan't see it at all."

"You have a nice lot of presents, haven't you?" suggested Edith, trying to turn the subject; but that was no good, and she was at a loss how to comfort him, when nurse came in

with his medicine, which really did seem hard lines on his birthday, and Edie slipped out of the room.

She was sorry for her little brother. He was only six years old to-day, and had so looked forward to the snow, and she was wondering if she could not roll the snowball up herself; so she put on her things to try, and ran down to the end of the long drive. There it was still, looking as white and firm as ever. It was a little difficult to start it off. That once done, however, she got along very well for a little while; but she became so warm, and the ball grew larger and larger. She hadn't thought of that at first, but it would be all the more beautiful if she could bring it up to the nursery window. That was a long way off yet, and she was almost quite tired, but she managed to push it a good way farther by taking many rests between. At last, however, it seemed as though she would have to give it up, when she saw her Aunt Isabelle walking up the drive after her.

"I cannot push it further," said little Edith. "I wonder if Auntie will help me?"

"Auntie" did help her willingly, and before long it was rolled victoriously in full view of Kit's window.

Edith, all aglow with her exertions, tapped on the pane, and Kit's delight when he looked out quite repaid her. She ran into the house and got a nice piece of berried holly, and stuck it on the top of the ball. Then she and Aunt Isabelle shook off the snow from their things, and came in to talk to Kit.

As they were looking out, a little robin perched on the snowball and pecked off a holly berry. This made Aunt Belle think of a story she had read when she was little, about some children making a Christmas tree for the birds; she told them all about it, how they tied on to a little fir-tree all sorts of things that birds like, and put it outside the nursery window, and watched the birds come and take little bits away. This made them think what fun it would be to make a feast for the birds on the snowball, so Edith fetched more berries and some crumbs, and arranged them over the top. Before long they saw the birds come, first one, then another, then in twos and threes. They seemed to tell one another about it, and at last there was quite a large company at Kit's birthday feast. He was not tired of watching it all the afternoon, and the next day the ball was still there, and more crumbs and berries were set out; indeed, it lasted till

he was able to go out again and spread the feast himself, and there was never any snowball that he liked so much as that birthday snowball.

HARRY'S BUG-A-BOO.

Harry Wilson lived with his father and mother on a farm, and being a country boy was a brave little fellow. So, one evening, when his mother asked him to go over to a neighbor's house on an errand for her, he started off cheerfully, although it was nearly sundown.

Harry was kept longer than he expected, and did not start back home until after dark. Then the shadows in the fence corners and the bushes along the country road looked queer in the starlight, and the stillness was apt to make one nervous. But Harry whistled merrily as he trudged along, and looked straight ahead toward his home. When he had gone about half way he chanced to look over into a field on one side of the road. There he saw, among the young corn, which was just shooting up above the ground, a figure which looked very much like the giants which the fairy books tell about. It had a great, big head with wide eyes, like the coals of fire, and a terrible square mouth that seemed to be eating fire.

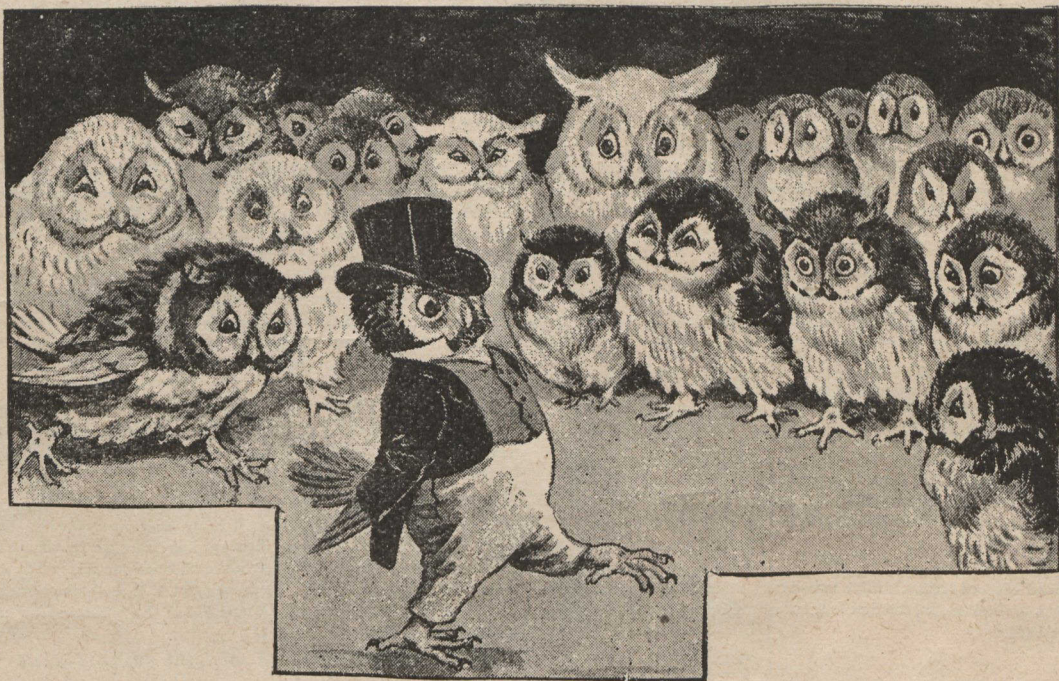
How Harry did run toward his home! When he got there he was trembling like a leaf, and told his father he had seen a "bug-a-boo."

Mr. Wilson said there was no such thing as a "bug-a-boo." He went back with Harry, whose little legs shook with fright as he followed his father over into the cornfield.

"What is it, father?" Harry asked, when they got nearly up to the "bug-a-boo."

"It's only a 'jack-o'-lantern,'" said Mr. Wilson, and he laughed heartily at Harry's fright.

Harry found that the "jack-o'-lantern" was a large pumpkin which had been hollowed out, and eyes, nose and mouth cut in the rind. A lighted candle stuck inside of it shone through them and made them look like fire a short distance away. The neighbor's boys had made it and stuck it up on the top of a "scare-crow" which had been put in the field to keep the crows from stealing the young corn. The boys were very sorry when they heard how Harry had been frightened by it; but Harry said he was glad because it taught him never to run from anything without knowing what it was.





PROBLEMS.

SELECTIONS FROM THOSE SUBMITTED FOR PRIZE PROBLEMS, BUT NOT USED.
ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE OF THE QUEEN.

1. Subtract forty-five from forty-five and have forty-five for a remainder.

2. A country woman carrying eggs to a garrison had three guards to pass ; she sold at the first half the number she had, and half an egg more. At the second, half of what remained and half an egg more ; at the third, half of the remainder and half an egg more. When she arrived at the market-place she had 36 eggs : how many had she at first ?

3. In a room were seated four persons, the father, the mother, the sister and brother, the uncle, the aunt, and the two first-cousins. There were only four persons in the room. What relation was each person to the other ?

4. When first the marriage knot was tied betwixt my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed as three times three does three ;
But when ten years and half ten years we man and wife had been,
Her age came then as near to mine as eight is to sixteen.
Ladies and gentlemen tell me, I pray,
What was our ages on our wedding day ?

5. A man said :
" Brothers and sisters I have none,
But that man's father is my father's son."
What relation were they ?

6. What number is that which being increased by its half, its third and eight-
teen more, will be doubled ?

7. A blind beggar had a brother. The brother went to sea and was drowned.
The man that was drowned had no brother. What relation was the blind beggar
to the man that was drowned ?

8. What's that we all love more than gold, fear more than death, and worth-
less strife, and what contented men desire, the poor possess, the rich require,
the miser spends, the spendthrift saves, and all men carry to their graves.

9. Oh, I'm the most powerful in all the wide world,
My mightiness none can withstand,
Man, woman or child, people meek, people mild,
All think my possession is grand.
For me, buildings, mills, and machinery are made,
Through me, they are all kept at work,
Even fish in the sea are caught all for me,
And a fight for me men seldom shirk.
But though I'm so great and my presence strong,
My own power I can't put in action,
But when I'm employed I seldom avoid,
Giving somebody great satisfaction.

10. It is a word of seven letters. First two letters denotes the male sex, the
first three letters the female sex, the first four letters the male sex, and the whole
word the female sex.

11. There are three (3) white men and three (3) Indians on a bank of a river,
and there is a boat in the river which will only hold two (2) persons ; now these
white men and Indians are to cross the river, but if there are a majority of the
Indians left with the white men at any time they will kill them, but the white
men will not kill the Indians. Now, how do they all get across safe ?

12. Add a hundred and nothing to ten, and a hundred and nothing to a thou-
sand, then catch a bee and put him at the end of it all and the whole will pro-
duce what everybody dislikes.

13. My first makes company ;
My second shuns company ;
My third assembles company ;
My whole puzzles a company.

14. Two ships passing at sea, the Captain of one spoke to the other. Of
what does your cargo consist ? He replied, three-fourths of a cross and a circle
complete, two semi-circles with a perpendicular to meet, a right angle triangle
that stands on two feet, two semi-circles and a circle complete. Of what did the
cargo consist ?

15. If the rear wheel of a bicycle measures six feet in circumference and the
person riding the bicycle makes it revolve one and a half times in one and a half
seconds, how far would it go in one and a half hours ?

16. If thirteen two cent postage stamps cost one cent and a quarter what will
be the cost of one stamp ?

17. Make nineteen out of twenty by adding one.

18. Which is best, twenty dollars in gold, or a twenty dollar bill ?

19. Two Arabs travelling in a desert one day, stopped by the wayside to eat
their dinner, when it was found that one had four loaves of bread and the other
had three. Before partaking, however, a third Arab came along and asked for a
share of their bread which they granted, and all sat down and ate equally of the
bread, eating it all up and eating nothing else. When the stranger went to pay
for his dinner, he found that he had but seven cents, so he gave the one that had
four loaves of bread four cents and the one that had three loaves three cents.
The one that received the four cents claimed that he did not get his share of the
money. The other one claimed that he did. They quarreled over it and went
to a judge who divided it correctly for them. How did the judge divide it ?

20. If a brick weighs three pounds and half a brick, what will be the
weight of a brick and a half ?

21. I have a basket of eggs ; if I take the eggs out of the basket two at a time
I have one egg left in the basket ; if I take them out three at a time I have one
egg left in the basket ; if I take them out four at a time I have one egg left in the
basket ; if I take them out five at a time I have one egg left in the basket ; if I
take them out six at a time I have one egg left in the basket ; but if I take them
out seven at a time there will be none left in the basket. How many eggs are
there in the basket ?

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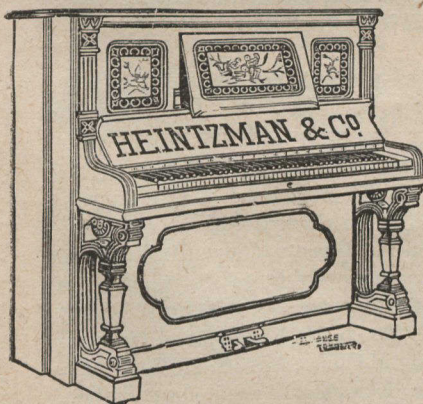
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CARE OF THE TEETH.

Nothing is more conducive to sweetness of breath, and consequently of general health of the mouth, than to brush the teeth regularly before retiring, that all particles of food, as well as the natural secretions, may be removed. Castile soap is the best which can be used for cleansing the mouth, with which a little magnesia may be employed; a solution of oil of peppermint in water makes an agreeable and useful mouth wash; while a silken thread may be employed to cleanse the spaces between the teeth, which can be effectively reached in no other way. A fine-tooth powder can be made of six ounces of prepared chalk, cassia powder, half an ounce, and an ounce of orrisroot. These are to be well mixed and may be colored with red lake or any other innocent substance, according to the fancy. Cleanly habits should be a part of every child's education, and if they have been neglected in that formative period of life, let them be taken up and studied and practiced later on, for in this respect we are surely "never too old to learn." It should also be understood that merely external and visible treatment is not all that is necessary. Let parents impress this lesson earnestly, in the interests of health, decency and morality.

In Philadelphia there is a school of cooking and housekeeping, from which for a small fee and faithful acquisition of instruction a girl may obtain a diploma that will get her a good place any day in the year. She and the woman who hires her mutually bind themselves by written contract to certain things. Among other conditions the girl binds herself to stay so long. If she breaks the agreement and flies off at a tangent she cannot get a place with any of the housekeepers belonging to the league. So many of the Quaker City women do belong to the protective organization that the girl who is faithless to her promise cannot find the best sort of a home in a hurry. The employer, on her part, binds herself also to certain things, among others to kind and considerate treatment of her hired help. If she on

her part breaks the contract, the girl has a remedy also. She can have the case investigated by the league and get justice. There must sooner or later be a house-keeper's protective league and school of instruction in housekeeping in all the cities of the country. Women themselves must take the matter in hand.

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37 CASH PRIZES.

Special Offer. Send us the names and addresses of 10 of your friends who might be interested in our WORD CONTEST, mentioning this magazine, and we will mail you a copy of "Principles of Pronunciation of the Modern Languages of Europe" (paper covers). Circulars free. Mention THE QUEEN. **Red Line Publishing Co., Canaseraga, N. Y.**

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GANANOQUE, ONT., Feb. 2, 1892.

DEAR SIR:- I beg to acknowledge with thanks the Silver Service which I received last week. I am well pleased with it. All who have seen it think it is very pretty. I wish your magazine every success.

Yours truly,
MISS KATE WALKER.



BEFORE.

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AFTER.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE PROBLEMS.

will prove very interesting to our bright readers. Each month some interesting problem will be given with a liberal list of prizes to be awarded to those who answer it the most correctly. To secure the very best material for this department we will pay \$10 in gold each month to the person sending us the best and most suitable problem to be used for the following month. Any one sending a problem for this department will kindly address envelope enclosing same to "Problem Editor," care THE CANADIAN QUEEN, 72 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

For the year 1892 the publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN will introduce a new feature, which we think

PRIZE PROBLEM FOR APRIL.

daughter of Pharaoh's son? A Mason & Risch fine toned Upright Piano will be given to the first person answering the above-problem correctly; an elegant Gold Watch will be given for the second correct answer; a China Dinner Set will be given for the third correct answer; a first-class Sewing Machine will be given for the fourth correct answer; an elegant Silk Dress Pattern will be given for the fifth correct answer; a handsome Piano Lamp will be given for the sixth correct answer; an imported Music Box will be given for the seventh correct answer; an elegant Mantel Clock will be given for the eighth correct answer; a Ladies' Toilet Set in Plush Case will be given for the ninth correct answer; a complete Manicure Set in Plush Case will be given for the tenth correct answer; a Ladies' Silver Chatelaine Watch will be given for the eleventh correct answer; an elegant Five O'Clock Silver Tea Service of the best quadruple plate will be given for the twelfth correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, which are evenly distributed over entire time contest is open. No answer must bear postmark later than April 10th, 1892. The correct answer to this problem, with demonstration thereof and list of prize winners, will appear in April number of THE QUEEN, which will also contain a new prize problem.

MOSES' PRIZE PROBLEM.

If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, what relation would Moses be to the

"THE CANADIAN QUEEN" MILITARY SCHOTTISCHE.

Persons desiring to enter this competition must enclose either ten three-cent Canadian stamps or fifteen U. S. two cent stamps, for which they will receive the elegant new piece of copyrighted music (full 50 cent size) "The Canadian Queen" Military Schottische, by Mr. H. H. Godfrey, the well-known musical composer, together with April No. of THE QUEEN, containing a beautiful water (10) color illustration, "Easter Morning." Prize winners must agree to show their Prize to at least ten of their friends and explain how they secured the same, and are also to forward one new yearly subscription to THE QUEEN at \$1.00. The date of postmark at office where answers are mailed will be considered rather than the date on which they are received at our office. This gives persons residing at a distance an equal chance with those living nearer Toronto. The object of offering these monthly Prize Problems, which require a large financial outlay necessitated by the prizes given therein, is to largely increase the circulation of this popular magazine throughout both Canada and the United States during the year 1892. The conditions necessary to participate have been made so simple and inexpensive that every one with any inclination may join. Great care will be exercised in the office of THE QUEEN to see that they are each carried out in good faith and that no chance arises for any dissatisfaction. All Prizes will be distributed without partiality to persons or locality. Address THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Department "E," Toronto, Canada.

RESULT OF PRIZE PROBLEM CONTEST FOR MARCH, 1892.

PROBLEM:—Mr. A. and Mr. B. have to cut down a mighty tree. The time 'twill take for Mr. A. this mighty tree alone to slay, is sixty minutes—standard time. Beneath B's blow, the bulk sublime goes to the ground in half that time. The question now we ask of thee is, how long 'twill take to cut this tree if both begin—one on each side—and thus their labor do divide?

DEMONSTRATION: It takes A. twice as long to cut down the tree as it would B. Therefore B would cut two-thirds of the tree while A. was cutting one-third, and as it takes A. sixty minutes to cut down the entire tree, he would cut one-third in one-third the time, or twenty minutes. While A. was cutting one-third of the tree in twenty minutes, B. who can cut down the entire tree in thirty minutes would be cutting the other two-thirds in the twenty minutes. Twenty minutes is therefore the correct answer, as in this time A. would cut one-third of the tree and B. would cut two-thirds of the tree, completing the entire work between them in that time.

The first prize, consisting of a fine-toned Mason & Risch upright piano, was awarded to Edward W. Gardner, 78

Sullivan St., Toronto, Ont., whose acknowledgment of the piano will be published in the next issue of THE QUEEN. The piano is on exhibition in the window of Mason & Risch's piano salesrooms, King St. W., Toronto, and will be delivered to the winner at his pleasure. Other prizes in order of merit:—Gold Watch, Miss Emma Dorr, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.; China Dinner Set, S. H. Rogers, 111 Harrison St., Toronto, Ont.; Sewing Machine, Mrs. C. H. Curtis, No. 108 Cor. 3rd and Burr Sts., Kewanee, Ill.; Silk Dress Pattern, Allen M. Woodhouse, 110 Peter St., Toronto, Ont.; Piano Lamp, Mrs. C. R. Sayer, 350 Burwell St., London, Ont.; Music Box, J. T. Smith, 22 Beaconsfield Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Mantel Clock, Carrie Anderson, 45 Elgin St., Hamilton, Ont.; Ladies' Toilet Set in plush case, Miss Lottie Ambrose, Church Hospital, Halifax, N. S.; Complete Manicure Set in plush case, Wm. John Sykes, 176 Major St., Toronto, Ont.; Ladies' Silver Chatelaine Watch, Miss Mabel Hodges, Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa, Ont.; Five O'clock Tea Service, W. T. Barley, 16 Maple Ave., Point St. Charles, Montreal.

The letter, a fac-simile of which is published in this issue, from Mason & Risch, the leading piano manufacturers of

Canada, explains itself, and is simply an indication of the good faith with which THE QUEEN'S prize competitions are carried out. All prizes, both the special daily prizes and the others, are being sent out as fast as possible to the fortunate persons securing same. Each one is forwarded in its turn. On account of the large number which have been awarded, it will necessarily take some time to complete the work.

The following is a partial list of additional prize winners in the March prize problem competition:

Mrs. F. B. Elwell, 470 3rd Ave., Lansingburgh, N. Y.; G. E. Grogan, Calgary, Alta; Emma Maier, 232 Fall St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Charles L. Coke, 405 Baldwin St., Elmira, N. Y.; Annie Wagborne, 447 Gerrard St., Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. G. J. Sheppard, 106 University St., Montreal, Que.; Geo. F. Sands, Baymiller St., near Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio; W. Martin Jones, Jr., 87 S. Union St., Rochester, N. Y.; John Galbraith, P. O. Dept., Toronto, Ont.; Helen M. Stowell, 557 E. Church St., Elmira, N. Y.; Miss Alice L. Dodd, 23 E. Seneca St., Ithaca, N. Y.; Nellie Schoenthaler, 804 Turner Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Bertha Christie, 804 N. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mary A. Wiley, 624 Third Ave., New York; Mrs. E. M. Mills, Zimmer, Ohio; Mamie Z. Adams, 613 Grove St., Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. E. M. Senter, Clinton, Mass.

(To be continued next month.)

LETTER OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN,

MONTREAL, Feb. 11th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the elegant Mason & Risch upright Piano awarded me in your January competition, and to thank you for same, I am more than pleased with it, and take much pleasure in commending the very straightforward manner in which you transact your business and fulfill your promises. Again thanking you, I am

Very truly yours,

E. W. DOWLING.

PRIZE WINNERS.

(Continued from February number.)

Walker, Harry E., Ellsworth, Me., Box 444; Magruder, John R., Annapolis, Md.; Core, Mrs. Annie, 1625 N. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.; Woodbury, M. M., South Gardner, Mass.; Johnson, Mrs. Albi, Feeding Hills, Mass.; Blackman, Miss J., Dedham, Mass., Box 227; Wadleigh, Mr. H., 6 Miriot St. W., Lynn, Mass.; Alway, Harry, 1007 Maple St., Manistee, Mich.; Falconer, M. A., Bailey, Mich.; Lincoln, Lillie M., Richmond, Mich., Box 142; Wadsworth,

Mrs. E. O., Gladwin, Mich.; Rourke, Mrs. L. O., Owatonna, Minn.; Hesel-tine, Mr. G. S., Rochester, Minn., Box C.; Weedam, Lillian, Pansy, Mo.; Cook, Mrs. R. M., Trenton, Mo.; Clark, Mrs. C. E., Holdrege, Neb.; Shan-strom, Mrs. P. G., St. Paul, Neb.; McRae, Denton, Schuyler, Neb.; Howard, Mrs. Mary, Edgar, Neb.; Bartlett, Mrs. W. R., 131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H.; Bartlett, Mrs. R. L., 131 Laurel St. Manchester, N. H.; Heath, Mrs., 236 Central St., Manchester, N. H.; Buxton, Miss M., 46 W. 6th St., Plainfield, N. J.; Long, Kate, Gilboa, N. Y.; Parker, Nelson, Venice, N. Y.; Milburn, Chas. W., Box 468, Greenwich, N. Y.; Oudekirk, Mrs. B., Chase Lake, N. Y.; Car-penter, Chas., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; Wimbury, Mrs. Jas. F., 568 First St., Troy, N. Y.; Chamberlin, Kittie, Jewell, N. Y.; Donaldson, Hattie, Fultonville, N. Y. Isles, Maud, Schuylerville, N. Y.; Alcott, Miss G., 1244 Broadway, Flat 11, N. Y.; Collins, Martha, 20 W. Main St., Chateaugay, N. Y.; Peatross, P. A., Madison, N. C.; Crawford, Maggie, Franklin, N. C.; Huff, Mr. W. D., East Bend, N. C.

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Toronto, Dec. 29 1891

Publishers, The Canadian Queen

58 Bay St Toronto Can.

Gentlemen

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your order for Twelve of the Mason and Risch upright Studio pianos in solid walnut at \$325.00 each; to be shipped by us (one each month during 1892) from our warehouses or factory direct to winners in your educational Prize competitions. These pianos will be of the same high grade of artistic finish as any we manufacture. Prize pianos will be kept on exhibition at our warehouses 32 King St. for the inspection of the public.

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Mason & Risch
Per myself

\$45000 IN GOLD

AND OTHER VALUABLE PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY TO THOSE WHO GUESS THIS REBUS.



The above Rebus is an OLD SAYING, familiar to every one. WHAT IS IT? We will give to the first person from whom we receive the correct answer before April 30th, 1892, \$100.00 IN GOLD. To the second, \$50.00; to the next five persons, a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in Black, Blue, Green, Brown or Fancy. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring, and to the next 15 sending in the correct answer, \$5.00 each. To the person from whom we receive the last correct answer, we will give \$100.00 in Gold; to the next to the last \$50; the next 5, a Handsome Silk Dress Pattern of 16 yards in one of the above colors. To the next 10 a Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring, and to the next 15 (should there be so many sending in correct answers), \$5.00 to each. We prepay all shipping charges on presents, and send in accordance with this offer on the same day the answer is received. All answers must be sent by mail and received by us not later than April 30th. With your answer send us \$5 in silver or \$10 in stamps for a vial of DR. HOBBS' LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS.

TAKEPILL
Hobbs' Are the Best on Earth.

Dr. Hobbs' Little Vegetable Pills act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are sugar coated, do not gripe, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. They absolutely cure Sick Headache, and are recommended by leading physicians.

HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. Dearborn and Harrison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

Duties on all of our Remedies sold in Canada are paid by us.

When our readers answer the above advertisement please mention the Canadian Queen.

A
SMOOTH
FACE
Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, especially so in the case of ladies.
VAN-DAL-INE. Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair-follicle.
NO { Arsenic. Irritation. Emollient. Humbug.
Perfectly harmless.
Wonderfully effective.

Sold by reliable druggists - - - Price 50 cts.
Agents Wanted.

The Berlin Chemical Co.,
BERLIN, ONT. 8-92

TUMORS Internal or External, Cured by new method. Write for pamphlet. THE SANITARIUM, Union Springs, N. Y. 5-92

A Sketching Camera that reflects any small picture to life, or any size sent on trial. Catalogue free. C. R. JENNE, Fort Wayne, Ind. In your reply mention THE QUEEN.

KINGSTON, ONT., Feb. 4th, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received the silver Cream and Sugar Service awarded me, and think it very pretty. I will do my utmost to comply with all the rules of the contest, and try to promote the success of your valuable publication. I regret that I have been unable to secure a new subscriber to your paper. I assure you I have tried, but every one wishes to wait and answer one of your monthly problems.

Yours respectfully,
MABEL SWITZER.

PURE CANDY
Walker's
Sent to any address. Enclose for \$1 for sample Box to Headquarters, 254 St. James St. Montreal.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1892.
EDITORS:—By this morning's mail, I received a very handsome "Souvenir Spoon," for which I thank you. Yours truly,
M. JEANETTE BALLANTYNE.

ALLENTOWN, NEW JERSEY, Feb. 12th, '92.
DEAR SIRS:—Since writing you, I have received the Silver Pudding Dish awarded me as special prize. Owing to a mistake in my name, it had been detained at the office ten days or more. I have shown it to several of my friends, who think it a very pretty dish. I think THE CANADIAN QUEEN a wonderful magazine for the price. I cannot understand how you can give such valuable presents in prizes.
MARY EMMA GORDON.

HEALTHFUL AND PLEASANT.—If you want a lovely odor in your rooms, break off branches of the Norway spruce and arrange them in a large jug well filled with water. In a few days tender, pale-green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, and giving the delightful, health-giving odor.

It is fashionable in America at present for ladies to have their stockings and combinations woven all in one. The convenience of this plan is that the stockings can never come down, and require no gartering.



CARMEL SOAP is made by a Mission Society in Palestine, and is the purest form of **CASTILE SOAP**. If your grocer or druggist does not keep it send 15c. for sample cake to A. KLIPSTEIN, 123 Pearl St., N.Y. M. Wright & Co., Agents, Hamilton, Ont.; Kerry, Watson, & Co., Agents, Montreal.

Are You Going To Chicago In '93?

If you are thinking of it you should acquaint yourself with the History, Progress and Present Character of that remarkable city. It is the Marvel of the Age—the Wonder of the World. For 50 cents the

Standard Guide to Chicago will be sent you, postage prepaid. It is a volume of about 600 pages, beautifully illustrated and embellished with maps. Indorsed by the Business Men of Chicago and by World's Fair Officials. Or we will send a Flexible Cloth Binding, Red and Gold, 76 Engravings, with large colored map of Chicago, for \$1, postage prepaid. A useful and beautiful Christmas present.

FLINN & SHEPARD, Publishers, 358 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill. U.S.A. Agents wanted in Canada. Complete Outfit, \$1.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their **EXPRESS** and **P.O. address**.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

10-92

25 chromo cards your name on and agents outfit 10 cts.
W. H. GAGNE, St. Justin, P. Q.

A DRESS for \$3.00

A BEAUTIFUL CLOTH SERGE DRESS for the above sum seems ridiculous, but ladies will find the same to be a fact by sending their address to the **ENGLISH MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. BOX 588, MONTREAL**, who will immediately send samples, post free. All orders sent C.O.D. with privileges of examination.

3-92

GOITRE OR THICK NECK. I have a positive, Cleanly, Harmless Cure. Come if you can, or write me at 28 Livingston St., Cleveland, O. **Dr. J. Caskey.** It is no Iodine smear. Cure made permanent.



MICAJAH'S WAFERS, indorsed by physicians as the best local remedy for Female Ailments. Easy to use, cleanly, and sure to cure. *Two weeks' treatment free.* Address
MICAJAH & CO., WARREN, PA.

10-92

TO LADIES ONLY!

JEFFERSON'S VITALIZING PILLS. Great System Vitalizer, Invigorator, Renewer of Broken-down, Wasted Constitutions. Specially adapted to females, and guaranteed to cure Nervous Prostration, Physical Debility, and all ills peculiar to the sex. Adapted to all ages and conditions of life. One box by mail, \$2.00; three boxes, \$5.00. **JEFFERSON MEDICINE CO., Adams, N. Y.**

When sending mention **CANADIAN QUEEN.** 10-92

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, No. 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

A. J. TAYLOR, Can. Pass. Agent,
4 Palmer House Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
4-92

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces assorted colors, 10 cts; 3 pks. 25 cts. A large pkg. all colors Embroidery Silk 20c. A 32 page illustrated catalogue of Fancy Work, free. Canadian stamps, silver or currency accepted.
LADIES' ART CO., Box 857, St. Louis, Mo. 1t



OUR NEW \$15 SOLID 14k. FILLED GOLD HUNTING CASE STEM WINDING WATCH, that would cost not less than \$25 in any jewelry store, can be obtained absolutely FREE. This watch contains the celebrated Waltham movement, is full jeweled, and guaranteed to keep accurate time. The cases are heavy solid 14k. filled gold and beautifully engraved in the latest style. We have them in both ladies' and gentlemen's sizes. **OUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT** and return to us with 10 cts. in silver, and we shall send you by return mail a **GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS** that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in the world. Absolute certainty, suitable for either sex, and no capital required. **OUR GRAND OFFER:** We will send by express, fully prepaid, and **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, one of our handsome \$15 Watches, illustrated above, to the first one hundred persons who cut out this advertisement and return it to us with 25 cents for 3 Golden Boxes of Goods; also a large illustrated catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, etc. We propose to give away these valuable watches merely to advertise our goods. This is no humbug, but a bona-fide offer made by a thoroughly reliable house to the readers of this paper, and satisfaction guaranteed.
W. S. SIMPSON, 87 College Place, New York. 1-t

FAT FOLKS

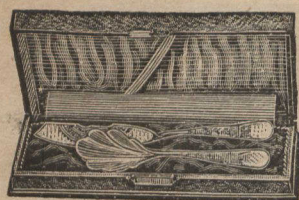
using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. **WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.** 12-92

CARDS 450 Samples. Verres, &c. Full Agts. Outfit, 16 p Sample Book, Name Revealer, Oracle of Kinest, and present, all 2c. None free. **GLOBE CARD CO., Box 8, Centerbrook, Conn.**

MATRIMONIAL PAPER Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with residences) of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. **HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.** 8-92

A WONDERFUL OFFER. **LATEST NOVELTY** 10c. Silver pays for this "Automatic Tape Measure and Pencil combined, and our large Illustrated Family Story Paper one year, or 3 Pencils and 3 Subscriptions, 25 cts., postpaid Address **C. B. THOMPSON, New Milford, Conn.**

LADIES WANTED on salary to sell **Roses, Shrubs and Clematis.** **BROWN BROTHERS COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.**



white metal and will wear without **DOLLAR.** This would make a beautiful present. **MAGIC NOVELTY CO., NEW MILFORD, CONN.**

A GOLD WATCH FREE

And Other Elegant Articles to Those Who Can Read This Rebus.



The above is honest advice which we are interested in prescribing to every home. To secure a trial for **FORD'S PRIZE PILLS**, we intend to spend a certain amount in this manner of advertising and attracting attention to the merits of this medicine.

To the first person sending the correct answer to the above rebus we will give an elegant **Gold Watch**, fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the second we will give a **Genuine Diamond Ring**; to the third a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the fourth a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. To the person sending the last correct answer we will give a **Genuine Gold Watch**, fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the next to the last we will give a **Genuine Diamond Ring**; to the third to the last we will give a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the fourth to the last we will give a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other valuable articles in order of merit, counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. All answers must be sent in by mail before **April 10th, 1892**. Ten 3 cent stamps must be enclosed with answer for one box of **FORD'S PRIZE PILLS**. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar coated, do not gripe**, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this rebus, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address **THE FORD PILL CO., Wellington St. West, Toronto, Can.**

ADDRESS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE

MEMORY

To introduce a series of valuable educational works the above will be sent to all applicants **FREE** R-123 **JAMES P. DOWNS, PUBLISHER, 243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory" for One Year. Thousands of firms want addresses of persons to whom they can mail papers, magazines, pictures, cards, &c. **FREE** as samples, and our patrons receive bushels of mail. Try it; you will be **WELL PLEASED** with the small investment. Address **T. D. CAMPBELL, D. 668, Boyleston, Indiana.** 10-92

FREE For only 10 cts.

To anyone who will obtain **ONE** new yearly subscriber for our "ILLUSTRATED FAMILY STORY PAPER" at 30 cents, and remit us 10 CENTS to prepay postage, (40 cents in all), we will forward **FREE** for their trouble, one handsome satin-lined "MOROCCO-ETTE CASKET," containing elegantly chased and engraved **SILVER PLATED SUGAR SPOON and BUTTER KNIFE**, which we guarantee to be plated with **PURE SILVER** on furnishing; we will send three caskets and three subscriptions for **ONE** dollar for agents. Sample copies of our paper free to all Men-

PRIZE HISTORY COMPETITION.

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel thewho, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing thesweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at \$350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,
(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

\$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over \$100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A solid gold watch will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued \$16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first received from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL Co. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address.

LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY,

Building 192 King St. West, TORONTO, CAN.

Cut this announcement out it may not appear again.



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SECURE A COMPLETE
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Thorough and practical instruction given by MAIL in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Business Law, Letter-writing, Grammar and Shorthand. Prepare for *Success in Business*. A practical education insures a *prosperous career*. Low rates. Distance no objection. Satisfaction guaranteed. Over 1,000 students registered. A free Trial Lesson and Catalogue sent upon request. Write to **BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 32 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.** 7-92

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No Fees in Advance.

Send for Report.

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French, German,
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Natural Method,
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Special Classes for Children.

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Only School of Expression in Canada—FRANCIS J. BROWN, President. **Summer Session**—JULY 5th to AUGUST 15th—at **GRIMSBY PARK, ONT.** Vocal and Physical Culture, Delsarte Philosophy System based on "TRINITY IN MAN." Course thorough and scientific. Each teacher a SPECIALIST. Lectures by best talent in America. Rest and culture combined. For full particulars address the Secretary, A. C. MOUNTTEER, B.E., ARCADE, COR. YONGE AND GERRARD STS., TORONTO, ONT.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

Moderns, Classics, Orientals, Conversational courses in French, German, Italian, Spanish. Thorough courses in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and cognate languages, Sanskrit Missionary classes in Japanese, Chinese, Korean.

Pupils prepared for all university examinations by specialists. Send for 20 paged curriculum.

CHARLES T. PAUL, Principal.

CANADIAN HOROLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

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Is the only School for Watchmaking and Engraving in Canada. Watches manufactured complete from the raw material.

Write for circulars.

THE COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

1 BLOOR ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Reopens Monday, January 4th, 1892. This is a modern, practical and reliable school, as is shown by its increase in members and prosperity in every way. If one of the few remaining desks is wanted by you, send for prospectus and arrange for it at once. Four applicants were refused in Oct. and Nov. Seats all taken, and but 20 extra desks are provided.

International Business COLLEGE.

Northwest corner College St. and Spadina Ave.

TORONTO.

J. M. MUSGROVE, Prop.

No blowing. Good solid work. Send for Circular.

Presbyterian Ladies' College.

TORONTO.

Will reopen WEDNESDAY, THE 6TH, JANUARY, 1892.

The success of the term closed unprecedented. Preparatory class now organized, and a limited number of applications will be received for the term after the holidays. Rates very moderate. References, forms of admission, and calendars obtained on application.

T. M. MACINTYRE, Ph. D.

Richard's Banjo School.

YONGE ST. MARKET BUILDING,
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Thorough instruction on Banjo, for parlor and stage.

One of the best equipped Banjo Schools in Canada.

Prospectus sent free or on application.



\$5. SHORTHAND
By Mail or Individually \$5, Until Proficient.

We teach the Isaac Pitman system, a system used by 95 per cent of the Stenographers and Reporters in Canada.

Book-keeping, Typewriting, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Shorthand and Commercial Correspondence are the subjects taught, \$5. being the entire charge until proficient.

Hundreds of our graduates are now holding positions throughout the Province as Book-keepers, Stenographers, Cashiers, Bank Clerks, etc.

OVER 1600 Students have graduated from this Academy during the past five years, which is equal to the combined attendance of all Business Colleges in Toronto during the same period.

PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS.

LOWE'S COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,

346 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Full and Complete Commercial and Shorthand Scholarship,

INCLUDING

Practical Book-keeping (By Double and Single Entry),

Actual and Practical Business Banking,

Commercial Law, Correspondence,

Commercial Arithmetic, Spelling,

Business and Ornamental Penmanship,

Shorthand (Pitman's), Typewriting,

Telegraphy, Etc., Etc.

This College is endorsed by JAS. L. HUGHES, Esq., Inspector Public Schools, Toronto, as well as by hundreds of the most prominent educationists in America. It has the largest attendance of any similar institution. It employs more teachers and secures more lucrative positions for its graduates than all the Business Colleges in Toronto combined.

337 students entered last year, and yet they were not able to supply the demand. Business men are continually applying to them for Book-keepers, Shorthand Writers, Cashiers, etc.

THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE, corner Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, is open the entire year for Day and Evening Sessions.

J. M. CROWLEY,

Principal and Manager.

When writing mention QUEEN. 12-92