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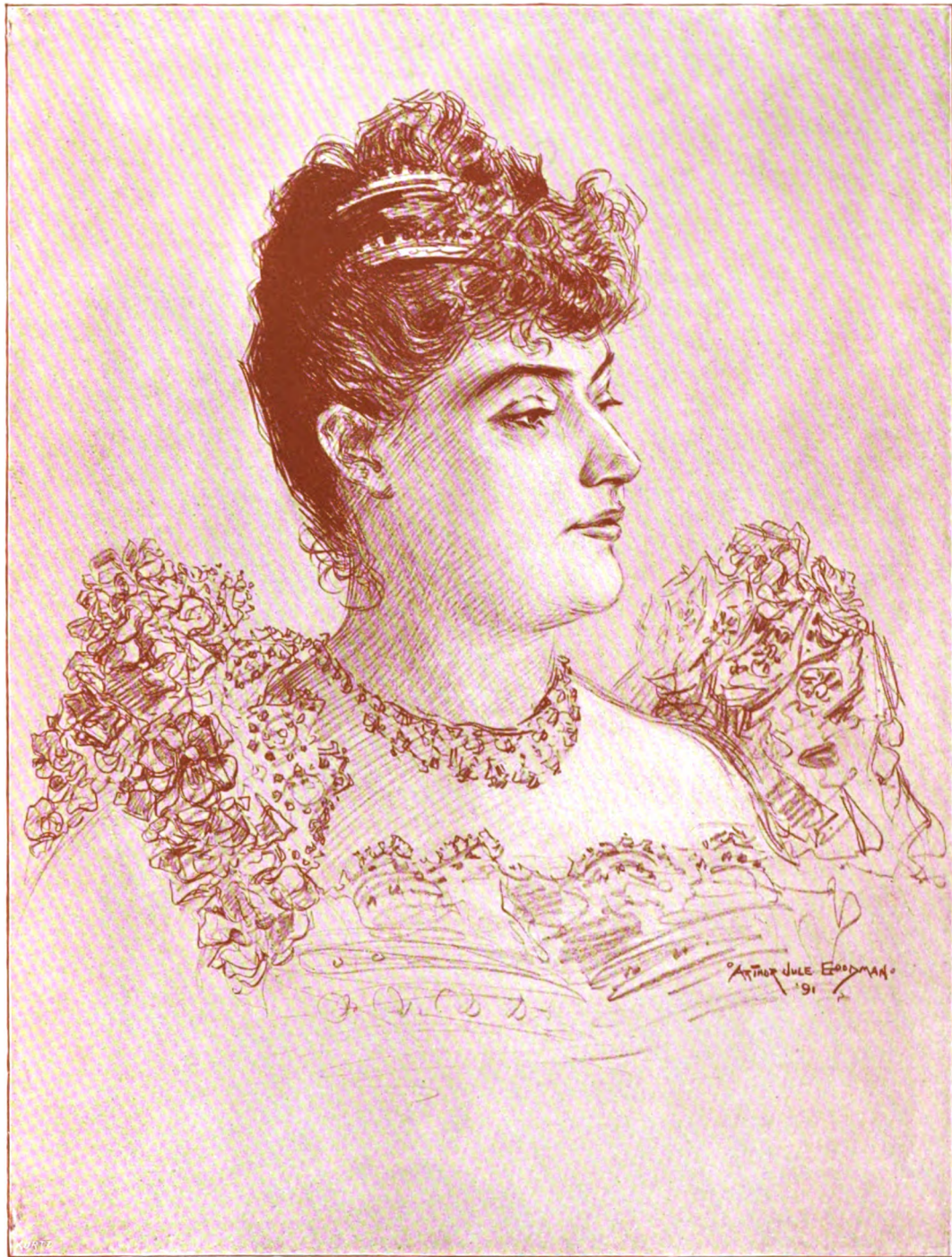
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ROSE COGHLAN.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

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TITLED AMERICANS: III. PRINCESS BRANCACCIO. (See page 207.)

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

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MAURICE M. MINTON, EDITOR.

Current Comment.

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We request our readers to send us copies of papers containing stolen illustrations.

TWO MARKS OF APPRECIATION.—Knowing that our readers will be glad to learn of the constantly increasing success with which THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN is meeting everywhere, we take pleasure in publishing two out of many similar communications we have received recently. One is from Boston, and is as follows:

CONNELLY'S THEATRE TICKET OFFICE
AND BOOK COUNTERS,
ADAMS HOUSE, BOSTON.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

It is a pleasure as well as profit to sell THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

My order to the News Company at the present time is over two hundred per cent. greater than it was in February last.

It is the best "all round" illustrated magazine that I have on my counters, and will more than hold its own with any similar publication in any country.

C. JAMES CONNELLY.

August 19, 1891.

The second is a resolution adopted unanimously at a

meeting of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York City. It is as follows:

Resolved, That the thanks of the governors of this club are hereby extended to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN for the very handsomely illustrated and complimentary article on the club as contained in their paper of July 14, the accuracy of the statements contained in which was only equalled by the artistic excellence of the photographs of the various portions of the club.

OUR TREATMENT OF CHILI.—The new government in Chili comes into power with several grievances which will not contribute to the success of the efforts the United States are making to extend their influence in South America. Chili is the strongest of the South American republics, and the manner in which her civil war has terminated is a fresh proof of strength. Ex-President Balmaceda attempted a revolution. The wealth and intelligence of the country clung to the constitution, and crushed him.

Such an exhibition would be creditable to any country. The Chilian Congressionalists deserved the sympathy of the United States, in view of the cause for which they were fighting, and they gained an additional claim upon us by the good grace with which they complied with the demand for the surrender of the *Itata*. But no sympathy had they from us.

A couple of years ago we brought the Pan-American Congress together at Washington, chiefly to declare in favor of arbitration. When arbitration was proposed between Balmaceda and the Junta, our minister to Chili, Mr. Egan, was found to be so prejudiced in favor of the former that the idea had to be abandoned. Mr. Egan's course was approved, apparently, by the State Department at Washington, the inference being that diplomatic favors were expected from Balmaceda. Now that Balmaceda's enemies are in power, what else can be expected than that their influence will be exerted against the United States in the other Spanish-American republics as well as in Chili?

As a preliminary step to extending our influence, it is necessary to appoint as ministers men who, in a crisis, will not bring the country into contempt, as Mizner did in Central America and as Egan has done in Chili.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—A European writer points out that the cruelty of the Russian Government in expelling the Jews may result in immediate and unlooked-for hardship for the Russian peasantry in view of the failure of the crops. The famine is very real, and the distress is certain to be wide-spread. A large proportion of the population is very poor, so poor that an average crop just enables them to live. In the past it has been the function of the money-lender to tide over the season of distress by means of loans. "He is the machinery by which the losses of an exceptionally bad year are spread over the better years." Many of the expelled Jews were money-lenders, and the assistance which they would have extended to the peasantry will be missed. While they may have been tyrannical and oppressive in prosperous years, they were the means of relieving distress in bad years.

The consequences of this state of things may extend beyond the peasantry. Nihilism has never been able to make much progress because the peasants could not be enlisted in the cause. Distress may make them willing to listen to its teachings, and in that case more serious political outbreaks may be expected than have yet occurred.

The government is active in measures to relieve their distress, the most important being the ukase prohibiting the exportation of grain. In addition, railway freight-rates on

grain have been reduced, steps have been taken to distribute grain for sowing and for consumption, permission has been given to the peasants in twenty provinces to procure firewood from the crown forests, and large sums are to be expended on internal public works.

Should discontent still creep in among the peasantry, it is grimly hinted that the czar has an effective remedy at hand to distract their attention; it is to begin the long-expected war.

AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN.—The details of the trouble between the Republic of Salvador and the Pacific Mail steamship *City of Panama* reflect credit on Captain White, the commander of the latter. Among the vessel's passengers were several political exiles from Salvador whom President Ezeta desired to have shot for a variety of reasons, such as private revenge, desire to secure himself in office, etc. The case was similar to the Barrundia affair, only Captain White's backbone proved stiffer than that of the other commander. This is what happened when the vessel touched at La Libertad, Salvador:

She was boarded by officers acting under the direction of President Ezeta, who demanded of Captain White the surrender of the exiles. Captain White refused to comply with this demand, and the officers reported the fact to the commandant of the port. He immediately went to the steamer with a boat-load of armed men and informed Captain White that the latter could consider himself under his orders, as he had now to take possession of the steamer and to arrest the men. Captain White, without waiting to discuss the matter, told the commandant that if he did not leave the steamer immediately he would throw him overboard.

International law declares that a merchant vessel in the harbors of a foreign government is subject in all respects to the jurisdiction of that government, unless exempted by treaty. That means, that persons accused of crime may be arrested, to be tried according to legal forms. It does not mean that dictators of Central American republics are to be permitted to seize political rivals on board American ships for the purpose of executing them summarily.

WHO SHALL HAVE HAWAII?—Hawaii has been on the verge of revolution for years to this extent, that the mass of the people are content to enjoy the riches showered upon the islands by nature, careless of the form of government they live under, and that a small body of foreigners have been intriguing unwearingly to control the islands. With the late King Kalakaua matters went with a certain regularity. All he asked was that he should be supplied with what money he needed. He was on a trip in search of funds when he died.

His successor, Queen Liliuokalani, declines, woman-like, to reign with the same philosophic spirit. She has whims to satisfy and favorites to reward, which complicates public affairs. The various interests seeking to obtain control of the kingdom find ample opportunity for their operations.

When Claus Spreckels needed Hawaiian sugar for his California refineries, the Government of the United States was persuaded that a commercial treaty with Hawaii would be a fine thing. Mr. Spreckels having made arrangements for obtaining sugar elsewhere, less is heard of the advantages of the treaty; but while the commercial interests of the United States in Hawaii may not be great, their political interests are. Hawaii offers such advantages as a naval station in the Pacific that no foreign power should be permitted to control it.

Great Britain seized Hawaii once, and was obliged to disgorge the prize. It is reported that the most active in-

trigues are designed to bring about a state of affairs that would justify British intervention. The United States could not suffer such action, and to prevent it might be justified in establishing a protectorate.

THE CANADIAN SCANDALS.—Canada's public service reeks with corruption, if half the testimony given in the recent investigations is true. Hardly a day passes that some new official is not accused. The revelations are slightly worse than those following the downfall of the Tweed Ring. The robbery seems to have been as general as in New York City, while the social standing of the thieves is higher.

The richest plunder was derived from the Department of Public Works. Owen Murphy, a fugitive official from New York, and a member of the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co., testified that he paid large sums to secure contracts. It is claimed that the Dominion was defrauded out of more than eight hundred thousand dollars in consequence. Besides payments to minor officials, Murphy swore that he had given sums of five, ten, and twenty thousand dollars to Sir Hector Langevin, the Minister of Public Works. Sir Hector, while denying these statements, has resigned.

Thomas McGreevy, a member of Parliament with influence, is said to have received one hundred thousand dollars as his share. Rather than testify, he abandoned Canada.

The Hon. John Haggart, Postmaster-General, is accused of keeping the name of a Miss Craig upon the pay-roll, though she was appointed in defiance of law, came and went as she pleased, and was absent months at a time.

An ugly scandal affects the Government Printing Bureau, controlled by the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State. At a recent session of an investigating committee one of the members declared that this department was reeking with corruption. The payment of commissions was alleged to be a condition indispensable to obtaining contracts for furnishing supplies.

C. N. Armstrong, a contractor, had a claim for two hundred and eighty thousand dollars against the Quebec Government for work done on the Baie des Chaleurs Railway, but, being pressed for money, agreed to accept one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It cost him one hundred thousand dollars to collect this amount, and it is charged that this one hundred thousand dollars was divided among Premier Mercier and other public men. The man who is accused of handling this sum has fled to France.

These charges affect the highest officials. Scores of subordinates are accused of participating in the "boodling," and many of them have either been dismissed or have resigned.

MOLTKE'S HISTORY.—It is well known that the late Field-Marshal von Moltke was one of the least ostentatious of men, desiring only that his work should be done properly, and never putting himself in the foreground unless it were necessary that he should. A fact illustrating this characteristic of the greatest general of his time was pointed out by the reviewers of the recently published first volume of his history of the War of 1870-71, who found that in it he mentions himself only twice. The same simplicity and



SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.

sense of duty are shown in the manner in which he happened to write the history.

He had been requested repeatedly by his friends and relations to prepare his memoirs, but had always refused, saying: "All that I have written, and that is worth being kept, lies in the archives of the General Staff. My personal remembrances are better buried with me." His nephew finally urged him to draw up some notes on the War of 1870-71, but he still refused, saying: "You know you have got its history edited by the General Staff; it is all there." After a moment's pause, he added: "It is true that this work is too elaborate and written only for experts, not for the multitude. One ought to make an abstract of it." Without discussing the matter further, he set to work on the voluminous reports of the General Staff the next morning, and labored steadily until he had completed what is declared to be, in its contents and phraseology, the best history of the war yet written. At that time he was eighty-seven years old.

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.—The managers of the base-ball teams declare that it has been a splendid season, that base-ball is more popular than ever, and that the public is hungry for games. They say that the prophets were wrong who foretold a falling off in interest owing to the base-ball war a year ago. They speak as men filled with



KING KELLY.

hope, and there are many of the old familiar signs to justify their confidence. There are the New Yorks always about to go to the front with a rush, and always meeting with some slight accident that sets them back. There is King Kelly buying houses and lots with the money for which he is bought and sold. There is Mr. Anson, with a power of strong language and a perception of where his team is expected to be. There are the interchange of cartels, the solemn ratifying and subsequent breaking of treaties, the mysterious

conferences that mark the diplomatic relations of leagues and associations. All the outward trappings and show of base-ball are seen. One important indication of popularity is, nevertheless, lacking—that which the base-ball-going public itself supplied—the glorious, incomprehensible, all-meaning words of endearment or reproach with which strained feelings were relieved. It is not that the invention of the reporters has given out; it is that the people that invented charley horse and rooting and other things is not giving its attention to the subject this year.

Can it be that interest in base-ball is really dying out?

MILITARY BICYCLING.—One of the novel features of the recent manœuvres of the Austrian Army was the appearance of the Bicycle Corps, which was tested for the first time on a large scale. It excited much interest and, on the whole, came fully up to expectations. Bicycle corps may therefore be expected to form a distinct branch of modern armies henceforth, particularly in time of peace. In actual warfare, it is easy to imagine occurrences that would speedily render such a corps useless.

On this side of the Atlantic, the National Guard of sev-

eral States has had such corps for years as a regular branch of the organization. At the last encampment of the Connecticut militia interesting experiments in military bicycling were made. The men rode safety machines and were armed with repeating carabines and revolvers. At one point a sham fight took place between the wheelmen and a detachment of infantry and a squad of cavalry. The wheelmen put the infantry to flight, but were themselves driven back by the cavalry. A more valuable direction for their services seemed to be as messengers. In one case a message was sent in duplicate by a wheelman and by flag signalling a distance of two miles. The wheelman started direct for the destination, but for the flag signalling the message had first to be carried half a mile by a horseman. The result was that the wheelman performed his errand in thirty minutes' time less than was required to transmit the message by wig-wagging. It is obvious, however, that the flag-signal service must have been very slow to permit so great a difference.

MRS. BESANT'S MESSAGES.—Mrs. Annie Besant, the successor of the late Mme. Blavatsky as head of one branch of theosophists, announced, before her departure for the East, that she had already received several communications by occult means from the masters of theosophy. She added that she had been bound by an oath not to reveal their contents until permitted to do so. Her followers were, therefore, compelled to see her depart with their curiosity whetted and no means of satisfying it.

All this indicates that Mrs. Besant will not prove the shining light to the joyous art of theosophy that Mme. Blavatsky was. The latter had a way of being incomprehensible when it was not convenient to perform a miracle. Incomprehensibility is, on the whole, better than a miracle, for the latter may be exposed, but the former cannot be; but either the one or the other is apt to make an impression upon believers. Mrs. Besant, on the other hand, offers mystery and nothing more. It is doubtful whether theosophy can flourish on mystery alone.

Life-long pursuit of theories sometimes leads to queer results. Mrs. Besant became famous from being an atheist, a socialist, and everything that is practical and hard-headed. And now she is not only a leader of mystics, but announces, with every indication of sincerity, that she has been receiving occult letters from ghostly Mahatmas!

OUR TASK AT THE FAIR.—A good motto for intending exhibitors at the World's Fair comes from Mexico. President Diaz's Cabinet were discussing the Mexican exhibit. "We must show the world at large that we are progressing as a nation," said the Secretary of the Interior, "and we must, therefore, do even better than we did at Paris."

Without formally announcing this principle, all the rest of the world is working on it.

The British Government has appropriated \$125,000 toward defraying the expenses of the British exhibit, and it is thought that the exhibitors themselves will contribute at least one million dollars more. The German manufacturers are forming a central committee to represent the trade centres of the empire, and further the united German interest at Chicago. The travelling commissioners of the World's Fair report the most encouraging assurances from Austria, Russia, France, and whatever country has goods to sell to us or to the nations that will be represented.

The best that Europe can produce will be shown at

Chicago. In order that we may get due glory from the exhibition, it will be necessary for us to work as hard as the European governments are working; otherwise, we shall be beaten on our own ground. American manufacturers should bear in mind the saying of the Mexican Secretary of the Interior.

RAIN-DOCTORS.—Faith seems as indispensable to a successful career as a rain-doctor in the United States as it is in Africa. An African rain-doctor is deified if he brings rain, and killed if he does not. In the United States, a rain-doctor is laughed at in case of failure, and in case of success is met with the assertion, "It would have rained anyhow," which the unhappy wretch is naturally unable to disprove.

Two sets of rain-doctors are practising their profession in the United States at present. One set, whose expenses are paid by the Government, is conducting a prolonged Fourth of July celebration on the plains of Texas by bursting balloons and exploding dynamite. It is an historical fact that rain-storms sometimes have followed great battles and sometimes have not. The experiments in Texas have furnished additional proof of this fact.

The other set of rain-doctors work for their expenses at private hire. This combination consists of Frank Melbourne and his brother, who are more picturesque than the Texas rain-doctors. They recently gave an exhibition at Cheyenne. Selecting a day when the local weather prophet said it would not rain, they carried their apparatus into a barn, cut a hole in the roof, and in fifteen minutes brought down as fine a shower as one could wish.

Of the two sets of rain-doctors the Melbourne combination is clearly to be preferred. Both are doubtless equally efficient, but the Melbournes make the less noise.

RUSSIA IN THE DARDANELLES.—France exhibited more enthusiasm than Russia over the new bonds between the two countries brought about by the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt; but Russia seems to have derived the first advantage. The Porte has practically opened the Dardanelles to Russian war-ships, and Russia has gained a point for which she has been striving many long years.

The treaty of 1841 provided that no war-ships of any nation save Turkey should pass through the Dardanelles without the express consent of Turkey. Russia has recently been sending through vessels of her volunteer fleet bound for Vladivostock, and laden with material for the Trans-Siberian Railway. On board were numbers of reservists "doing duty as railway laborers." As the vessels were furthermore armed, the difference between them and ordinary war-ships would not be easy to distinguish. Under pressure, however, the Sultan was obliged to consent to their passage without detention. It is likely enough that he was influenced, in part, by the grudge he bears against England for the hold she keeps on Egypt.

Not many years ago such an announcement would have been regarded as a presage of war. England would have been obliged to fight to protect her line of communication with India. Now all that is changed. She controls the Suez Canal; with modern steamships the passage to India *via* the Cape of Good Hope is no longer serious; and, lastly, she has a new route to the East by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the possibilities of which have just been demonstrated by the feat of carrying the mails from Yokohama to New York *via* Vancouver in fourteen days, and to Liverpool in seven days more.

With three such routes to her Indian possessions at her disposal, England can look with more equanimity than formerly upon the opening of the Dardanelles to Russia. Nevertheless, the danger of a combined Russian and French fleet suddenly taking control of the Mediterranean is grave enough to make England reflect very seriously.

MR. RUSSELL HARRISON.—Every reasonable courtesy should be shown to the President of the United States and to the members of his family. To the ladies who are members of it additional courtesy is due on account of their sex. Mr. Russell Harrison does not seem capable, however, of distinguishing the difference between what is reasonable and what is not.

In the first place, it was neither a reasonable nor a sensible courtesy to the daughter and the daughter-in-law of President Harrison to lower them in chairs, suspended from the main boom, from the deck of the *Majestic* into a small boat in order that they might make a triumphal progress from quarantine up the bay to New York in a revenue cutter. Such an experience must have been not only unpleasant for the ladies but also trying to their dignity. They would have made the trip much more comfortably on board the *Majestic*.

In the second place, Mr. Russell Harrison has no right to employ Government vessels for that purpose, or for any other private use. Such vessels are for the public service, and the fact that he is the son of the President gives him no more rights than an ordinary citizen possesses.

In the third place, Mr. Russell Harrison was wrong to lose his temper when Collector Fassett very properly refused to turn one of the cutters over to him. Mr. Russell Harrison should remember that, just because he is the President's son, it is all the more incumbent upon him to behave with dignity in public.

OKLAHOMA AND STATEHOOD.—It was only three years ago that Oklahoma was opened for settlement, and a rush of "boomers" swept over it. Previously it had been an unpopulated tract, utilized only by cattlemen. Nevertheless, a movement has already been organized to erect it into a State, and a convention is soon to be held to ask Congress to pass an enabling act. There is little chance of Congress doing any such thing at present; but the fact is interesting and instructive, that Oklahoma should consider itself grown to the dignity of statehood in three years.

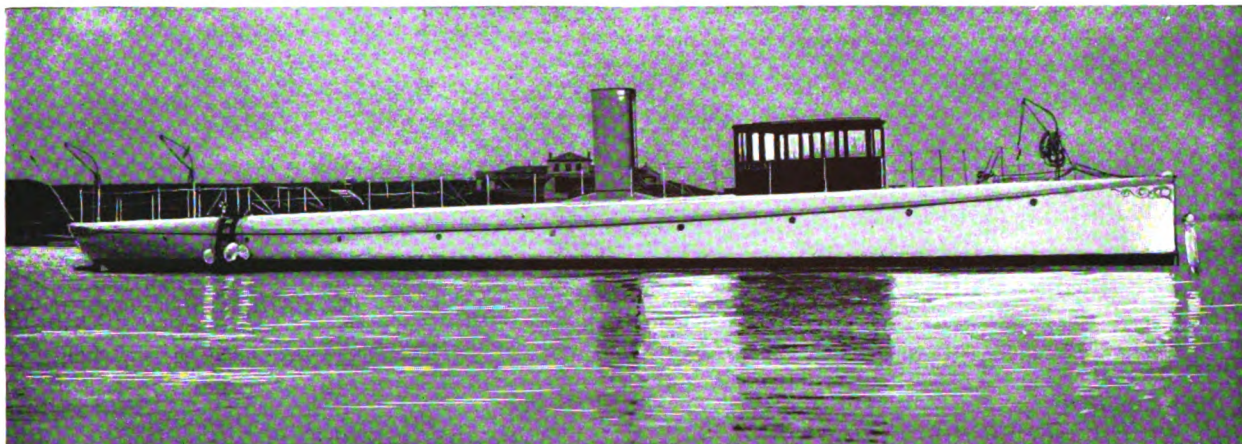
There is little room left for immigrants in the United States, in view of the rapidly increasing population and the absence of causes likely to check it. There is still plenty of land for those who want it to work on and to live on. A writer in the *North American Review* thinks that the rush to Oklahoma, and last winter's spectacle at Ashland, Wis., when men and women stood in the snow from Thursday to Saturday to have an early chance to file homestead claims, indicates that there is a keen hunger for land in this country. This is a mistaken conclusion. In both cases, the land was wanted for speculative purposes. Minnesota and the two Dakotas alone could to-day provide farms for fifty thousand families. But while there may be no land hunger yet, there is little land to spare outside of our future needs.



RUSSELL HARRISON.



OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS: XII. ROSINA VOKES. (See page 215.)



VICE-COMMODORE MORGAN'S SWIFT STEAMER "JAVELIN."

FAMOUS YACHTS OF 1891.

THE season of 1891 will be famous in American yachting annals on account of the phenomenal boats that have appeared. Most conspicuous among the sailers is Vice-Commodore E. D. Morgan's wonderful *Gloriana*, which has already been described in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. As remarkable a boat has appeared among the steamers.

Mr. Norman L. Munro, the New York publisher, became bitten some years ago with the desire to own the fastest steam-launch afloat. He had boats built so fast that it was impossible to travel in them with any semblance of comfort; but still he was not satisfied. He persevered, and is now rewarded by possessing a boat that for discomfort beats running down a mountain railroad on a hand-car. It is named *Norwood*, and is said to be without exception the fastest steam-vessel in the world.

Mr. Munro has not been alone in his ambition. Other yacht-owners have been found willing to sacrifice comfort and pleasure, luxurious fittings and ample cabin accommodation, all for speed. Beautiful lines and handsome appurtenances are not considered by them in the least. Speed is everything.

Mr. Munro's boat was built by Mr. C. D. Mosher, who designed the celebrated launch *Buzz*. Mr. Munro realized, or came pretty near realizing, his dreams when he had the Herreshoffs build the *Henrietta*. She made the performances of all other launches uninteresting, and won glory for her builders and owner. The *Henrietta* was a dandy, but she failed to satisfy the vaulting ambition of Mr. Munro. He heard of another wonderful steam-launch, or, rather, torpedo-boat over the sea, and he sent an order for another launch for himself to the Herreshoffs. The electric *Now Then* flashed across the vision of the nautical world. Still Mr. Munro wasn't happy. Some other boat was said to be even speedier.

At last Mr. Mosher came along and unfolded to Mr. Munro the plan of a boat which he claimed could steam thirty miles an hour and beat everything in creation. The re-

sult of the conversation between Mr. Mosher and Mr. Munro was that the boat was built. The first test of her speed was made in New York Bay, when she started in an impromptu race with the steam-boat *Monmouth*, running between New York and Sandy Hook. The *Monmouth* is one of the swiftest harbor vessels in the world and is credited with making twenty-two statute miles an hour under favorable conditions. The *Monmouth* simply was not in the race after the *Norwood* got fairly started. The *Norwood's* razor-like stem threw dual sheets of glistening green water from her bows higher than the top of her shiny brass smoke-stack. So swift was her progress that her trail was turbulent and snowy for a quarter of a mile. The

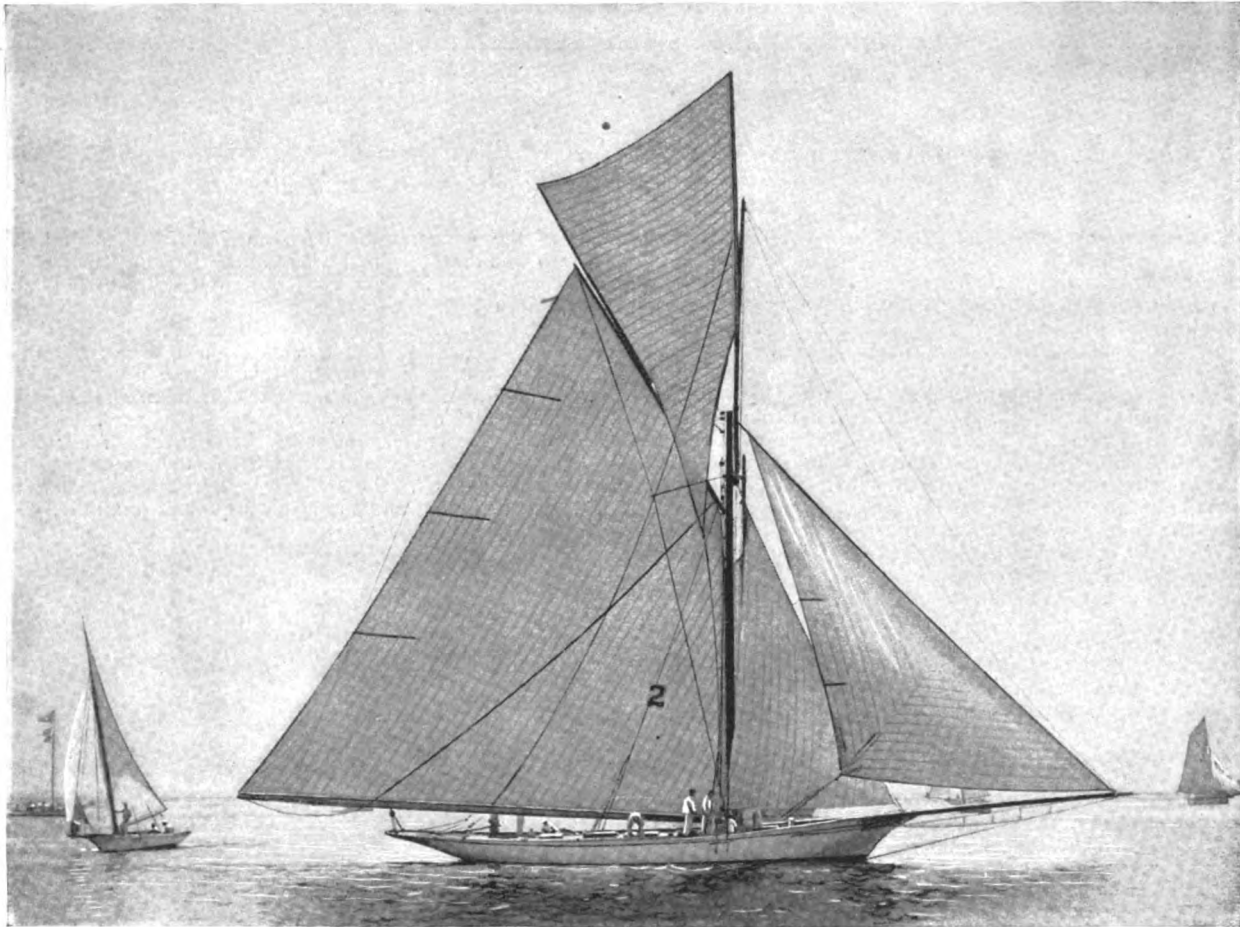


W. O'B. MACDONOUGH'S SLOOP "JESSICA."

sea was quiet, or she would have made rough weather of it in her flight to the Hook. Even as it was she was sometimes half-hidden in spray showers that played leap-frog over her resistless bows. The new ensign over her taffrail looked as if it were made of sheet tin. Sometimes ten feet of her keel forward was visible. Then she appeared to leap the waves like a playful porpoise. It was conjectured that the *Monmouth* was going at the rate of about twenty statute miles an hour, or a mile in three minutes. If this conjecture was correct, the *Norwood* was making the wonderful time of thirty miles an hour, or a mile in two minutes. This is simply unapproachable in the records, if true.

It is estimated that she made the run, supposed to be about fourteen miles, in thirty-two minutes. This is a little less than twenty-seven miles an hour, but everybody who was aboard the *Norwood* declares that she slowed up

3 inches; draught, 18 inches; displacement, 8 tons. Her lines are very fine, and the midship section below the water-line is formed so as to reduce the skin friction to a minimum for the greatest displacement. The keel does not project below the hull. The keelson is a steel I-beam $5 \times 3 \times \frac{1}{4}$ inches. The frames are made of oak, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch square, placed eight inches apart. The planking is of mahogany in two thicknesses; the outer plank is $\frac{5}{8}$ inch thick, and the inner plank $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick. A layer of light canvas bedded in elastic cement is placed between the inner and outer thicknesses of the planking, which is fastened to the frames with phosphor-bronze screws. The engine is of an upright, triple-expansion, condensing type, the cylinders being 9, $14\frac{1}{2}$, and 22 inches in diameter, with 9 inches stroke; and develops 400 indicated horse-power. The weight of the engine is 2,000 pounds. The condenser



MR. BAYARD THAYER'S "SAYONARA."

This boat was designed by Edward Burgess. Her name is a Japanese word meaning "good-by," but the pleasant augury thus presented has not been realized by her performances. Her model contains many important changes from the accepted types of a few years ago.

before reaching the Hook, and that she carried only one hundred and sixty pounds of steam, when she might have safely run the pressure twenty pounds higher and scooted along at a thirty-mile rate. Besides, she had a strong tide to buck against, and the wind was in the face of her helmsman.

Of course, Mr. Munro was delighted with the result of this race, and felt that at last his expectations of possessing the fastest boat in the world were realized. Mr. Munro claims that the *Norwood* can maintain as long as her coal lasts a speed of thirty statute miles an hour, and that she can give the *Monmouth* five miles start in a twenty-mile race.

The aim of the designer of the *Norwood* was to bring out a launch of high speed; consequently, the capacity for carrying passengers was sacrificed so as to obtain sufficient room for the machinery and boiler required for high speed. The length of the launch is 63 feet over all; breadth, 7 feet

has 512 corrugated tubes, and gives 500 square feet of cooling surface. The diameter of propeller is 35 inches, and the pitch 7 feet; it has two blades.

The boiler was specially designed for this launch by Mr. Mosher, and has several new and novel features. Every ounce of coal that goes into the furnace has pretty nearly all the caloric extracted from it. The lower part of the boiler is made up of three horizontal water-drums, one in each side and one in the centre. The middle water-drum divides the furnace into two sections. The three drums are placed just above the grates, and are united by transverse pipes at the base. The hundreds of water-tubes spring from the water-drums, curving upward and connecting with the steam-drums. The mass of tubes or pipes, coming under the steam-drums, shield them from direct contact with the fire. The action of the fire is always upon a solid surface of metal, enclosing water. No heat strikes a steam-

surface directly. All joints and fittings are out of the fire, so their durability, the inventor says, is assured. By a peculiar construction of vents the heat penetrates every part of the boiler before going out through the smoke-stack, which is over the forward end of the furnace. The products of combustion pass under the two tunnels, suggesting



MR. NORMAN L. MUNRO'S LAUNCH "NORWOOD."

From a photograph. This vessel is claimed to be the fastest steamer in the world. Mr. Munro is thinking of building a steam-yacht on the same principle, designed to cross the Atlantic in four days.

masses of pipes, connecting the water- and steam-drums, and return to the forward end of the boiler, heating the upper tubes before going into the air. The water-drums are protected from direct contact with the fire by fire-brick linings. The inventor says that the adoption of the two steam-drums not only makes the boiler symmetrical, but gives a greater height of furnace, in proportion to the total height of boiler, than could be obtained with one drum; besides, the water-capacity is increased, so a sudden lowering of the water-level in the boiler, when the supply of feed-water is interrupted, is prevented.

Mr. Munro says that he is going to build a yacht to beat all records—even those of the best torpedo-boats. She will be about 125 feet long, and will have double the power of the *Norwood*. She will be fitted with two Mosher boilers, which will supply steam to two sets of triple-expansion engines, driving two propellers 500 revolutions a minute. She will have sufficient coal-capacity to last her, going at full speed, from New York to Queenstown. Mr. Munro will not take her unless her constructor guarantees that she will make 30 knots, or about 35 miles, an hour for 200 miles on her trial trip. If she is successful, Mr. Munro says that he will have an ocean steamer built to make the trip to Queenstown in four days.

Mr. Munro's intention of building another fast yacht is no indication that he is not satisfied with the *Norwood*. In fact, so well pleased is he with the launch that he is anxious to race her against Mr. W. R. Hearst's new steam-yacht, which was built to be a world-beater.

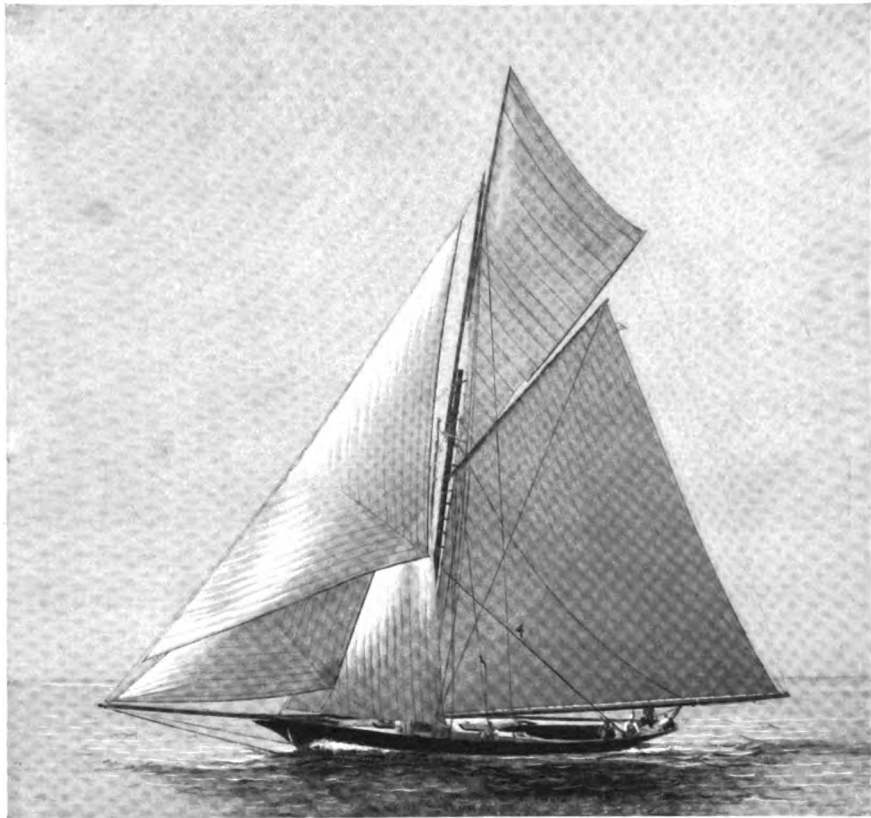
This yacht of Mr. Hearst's comes near being the fastest steam-yacht in the world. She was designed by the Herreshoffs, who were given *carte blanche*, so long as they built the fastest boat of the kind. The title of champion probably rests between her and the *Norwood*, and only a test of speed can settle the question of superiority between them. Mr. Hearst's yacht has a Thornycroft boiler, and quadruple-expansion engines. She is 112 feet 6 inches over all, and her extreme beam is 12 feet 4 inches. She draws 5 feet 4 inches of water. This is the first time quadruple-expansion engines have ever been put into a yacht. They drive the craft through the water in a style similar to that of the torpedo-boat *Cushing*. She buries at the stern and rises at the bow, making the necessary two waves. She has already attained a speed of

twenty-four miles an hour, and that without utilizing all her power. She has been named *Vamoose*.

Mr. Hearst is said to be willing to accept Mr. Munro's challenge; but he is at present experimenting with his yacht, and trying the merits of various screws. While the propeller that the Herreshoffs put in her is undoubtedly capable of developing great speed, Mr. Hearst will not be satisfied until he has tried one or two others. While he was experimenting with his launch *Aquila*, in San Francisco Bay, he discovered that he could get far more speed out of the boat with a German propeller. Since then a number of improvements have been made in high-speed propellers, and it is not at all unlikely that Mr. Hearst is desirous of trying one or two of them before he will be willing to race against the *Norwood*.

Vice-Commodore Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, not contented with his already large fleet of yachts of all kinds, classes, and descriptions, has had built under a contract calling for a speed of twenty-three miles an hour a Herreshoff steam-yacht, which he has named the *Javelin*. She can go at the required speed, and some experts believe that she could make a much higher record if pushed, so that she is entitled to be classed with the other two boats mentioned.

The *Javelin* is 97 feet 9 inches over all, 94 feet on the water-line, and has 10 feet 2 inches beam, 6 feet 7 inches depth of hold, and 4 feet 9 inches draught of water. She is provided with a Thornycroft boiler and triple-expansion engines. In appearance she resembles other Herreshoff



MR. J. ROGER MAXWELL'S "NAUTILUS."

A prominent candidate for honors among the forty-six-footers.

steam-yachts, having scarcely any sheer, and a low free-board, and nothing above the deck except what is necessary. More rake to her stack would perhaps give her more of a Herreshoff look, but even as she is she is an artistic craft. Mr. Morgan had her built to reduce the time of

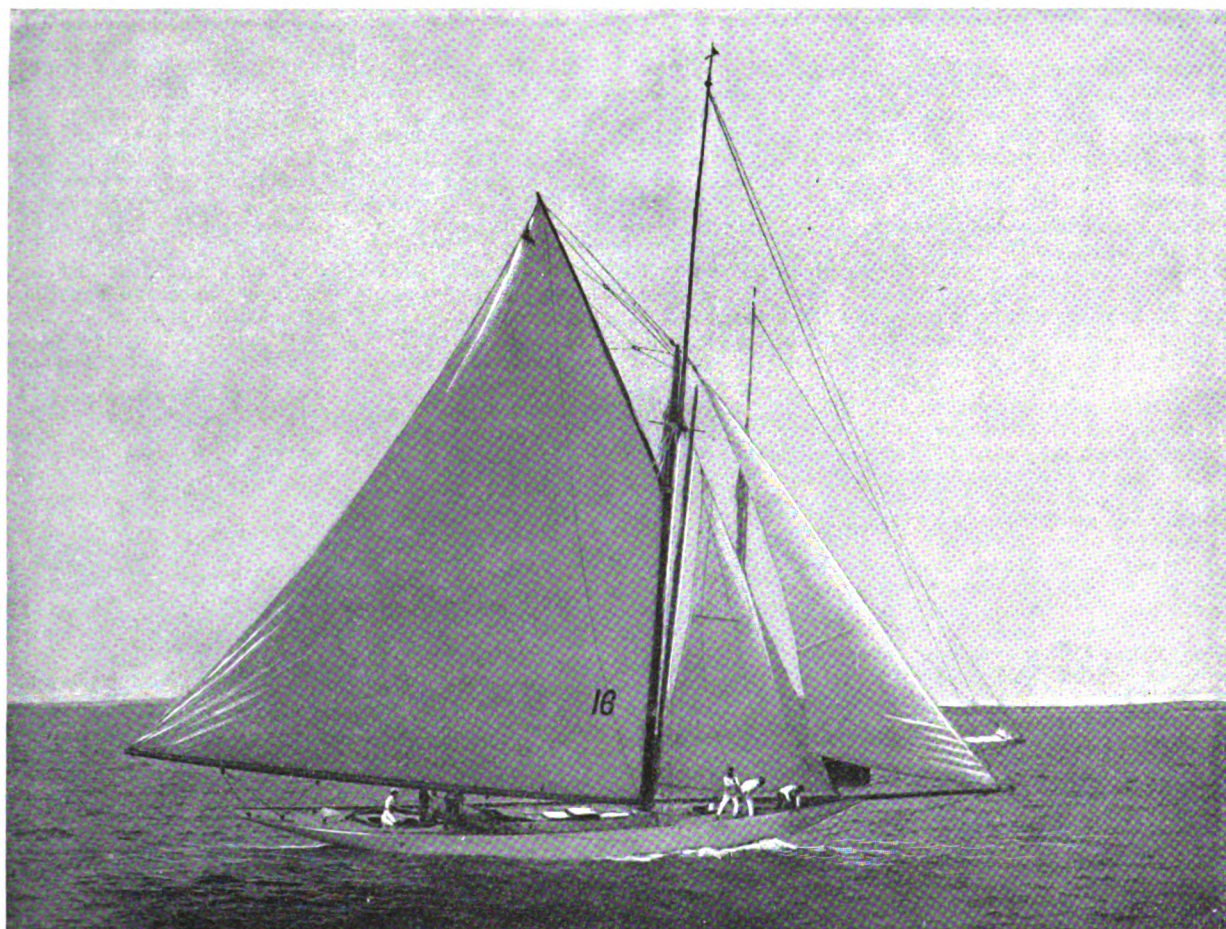
travel between his country place at Newport and New York.

Another steam-yacht that has attracted a great deal of attention is Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt's *Conqueror*. Her fame comes not so much from speed or good looks as from the fact that she has been seized by the New York customs authorities on the ground that, as she was built in England, she is liable to pay duty at the rate of forty-five per cent. of her cost, as a "manufacture wholly or in part of iron or steel not otherwise classified."

The yacht *Conqueror* was built in 1889 at Glasgow, Scotland, and is a sea-going, schooner-rigged, screw steamship, whose length is $182\frac{3}{4}$ feet; main breadth, $24\frac{3}{4}$ feet; depth, $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet; gross tonnage, $371\frac{1}{10}$ tons; and net tonnage, $219\frac{1}{10}$. She was constructed, not to convey passengers or merchandise for hire, but as a pleasure yacht only.

have American boats been designed for it with special reference to speed, and speed alone. During the past season this was the racing-class *par excellence*, and the one in which centred the greatest interest for the general public as well as for the yachtsmen.

Most celebrated in this class is the wonderful *Gloriana*, owned by Vice-Commodore Morgan. From June 16th, when she first made yachtsmen open their eyes in the regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club, she has not been beaten. In a twenty-six-mile course she beat *Jessica* eleven minutes twenty-one seconds, and *Nautilus* fourteen minutes eighteen seconds. Victories followed in the New York Yacht Club regatta, the Corinthian Yacht Club regatta, and others, and she wound up by carrying off the Golet Cup and the Newport Sweepstakes. The creation of Nat Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., she has some phenomenal charac-



VICE-COMMODORE MORGAN'S SLOOP "GLORIANA."

The most successful sailing yacht of the year, and yet to meet with her first defeat. Her superiority to all other boats in her class has been so manifest that yachtsmen have been discussing the nature of the new principle in designing that has given her the advantages she has been shown to possess.

Samuel Bailey, of Kingston-upon-Hull, England, the registered owner of the *Conqueror*, about May 7, 1891, sold and delivered the yacht to Mr. Vanderbilt. After the purchase, Mr. Vanderbilt says, he cruised with her in the waters of Great Britain and Norway until June, 1891. She arrived in the port of New York, July 6th last.

Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht is said to have cost £15,550, or \$77,750. The duty to be assessed upon her as an article of merchandise would be \$34,987.50.

Although there has been no international race for the *America's Cup*, the season has been a notable one among the sailing craft as well as among the steamers. This is owing to the advent of an entirely new racing-class—the yachts of forty-six feet water-line, or, as they are more commonly known, the "forty-six-footers." The class itself is not a new one, yachts included in it having been favorites for several years as cruisers; but not until this season

characteristics in her design as well as in her achievements. Chief of these is her enormous overhang, eleven feet forward, and thirteen feet nine inches aft, giving her a length over all of seventy feet on a water-line of only forty-five feet three inches. This overhang, in the opinion of some experts, was given to gain water-line length when keeled over to a breeze, and the lines are so drawn that this object cannot fail to be obtained. The bow is full, almost blunt-looking when compared with some of the other boats, but the lines which govern the flow of water under, rather than around, the boat are very fine. Mr. Herreshoff explained one of his ideas in designing her by saying that he believed it would be easier for a boat to travel over the water than through it. Whether or not the designers of the *Gloriana* were right in giving her so much overhang has been the subject of much discussion among yachtsmen all the season. Whatever theories they may propound, however, it must

be confessed that, judging the overhang by the test of success, it is the proper thing for a yacht to have.

The yachts of this forty-six-foot class, which has caused such enthusiasm and surprise among yachtsmen, are as follows:

Name.	Extreme Beam.	Beam at Load Water Line.	Extreme Draught.	Owner.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	
Mineola	13	6	5	Mr. August Belmont, N. Y.
Sayonara	13	6	5	Mr. Bayard Thayer, Boston.
Beatrix	16	15	7	Mr. John Bryant and Chas. A. Prince.
Oweene	13	5	6	Mr. A. B. Turner, Boston.
Ilderim	13	2	7	Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, N. Y.
Alborak	14	2	2	Mr. John B. Paine, Boston.
Barbara	12	11	8	Mr. V. H. W. Foster, Boston.
Gloriana	13	2	2	Mr. E. D. Morgan.
Nautilus	13	5	2	Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, N. Y.

The *Mineola*, *Oweene*, *Ilderim*, *Sayonara*, and *Beatrix* were designed by the late Edward Burgess; the *Alborak*, by Mr. John B. Paine, son of General Paine, of *America's* Cup fame; and the *Barbara*, by Fife, the Scotch designer, and has, consequently, been considered a foreigner. The *Nautilus* was built by the Wintringhams, in Brooklyn.

Of this fleet, the *Beatrix* is the only centre-boarder. The other vessels are keel-boats, of an extreme type as far as draught is concerned—a feature which is remarkable in its way, when it is considered that only recently American yachtsmen succeeded in convincing their British cousins that centre-boards were a good thing.

"Alborak" and "Ilderim" are Arabic words, and signify speed; "Sayonara" is the Japanese for "good-by." This last was probably intended to convey the idea that, in all races in which the *Sayonara* entered, she would show her competitors her heels, and bid them thus "good-by." The expectation of her builders was disappointed in this respect, however, as is also the case with the other two yachts. In christening, their owners neglected to take into consideration the *Gloriana*.

The first of the forty-sixes to be fitted out was Mr. Belmont's *Mineola*. She is a white, rakish-looking cutter with a handsome sheer, sitting low in the water, and showing an amount of sail that looks out of all proportion to her carrying capacity.

The next to appear was the *Sayonara*. Her lines are wonderfully clean and fine, the midship section easy, and the sides above water almost straight. Five years ago, however, her model would not have been received with so much favor except by the extreme cutter advocates, but

time and experience have shown the value of moderate beam, deep draught, and lead hung low when combined with an easy form and fine lines. She has an easier bilge, and less "tumble home," than any of the other boats. She is a trifle wider than the *Barbara*, and though drawing more than a foot less water, still carries the bulk of her lead almost as low by reason of her wider keel, and its more gradual wind up from the sternpost to the forefoot.

As before stated, the *Beatrix* is the only one built with a centre-board. The others are keel-boats, of an extreme type so far as draught is concerned. The late Mr. Burgess built the *Beatrix* rather as an experiment than anything; but she was soon discovered to be a far speedier boat than any of the other Eastern forty-six-footers. Unfortunately, her owners were not members—although their names were up for election—of the New York Yacht Club when its fleet went on the annual cruise. Consequently, she was unable

to try conclusions with the wonderful *Gloriana*. On August 17th she met her rival for the first time, off Newport, in the race for the third annual sweepstakes, under the auspices of the Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, of which Mr. August Belmont is fleet-captain. Seven of the forty-six-footers started—*Gloriana*, *Beatrix*, *Oweene*, *Barbara*, *Sayonara*, *Mineola*, and *Jessica*. In a light, though fairly true breeze, and in a smooth sea, *Gloriana* beat *Beatrix*, which came in third, behind *Oweene*. It was a great victory for *Gloriana*, as, with three miles more to go before the second leg of the course was finished, she split her balloon jib-top-sail across the foot, and had to have a smaller one set.



MR. AUGUST BELMONT'S "MINEOLA."

The first of the forty-sixes to be fitted out. She is a white, rakish-looking cutter, with a handsome sheer, sitting low in the water, and carrying an enormous spread of sail.

Corrected time, *Gloriana* beat *Beatrix* four minutes and thirty-five seconds.

This was her eighth victory, and Vice-Commodore Morgan thought she had a right now to retire on her laurels. This has not pleased the Boston people, who, having got an enormous new club-topsail, thought they could beat *Gloriana*; but Mr. Morgan refuses to be tempted. It has been stated that a large bet had been made that *Gloriana* would not be defeated this season, and that that was the reason of the owner for refusing to race her any more.

It must be confessed that the *Nautilus* has not proved a very great success. She is evidently not so fast as the Eastern boats, although she is a shapely yacht, and her lines denote both speed and power.

One interesting development of the season's races was the fact that, leaving out the *Gloriana*, the forty-six-footers have nearly the same relative speed.



SOME INDIAN RELICS.

WHEN Henry Hudson went sailing up the river that bears his name, in search of a passage to India, he encountered some natives at the northern end of Manhattan Island, with whom he did some trading, and afterward some fighting; but he neglected to ask them about their history. The Dutch settlers who followed him imitated his example, more or less faithfully, in all three particulars. So did the English. The historical societies that have arisen since have devoted themselves largely to straightening out pedigrees and locating landmarks mentioned in tradition, and

he has collected ample proof that a populous city once flourished in that section of what is now New York; and upon a foundation of shell-heaps, skeletons of ancient inhabitants, fragments of pottery, stone implements, and vestiges of dwelling-places he builds speculations as fascinating in kind, if not in magnitude, as those constructed by Layard in Egypt, Schliemann in the Troad, and Stephens in Yucatan. It is true that the evidences of former occupation discovered by him appeal more to the instructed imagination than to the uneducated eye; but even now New York is not famed for the solidity of its buildings, and in Mr. Chenoweth's ancient New York matters were much worse, houses less enduring. Time and man have swept away everything that has not been covered by the new earth which years have accumulated over the original surface.

The first Dutch historians estimated the number of Indians on the island at only a few hundred; and it has



SITE OF PREHISTORIC NEW YORK.

View from Fort George, looking toward the west of the plain, where relics of the Indians have been found in large quantities. These relics consist chiefly of hearths, heaps of bones and shells, pottery, and stone implements. They are discovered with such frequency as to suggest a large population.

the Indians and their history have continued to be overlooked, as a rule. Nevertheless, it is possible that the study of the Indian history of Manhattan Island might have met with its due reward. Youth, and poverty in ruins, are two reproaches made by Europe against Americans. New York would occupy a prouder position in the eyes of Europe if it could show that, instead of being founded by the Dutch some two hundred and seventy years ago, and subsequently captured by the English, it was really founded by the Indians some centuries before the Dutch arrived and took possession of the island. More than one Spaniard, and more than one Englishman, has claimed noble honors by reason of royal Indian blood flowing in his veins. Why should not a city make a similar claim?

Now, that is precisely the conclusion which Mr. Alexander Crawford Chenoweth claims is pointed to by Indian remains discovered by him, within the past year, upon the upper portion of Manhattan Island. He believes that

been asserted that Manhattan Island was not a place of permanent abode of the Indians, but was occupied by them only at certain seasons. These Indians were known under the generic name of Manhattans, and are supposed to have been Wappingers, one of the tribes of the Mohican nation. Mr. Chenoweth thinks, however, that there is evidence to show that two sets of people occupied the island, one having founded the prehistoric city, and having been subsequently swept away. Thus would be added to New York's antiquity the romantic element of history. But this is a matter which will never be definitely known. At most, the question whether there were two races or one may be settled by a careful study of the remains. Nothing can be ascertained as to the expulsion or destruction of the earlier race, should there have been two, for the Indians kept no records, and their traditions as to what happened only a few years before the arrival of the Dutch are utterly untrustworthy.

Such being Mr. Chenoweth's theory as to a prehistoric New York, a brief account of the evidences of former occupation, and of the deductions drawn from them, will be of interest. As has been said, the site of the city is the upper end of the island, one of the most beautiful portions of the city, and of historical interest from many Revolutionary memories. It is marked by beautiful valleys, shady ravines, broad plains, and commanding hills. From One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street northward, between the Hudson River and the Harlem, traces of the Indian settlement are found in abundance, and, doubtless, similar evidences would be as plentiful farther south, had they not been ignorantly destroyed in the process of extending the city. Considering the number of learned societies in the city, it is surprising how little interest has been taken in these relics. Laborers and contractors have come across much material of this description, in grading streets and excavating cellars, and have thrown it away with other rubbish, not suspecting its possible value to the antiquary. "I have thrown cart-loads of stuff like that away," one contractor is reported to have remarked, upon seeing some fragments of Indian pottery pieced together in a gentleman's collection. The shell heaps, indeed, have attracted attention, for early settlers discovered that they were useful in making lime, independent of historical value.

At the corner of Dyckman Street and Sherman Avenue a large tree is growing, the roots of which forced to the surface some pieces of red pottery of a construction and decoration suggesting an Indian origin. These started Mr. Chenoweth on a search of the ground about the tree. Other fragments being found and joined together, the

larly laid, with a flat surface on top. That they were used for cooking purposes is indicated by the fact that the surface is blackened by fire, and that bits of bone and particles of charcoal are found with them.

It is such hearths that furnish the best evidence of the populousness of the ancient city. In the area between Inwood Avenue on the south, to Kingsbridge on the north



ONE OF NEW YORK'S ANCIENT INHABITANTS.

This skeleton is that of a man more than six feet in height, and has been pronounced by Professor Putnam, of Harvard, to be the most perfect type of Algonquin he has seen on the Atlantic coast.

between the Hudson and the Harlem, great numbers of them have been located. Should each one indicate the former situation of a single dwelling, those already discovered would mean the existence of a considerable population. A historian of the Hudson River Indians wrote, referring to the Manhattans:

Their houses were, for the most part, built after one plan, differing only in lengths. They were formed by long, slender hickory saplings set in the ground, in a straight line of two rows, as far asunder as they intended the width to be, and the rows continuing as far as they intended the length to be. The poles were then bent toward each other in the form of an arch and secured together, giving the appearance of a garden arbor. Split poles were then lathed up the sides and roof, and over this was bark, lapped on the ends and edges, which was kept in its place by withes to the lathings. A hole was left in the roof for smoke to escape, and a single door of entrance was provided. Rarely exceeding twenty feet in width, these houses were sometimes a hundred and eighty yards long. "In those places," says Van der Donck, "they crowd a surprising number of persons, and it is surprising to see them out in open day." From sixteen to eighteen families occupied one house, according to its size.

These thatched houses were not their only dwellings, however, but were rather such as they constructed on level ground. On the sides of hills they apparently constructed dug-outs such as are used in some portions of the West; at least, that is one explanation that may be given of certain depressed spaces to be found in the portion of the island referred to. Caves in the rocks were utilized in the same way, if one may

judge from the fragments of pottery, etc., found in such places.

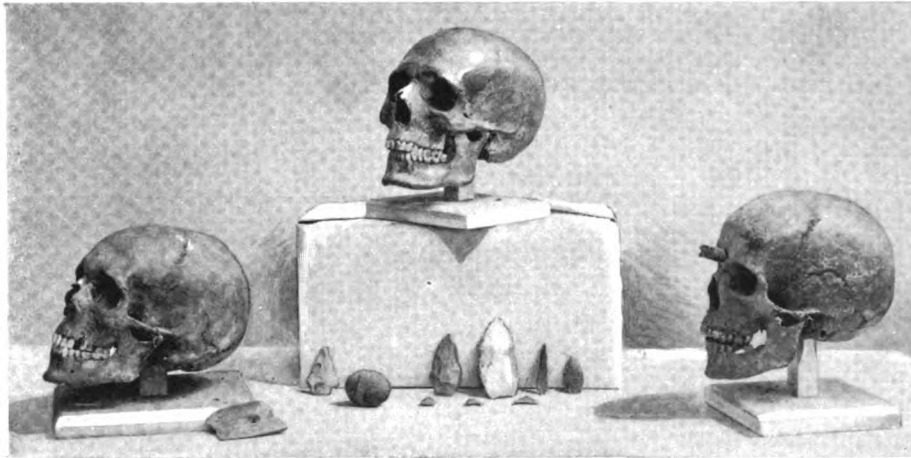
Near by many of the hearths are found remnants of refuse heaps, which afford additional evidence that the hearths mark the site of former dwellings. In such heaps have been found broken pottery, flint flakes, bones of animals and birds known to exist in the neighborhood before the white settlement, shells of clams, oysters, escallops, and



WHERE THE DISCOVERIES BEGAN.

In the mound under and around this tree, at the corner of Sherman Avenue and Dyckman Street, New York, eighteen skeletons were found, besides flint flakes and stone implements of various kinds.

whole made a vase about four feet in circumference, with a conical base, and decorated with what is known as the "herring-bone" pattern. Encouraged by this success, excavations were made, the result being the discovery of human remains, numerous decorated earthenware fragments, flint flakes, stone implements, and other articles. There were also unearthed two so-called hearths. These may be square, round, or oval, and are constructed of stones regu-



RELICS OF PREHISTORIC NEW YORKERS.

The skull on the left-hand side of the illustration is that of a woman; the other two are of men. That on the right-hand side has a fragment of a stone arrow-head sticking in the frontal bone, showing the manner of his death. The other relics are flint knives and arrow-heads. The rounded stone was probably used as a sinker for a fishing-net.

bones of fish. Bones of the wolf, bear, and deer are numerous, and many antlers are strewn about.

In addition to the hearths near the sites of dwellings, others have been discovered on tops of hills, which were apparently intended for special ceremonies, or, perhaps, funeral rites. The decoration upon the fragments of vases found near such hearths is, as a rule, more carefully executed than that on other jars. There is nothing about these fireplaces that would suggest a place of residence near by.

The historian already quoted says of the burial customs of the Manhattans:

When death occurred the next of kin closed the eyes of the deceased. The men made no noise over the dead, but the women made frantic demonstrations of grief, striking their breasts, tearing their faces, and calling the name of the deceased day and night. Their loudest lamentations were on the death of their sons and husbands. On such occasions they cut off their hair and burned it on the grave in the presence of all their relatives, painted their faces pitch black, and in a deer-skin jerkin mourned the dead a full year. In burying their dead the body was placed in a sitting posture, and beside it were placed a pot, kettle, platter, spoon, and money and provisions, for use in the other world. Wood was then placed around the body, and the whole covered with earth and stones, outside of which palisades were erected, fastened in such a manner that the tomb resembled a little house. To these tombs great respect was paid, and to violate them was deemed an unpardonable provocation.

Mr. Chenoweth unearthed eighteen skeletons side by side near the tree where he began his researches. All faced the east, but while some were in a half-sitting position, as described in the extract just given, others were stretched at full length. The skull of one told of a tragedy or a battle, a stone arrow-point sticking fast in the frontal bone.

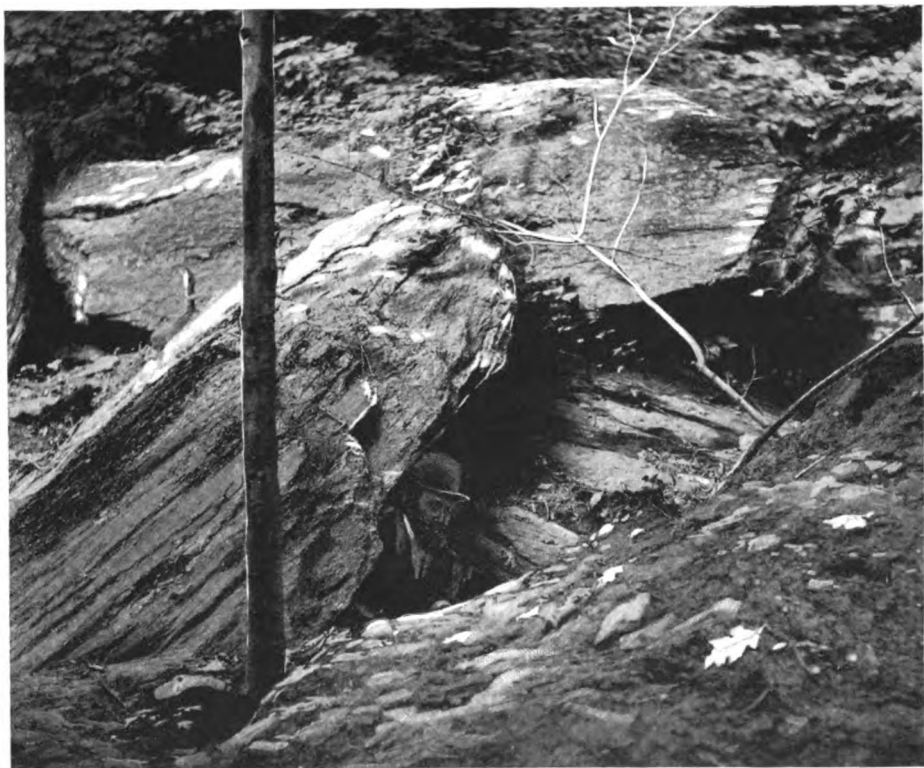
Prof. F. W. Putnam, instructor of archæology and ethnology at Harvard, who has

taken much interest in Mr. Chenoweth's researches, examined the skeletons, and pronounced several of them to be of the most perfect Algonquin type. They were all of unusual size, some being more than six feet in length. The foreheads were low and receding, with protruding brows and square jaws. With one exception, all the skulls were of the same type; the exception was of the type of the skull of the Mound-builders. What this solitary specimen of a mysterious race—supposing him to have been really a Mound-builder—should have been doing so far east is a matter of conjecture; he may have been a visitor or a prisoner.

The most interesting story is told, perhaps, by the pottery. It is on these fragments that Mr. Chenoweth relies chiefly

to prove his theory of two races. In brief, his argument is this: Part of the pottery is decorated with what is known as the herring-bone pattern, and part is not; the vessels also differ in form; and he argues that the difference in the style of decoration and in the form indicates two different races. Other evidence to the same effect is furnished by the discovery of relics believed to be those of the Manhattan Indians on top of a layer of earth containing implements and utensils different from those of the Manhattans.

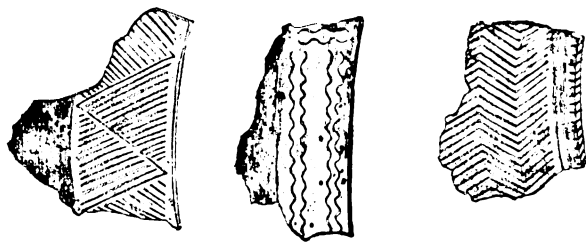
Mr. Chenoweth says, referring to the intelligence and industrial skill of the older people: "They could fashion earthen jars with tasteful decorations, manufacture cloth, and twist fibres into cords. They had several methods of moulding their pottery. One was to make a mould of basket-work and press the clay inside. In baking, the basket-work was



AN ANCIENT NEW YORK MANSION.

While most of the ancient inhabitants lived in thatched houses, some of them evidently made their homes in caves. This is indicated by the relics unearthed by digging.

burned off, leaving its imprint to be plainly seen on the outside of the jar. Other forms show that a coarse cloth or a net was used for the same purpose. Another method of moulding, sometimes employed, was to twist clay in long rolls and lay it spirally to form a vessel or jar, the folds being pressed together. This kind of vessel breaks easily along the spiral folds, as the method does not insure a good union between layers. The vessels range in size from a few inches in circumference to four feet, the depth being in proportion to the diameter. The study of the decoration and method employed reveal the implements used for that purpose. The imprint of a finger-nail is clearly defined on some of the rudest as a decoration. Others show the imprint of a coarse netting or cloth, while the edge of an scallop shell or clam shell was often used. Pointed sticks,



Drawn with a stick. Scallop shell pattern. Herring-bone pattern.

PATTERNS OF DECORATIONS OF INDIAN POTTERY.

wedge-shaped sticks, and straws were also common implements for decorating with. These people twisted fibres into cords and threads from which they made cloth."

The knowledge of polishing stone and boring holes was known to them, as several good specimens of the gorget have been found polished and bored with the holes neatly done.

The custom of dressing skins, using smooth wedge-shaped stones to rub and work the pelts into a pliable shape, was shown by the numerous forms of rubbing stones found.

Many oval or round stones, with notches cut on two sides, showing evidence of having been used as weights, probably sinkers for nets, have been discovered. The stone implements found consist chiefly of pestles, hatchets, arrow-points, and stone knives; one of the last being noticeable as having been fitted with a bone handle. Some of the stone implements were used for a form of club, while others were used in pounding roots and grinding corn.

Such are the remains and the relics of the men who founded what may be called the prehistoric New York. Much material that might afford further information concerning them has been destroyed; but enough may remain, if intelligent search is made, to give a better idea of them, and especially to settle the question of one race or two.

ROSE COGHLAN.

IF that good-looking and erratic Englishman, Charles Coghlan, had not fallen in love with a young actress and deserted wig and gown for sock and buskin, his sister Rose would not be gracing the American stage as one of its leading ladies. The chances are, she would have been to-day a cloistered nun; for her mother, a deeply religious woman, was always anxious to induce her daughter to take the veil. But the fates decreed otherwise. Her father, who was a well-known *littérateur*, died when Rose was fifteen years old, and, like so many of his craft, left his family poorly provided with this world's goods. Charles advised his sister to adopt the stage as a profession, she having already shown some talent in private theatricals. And so it came to pass that, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, she made her *début* at Greenock, Scotland, as one of the witches in "Macbeth." For her labors around the cauldron she received the princely salary of five dollars a week. She received even less when she was soon afterward engaged to play small soubrette parts at the Theatre Royal, Cheltenham, England. But the man-

ager and the leading lady having had a "tiff," the latter was discharged, and Miss Coghlan stepped into her shoes.

From Cheltenham she drifted to London, and if she did not succeed in setting the Thames on fire, she eventually made a hit at the old Court Theatre, as Tilly Price, in a dramatization of "Nicholas Nickleby." Then she came to this country with Lydia Thompson's troupe, playing the part of Jupiter in "Ixion." The late E. A. Sothorn, who was then playing at Wallack's, persuaded her to part company with the fair Lydia and to support him. Her rollicking humor in "The Happy Pair" and similar light trifles so pleased Mr. Wallack that he engaged her for his ensuing season of 1871-72. Miss Coghlan returned to her native heath, where she played first with Charles Matthews, and then in a series of Shakespearian revivals at Manchester. Her success as Viola in "Twelfth Night" induced her to forego the Wallack engagement. She afterward supported Barry Sullivan in a tour through Great Britain and Ireland, and then returned to London, where she received a cable from Mr. Wallack offering her the position of leading lady at his theatre. In 1880 Miss Coghlan again appeared at Wallack's, where she became immensely popular in such parts as Lady Teazle, Countess Lieka, Lady Clare, and Rosalind.

In April, 1885, Miss Coghlan was married to Mr. C. J. Edgerly, a lawyer of New York, and two days after the wedding she appeared at Wallack's in "Our Joan," in which she had intended to star after the close of the season; but, as it did not prove a success, she abandoned the idea, and, under the management of her husband, appeared in "Princess Olga" and the "Idol of the Hour." At the commencement of the season of 1887-88 she joined the Abbey-Wallack Company, but left it because she refused to play the part she was cast for in "L'Abbé Constantin." She was recalled, however, for a revival of old comedies, which signalized the close of the Wallack Theatre as the home of a stock company.

Since then Miss Coghlan has starred first in her brother's play, "Jocelyn," and later in a piece by the same author, called "Lady Barter."

Unfortunately, Miss Coghlan did not find in matrimony as great a success as she had on the stage. Rumors began to be spread abroad that the Edgerlys were not the "Happy Pair" they once had been, and the end of it was that Mr. Edgerly procured a divorce from his wife a year ago in South Dakota.

Her portrait, sketched by Arthur Jule Goodman, and printed in colors, forms the supplement to this number of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

TITLED AMERICANS.

III. PRINCESS BRANCACCIO.

PRINCESS BRANCACCIO, whose portrait we present to our readers in our frontispiece, is an American by birth, but is little known in society in the United States, having spent most of her life in Europe. In Roman society she occupies a very prominent position, being one of the ladies in waiting to Queen Margherita of Italy, while her husband, who is attached to the court of the king, is the representative of one of the oldest Italian families.

Princess Brancaccio is a daughter of the late Thomas Hickson Field, who at one time owned a great deal of property in the upper part of New York. His daughter, who is tall, fair, and stately, was very much admired for her beauty when she made her first appearance in Italian society some twenty-three years ago, and soon afterward was married to Prince Brancaccio, whose title of prince dates from 1315, while that of Duke of Leustres was conferred on the family in the sixteenth century. The prince is also a Spanish grandee.

The prince and princess have three children. Their eldest, a son, has just come of age. The second, a daughter, is in her seventeenth, while the baby of the family is a boy of fourteen.

The prince and princess live in Rome during the winter season with Mrs. Field, and spend their summer at a beautiful marine villa at Porto d'Anzio, which is about forty miles from the Eternal City.



J. SLOAT FASSETT, THE NEW COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK. (See page 214.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.)



I. THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNINGS.

SIR WILLIAM GORDON CUMMING'S slander suit called up many memories. Not the least of these is the tale of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, one of whom—Betty—was Sir William's great-grandmother.

It is in the early days of 1751. Two wild Irish girls, Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, have burst upon London society, and carried the town by storm.

George II., who does not care for "boetry," rules the United Kingdom and her American colonies. His beautiful wife, Caroline of Anspach, is dead. The Countess of Yarmouth, imported from Hanover, presides over the royal heart, and adds to her pin-money by selling bishoprics and commissions in the army. Ladies of the court are given to this sort of business. Mistress Clayton, one of the bedchamber women, negotiates the appointment of Lord Pomfret as master of the horse for a pair of diamond rings worth one thousand four hundred pounds. "Old Sarah," the great Duke of Marlborough's widow, who never was above saying spiteful things, and has not improved with age, turns round to witty Lady Mary Wortley Montagu one evening and says:

"How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?"

"Madam," replies Lady Mary, "how can people know where wine is to be sold unless when they see the sign?"

And Sarah chuckles and turns away to a gentleman near by—it is George Selwyn, we imagine—and asks him to fetch her a "dish of tay."

The court has been made more corrupt than ever by the introduction of a pack of hungry Hanoverians. Horace Walpole,

the especial chronicler of his time, who must be an intolerable nuisance to his contemporaries, though his piquant impertinences are delightful to us, is taking notes, and adding to his treasures at Strawberry Hill. Although immorality is not quite so shameless in high places as it was in the days of Charles II., the court is far from strait-laced. The late queen had winked at her husband's infidelities. Mrs. Howard, a favorite of his majesty, was one of her ladies of the bedchamber. George got tired of Mrs. Howard, and appealed to his wife to send her away, as she was old and deaf. But Caroline preferred an ancient to a young rival, and when the impecunious Howard threatened to carry off his spouse from St. James's Palace, his virtuous indignation was soothed down with a nice round sum from the royal purse. And yet Caroline was as good a woman and as devoted a wife as those times could provide. Curious times they must have been.

With such examples at court it is not likely that society will be prim and proper. The "smart" set of London is very exclusive, however, and an English lord is a very big man. Title means something in these days. When it pleases the queen to wash her hands, a page of the backstairs brings the basin into the room and sets it down upon a side-table. A lady of the bedchamber then takes it up and on bended knees holds it while her majesty cleans her royal fingers. One of the curiosities of the day is the

Duchess of Buckingham. She is the child of James II. and Catherine Sedley, daughter of the wit. Beggarly beyond conception in her private affairs, she is as pompous in public as if she had the blood of all the royalties of Europe in her veins. She appears at the opera in a sort of royal robe of scarlet and ermine. When her only son dies of consumption, she sends messages to notify her circle that if they wish to see him lying in state she will have them admitted by the backstairs, the front ones being reserved for personages of the blood royal. On her death-bed she cannot forget the respect due to her position as the natural daughter of a king. She implores the ladies around her that if she becomes insensible they will not take the liberty of sitting down in the presence of her body until they are perfectly certain that she is dead. One noble duke, he of Hamilton, will not take wine at his table with anybody who ranks under an earl, and yet he finds people of a lower rank willing to dine with him. When he becomes



MARIA GUNNING, WHO BECAME LADY COVENTRY.

About a year after her arrival in London Maria was married to the Earl of Coventry, one of the greatest matches in England; a heavy young man who was passionately fond of music, but otherwise seems to have been very bourgeois in his tastes, and with no better manners than his wife.

the husband of Elizabeth Gunning, "Their Graces" march in to dinner first, allowing the guests to find their way to the table as best they can, and, *horribile dictu*, they eat off the same plate. Lord March, that wicked "old Q" of later years, George Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, Wilkes, and Sir Francis Dashwood are in their prime. My Lord Chesterfield is just finishing his great house in Mayfair, where later he will keep Mr. Samuel Johnson waiting in an anteroom while he holds audience with place-seekers and French fiddlers.

Charming Mary Bellenden, her late majesty's maid of honor, is living a quiet country life, having refused a duke's



HORACE WALPOLE.

Who wrote of the Miss Gunnings.

coronet and married the man of her heart. How people spend their time in the country she tells us:

We meet in the workroom before nine. eat and break a joke or two till twelve, then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing. At noon the great bell fetches us into a parlor.

And then they dine, after which comes dancing, and then supper.

But in Mayfair, where the great London folk have their town houses—Belgravia is a marsh, and there is a turnpike-gate at Hyde Park Corner—three o'clock is the fashionable dining hour, and supper is at nine. Many of the bankers and merchants still live in the "City," over their business offices. Their wives and daughters do not dream of receiving an invitation to one of the swell houses, but they go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens, or walk in Hyde Park, where they can brush against the quality. Actresses, who feel no dishonor in being under the protection of noblemen, have a far better chance of becoming acquainted with great ladies than the wives and daughters of the City.

Bath, Harrogate, Epsom, and Tunbridge Wells are the fashionable watering-places, and every country town has its assembly-room, ruled by some local beau. The young bloods make the *grand tour* of the Continent, but their ladyships prefer to stay at home. The country squire and his sons are generally boors who hunt all day and drink all night. Nor is intoxication considered a disgrace in London society, while everybody, women as well as men, gambles for high stakes! And how the women paint themselves! None is in the fashion whose face is not plastered with white and red.

It is a dandified, ceremonious age, full of wicked, conceited, mocking, witty, fine ladies and fine gentlemen. And it is into this society that the Gunnings plunge with such *éclat*. Irishmen and Irishwomen have already gained a reputation for fortune-hunting, and the wits are making fun of them. The widowed Duchess of Manchester, the greatest prize in the English matrimonial market, has just been carried off by a tall, handsome Hibernian, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams writes of Irish folk:

Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding.

In spite of this English jealousy the Irish hold their own, and for ten years after the first appearance of the Gunnings in London the gossiping writers of the day are incessantly chronicling their manners—often their want of them—and

the admiration they excite, not only in fashionable circles but also among the populace.

So great is the excitement they create that they are unable to walk in Hyde Park on account of the crowd that surrounds them, and are obliged to obtain the protection of a file of the Guards. When they travel through the country crowds line the roads to gaze at them, and people will remain up all night around the inn at which they are staying on the chance of getting a peep at them in the morning. The whole British nation has lost its senses much as it does, more than a hundred years later, when Mrs. Langtry startles London with her beauty.

The fame of their fair faces does not appear to have been restricted to England, but to have spread over to this country. Mrs. Delany tells us of an American lady who crosses the Atlantic on purpose to see Lady Coventry, the elder of the two Gunnings. She writes:

Miss Allen was at the masquerade at Somerset House, and had a great desire to see Lady Coventry; by this time most people were unmasked, and Miss Allen went up to Lady Coventry (resolved to make a little sport with her), and after looking at her very earnestly said: "I have, indeed, heard a great deal of this lady's beauty, but it far surpasses all I have heard. I don't know whether I may be called an Englishwoman, but I am just come from New York upon the fame of this lady, whose beauty is talked of far and near, and I think I came for a very good purpose."

Born and reared in obscurity, the Gunnings reached in a moment the pinnacle of rank and fashion, and gained lofty positions which they owed to their beauty entirely, for Maria was silly, and often even vulgar, and although we are told that "Betty Gunning has a fine spirit," neither was possessed of culture or education.

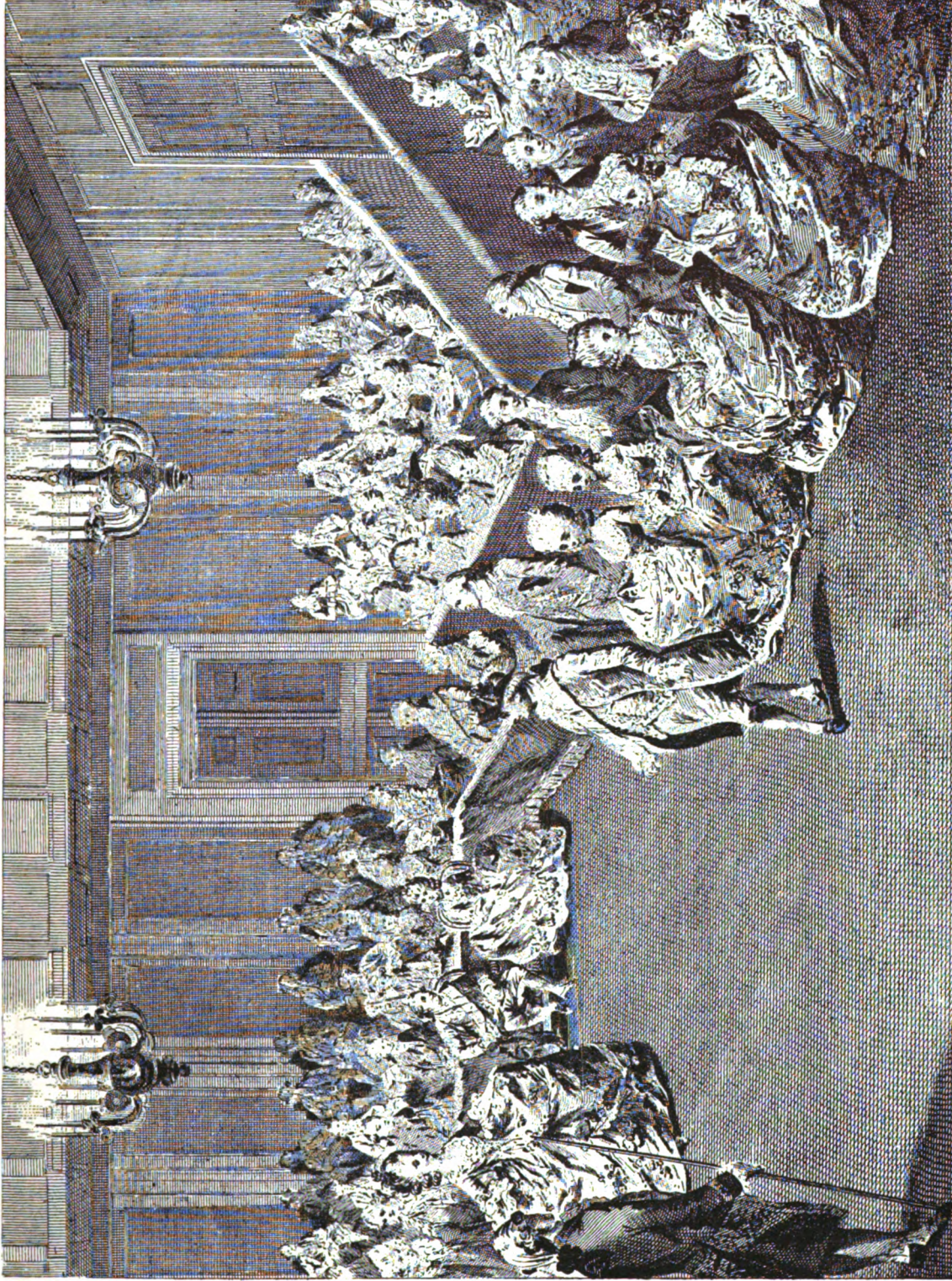
Their father, John Gunning, was the owner of an estate in the wilds of Connaught, which, like most Irish properties then and now, was heavily encumbered. He married a daughter of Lord Mayo, and had a son and four daughters. The son fought at Bunker's Hill, became a major-general in the British Army, and died Sir John Gunning.

It was in 1748 that Mrs. Gunning decided that her daughters should no longer waste their sweetness on the desert air, and, accordingly, the family removed to Dublin, where Lord Chesterfield was holding a splendid court. Maria was then sixteen, and Elizabeth a year younger. The Gunnings were in a hopeless state of impecuniosity, and had not even money enough to buy frocks in which to attend the Castle drawing-room. In their difficulty they are said to have appealed to Sheridan, and he at once placed his whole theatrical wardrobe at their disposal—a piece of generosity which the young women afterward repaid with neglect and ingratitude. Nor did George Anne Bellamy, that strange, irregular actress, who was then playing in Dublin, fare better at their hands, although she came to their rescue in their hour of need. In her "Apology" Mrs. Bellamy tells us:

As I was returning one day from rehearsal, at the bottom of Britain Street I heard the voice of distress. Yielding to an impulse of humanity, I overleaped the bounds of good breeding, and entered the house from whence it proceeded. When I had done this, led by an irresistible attraction, I entered without ceremony the parlor, the door of which appeared to be guarded by persons not at all suited to those within. I here found a woman of most elegant figure, surrounded by four beautiful girls, and a sweet boy of about three years of age. After making the necessary apologies for my abrupt intrusion, I informed the lady that, as the lamentations of her little family had reached my ears as I passed by, I had taken the liberty of a neighbor to inquire if I could render her any service.

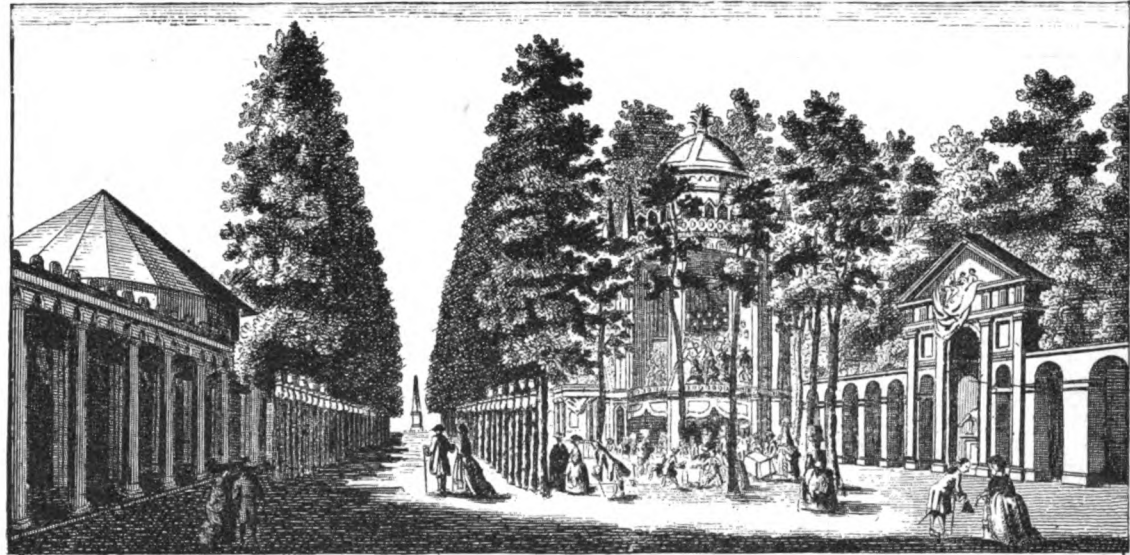
The lady with the "most elegant figure" was Mrs. Gunning, and the "persons" who guarded the door were the bailiffs. The Gunnings had been living beyond their income, and Mrs. Gunning's "husband had been obliged to retire into the country to avoid the disagreeable consequences that must ensue."

George Anne, with all her faults, was a generous-hearted creature. She took the whole family to her house. The bailiffs were outwitted, too, by her man-servant, who was sent at night to remain under the windows of the house, where everything portable was thrown to him. When Miss Bellamy returned to London she received a letter from



A COURT BALL AT ST. JAMES'S AT THE TIME OF THE MISS GUNNINGS.

IT IS A DANDIFIED, CEREMONIOUS AGE, FULL OF WICKED, CONCEITED, MOCKING FINE LADIES AND FINE GENTLEMEN. AND IT IS INTO THIS SOCIETY THAT THE GUNNINGS PLUNGE WITH SUCH ÉCLAT. THE "SMART" SET OF LONDON IS VERY EXCLUSIVE, AND AN ENGLISH LORD IS A VERY BIG MAN. TITLE MEANS SOMETHING IN THESE DAYS.



VAUXHALL GARDENS IN THE TIME OF THE MISS GUNNINGS.

(From an old print.)

These two Irish girls, of no fortune, are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for I have seen much handsomer women than either. However, they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow that they generally drive away.
—Horace Walpole.

Maria, which is such a curiosity of orthography and English that we append some extracts. It was addressed to "Miss Bellamy in England":

I rece^d my dearest Miss Bellamy letter at last; after her long silence indeed I was very jealous with you, but you make me amen's in Letting me hear from you now. it gives me great joy and all our faimely to hear that yr Dear Mama and your Dearest self are in perfect health to be sure all yr Relations when fighting to see which of them shod have you first and Longest with y^m. . . . I believe Sheredian can get no one to play with him is doing all he can to get frinds for him sef to be sure you have bread he is marrd for sirtain to Miss Chamberlan. a sweet pare I must bid a due and shall only say I my Dr your ever affe^{cnat}
M. GUNNING

Maria's affection did not last very long. One night, after she had become a great lady and the leader of fashion in London, she attended the theatre where Miss Bellamy was playing Juliet. In one of her most pathetic passages the actress was disturbed by a loud laugh by Lady Coventry, who was in the stage box. She was so much upset by this that she had to retire from the stage. The countess was remonstrated with for her rudeness, and excused herself by saying that since she had seen Mrs. Cibber play the part she could not endure Miss Bellamy. George Anne, stung by the heartless conduct of the woman she had befriended in her need, next day requested payment of a note of hand the countess had given her on borrowing some money, probably to buy her *trousseau* with. The debt, however, was never paid.

We do not hear much of the sensation the young beauties created in Dublin, but that they did so and that their fame had been noised abroad is shown by a letter in which Mrs. Delany informs her sister that all she has heard about the Gunnings is true, except about their fortunes. "But," adds the old lady, "they have a still greater want, and that is *discretion*."

It was probably this very want of discretion—fastness, we should call it now—which constituted their principal charm. They were continually making *bêtises*, especially the elder; but there must have been something very refreshing in the *naïveté* and absence of restraint in the manners of these wild Irish girls in such an artificial age as the last century was.

Before following the beauties to London, let us dispose of the younger sisters. The one died the year after the family made their descent on the English capital, while the other married a nobody.

How the Gunning girls managed to get into London society is not certain. There is a story that some wicked wag sent the Gunnings a bogus invitation to a great lady's masquerade. Mrs. Gunning detected the fraud, and was sharp enough to turn it to the advantage of her daughters. She waited on the noble lady, being careful to take one of her beautiful girls with her, and told of the false card. The result was that the great lady, fascinated by the girl's beauty, substituted a genuine for the forged invitation.

The Miss Gunnings had not long to remain in London before they created a sensation. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, written soon after their first appearance in the metropolis, says:

You who knew England in other times will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence. for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either. However, they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they generally drive away.

One authority tells us that they made "more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen," while Mrs. Montague spoke of them as "those Goddesses the Gunnings."

Their *naïveté* and *brusquerie*, however, laid them open to all manner of strange stories and ill-natured remarks. One was that they went down to Hampton Court and had passed into the room generally called the Beauty Room, where hang the portraits of the frail ladies of Charles II.'s court. They heard the housekeeper, who was introducing another party into the room, say, "Ladies, here are the beauties." Assuming this to be directed at them, the wild Irish girls flew into a passion and asked the housekeeper how she dared make such a remark. They had come to see the palace and not to be shown as a sight themselves.

On one occasion, at a supper at Lord Hertford's, Maria was asked to take some more wine. She answered, we are told, "in a very vulgar accent, that if she drank more she would be *muckibus*."

"Lord!" said Lady Mary Coke. "What is that?"

"Oh," said Mr. Walpole, "it is only Irish for sentiment."

Every one has heard how she told the good-natured old king, who had one foot in the grave, that of all the sights in the world she longed to see a coronation.

About a year after her arrival in London Maria was married to the Earl of Coventry, one of the greatest matches in England; a heavy young man, who was passionately fond of music, but otherwise seems to have been very *bourgeois* in his tastes, and with no better manners than his wife had. But, before this marriage took place, Elizabeth had become Duchess of Hamilton, Chatelherault, and Bran-



ELIZABETH GUNNING.

Duchess of Hamilton, Chatelherault, and Brandon, and afterward Duchess of Argyll. She was the great grandmother of Sir William Gordon Cumming, the plaintiff in the recent famous baccarat suit in London.

don. Walpole relates the story of this strange marriage in a letter written at the end of February, 1752.

. . . The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings (Elizabeth), who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honorably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago the young Duke of Hamilton, the very reverse of the earl—hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person—fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's—made to show the house, which is really magnificent—Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing at Pharaoh (*sic*) at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were up three hundred pounds each. . . . Two nights after, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring. The duke swore he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with the ring of the bed curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at May-fair Chapel. The Scotch are indignant that so much beauty had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

A month later, Maria became Countess of Coventry. When the duchess was presented "on her marriage," at court, the curiosity and excitement about the famous *belle* were so great that the highest women in England actually climbed upon tables and chairs in order to get a good view.

The following July Lady Coventry went over to Paris, but did no execution there. The Roscommon girl was certainly under a disadvantage,

For besides being very silly, ignorant of the world and good breeding, and speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback to her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is.

At the opera, which in London had been so often the scene of her triumphs, Mrs. Pitt, a rival English beauty, took a box opposite the countess, and the French people got up and cried that she was the real English angel. Lady Coventry burst into tears, and left the opera-house in confusion.

The Duke of Hamilton died early in 1758. The duchess does not appear to have been happy during their married life. She did not remain long in retirement after his death. Her beauty was generally conceded to have improved during her marriage, and at twenty-five she was handsomer than ever. One of the greatest admirers of the lovely widow was the Duke of Bridgewater, but she refused him. In the winter of 1759 the announcement of her engagement to "Jack" Campbell, afterward Duke of Argyll, startled the town. Walpole writes to Conway:

It is the prettiest match in the world, except yours, and everybody likes it except the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate to these two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? . . . The head of the house is content, and considers the blood of the Hamiltons has purified that of the Gunnings.

Soon after their marriage "Jack" Campbell succeeded to



COL. JOHN CAMPBELL, DUKE OF ARGYLL.

Second husband of Elizabeth Gunning. "It is the prettiest match in the world, save yours," wrote Horace Walpole, referring to their wedding.

the family honors, and we hear but little of the duchess after this. In 1776 she was created Baroness Hamilton in her own right. Even at that time, when she attended court, which, as she held a post in attendance upon Queen Charlotte, she was supposed to do on "birth nights," she was conspicuous for her elegance and beauty. She died in 1790.

Four of her sons became dukes. One of her daughters—Charlotte—became a literary celebrity under the name of Lady Charlotte Bury. She married, *en secondes nocces*, Campbell of Islay. Their daughter married Sir William Gordon Cumming. Their grandson was the plaintiff in the now famous baccarat suit.

But long ere this the Countess of Coventry had passed away. It was in the rouge-pot that she found an early death. Besmearing her face with paints brought on consumption, and in the winter of 1759 her health completely broke down. She died in the following autumn. Her death-bed was a sad one. The white and red she had painted her cheeks with had committed such ravages that she became a hideous object. Having lost all hope she took to her bed permanently, allowed no light in the room, and took food in through the curtains without suffering them to be withdrawn.

So ended the careers of the famous Gunnings. It is a pity that Sir Joshua Reynolds had not a chance of handing down their features to posterity, and that Romney was a youth when they were in the zenith of their beauty, for it must be confessed that the majority of the portraits which have reached us do not make them very handsome. There is one of Elizabeth, owned by the Duke of Argyle, which used to be at Inverary Castle, and is probably there now, which makes her remarkably beautiful. Maria's portraits all show a weak mouth and a rather silly expression, and Mrs. Delany's description of her confirms the suspicion that this was the great fault in her face.

COLLECTOR J. SLOAT FASSETT.

ONE of the hardest offices in the United States to fill is that of Collector of the Port of New York. It compares in this respect with the Presidency itself. From the moment the collector begins to receive the enthusiastic congratulations of politicians upon his entrance into office, he is made the object of attacks by skillful, insidious, energetic foes.

It seems an inseparable condition that the collector should either enter into or leave office in a sensational manner. To go back only a few years, everybody will remember the row caused by President Hayes's removal of Collector Arthur. A few years later, when Collector Merritt was promoted out of office and Senator Robertson was made to succeed him, the result was one of the severest political storms that the country has experienced. General Merritt and Judge Robertson avoided politics as much as possible, and had comparatively an easy time. Upon Mr. Cleveland's election as President, he selected for collector Mr. E. L. Hedden, who was a well-known business man, and was intended to run the office on purely business principles. His mortifying failure to do so led to trouble and to his resignation. A business man having failed, Mr. Cleveland next tried a politician, Daniel Magone, one of the late Samuel J. Tilden's long-headed lieutenants. Mr. Magone retired from active part in politics, and his administration was successful. Col. Joel B. Erhardt followed him. He proved to be an excellent man of business, but he had the misfortune to have ideas of his own concerning the course the Republican party should take in local and State political matters, and, after bravely resisting the siege instituted by ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, he was obliged to march out of the Custom House with the honors of war. So now it is Collector J. Sloat Fassett.

Mr. Fassett has sometimes been called Boss Platt's tool by persons who have been temporarily angry with him. This is doing him injustice. He is very far from being the tool of Mr. Platt, or of anybody else, being of too independent a character to occupy any such relation. He is rather Mr. Platt's right-hand man or chief lieutenant, with a very fair prospect of succeeding his present leader.

Personally he is exceedingly popular with everybody he meets. His tact and suavity cannot be illustrated better than by the high regard he has inspired in his Democratic opponents in New York State. For years he has been doing all he can in and out of the State Senate to injure Governor David B. Hill and the Democratic party generally. He has inflicted some severe blows and engineered some telling movements against projects and individuals.

He has been recognized as one of the ablest and most dangerous leaders of the Republicans in the upper branch of the Legislature. Nevertheless, he has made few personal enemies, if any. The Democrats would like to defeat him, and have made especial efforts in that line when he has run for election to the Senate; but they do not cherish animosity against him. Even when, at the head of an investigating committee, he made a famous raid upon the Tammany leaders in New York City, and tried to show that the profits of public officers and contractors were divided among them, his acts were regarded more in sorrow than in anger.

At the same time, Mr. Fassett is a fighter notwithstanding his amiability of character. An interesting story is told of his appointment which throws light on him in this respect. It is well known that when General Harrison's election had been assured, the only reward that ex-Senator Platt asked in return for his services in helping to secure General Harrison's nomination and election was the modest favor that he should be appointed Secretary of the United States Treasury. It is equally well known that General Harrison firmly refused to grant the favor. Mr. Platt's friends were not discouraged by a single refusal, and a committee of them went to Washington to urge the appointment. General Harrison still refused to make the appointment, while offering the Department of the Interior instead. Mr. Fassett was a member of this committee. He believes in strong friendships, and in the use of vigorous and emphatic language upon proper occasions. This seemed to him a proper occasion, and he exerted his eloquence upon the President, kindly, but with great firmness, urging the folly of changing his political plans so soon after beginning his term. General Harrison was not pleased by Mr. Fassett's frankness; neither was he convinced.

Mr. Platt, failing to get the Treasury Department for himself, was willing to accept the collectorship of the port for a friend when President Harrison offered it to him. He selected Mr. Fassett as the friend who should have the office, and informed him of the fact before going to Washington with a committee to present his name formally to the President. Mr. Fassett shook his head upon receiving the news. "It would be of no use," he remarked. "I do not care for the office. But, in order that you may know how stubborn that little man is who occupies the White House, you may, if you please, present my name."

Mr. Platt thought differently. "Oh," he replied, "he cannot afford to turn our side down a second time. I will run the risk of his refusing."

President Harrison heard the name of Mr. Fassett suggested by the committee as the proper man for the Republican party to make Collector of the Port of New York, and then put his foot down. "If that is the only name you have got to offer," he said, "you might have saved yourselves this journey. I have a pretty good memory, and I recall a speech made in this room not many months ago. No man can talk to me as he did and serve as Collector of the Port of New York. The President of the United States has some rights, and one of his privileges is saying 'no' to your suggestion of Senator Fassett."

Collector Fassett is still a young man; he will not be thirty-eight until next November. He has, nevertheless, been prominent in New York State politics for five years or more, and could have had the Republican nomination for Governor this year, had he desired it, and had not the collectorship fallen his way. He was also a promising possibility for the next vacant United States Senatorship.

He was born, November 13, 1853, at Elmira, N. Y., and says that, so far in his life, he has found thirteen a lucky date and a lucky number. After having been graduated at Rochester University, he went to Heidelberg for a term, after which he studied law at Elmira, and was admitted to the bar on motion of his future opponent, David B. Hill. A couple of years later he was appointed District Attorney of Chemung County, to fill a vacancy, by Governor Lucius Robinson, a Democrat. He soon became prominent, and in 1883 was elected to the State Senate, being reelected for three subsequent terms. In his last term he was chosen president *pro tempore* of the Senate. He is owner of the Elmira *Advertiser*, and secretary of the Republican National Committee. He married a niece of Charles Crocker, the California millionaire.

On page 208 his portrait will be found.

OUR GALLERY OF PLAYERS.*

XII. ROSINA VOKES.

THERE was a time when no self-respecting English school-boy did not possess among his treasures a photograph of Rosina Vokes.

His other treasures generally consisted of three or four alley-taws, a piece of string, a dilapidated knife, a disreputable top, and a half-sucked bull's-eye—a huge peppermint drop whose nastiness and stickiness have, happily, not yet been imported to these shores.

And the greatest of these treasures was that photograph. It cost one shilling—twenty-five cents—and was *carte de visite* size.

It represented a young girl, with great laughing ox-eyes, a shock of golden hair, and lots of jewellery.

If you looked at it to-day, you might say it was not beautiful.

But the English school-boy of twenty years ago was not hypercritical.

To him it was the most beautiful vision he had ever seen.

His *as in præsentis* ended with *perfectam formam in Vokes*; he could not conjugate the present tense of *amare* without bringing in Rosina; and if he started to say the Greek alphabet, he would do it in this wise: Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon, zeta, eta, theta, Rosina—and then he was called to order.

How charming she was in those days! How delightfully she used to roll those great eyes of hers! How fascinatingly she would shake those golden locks! Was ever such a heroine of what the English call "pantomime"? In the "Babes of the Wood," in "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and all the fairy stories that the juvenile intellect delights in, who more entrancing? And how she danced, and how she sang!

But these are the recollections of a middle-aged man.

Rosina Vokes, to the present generation, is no less fascinating than she was to a passing one. What she has lost in youth she has gained in art, and on the English-speaking stage is *sui generis*. Attempts have been made to imitate her and the famous family to which she belonged, but no troupe has ever equalled the merry romping and innocent stage antics of the Vokeses, and no one has succeeded in making such refined fun as the latter-day Rosina.

Rosina was the youngest of four children, the others being Frederick, Jessie, and Victoria. They were born very much within sound of Bow bells, their parents having been theatrical costumers in the neighborhood of Covent Garden Market.

Theatrical people were continually dropping into the Vokeses' store, and as the children were always hearing theatrical "shop," they naturally took an inclination to the stage. Fred began to spout Shakespeare with his A, B, C, and duly drummed a respect for the bard into the minds of his sisters. By the time Rosina was three the whole family had determined to become one great actor and three great actresses. The fact that Phelps and Creswick, two famous tragedians in England in those days, used to drop in now and then to pay their parents a visit, helped to increase the determination of the juvenile Vokeses to go on the stage. Their aspirations, however, were for tragedy then.

They had an aunt, a certain Mrs. Field, who knew something more about the stage than most people do. When she found that her nephew and nieces were determined to become mummies, she took them in hand, and carried them off to Plymouth, where they were taught elocution and stage action. Rosina was only a child of four then, but she shared the studies of her brother and sisters. Then, after a few years, Victoria appeared in London as Amy Robsart, played the part well, and the rest of the family was fired with an ambition to go and do likewise.

But Mrs. Field, the aunt, thought her *protégés* had better

get accustomed to the glare and tinsel of the stage before they made appearances in anything very big. So the young people joined a pantomime company, and the Vokes Family rapidly became a household word in the provinces. They then drifted to London.

The aunt wrote "The Belles of the Kitchen," and a young man named Frederick Fawdon appeared with the Vokeses in this piece, which was first performed at Drury Lane Theatre. They adopted him. He took the family name, and became Fawdon Vokes.

This was in 1870.

Two years later, on April 15, 1872, the Vokes Family made their American *début* at the Union Square Theatre, New York. An overflowing audience greeted them in "The Belles of the Kitchen," and admired the genuine fun and humor of the play no less than the sprightliness of the players. It was in this play that they won most fame, though other pieces presented by them also made hits.

In 1877 Miss Rosina Vokes took it into her head to marry Mr. Cecil Clay, a London barrister, who was a well-known man about town. He was a man of fair means and excellent position socially. His wife only transferred the scene of her fascinations from the stage to the social world, and the great plump, vivacious little woman who had captured the great amusement-loving public of England and the United States repeated the operation with many of the best people of the London social world. She retired from the public stage, but was frequently seen in amateur performances among the highly placed personages who formed the set in which she moved.

But times grew bad in 1884, and the income of the Clays was not what it had been.

So Mrs. Clay determined to make use of her talent once more to help replenish the family purse.

On account of her social position in England she did not care to reappear there, although there is no doubt that she would have drawn immense houses, for, of all people on the face of the globe, there is none so true to its old favorites as the English; and the school-boys who had adored Rosina Vokes in their salad days were faithful to her memory still.

So she came to this country with a company, half-amateur, half-professional, and introduced a style of comedy entirely new to us and as charming as it was fresh.

How much of the success of these plays depended on Mrs. Clay was shown by the fact that "The Pantomime Rehearsed," which, with her, was a great success in this country, was, without her, a ridiculous failure in England.

It is an interesting point about the English audiences that they never forget or desert a player who has won their affection. Mrs. Clay might go back to-day, while she is at her best, and continue playing till she was a hundred, and she would be just as well received then as now. Once attach the British public, and it can be counted on forever. People used to roar at Buckstone's humor at the Haymarket long after the poor old man had ceased to be audible, and they will crowd the Crystal Palace to try to hear Sims Reeves, who lost his voice over fifteen years ago. But Mrs. Clay has never wanted to return to the professional stage in her native island, so her former admirers are debarred from offering her their allegiance unless they come to the Land of Liberty to do so.

What the British public have lost we have gained.

Nothing has been more pleasing in recent dramatic annals than the performances that Miss Rosina Vokes has given us. Not serious, they were never in bad taste. Men could always be sure of finding, at whatever theatre Miss Vokes's company was playing, something to make them laugh and help them digest their dinners. Women knew that there they could enjoy lots of honest fun and need not be alarmed at the chance of seeing or hearing something unpleasant.

Miss Vokes is full of vivacity, a lively dancer, and a delightful singer, as any one who has heard her sing "Is 'eart was true to Poll" will allow. She is, moreover, a very witty talker, but her taste in dress is atrocious.

Her portrait appears on page 198.

* Next week, a portrait of Marion Manola will appear.

Portraits already published in "Our Gallery of Players": Pauline Hall, in No. 71 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN; Fanny Davenport, in No. 72; Mrs. Langtry, in No. 74; Fay Templeton, in No. 75; Marie Jansen, in No. 76; Marie Tempst, in No. 77; Laura Moore, in No. 78; Ada Rehan, in No. 79; Georgia Cayvan, in No. 80; Della Fox, in No. 81; and Anna O'Keefe, in No. 82.

A NIGHT IN COLOGNE



ANY, many years ago I was a poor art-student journeying over Europe with a knapsack on my back, having resolved to visit, if possible, every gallery worth a painter's study. I was frequently obliged to go without a dinner, when a turn of ill-luck drained my purse, but youth does not mind such accidents.

I was nearly in this plight, however, when I entered Cologne late one evening in September. It was very hot. I sat down on a stone outside the cathedral, too exhausted to go from pillar to post, bargaining for a bed, as was my wont. Then I noticed that vespers were being celebrated, and hardly knowing what I did, I entered the great building, slipped into a confessional where no ray of light penetrated, and laid my head upon my knapsack. I heard the priest's monotonous drone, the tinkle of the little bell, the low murmur of the organ, and then—I fell asleep.

Did I dream what follows? I have never been able to satisfy myself entirely upon this point. I woke—that is to say, my own distinct impression is that I woke—just as the service was finished. In half an hour the cathedral would be silent and deserted; then it would be locked up for the night. If possible, why not pass the night here, instead of seeking and paying for a bed elsewhere? My legs felt mightily disinclined to carry me a yard farther. At dawn, when the doors were opened, I should rise up refreshed to seek for work. But even while I revolved these things in my mind, I saw a light coming down the aisle where I was—nearer and nearer. The sacristan was upon his rounds, his vigilant eye spied me, he shook me—I must move on. With a heavy sigh I rose, and then, for the first time, perceived two young women standing behind the sacristan, their eyes fixed upon me. No doubt they were leaving the cathedral, and had stopped, arrested at the sight of a young man discovered in a confessional.

It was impossible to mistake that they were sisters, though one was shorter and less well favored than the other; they had the same gray, piercing eyes, fair skins, and hair that was something beyond flaxen—almost white. This hair was worn in a strange fashion, which I cannot describe, though I see it even now before me, the glittering spiral threads hanging partly down the back, and surmounted by some sort of black coif or conical head-gear. Their aspect was very singular; I found that, so soon as my eye had fallen upon them, I could not take it off, and, to say the truth, if I stared, the young women returned my stare with interest. As I moved wearily away, the elder one spoke.

"Have you no money to buy yourself a night's lodging, young man?"

"I have enough for that, Fräulein, but I am almost too tired to go about and look for one," I replied, smiling and showing my teeth, of which I was excessively proud in those days.

The sisters exchanged glances.

"If it be so, we will give you a supper and a night's lodging. We need no payment. We are bound by a vow to help any poor wayfarer so far. You may come with us, young man."

Something within me said, "Do not go." But why? What young fellow of twenty would refuse the hospitality of two handsome women, especially when he has only a

little money in his pocket, and is tired and hungry?

A hired carriage was waiting. The sisters stepped into it, and I followed. The driver clearly knew where to drive. We set off rapidly, but in what direction I did not think of observing. Like most German carriages, the glasses rattled so that I could not hear myself speak. I made a futile effort, but neither sister attempted to respond; but sat there opposite me, motionless, leaning back in their respective corners. I had nothing for it but to watch their faces in silence, as the lamps, swung across the narrow streets, threw dim jets of light ever and anon upon those two white masks under the black pointed coifs.

We stopped before a small two-storied house, having a wall on either side of it, and no other habitation near. So much I saw, while Gretchen, the younger sister, drew out a key and opened the door. At that moment I remembered that I had left my knapsack in the cathedral, but it was too late to return for it, and I followed the sisters into a narrow passage. Upon the right was the kitchen; at the back, a door leading by a flight of steps into a garden.

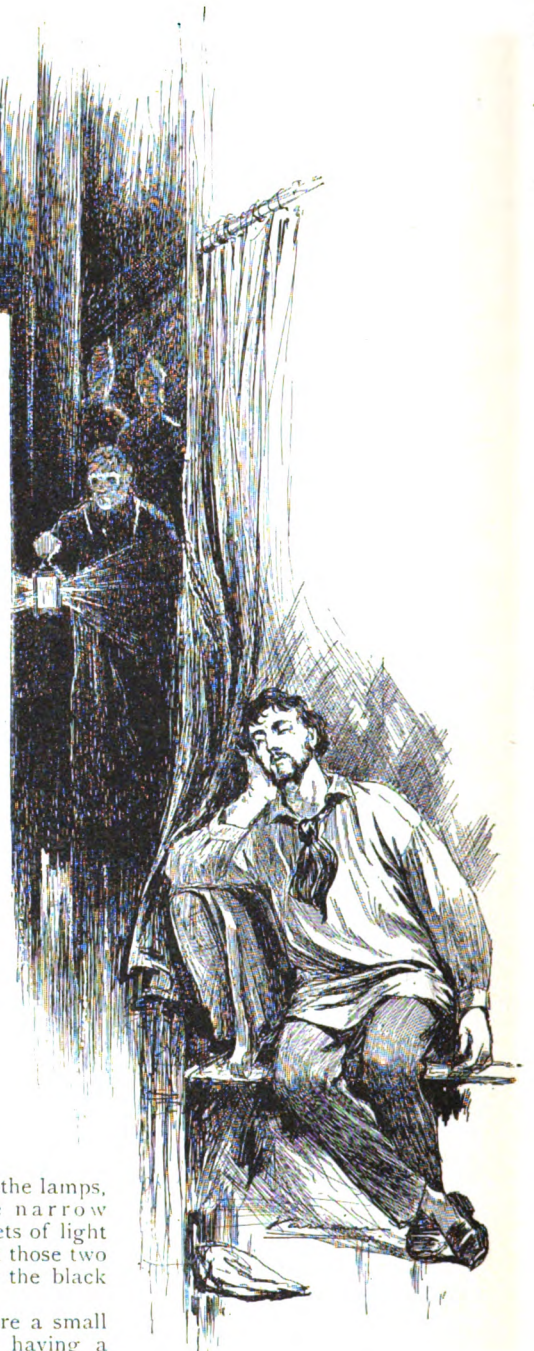
"Come with me, young man," said Gretchen. "Lori will get supper ready meanwhile."

The elder sister turned into the kitchen. Gretchen led the way upstairs.

"We have but two rooms," she said; "Lori will prepare your bed in the parlor after supper. Will you wash your hands?"

She struck a light, and opened a door to the left at the top of the stairs. It was the bedroom of the two sisters—small, yet containing two beds and several great chests. A black crucifix, too, I observed in a corner of the room.

"And you two live here, alone?" I asked. "No servants? Are you not afraid sometimes?"



She shook her head. "No, we are not afraid. Lori is afraid of nothing—not even of ghosts. Do you believe in ghosts?"

I laughed.

"Do not laugh," she whispered. "Ghosts are the only things I fear. Sometimes I fancy I see them in the garden there." She shuddered. "See what a fine garden we have. Plenty of space, is there not?"

She was pouring water into a basin from an earthenware ewer as she said this. She set the vessel down, and turned to the window, through which the moon, rising behind a solitary sycamore, shone into the room. A square space enclosed by high walls where the grass grew rank, and a moss-grown walk led to a little door in the wall at the

leave my face. As supper went on, Lori and I laughed a good deal; Gretchen said nothing. She seemed to grow more and more absorbed in her own thoughts, and once, when her hand touched mine, I observed that it shook. She filled a tumbler with water and drank it. Lori pushed a small jug of beer toward me.

"Fill up for yourself," she said. I drained the jug into my glass. I raised it to my lips and began to drink. Suddenly Gretchen uttered a sharp cry, and started up. In doing so she nearly upset the table, and her elbow somehow came in contact with the glass in my hand. Its contents were spilled upon the floor.

"Ach! the beetle—the horrid thing!" she cried. "It has gone down my back, I believe!" Then she rushed from the room, white as a sheet.

"Fool!" muttered Lori, setting her jaws tight.

The beer had flowed from the table to the floor, and, looking down, I saw black beetles swimming in it. I had heard of the fondness of beetles for fermented liquors; it took effect very quickly in this case. I saw them struggle feebly, and more feebly, to crawl away from the intoxicating food. Lori's quick eye discerned what I was looking at.

"The nasty creatures! They soon make themselves tipsy," she said, as she ran and fetched a broom. Then she swept them up into a plate, and carefully wiped the floor.

Gretchen now returned to the room and helped her sister to clear away the supper. As she moved about I noted with a quickened perception what a supple, grandly formed creature she was. The fancy came into my head that the White Cat, when transformed, must have resembled her; fair and lissome, with delicate pink nostrils and strange, bright eyes. In the elder sister I thought the cat grew akin to the tigress; her sharp, narrow teeth, heavy jaw, and stealthy, cruel eyes filled me more and more with an indefinable repulsion. Lori left the room to see after my bed. Gretchen drew near to me.

"You are unlike all the men I have known," she said, after she had looked at me in her strange way for some minutes. "Are all Americans like you?"

"Happily for them, I suppose, very few."

"But Americans are faithful," she said, eagerly. "They never deceive, never betray. Could you be true to a woman, without changing, all your life?"

"I should hope so!" I cried, with all the impetuosity of youth. "A man's love is not worth much otherwise."

She stretched forth her long, white hands and laid them on my shoulders.

"Will you be my love, young American?" she murmured, in a hoarse, tremulous voice. "I can make you rich. You need toil no more. I can save you from great dangers, too. I like your face."

I started up, blushing, for the thing came upon me suddenly, after all; but I replied, without hesitation: "Were I to say I could love you, Fräulein, I should be false. I have left behind me in America one whom I have long loved, and to whom my word is pledged."

A wild look came into her eyes as I spoke. But Lori entered the room at this moment, carrying my bedding in her arms; and further conversation with Gretchen was impossible. She helped her sister to spread the bed upon



SHE STRETCHED FORTH HER LONG, WHITE HAND AND LAID IT ON MY SHOULDER. "WILL YOU BE MY LOVE, YOUNG AMERICAN?" SHE MURMURED, IN A HOARSE, TREMULOUS VOICE.

farther end—this was what she was pleased to term the garden.

"The violets grow rarely there in the spring," she said, with a strange smile, as if interpreting my thought.

In the next room Lori had laid the supper table. It was a small chamber, with an alcove, or closet, at one end, a great earthenware stove, and a number of gaudy prints around the walls. I was very hungry, and fell to with right good will. Lori kept me company. She sat opposite, and whenever I raised my eyes I saw the movements of her massive jaws defined against the candles behind her. Gretchen sat on my right hand, and, the table being small, her hand and mine came frequently in contact. She ate very little; she crumbled and played with a piece of bread, and seldom allowed those strange, piercing eyes of hers to

a trestle in a corner of the room; then she fetched sheets and a patchwork counterpane, the design of which I can distinctly recall now. There were triangular bits of red cloth inserted here and there, which looked to me like so many small tongues of fire.

When her task was done, Lori stood before me, with her arms akimbo.

"You feel sleepy, young man, no doubt, after your long day. We keep early hours, for we are up betimes. You shall have a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread at five, before we bid you God-speed. Nay, no excuses. It is in our vow. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*"

Gretchen made as if she would have spoken when Lori ceased. I saw her fingers working nervously at the black apron. I believe it was her sister's silent ascendancy that restrained her, for I intercepted a sideways glance from Lori's stealthy eyes which she shot toward Gretchen. With a face in which fierceness and terror and anguish seemed to be conflicting, the latter looked at me, as she followed her sister from the room, without even wishing me the customary "good-night."

What did it all mean? Now, for the first time, I think, I began revolving in my mind all that I had seen and heard since I had entered that house, and a disagreeable sense of something strange and mysterious gradually took possession of me. But what had I to fear? The idea of robbery was ridiculous. I had not even my knapsack with me, as they knew.

I could not sleep, and, quitting the bed, began an examination of the room. There was little to be seen, and soon I sat down again upon the bed, and my eye was attracted once more to the red tongues of the patchwork quilt. It was a very ingenious piece of work. I tried to follow the kaleidoscope pattern into which the various threads had been wrought with that strange device of crimson cloth at regular intervals. Regular? No. At one place in the corner, I perceived that three or four tongues seemed to have been sewn together. I held down the candle to examine them, and started back. What I had taken for crimson cloth was a stain of coagulated blood.

For a moment I saw nothing clearly. Cheap prints of Schiller's "Robbers," and of the Loreley, danced hobgoblin dances on the wall. The moonlight through the sycamore branches played in a shivering shadow on one spot of the floor. I knelt down, and crept along upon my hands and knees, examining the boards. But there was no stain there; only the smell of the beer in one place, and an army of those horrid beetles, that had run away from the light. I pursued them with a sudden savage desire to destroy them. They disappeared through two chinks in the floor.

I set my foot on the boards. I thought one moved. I stooped, and saw at once that the two boards immediately behind the stove, though fitting closely, were not nailed down. I raised them, and found a square deal box beneath. I tore the cover off, and nearly dropped the candle as I beheld the contents.

First, there was a great bundle of coarse black hair; then one of curly flaxen, like a child's; then another, very long and silky—a woman's, evidently. Along with these were four, six, eight, rows of teeth, some large and strong, some fine and white. A common ring or two, a silver watch-chain, a poor cloth cap, filled the remaining space in the box.

The horrible truth flashed upon me. I had been brought here, not to be robbed of my poor clothes nor of what little coin I might have about me, but of such possessions as these before me. I remembered the tales that had been rife in England, not long before, touching Burke and Hare.



And I now remembered, too, the look that Lori had given her sister when, in my idiotic vanity, I had smiled and shown my teeth. Now I knew what was the danger to which Gretchen, in a sudden compunction and softening of heart toward me, had referred. Now I could see clearly whither every incident of the evening tended. The beer at supper was drugged with some strong narcotic. Gretchen had tried to save me. Had she really done so? I had tasted the drink; and though I never felt wider awake in my life than I did at that horrible moment, I asked myself, might not the effect of the drug be only weakened and retarded for a while? I was seized with a horrible dread of succumbing, sooner or later, to sleep. I tried to turn the handle of the door, and found it locked on the outside. There could be no longer a doubt of the design against me.

Something was moving in the garden, just below my window. In the shadow of the moonlight I clearly distinguished two figures. Do you remember Millais's "Vale of Rest"? When I saw that picture, years afterward, I could not help shuddering, it recalled so vividly the attitude of the two sisters as I beheld them in that terrible moment. The women were digging a grave: the elder one, with all her masculine energy; the younger, reluctantly, as it seemed, removing, with slow strokes of the spade, the black earth, and pausing long, between each. Once she looked up, and the moonlight fell upon her worn, haggard face. She put back the long, silver-lighted hair from her brow; she leaned upon her spade; and then a whisper, like a serpent's, in her ear, urged her to her task again.

Suddenly Lori raised her head and listened. The sound—a whistle, so low that I could scarcely hear it—



THE WOMEN WERE DIGGING A GRAVE: THE ELDER ONE, WITH ALL HER MASCULINE ENERGY; THE YOUNGER, RELUCTANTLY, AS IT SEEMED.

was repeated. She crept stealthily across the garden, and raised the latch of the postern. A man came in—a burly, thickset fellow—and the door was closed again. The three stood together a moment in the moonlight. Lori and the man looked up at my window, while Gretchen turned her head away and wrung her hands. Then all three came slowly and noiselessly toward the house.

Now or never was my moment for escape! There was no other chance for me. I opened the window softly. I had just time to swing myself from the window-sill by my hands, to drop to the ground, to fly like the wind, to raise the postern-latch, when a cry of disappointed rage reached my ears—the assassins were in my room.

I ran—I know not in which direction—up one street and down another, on, on, ever fancying I heard the sound of feet behind me. At last, breathless and exhausted, I came to a guard-house. I fell down upon the step. The sergeant and his men first declared that I was drunk. Then, as in half-articulate phrase I poured out my strange tale, they changed their minds, and declared I was mad. But as I was an amusing, rather than a dangerous lunatic, they let me remain among them until daybreak. Then they directed me to the cathedral, and I left them. One of the

sacristans was unlocking the doors as I got there. I found my knapsack untouched, in the dusky corner of the confessional; then, utterly worn out with the excitement of that eventful night, I leaned back in the gray morning light, and fell asleep.

The sun was high when I awoke; the devout were shuffling to their morning orisons. I shouldered my knapsack and crept away, leaving Cologne that same afternoon. Why did I not tell my story to the police? Because the landlord of a little

gasthaus to whom I related it declared, like the police, that I was mad. I could not find the house, or even the road I had taken; and the conviction grew in me that I was suffering from the effects of a vivid nightmare.

Nevertheless, so real did the dream—if dream it were—seem at times, that I drew over and over again in my sketch-book the heads of those two sisters, and I wrote down, with extreme particularity, every word they had said, and every small circumstance of my dream.

One winter's evening in the following year I again passed through Cologne. I was a richer man now, and was able to patronize a hotel. The evening was cold; but all along the quay, outside the hotel, in the court-yard, groups of people were standing, and talking with a slow, heavy power of speech betokening that the native mind was moved by some topic of more than common interest. I caught a word here and there which roused my curiosity. I asked the *kellner* who showed me to my room what had happened. An execution, he replied; adding, that unusual interest had been excited by this one, from the fact that the condemned persons were two sisters, murderesses, whose crimes had long escaped undetected.

I must have turned white instantly, for the man looked at me with some surprise.

"Did you ever see these women?" I managed at last to stammer.

"No, mein Herr," he said, but he pointed out, in the *speise-saal*, the officer who had commanded the troops in the Platz that day. Without much ado, I accosted the officer, and begged him to give what information he could respecting the sisters.

"Be seated, sir," said the officer, politely, pointing to the chair opposite. "I will tell you all I know concerning the sisters Strauss. You are acquainted with the nature of the crime of which they were convicted? No? It was the murder of one Hausmann, a young pedler. Not for the sake of his money, for he was poor enough, but for his hair and teeth." (I shuddered, but said nothing.) He continued: "This was by no means their first crime. They were discovered to have been driving their horrible trade for two or three years past. It is supposed that they murdered upward of twenty persons—men, women, and children. Numbers who disappeared mysteriously are now said to have been made away with by the sisters Strauss. Their victims were all strangers or friendless persons to whom they offered hospitality, and touching whose disappearance no inquiries were likely to be made. Some few

had money, perhaps; the generality were poor; but several watches and a considerable sum of money were found secreted in the house."

"It had a garden," I said, as though I saw it all again; "a garden walled around, with a postern at the farther end. In the house were three rooms."

"Just so. All the world has been visiting that house during the last few days. A great number of skeletons have been found in the garden. The popular execration was so great that it was feared the

women would be torn in pieces on their way to the gallows to-day. Had it not been for the strong guard which I commanded, and that their terrible sentence—one rarely pronounced now—would, it was known, be carried out to the very letter, they would assuredly have fallen a prey to the fury of the mob. As it was, the savage satisfaction at the prospect of seeing them broken on the wheel—"

"Broken on the wheel! Good heaven! sir, you surely don't mean that this sentence was carried out?"

"Yes. It is, as I have said, very unusual now for this punishment to be even recorded, still less enforced. But, in cases of very rare atrocity, nothing short of it seems to satisfy the public."

Some minutes elapsed before I could speak. I opened my sketch-book, and turned over the pages.

"Sir," I said, at last, "I have one question more to ask you. Do these heads at all resemble the wretched women whose death you this day witnessed?"

"Assuredly they do. They must have been drawn from life," he replied.

I then told him my story as I have now told it to you. I need hardly say he did not doubt that I had actually, in the flesh, encountered the sisters Strauss, and had been in such imminent peril as very few men have survived. As to the



AS I Poured out my strange tale in half-articulate phrase, they declared that I was mad.

hypothesis of a dream, which had taken such firm root in my mind that I could not lightly discard it, the officer laughed it to scorn.

Yet even at this distance of time, when I read and hear strange stories of second-sight, of prophetic dreams and warning visions, a doubt crosses my mind, and I ask myself whether my adventure with the two sisters of Cologne was not, perhaps, of the nature of these.

BUFFALOES.

THE American bison, or, as he is generally called, the buffalo, is the most patriotic of all our animals. He is as much a part of our country as the stars and stripes, or the indigestible pies, that no other country has. He roams wild over the "boundless prairies decked with flowers of gold," under beautiful skies, with golden-rod and dry green grass for a carpet, and no limit to the endless plains around him. He is a true American, free and wild and unfettered as the Indians, who were once the only ones to hunt him down.

The redskins went in small bands on their careering ponies, quick as flashes, with their strong, slender legs and flying, shaggy manes. They did not know what guns were in those days, and bows and arrows did the work as well as rifles do now. The buffalo's tender, fat, juicy hump, which gives him so peculiar an appearance, was greatly treasured, and quite a festive board it was when the old hoary, sturdy warrior, with his long mud pipe ornamented with wampum and beads, presided over the feast, telling strange tales of his hunting days, while the son and his squaw listened with reverential awe which verged into impatience as the night wind rustled through the wood and the leaping flames grew lower, and the tale still continued. Then the copper-colored papposes fell asleep, standing up against the tent wall in their board cradle, the old brave nodded, and the fire died out, only the scarlet embers relieving the darkness.

The hump was not the only part that the hunter found use for; it was simply the luxury and delicacy which repaid him for the hard work of hunting. Many parts of his dress were made from the hide, and a buffalo killed, meant a new tent, a new bed, and a new shield for the hunter. For all these purposes the hair was removed from the hide, and it was so dressed that it was made impervious to water, and still soft and pliable. The shield was very ingeniously made by pegging out the hide upon the ground, imbuing it with a kind of glue, and gradually removing the pegs in proportion to the consequent shrinking and thickening of the skin. The shield, when finished, was still pliable and light, though sufficiently strong to resist an arrow, or even turn a bullet that did not strike it fairly.

In the days of the red man's glory buffaloes were found as far west as California, and as far south as Florida. They travelled in huge herds, sometimes a thousand at a time, journeying in a straight line, and even swimming across rivers a mile wide rather than change their course. At times the whole herd would perish in this way if the river happened to be frozen over and the ice thin. The leaders could not warn those behind them, and the whole herd in their mad haste would be drowned.

In spite of the war of extermination waged against the buffaloes, since the white men have hunted them for their skins, there are still some left, and they are found in the northern part of Texas, in New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Indian Territory, Montana, and Dakota. One way of entrapping the poor beasts was introduced by the cunning pale-faces. When a herd of buffaloes was sighted near a precipice, the hunters would gradually drive the animals toward the terrible gulf. The creatures, being very timid and easily affrighted, would rush recklessly in the direction they were driven until pressed to the very edge of the precipice. Then they would turn in despair to charge at the enemy. The wild ponies would dash at them, the men wave their huge bright hats and fire their guns, heightening the confusion every instant, until the terrified and bewildered beasts would be crowded into the chasm, pushing each other forward in their haste to leave the enemy behind them.

The more fair and sportsman-like way of despatching the animal to the happy hunting grounds was to go dashing

along beside the herd, and shoot while tearing along the ground like a hurricane. The hunter would single out some individual buffalo, and so manage to drive it away from the rest of the herd. He did not use a ramrod for loading his gun, but poured in some powder and then dropped a bullet from his mouth into the gun.

The buffalo is fond of wallowing in the mud, and if he does not find a hole ready made by some other buffalo for him, he starts to work to make one himself. Choosing some wet and marshy spot, he flings himself down on his side, and whirls round and round, until he wears the soil away and forms a circular and rather shallow pit, into which the water rapidly drains from the surrounding earth. He now scrapes and plunges, flounders, and digs with praiseworthy energy until he succeeds in covering himself with a thick coating of mud, which is probably of very great service in protecting him from the stings of gnats and other villainous pests. In mosquito time, it would almost seem worth while trying this trick of the buffaloes.

In summer the fine herbage of the prairie affords a splendid meal at any time of night or day for the hungry buffalo, but in winter, when the cold winds sweep the plains from one end to the other, and the ground is covered with ice and snow, the buffalo suffers many privations.

Providence, or rather nature, has given him a nose very well suited to plough up the icy covering and find the grass below. The nose is broad, flat, and tough, but even buffaloes have been seen with their noses bleeding and torn from the unaccustomed friction.

The buffalo is evidently a generous, whole-souled creature, for many hunters have seen the common domesticated calves of the frontier farms, standing patiently waiting for a buffalo to dig a place in the snow, and when he had accomplished his task, the calves would eat the grass fearlessly, sharing, as by right, the fruits of their huge companion's toil.

Hunters have often been saved by buffaloes from a terrible death from thirst. The buffalo, like the camel and the elephant, has the power of taking a large amount of water into his body, and depositing it in the reticulum, or cells of the honey-comb department of the stomach, until needed. The hunters, therefore, when their vessels are empty, and they see no sign of a stream within a day's travel, promptly slay the first buffalo that comes in view, for the sake of the water which they know will be found in the usual situation.

The bonasus, or zubr buffalo, found in the Russian forest of Bialowikza, has a very peculiar trait. It gives forth a powerful and very pleasant odor, which partakes equally of musk and violet. This really delicious perfume is found to penetrate the whole of the body, to a certain extent, but it is exhaled most powerfully from the skin and hair which cover the upper part of the forehead. The zubr, in appearance, is very like our American buffalo, but the hair on the head and shoulders is more tightly curled, and not so rough or long. To preserve this really magnificent animal in perfection, it is protected by the most rigid forest laws.

The yak, a curious species of buffalo, which is found in Western Thibet, has not only the long mane reaching to the ground, but the flanks are covered with hair which reaches the ground in long, thick, silky masses. The hair of the tail is white, and the Chinese take these tails, to dye red and blue and then make tassels of them. When domesticated, it needs very little care, foraging for itself and coming to be milked when called by the milkmaids, as a pet cow might do.

The great traveller, Bruce, was once discredited for telling a tale of a little buffalo in Abyssinia that had a steak cut from his hump and was then let go. Kingsley, the writer and naturalist, says he once owned a very handsome specimen of the small Abyssinian buffalo. His native servants assured him that the very animal he owned had frequently had the hump cut off by the natives, who did not care to kill the animal, but liked juicy meat of the hump to eat. It is said that the same buffalo may be frequently treated in this manner and that the hump will grow every time it is cut off. The prospect is a cheerful one for the buffalo, at any rate.

Within the last few years measures have been taken by the Government to prevent the utter extermination of the American bison.

TRANSFORMED LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH has not for years been so sedate as this season.

How much one learns of a nation's characteristics in its watering-places!

Go to some French *bains de mer*, not overcrowded by Americans and English, and in a week you will get a greater insight into French family life than you will in years spent in Paris, or any of the other big cities. You will find out how false an impression you have gained of the French *ménage* from French words; you will note that, if madame does change her costume very often, she is enabled to do so through her thrifty house-keeping. Monsieur, you will find, is not the terrible *roué* you have read of, but an excellent husband, a rather too indulgent parent, and madame could give many of her foreign sisters lessons in morality as well as in house-keeping.

occupation or amusement, watching, as Thackeray described,

"A steady, uninterrupted rain
That washed each southern window pane,
And made a river of the road"?

What noble characters the people must have, who can endure this terrible monotony year after year, and yet not take their own lives! Of such flesh and blood came the heroes and heroines of the Indian Mutiny, the pioneers of England's great colonies.

How different is the watering-place in this country!

Even the most unintelligent of foreigners could tell at a glance, when he landed at Long Branch, Narragansett Pier, Atlantic City, or Monterey, that the American had not that capacity for enduring *ennui* that is so characteristic of his cousins across the sea.

In Dickens's "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," Tommy Goodboy tries to console his companion, who is complaining of the wearisome dullness of the sea-side village they are stopping at, by saying, "There is the sea, and here are the shrimps—let us eat them." The sea and shrimps, with, probably, muffins thrown in, are quite enough to make the ordinary Englishman go into ecstasies of delight, but the American wants more. He goes to the shore, not for the sea and the shrimps, but in order to keep the ball of pleasure a-rolling in a comparatively cool place.



THERE IS A LACK OF MEN. HANDSOME WOMEN ARE SEEN IN THE BALL-ROOM WAITING IN VAIN FOR PARTNERS.

Then cross the Channel, and go to Weymouth, Exmouth, Scarborough, Ilfracombe, Brighton, or Llandudno. Very beautiful, no doubt, but, oh! how deadly dull and monotonously respectable. It is there you appreciate better than anywhere else how sadly the Englishman takes his pleasures. What could tempt a man more to commit suicide than the monotony of the in-door existence of an English watering-place—than to be compelled by wet weather to remain in a lugubrious lodging-house for days in succession without

When he tells you, "Anything for a quiet life," don't believe him.

He doesn't want it.

He would be frightfully bored if he had it.

Therefore, when we say that not for years has Long Branch been so sedate as it has been this season, it must not be supposed that it was in any way dull or monotonous. It could not be American if it were, and Long Branch is the most typical American watering-place in the country.

It has not the wondrous beauty of Newport, and in comparison with that garden of the goddesses is somewhat shoddy. But Newport might exist on the Riviera, on the Bay of Biscay, or on the French side of the English Channel. Long Branch is essentially American. It could only be in the United States, and the student of human nature



can learn a good deal more about American idiosyncrasies by watching the people he meets between the West End and the Iron Pier than he could in many a long day's study in New York or Chicago.

Every class of American is represented there: the man of letters; the man without letters; the millionaire of education and the parvenu of none; the gambler who owns a seat in the Stock Exchange, and the gambler who nightly occupies one in a "hell"; the fashionable woman of the whole world, and her erring sister of the hemisphere; the parson and the blackleg; the scheming mamma and the summer girl; the gentleman, the cad, and the snob; the best elements of the society of the United States and the very worst—all jumbled up together, declaring they are in search of health, but in reality seeking some way to kill time and drive off *ennui*.

But, as we have already stated, this curious *omnium gathering* has this season been behaving itself with a great deal of decorum. The character of the place has been considerably changed by the closing of the Monmouth Park race-track, the leaven of sporting men and gamblers having thereby been much reduced.

The result is that the North End of the Branch presents a comparatively barren and deserted aspect, while in the West End, and down to Elberon, hotels and cottages are crowded, and a sort of goody-goody air prevails.

The famous Ocean Hotel, which used to present so gay a background to the picture from the sea, has been closed all the season, and dismantled of its furniture, for without a sporting element to support it, it had no *raison d'être*. Ocean Avenue, however, notwithstanding the attempts of the angry seas to wash it away, is still wide enough to allow carriages to pass, even where it is narrowest, and the ten-mile drive along the sea has lost none of its attractiveness; while Hollywood, in spite of the terrible silver-colored animals, Venuses, Marses, and Adonises, that surround Mr. John Hoey's home, has had added to its attractions a magnificent swimming-pool, twice the size of the old one. Last year it was half under cover. This season it is all open to the skies, except under a small gallery. The pool is practically open day and night, and a capital band has drawn as many visitors as the water has.

This pool was, if Dame Rumor does not fib, the scene of a capital joke a few days ago. Mr. Edgar Murphy, a well-known frequenter of Long Branch, was quietly basking in the sun on the side of the bath, when a terrible noise was heard at the entrance. It was caused by a discussion be-

tween an old Irishwoman and the Italian bathing-master. She was a strapping big woman, who wore an ill-fitting cotton gown and a bonnet all awry.

"Let me pass, ye macaroni-eatin' monkey," she screamed at the frightened little Italian. "Ye ain't fit to touch the likes o' me. I want to see that rid-headed Murphy."

N. B.—This was an uncalled-for insult to Mr. Murphy, whose hair is auburn.

The cream of Long Branch was either in the bath, or lounging about the sides listening to the band. The big Irishwoman rushed in, and, spying Mr. Murphy in the water, yelled at him: "Mister Murphy! Will yez plaze pay me for thim clothes I washed for you last June?"

The band stopped, and a painful silence followed. Mr. Murphy arose and tried to expostulate with the angry washerwoman, telling her it was no time or place to talk business, and he would see her outside.

"Pay me now, now, now!" shrieked the furious goddess of the tub, as she seized Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy took up his hapless creditor in his great arms, and hurled her headlong into the pool.

A shout of horror burst from the spectators, and the Italian bathing-master shrieked: "Mr. Hoey-a! Mr. Hoey-a!"

The woman rose to the surface.

Her bonnet was gone, and her head was covered with a short crop of curly hair; the dress had slipped off from the shoulders, displaying a massive chest. With two or three vigorous kicks the skirt was released, and a handsome-looking boy came out of it.

It was Mr. John Conway, who, with his friend Mr. Murphy, had played a trick on their Long Branch friends.

The closing of Monmouth Park had another effect on Long Branch beyond making it more decorous. It has shortened the season, so that the hotel-keepers of the place have increased their prices in order "to make the two ends meet." And the ends have met, for all the big hotels have been crowded. The only sufferers have been the owners of the small hostelries, and the hack-drivers, with whom the sympathy is not general, for in the days of their prosperity their charges were preposterous and their manners bad.

Norwood, the summer home of Mr. Norman L. Munro, the





ABOUT TO RUN THE GAUNTLET.

SHORT AS THE DISTANCE IS FROM THE BATH-HOUSES TO THE BREAKERS. IT REQUIRES NO LITTLE SANG-FROID ON THE PART OF THE INGÉNUÉ TO WALK THROUGH THE CROWD, SEATED OR STROLLING ON THE SANDS, WAITING TO MAKE CRITICAL REMARKS.

New York publisher, has now become one of the show places of Long Branch. It is fitting that the owner of the "Seaside Library" should own a sea-side paradise, which he might, with all propriety, have called "Copyright Cottages." It is a lovely spot, on which a great deal of time, money, and thought have been expended, for Long Branch is not naturally beautiful, and was really nothing but a sandy waste when it was first started, a quarter of a century ago or thereabouts. A number of pretty cottages stand on the grounds of Norwood, through the lawns of which winds a little brook, crossed by rustic bridges that are clustered with climbing vines.

But to the people and their amusements.

In spite of the dangerous undertow of the sea, which has caused so many drownings, the frequenters of Long Branch are devoted to bathing, and, unlike their more exclusive sisters at Newport, the ladies who spend the summer there delight to disport themselves in the waves in more or less attire—more or less gorgeous.

Short though the distance is from the bath-houses to the breakers, it requires no little *sang-froid* on the part of the *ingénue* to walk in a bathing-costume through a crowd of lounging belles and cigarette-smoking dudes, seated or strolling on the sands, who congregate together and make critical remarks as the bather passes. However tasteful her dress may be, however well it may fit, she cannot fail to feel shy until she gets accustomed to run the gauntlet, and becomes as hardened to criticism as her elder sisters. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and many a young girl, when she is about to leave the bathing-house to take her first public dive into the sea, feels as awkward as she will when she makes her *début* in her first low-necked dress.

The various methods in which different bathers choose to enter the sea are well worthy of note by all those who desire to enjoy a hearty laugh. In entering the water, the favorite style with Young America at Long Branch is a skip and a jump; a run, a leap, and a splash; then a retreat, followed by a cautious advance, and a species of wild dance, as if the bather were performing the cancan, with a wave for a partner, and finally a terrific plunge into the surf. Middle-aged America, conscious of the buoyant nature of fat, walks with elephantine tread as far into the sea as the surf will allow, throws himself backward into the breaker, and floats placidly and contentedly until another wave washes him up among the spectators, and leaves him on the shore prostrate—high and dry. Then he rises and repeats the performance. A favorite amusement among the bathers at Long Branch is to form into line, ladies and gentlemen holding each other's hands, and then advance boldly toward the surf. Just as the white crest towers above them, all spring upward and are borne in by the advancing tide. Naturally, some are unfortunate, and do not make their leap in time, but the great object is to keep the chain of linked hands unbroken, and those who first regain their feet on the soft, firm sand assist in righting their less fortunate companions; but should a second breaker follow too closely upon the heels of the first, probably the whole party are rolled ignominiously over, and after a few seconds come panting and dripping to their feet.

It is not a highly intellectual pastime certainly, but you can't discuss the "isms" when you are surf-bathing.

Riding on horseback has always been a favorite amusement at the Branch, but this season it has been more popular than ever. Every morning at six o'clock Ocean Avenue has had plenty of riders on it, and has been the scene of many a lively preprandial race, while in the afternoons, as well as in the mornings, fair jockeys have urged on their steeds at full gallop over the well-kept road along Cedar Avenue. Among the best of these *equestriennes* are the Misses Seligman—daughters of the New York banker—who are exceptionally good riders, and have beautiful seats and good hands. Miss Florence Pancoast, the daughter of Prof. William H. Pancoast, and one of the reigning beauties at the Branch this season; the Misses Goodkind, of New York; Miss Munro, the daughter of the owner of Norwood; and the Misses Loveland, of St. Louis, are a few of the fair jockeys who show how well they know how to handle the reins.

Walking being thoroughly English, and Anglomania having attacked Elberon, as it has most fashionable places in this country, it is not surprising that the young ladies

who inhabit that aristocratic quarter of Long Branch should have formed themselves into a walking class. With stout, broad-soled shoes, short walking skirts, and big hats they go out for an all-day tramp into the country. Then the Russells having made Delsarte a fashionable fad, there has, of course, been a class to study how to manage the muscles. A good story, apropos, is told of the wife of a certain United States Senator, who is more than usually gifted with *embonpoint*. She fell out of a second-story window of her cottage, but, strange to say, she was not in the least hurt. According to her story, just as she felt herself going she remembered the lessons she had taken in the Delsarte classes. She relaxed every muscle and let herself drop as if she were dead. Result—not a bruise.

Wonderful presence of mind!

But would not absence of body have been even preferable?

Men have been at a premium at the Branch this season. The closing of the Monmouth track has been one cause for this, but the same cry has come from every summer resort throughout the country this season—race-track or no race-track. It cannot be that the American girl is losing her attractions, for never has she looked more bewitching than this summer, Dame Fashion having decreed that her costumes should be surpassingly lovely. Walk down Ocean Avenue, and how many of the summer-houses you see occupied by one solitary maiden looking out on the waves, perhaps murmuring to herself—

"Here, as with many-memored heart
I trace our green walks by the shore,
I pause to pray for thee apart,
To call thee to my side once more;
For well I know, hadst thou the power,
Thou'dst leave the brightest heavenly sphere
To see me but for one brief hour:
To comfort me left lonely here."

Perhaps it is, they have not the power.

Certain it is, that hundreds of the men who never missed spending at least a part of the summer at Long Branch have not been near it this season. Handsome women are seen in the ball-room waiting in vain for partners.

As you ruminate over the subject, a small boy interrupts your thoughts by inviting you to buy of his flowers. Probably he is a student of human nature and may be able to decide the question; so you buy a bouquet, and put it to him. He answers it thus:

"The fellers have got sick of bein' run after, and is gone on yachts where there ain't no mommers."

Some of the cottage people at Long Branch are rather pleased at the sedateness that has characterized the place this season. They regard it as an earnest of a return to its old position among American watering-places. It is certain that the sporting element and the transient seekers after gayety caused great injury to Long Branch's prestige with fashionable people. With these elements eliminated, it may grow great again—that is, if the sea will kindly cease from cutting away the bluff.



THE PLEASURES OF THE SURF.



EDITED BY MARY L. BISLAND.

IF some woman of unquestioned social position could be induced to write a manual of fashionable etiquette, her work would be eagerly welcomed, and followed by pleasing practical results. There is a misleading old saw floating about somewhere, implying that a virtuous heart is the safest guide in attaining fine manners. This proverb sounds well, but is quite impossible of application. One may possess faith, hope, and charity, yet be embarrassingly ignorant of a hundred and one of the elegant details of behavior. True politeness is a thing apart from a correct knowledge of drawing-room and dinner-table refinement. It is stupid to confound the two, and instil a scorn of society polish, that adds grace to its possessor, and in no degree dulls the beauty of soul and heart nobility.

True, a dozen or more books have been written attempting to treat of this very subject, but in no instance has one been successful. In the midst of a lot of useless twaddle, moralizing, and generalizing, the authors vaguely suggest, mildly dissuade, and only speak clearly or authoritatively on matters that rarely become debatable. It is absurd to advise offering the right hand in greeting, and to fail to tell a hostess precisely how to place her guests at the table.

In this big, progressive, ever-enriching land there are thousands of clever, well-to-do people who, done with the strain of money-getting, are impatient to gain accurate knowledge of society's laws and methods.

A lady of fashion, who has lectured and written rather extensively on such matters, tells entertainingly of a recent visit to a city of the far West. She says that, after her informal parlor discourse, numbers of the most charming and perfectly gowned women pressed near, each one soliciting her decision and advice on some particular question of etiquette. They were all unaffectedly anxious to know, and listened with rapt attention while she talked, showing a candid simplicity and determination to learn that were at once honest and admirable.

There is no doubting the unaffected interest that the American public at large has conceived for all things concerning society. The tiniest country town has its chronicles of a local "four hundred," and any suggestion for improvement is speedily accepted and adopted. No snobbishness nor flunkysim is associated with this desire to know and do. This new ardor for increased ceremony and more rigid etiquette is simply a reaction from the dull practicalities and rude informality inseparable from the formative period of communities. See how hastily the "great unknowing" swallows teachings of false prophets that presume to preach to them. It would be a clever and kindly thing to set forth, simply and authoritatively, every detail of ceremony and etiquette observed in the best circles of fashion.

THE large and sweet charities conducted by women of England's aristocracy are fine in themselves, and very creditable to members of that exclusive class. To lift up and brighten the lives of the poor appears to be the correct thing, from a social point of view. Lady Grey Egerton, for instance, has for a number of winters de-

voted all her Sunday evenings to arranging entertainments for the least fortunate people in the East End of London. The programmes are changed from week to week, but are always made interesting by good music, really clever recitations, etc. In order to render it possible for poor mothers to come, even babies are admitted. A number of the first artistes, both actors and musicians, have proffered their services, members of Parliament have spoken, and thousands of poor folks been made happy by the work.

WEALTHY women have become ardent, even passionate collectors. It is now to select some one article, and make the pursuit of it a chief end in life. Antique silver, tapestries, and historical fans are decidedly the smartest fads, but competition has excited such sharp rivalry in these three things that an immense income is necessary to get together a respectable assortment. Rings, cameos, miniatures, old ivories, Oriental and Italian embroideries, and rare books have attracted many feminine connoisseurs, whose cabinets are fairly well filled with valuables. The taste is pretty and improving, for to attain any eminence considerable study is necessary, as well as skill, shrewdness, travel, and investigation. Only those who go into the business intelligently can hope to get genuine examples of the art they worship, for clever imitations flood the market—imitations so excellent that even the best informed collectors are occasionally taken in. Prints are possibly the latest fashion, and for the moment vie with musical instruments in holding fickle fancies. An admirable feature of this modern mode of spending money is the benefit museums derive from it in the end. To the passion Lady Charlotte Schreiber developed for getting together historical and topical fans, the British Museum owes its present splendid collection, presented by my lady herself. She has been influential in turning public attention to this sort of thing, and giving many thoroughly bored women of leisure an object to live for.

WITH every year that passes, fashionable people of the Eastern States spend more and more of their time in the country. The English custom of living out of town, and only returning to the city for a brief season of gayety, is being rapidly adopted over here, and promises within the next ten years to influence society very perceptibly. This kind of modish taste is noticeable not alone in the superb and substantial houses being erected in rural districts, but also in the quality of the buildings, which are many of them of stone and fitted for winter quite as much as for summer occupancy.

This very autumn, dozens of up-town mansions in New York will remain closed until after Christmas, their owners entertaining house parties in the country, or choosing the demi-season for shooting expeditions or Western travel.

It is well known that the Vanderbilts have limited their tarrying in town to three months, and hereafter mean to assume the landed gentry attitude in downright earnest. The members of the family have bought large estates, and are building or have built stone palaces in which to live.

So far, they have been rather averse to intimate entertaining, and, though always fulfilling their whole duty in the matter of big functions, rarely have people stopping with them more than twenty-four hours.

The house party, however, is bound to obtain, for this is such a big country that few neighborhoods can provide sufficient guests to impart interest to rural balls, dinners, and the like. In gray November, with bleak winds whistling through naked trees, snow banked against stone walls, two-thirds of the cottages closed, and quiet everywhere, then the sociable American will require every scrap of his Anglo-mania and resolution to adhere to form and carry him through its severe initiation. It will be uncommonly hard at first to make sleigh-rides, and snow-shoe and toboggan parties, take the place of the play and a friendly gossip at Delmonico's afterward. But it is social disciplining, and in time the devoted student will grow to love a tramp over the frozen turnip fields better than the briskest walk down the Avenue, and will find more real luxury in an exclusive neighborhood dance than even the Patriarch or Assembly balls.

The whole thing is a matter of education, and of a truth there is more dignity in living apart on one's own possessions than huddled ten in a row on a city block. A social prophet insists that this will be the evolution of America's highest fashion, and that her smart stock will be a heartier, handsomer set when they learn to spend less time inhaling city gas and factory smoke.

THOSE who enjoyed the privilege of attending Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott's drawing-room lectures at Newport, this summer, are expressing a hope that she will repeat the series in New York City next winter. They were all four very delightful talks upon modern literature and art, too clever by half not to deserve to reach a more extended audience. A dozen or more distinguished houses would be gladly put at her disposal, and, as at Newport, the financial would vie with the artistic success of her polished essays.

The feminine portion of Mrs. Elliott's hearers were all grateful to her artist husband for designing the delicious gown in which she stimulated the eyes as well as the intellect of those assembled. Her costume was classically beautiful, with its Greek draperies and rare tone, and her statuesque figure was never seen to better advantage. Her hair had been dressed in smoothly waved bands above the brow, and a low knot at the back, that revealed the handsome lines of her well-proportioned head. The costume was both unusual and interesting. It appears that the under garment was of dull gold-colored silk, without lustre or stiffness. Over it she wore a pale, ivory-white *crêpe de Chine*, that fell in soft folds to the feet, and was laid simply across the fine shoulders and bust to show her fair nuche and round white throat. The sleeves were admirable, combining grace and fashion, and when the lecturer used her strong, handsomely modelled hands, one came to believe they were designed to show off this particularly attractive feature. Then there was a loose silk scarf depending from one shoulder, caught lightly on the opposite arm, and falling away at the back. Mrs. Elliott wore no jewels save the sparkling rings on her fingers, and during each discourse presented a picture every beauty-loving man and woman regarded with unmixed pleasure. Possibly the happiest background provided during the series was in Mrs. James P. Kernochan's white and gold ball-room, with a tall screen placed to heighten the charming effect.

THIS, or a trifle later, is the time to think of camping, when the summer's fierce heat is over, and the air, growing crisp, creates a longing for blankets and brush fires, and causes tent-life to seem alluring to the lovers of forest and stream. In reality, Easterners know nothing of the luxury and delights of a temporary existence under canvas. It required the ingenuity of Californians, with their wonderful redwoods, to work out the problem of unhooused comfort. When the rich ranchmen, or smart city folks, go for a lark in the wilds, they do the thing systematically, and on a scale of elegance undreamt of even by New York sybarites.

An expedition once decided upon, the party proper invariably send the servants several days in advance to pre-

pare for their coming. It is then that broad platforms are rudely put together, and raised several inches above the ground, to provide a dry, pleasant flooring for the women's tent as well as the big dining enclosure. Not fewer than five separate apartments are arranged—a general sitting-room, refectory, servants' quarters, and rustic dormitories for both the feminine and masculine members of the party.

Camping near a spring, ice-cold water is assured, and, an accomplished *chef* being regarded as indispensable, trout and game are sure to be artistically served. Every one fishes and hunts, and individuals are taught to feel they are committees of one, expected to do their part in sustaining the honor of the larder, even to foraging about on contiguous farms for fresh supplies of fruit and milk. In many—in fact, in most cases—good saddle-horses are part of the camp belongings, and those inclined, go for a morning canter before the early breakfast garnished with wild-flowers, and set under a tent with sides rolled high to admit the crisp matin breeze and sunshine.

In these rural quarters smart San Francisco people are in the habit of extending an adaptation of the English house-party hospitality. As the hosts go prepared for a six weeks' sojourn, they arrange to have a new set of guests every seven days; guests to revel in the shadows of the mighty red woods, and breathe the balmy air distilled from a carpet of resinous pine needles.

FOR the benefit of those who doubt Rudyard Kipling's fondness for Americans, here is a true little story of the mighty literary lion's encounter with two of Uncle Samuel's daughters. The author told it himself—an episode of a very few weeks ago. It seems he saw two nice elderly ladies in Northumberland Avenue, London, looking as if they didn't know quite what to do, and wondering, in transatlantic accents, if there were no "horse cars" about anywhere. Kipling went up, spoke to them, and asked if he might be of service. They were inclined to be a little indignant at first; but he showed his card, whereupon they both figuratively fell upon his neck and wept for joy, confessing they had read and liked his stories, yet never dared to hope for a chance to meet the author. They explained they had only one day in London and didn't know what to see first or how to get anywhere; upon which he straightway took them under his wing and carried them off to Westminster Abbey, and then to the shops in Bond Street—as being the proper thing for travelling Americans to see. After administering luncheon, he saw them safely in a "Ammersmith bus," with careful instructions to the conductor to set them down. They naturally were entirely delighted; and isn't it easy to imagine how they will go home and tell for years of how Rudyard Kipling came to speak to them on the street, trotted about with them all day, and how all the acquaintances will be perfectly polite while secretly and firmly doubting every word of it?

SIMPLICITY is the watchword this autumn in the costumes of bridesmaids, attendants' toilets being very evidently designed to bring into high relief the bride's superlative splendor. At a very charming wedding, to take place at a country house the latter part of this month, the two maids will wear round muslin skirts encircled by a single ruffle with elaborate Marie Antoinette lace-edged *fichus* folded with long ends over simple baby waists. At the breast a knot of saffron-colored roses will be worn, a huge bouquet of the same will be carried in the hand, and a broad-brimmed Marie Antoinette hat will be encircled by a wreath of flowers to correspond exactly. The shoes and gloves will be of pale tan.

SMALL, exquisitely painted miniature portraits on pearl, set as marquise rings and surrounded by diamonds, are the *fin de siècle* gifts to be exchanged between men and their sweethearts. Of course they are hugely costly, and equally of course they are highly prized and much coveted. The likeness is, as a rule, extremely flattering, and circled by flashing jewels looks quite splendid, no matter how plain the subject may in reality have been. As it is not form to show these new love-tokens on ordinary occasions, each ring made has a tiny engraved gold shield to accompany it, so nicely fashioned that it slips over the whole setting and fits securely.



AN INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR G.: If there is "a joy without canker or cark, and a pleasure eternally new," I have found and enjoyed both in a series of most excellent Casino men's luncheons, which follow in so close succession that they fairly step on each other's heels. We solemnized three last week, and within the next seven days I am to pay off a score of social debts at a feasting that, I warrant you, shall be of no secondary quantity or quality.

Concerning this affair, I have registered in heaven and here on earth, have hissed into Sleary's trembling ear and roared at Freddy's shrinking form, a vow to the effect that no dude, nor friend nor relative of a dude, shall put his legs under my table.

When I came down to this place in July I was a moderately mild-mannered man; children could play with me, I was so gentle; what the poet professionally calls lads and lassies could eat corn from my hand, and I was a living and beautiful illustration of manhood ripened out and mellowed into elderly perfection. I am so no more; I am fast becoming a blighted blossom, and those little rascals, the dudes, are working this ruin.

One of the above-mentioned luncheons was a superb affair, and the host, who is a good friend of mine, bade some four or more dudes to the mid-day meal, he most unfortunately owning kinship with some of them. At the hour set, eight of us, who are, I believe, intelligent and appreciative beings, turned up in neat morning toilet, while in trotted four little men arrayed rather more appropriately for swabbing down a ship's deck than sharing a fine meal with gentlemen.

You won't believe it, but they looked as if they had been left out in the weather for a week, with their shabby shoes and crinkled clothes. It was a piece of cool impudence. A man from Podunk might not know better, but Billee W., who was the frowziest of the four, had an excellent nurse, according to his mamma's accounts, twenty-five years ago, and she, I'll venture to assert, never let him appear at the nursery board in so untidy a rig.

Squarely opposite these amateur tramps sat Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister, in a cloud of correctest lily-white. From neck to white-duck heels he was arrayed in yachting-flannels, and the effect of the whole, when he covered his dark head with a white yachting-cap, was both pleasing and surprising.

He and Le Ghait, the Belgian diplomat, are excellent social friends and companions. One scarce ever sees the Turk's serious, dusky face and snowy form, that the elegant Gaul is not somewhere in the vicinity. They tell me they find Newport hugely amusing and interesting, and one pastime in which they seem to find almost holy delight is that of calling.

It appears to be a sacred, well-beloved profession with them, and rarely of a morning do I trip into some drawing-room to pay my respects and air my wit that I do not find the amiable foreigners hearkening with grave attention to a pretty hostess's gay discourse.

No, I didn't attend the Hitchcock wedding, and for the best of reasons. My name was not included in the list of the thirty fortunate ones asked to witness the ceremony. The two young people are here now, however, letting us amuse them, and though I've only been vaguely introduced to the bride, I can see and hear that Hitchcock has acquitted himself in a matrimonial way as successfully as one could wish. But that is not unnatural, since he does everything well, from driving a four-in-hand to marrying, and this last is his *chef-d'œuvre*.

If I may, I shall see Miss Hargous become Mrs. Duncan Elliot; and so will many more of us, who, though we are

due at Lenox some days before her wedding takes place, will gladly postpone our autumn pleasures in the hills in order that we may witness the most interesting episode in this charming young woman's life.

You cannot guess how great a favorite she is among those who know her, by reason of her wholly amiable nature, and though there are individuals who wish she had chosen to wed a first-class earl who keeps a dozen carriages, I can see no better guarantee of happiness than the honest devotion she and her fine young mate bear each other.

When, however, I do reach Lenox, take my salt-soaked lungs into the clear, dry hill atmosphere, and regain the joyous curl of whiskers on which the moisture here lays a depressing hand, I shall array myself gloriously for a renewal of acquaintance with the Canfields, who rent a pretty home at Lenox.

He—Cass Canfield—is, take him all in all, one of the nicest men I know; is one of those entirely satisfactory persons whose possessions are to be envied, and who does everything in the best possible way. When, in his bachelor days, he followed the sea, his yacht, the *Sea Fox*, was the prettiest schooner afloat. It was built on his own designs, and with it he outsailed the *Grayling*, you remember. On board he was a perfect host and an unrivalled sailor. With his usual luck and cleverness, he married the prettiest, sweetest woman in Chicago, who honestly and self-sacrificingly tried for two whole seasons to like the water.

It conquered her, however, every time, so the yacht has been given up, greatly to the grief of Canfield's friends, and now he is busy showing Mrs. Canfield what an excellent dry-land husband he can be when he tries.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, who has been abroad the greater part of the summer, is to be in Lenox this autumn; has taken a house for the months before the snow. She is an acquisition both important and valuable to the little Massachusetts village, which, now that the season for leaving it is near, I vastly prefer to this sea-side Babylon.

Lenox is an excellent place to rest in. To my land-loving eyes 'tis more beautiful than Newport, and the air more invigorating. Just now the salt winds have a bitter chill tang in them, and though I've no doubt that I'll find evenings cool when driving over the Berkshire Hills, 'tis a vigorous air, that stiffens a man's backbone and helps him to get ready for the town and winter's demands.

A little thing illustrative of the difference between the sea-side and the inland town is the absence at Lenox of a second man on the carriage box. One man on the box means genial, informal sociability; two men speaks for heavy ceremony; and if I had my way, all footmen should be left behind, in town or the stables.

You may easily see that I am piously aweary of this daily round, and long to get out my gilded crook, blue ribbons, and woolly flock, and go follow the estimable example set by Norval's father. My last faint summer struggle made in a dress suit was at Miss Leary's.

Everything there was, of course, in excellent taste and irreproachably conducted, for not only does the kind lady comprehend the literal meaning of the word entertainment, but is aided and abetted in the act of amusing and comforting her guests by her brother Arthur. Arthur may never, of course, care to manipulate the silken ribbons of fashionable social government in imitation of Ward McAllister, but he has cleverness enough to reign over us if he pleases, and not only can do it, but has vastly more of a genius for such diplomacy and polite authority than ever Ward has shown.

Leary is an amiable, courteous man, possessed of much drawing-room grace, ease, and affability, which three excellent characteristics our well-beloved Ward possesses in a latent, but surely not active form. More than all, Leary is a dignified and popular man with both men and women, and he has an admirable ground for action in his own home, and a valuable vice-general in his sister, who is a favorite, and prosperous in a society way. McAllister has grown a bit old for his place, it seems to me, and needs to be put on the honorable retired list, with some sort of gold order to wear on his broad chest in recognition of valuable services rendered.

Au revoir (as mine English friends remark sentimentiously at parting).

MAJOR PENDENNIS.



MISS LOUISE LYONS HEUSTIS.—This extremely pretty girl, of whom a portrait is here given, is one of an unusually large number of handsome and clever women credited to Mobile. The talent and physical attractions of many belles and artists who have made the Alabama city famous are recognized through the length and breadth of the land, giving the town a happy reputation, that the subject of this sketch has done much to support. Daughter of Dr. J. F. Heustis, her mother, then Miss Lyons, was in her youth regarded as the beauty of Columbus, S. C.

Even as a child, Miss Heustis developed the marked talent for art that has influenced her entire life. She received her early education at home, and from there went abroad, to be permitted, in Paris, the privileges enjoyed by promising pupils. While there, through two studious years, she worked under Bouguereau, Robert Fleuri, and Lazar, the last-named artist being also the guide of Amélie Rives Chanler. Her *métier* is portraiture, and in her travels, extending over a larger part of the Continent, in the galleries of Italy or on the Normandy coast, with fellow-students and distinguished masters, the young Southerner advanced steadily at her art.

It was during this time that Miss Heustis gave proof of the versatility of her gifts, and wrote a number of charming letters to the *Philadelphia Times*. From Paris; from Switzerland, where the Vine Growers' Festival was in progress; here and there in her travels, she gathered material to maintain a correspondence that proved eminently clever and interesting. Miss Heustis, like all good Americans, was finally attracted homeward, and for the past six months has been busy filling professional orders. This summer she has passed as the guest of Col. Alex. K. McClure, stopping in his handsome country home while painting the portrait of the well-known editor's wife.

In person Miss Heustis is tall, slender, and well proportioned, with a clear, rosy skin, shining and abundant brown hair, unusually handsome hazel eyes, and an expression full of dignity, intelligence, and sweetness.

A SECOND AUNT JO.—No reader of Louisa Alcott's charming "Little Women" can ever have forgotten the sweet second sister of the book, whose warm heart seemed to beat in special unison with boys. Big and little, young and old, pretty and plain, she comforted, coddled, and adored them alike, herself a generous, lovable, spiritual mother to all wayward, lonely youths. It appears now that there is an Aunt Jo in real life, who follows the same

methods as the story-character when winning the confidence and affection of lads with whom she is thrown in contact.

Lovers of literature surely recall to mind Miss Mary Porter, the clever author of "Place aux Dames," and other graceful trifles. The lady, a cultivated Southerner from the banks of the Têche, has lived abroad for a number of years, and interested herself in London charities. No matter, however, what direction her philanthropy took, her heart always turned to boys, and, finally, for pure love of the labor, she accepted a position as assistant in a big orphanage for boys. Later she taught a choir-school in a rural town of England, influencing and holding every pupil under her care. While engaged in this work she became specially interested in the child of some people about, and out of the liberality of her sympathetic love she adopted the child, and charged herself with his education and future maintenance. Wherever she goes this single end inspires her life, and far and wide Miss Mary Porter is known as the boys' truest, tenderest friend.



MISS LOUISE LYONS HEUSTIS.

FRINGES ALL IN A ROW.—Only those who have visited ducal and royal establishments abroad can have any conception of the scale of splendor maintained in the great houses of this country's plutocracy. Every department is a study in itself, and not the least interesting feature of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's private palace, for instance; is the linen-closet where all of her costly damasks and embroidered linens are stored. Of course, every one has heard of the point-lace sheets Mrs. Willie K. brought to her pretty sister-in-law from Europe awhile ago. They were a decided novelty over here, and naturally created a sensation among millionaire house-keepers. It may have been the acquisition of these exquisite bed-coverings that incited Mrs. Vanderbilt to order her linen cupboard with such nicety. Certain it is, no system or detail could improve upon the present arrangement. The closet is in reality a room finished in hardwood, and admirably decorated. Every device has been studied to preserve the articles, and facilitate the means of getting at them. The tablecloths, each with its particular set of napkins, are laid away in sets, the napery all being of the very handsomest description, and artistic as well as valuable. In place of shelves, or drawers pulling back and forth, a succession of magnified pigeon-holes are built in on one side, with doors that put up and let down. Every set has its separate compartment, with the name outside, in order that a maid may put her hand

on the right thing at once. This system is carried out in disposing of all the linen, which is naturally of the finest quality, and decorated with rich and rare drawn and needle-work. Vert-vert, lavender, and orris-root lend a faint and delightful perfume to the sheets, pillow-cases, and towels, while a mere suggestion of violets, heliotrope, or white rose is permitted in perfuming the napery.

WHEN, AND FOR WHAT?—A close observer of matters social sends to inquire when home-keeping ladies of the tenement district take their bangs out of curl papers, and for what reason *papillotes* are used, as the hair seems never to be allowed to escape confinement. The question is one really requiring profound thought and some investigation. True enough, from the time Mesdames Rooney, O'Sullivan, and Ryan raise their back windows to exchange morning greetings, all through hot ante-meridian hours over the stove, lazy afternoons gossiping on the door-step, even till they turn in for the night, no visible change is effected in the dingy paper knobs on their brows. Men come and chaff the girls through the entrance, the entire feminine settlement hang out of windows to watch a show go by, tend in bake-shops, visit, promenade, and idle in company, yet never an outlet for the long-repressed fringe.

A desire to please the masculine eye cannot inspire such relentless twisting of love-locks, for a girl of the class will stand and banter her best beau, quite indifferent to the evening journal standing at acute angles above her sentimental countenance.

No; neither men, love of beauty, nor simple vanity can be held responsible for tenement curl papers. They are a unique crop, spring without reason, and rarely bearing fruit. For a Sunday outing, a firemen's ball, or some extraordinarily smart function, they do sprout pretty bravely—a stiff, woolly mass, unlike anything human, clearly marked off from the main growth by a wide white part, painful in its bald effect.

THE CHEERYBLE SISTERS.—Two well-loved and most charming women are the Misses Woolsey, of Newport, who spend the long winters in that pretty Rhode Island town, and when summer comes slip away for a genuine recreation among the mountains.

Miss Dora Woolsey is the graceful author of much delightful child literature, and is loved by hosts of young people as "Susan Coolidge," her pen name. Highly cultivated, elegant, and with the warmest, tenderest hearts in the world, both sisters are regarded with singular affection by the people among whom they live.

Their ample, attractive home is the centre for congenial spirits, who rejoice not only in its atmosphere of intellectual culture but the broad and sweet philanthropy pervading its every part. A stranger, a foreigner, who once visited there, was constrained, in spite of his good breeding, to comment upon the surprises attending an entrance into the house. "Who would ever imagine all this wealth of books, this beauty and grace, being concealed by so sternly simple an exterior? The contrast is both agreeable and astonishing."

Susan Coolidge is a busy woman, and is numbered among the remarkably successful authors of this country. She writes for little ones under the inspiration of her own and her sister's loving interest in all concerning child life, and, as a matter of course, never fails to touch the young souls to whom she speaks.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.—There was a time, not so very far distant either, when no one felt him or herself too insignificant to indulge in sharp criticism of the beautiful author of "The Brother of Dragons." But that period has evidently passed, and now floating about are numberless little anecdotes of the lovely Virginian's gentle-heartedness, and of her unquestioned personal magnetism being exercised for noble ends.

It appears, since Amélie Rives's recent return from Europe, she has been devoting much of her time to teaching an old gray-headed darky to read. Late in life came this sudden and overwhelming desire for knowledge, and, as there was no one else to do it, Mrs. Chanler offered to open the gates of literature for the old man. Every morning she gives him a lesson, and, using a big-print New Testa-

ment as text-book, serves the double end of advancing his instruction in letters and Scripture alike.

Far south, in her old Mobile home, other incidents are called to mind illustrating the young author's quick, abundant, and patient sympathy even as a slip of a girl. This was long before she dreamed of achieving fame, and therefore her motives could not be questioned as now, when friends raise their eyebrows and slyly whisper the ugly suggestion, "advertisement," upon hearing of a deed of more than common generosity done by a man or woman distinguished above their fellows.

It appears that a tragedy had occurred in the town—one of those painful accidents when a bright young boy was drowned, leaving a desperately grieved mother on the verge of insanity. The poor woman's reason was despaired of, and, though many offered consolation, she turned away, dry-eyed and hopeless. Finally, Amélie Rives announced her intention of trying to soothe the unhappy mother, went to her, and in less than an hour broke the terrible tension by inducing a storm of softening tears. For days after, the stricken lady could not bear to have the gentle comforter out of her sight, and seemed to find escape from her anguish only in the sound of the girl's sympathetic voice. By the force of her strong, sweet influence the future author of "Virginia of Virginia" had worked a miracle.

A CLEVER COMMISSIONER.—Among the bright, energetic, and capable women working in the interest of the Columbian Exposition, Miss Dailey, of Providence, R. I., is highly regarded. She is a charming, cultivated lady, one of the commissioners from her native State, and full of vigor and enthusiasm concerning the department over which Mrs. Potter Palmer presides. Being an ardent admirer of the able president of the Board of Lady Managers, she never wearies of recounting proofs of Mrs. Palmer's tact, dignity, and unfaltering efforts in behalf of feminine interests at the great Chicago show. Miss Dailey herself is a gray-haired, pink-cheeked, sweet-faced lady, matured, yet full of quick sympathies, and of the cordial manner that goes so far in winning attention and consideration when laboring for a public cause.

UNSPOILED BY FAME.—A foreign correspondent writes thus admiringly of the brilliant young English storyteller whose name has been in every mouth for the past twelve months:

"And then Rudyard Kipling came in to bid me goodbye, and take a last cup of tea. All his plans are changed, and he is off to Samoa and a visit to Stevenson. He is quite broken down with overwork, and the doctors have made him swear off from touching a pen for the next year or more, during which time he is to loaf around the world and stay mostly at sea. He was quite as nice as ever, and is, without exception, the wittiest, cleverest, and sensiblest creature ever known. It is perfectly miraculous that, with such sudden and enormous fame at his age and with all the world running after him, he should be so completely unspoiled and free from the smallest shadow of affectation."

POPULAR PREJUDICES.—The public certainly cherishes some curious, and very often unjust, sentiments concerning different localities. For instance, every nasal-voiced, stiff-necked, narrow-minded old maid is credited to New England, pruders to Philadelphia, masculine braggarts to New York, loafers to the south of Mason & Dixon's Line, rouged cheeks to Kentucky, and so on. But whenever a woman wears a more than commonly ridiculous gown, some misinformed individual invariably sets her down to the credit of Texas. "From B—— County, I believe," said a woman, recounting a rather thrilling episode she witnessed at the Court of Greece. "We were all assembled when she entered, a tall, over-plump, and extremely good-looking blonde. Her skirts were of some airy stuff, her neck and arms blazed with jewels, but they were mere details, as all eyes were riveted on the young woman's remarkable bodice. It was of kid, all kid, and of a perfect flesh tint, very *décolleté*, fitted like her epidermis, with no trimming whatever, simply studded here and there with diamond pins that instinctively made one wince, and wonder how they were held in place. The company very speedily became all eyes,

and with a sweep of confidence the young madam brought herself up for presentation before the throne. Now the Queen of Greece is extremely near-sighted, dreads to put up her glass for fear of seeming rude; consequently, she remained oblivious of the remarkable figure that bent to kiss her hand. However, a tall princess of Denmark stood near, whose vision, clear as a hawk's, took in the situation at a glance, so, when the kidded individual drew near, she instantly made a broad gesture of repugnance, and in French forbade a closer approach. A cruel cut, perhaps, but even we, the lady's compatriots, scarcely thought it undeserved, and breathed a deep sigh of relief as the discomfited figure disappeared from view."

NEW PERQUISITES.—There is, perhaps, no animal on earth who possesses such a voracious appetite as the English domestic—*Servitor Britannicus*—and his capacity for beer is unequalled anywhere.

The late Earl of Wicklow used to tell an amusing story of his first experience with regard to the latter. Not having been gifted with many of this world's goods before he succeeded his cousin to the title and family estates, Lord Wicklow had a somewhat frugal mind. Soon after his accession to the property, he called upon his steward for the household accounts, and carefully scrutinized each item.

Now it is the custom in most great establishments in London for one of the upper servants, generally the steward, to supply the others with beer, charging the amount to the head of the house, while those who do not drink are allowed what is known as "beer money," in addition to their wages.

Among other expense items, Lord Wicklow discovered "dishing up beer," and, later on, "turning down beer." It was not in the least difficult for him to guess that "dishing up" implied the liquid drunk by the cooks, and the kitchen and scullery maids when serving dinner, but he was at a loss to understand what the "turning down" process might mean. In response to his interrogations, the steward gravely replied: "It's the beer, my lord, wot the 'ousemaids 'ave when they go hupstairs to turn down the sheets at night."

Tips having come to play such a prominent part in our domestic economy as an English importation, there is reason to believe the time may not be far off when our millionaire householders will be called upon to supply their servants with "dishing up" and "turning down" whiskey.

LETTERS FROM MOTHERS.—In the ever-widening correspondence of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN a new feature has developed that promises to be no less interesting than instructive to a large class of thoughtful women. Of late, several papers have been received by the editor touching upon subjects of vital concern to mothers. They have come, not from professional writers, but women unused to writing for print, who seek some vehicle of expression for cherished theories and principles. In order to meet this evident want of an outlet, a series of "Letters from Mothers" is therefore begun, and will be continued at the discretion of the editor. Many women, with hearts in the nursery, really striving to fulfil the great trust committed to their charge, have evolved and applied practical tests to new methods that might be of untold aid to others working blindly for the same end; not only as regards moral ethics of the nursery, but also as concerns homely details of diet, artistic and healthful dress, sanitation, amusements, and general government. Those inspired to write a short letter of the sort suggested, may be sure careful attention will be given to their manuscripts, and, if suitable, the contribution will be promptly published. A pseudonym may be used, the real name only being required as a guarantee of good faith. The first letter is entitled, "The Cry of the Children," and is as follows:

I do not plead, as the poetess did, for the little, overworked bodies of the children of our poor. Thanks to wisely enforced laws, we in America are spared the frightful abuses which wrung forth that cry some forty-three years ago in England. But I do plead for the hungry hearts of many of our well-clothed, well-fed little ones who have never known the true meaning of the name of mother—mother! the *confidante*, guide, and friend.

In these days of wide liberty for women, when brains are held at a premium, sometimes at the expense of heart and soul, mothers too often feel that time spent in the nursery is time lost. They seem to think cramming their own brains, writing a book, wearing fashionable gowns, or serving society more important than training the next generation. If we only fully realized what these bright-eyed darlings in our nurseries represent! They are the future in miniature. Here are the men and women who will make the world better or worse when you and I are gone.

"The evil that men do lives after them"; yea, and the good, too, thank God! Is it too much to say that we mothers have the making or marring of the future of this great nation? Do not begrudge the time, the trouble, the self-denial, of true motherhood. The gardener does not regret the labor bestowed on the tree that is to bring forth much fruit. Water the young souls committed to your care with words of wisdom, shine on them with a heart full of love, prune them carefully, wisely, always bearing in mind the results, not present appearance. Make your boys (begin at the very cradle) unselfish, truthful, tender, and I do not think you or the women who come after you will have cause to complain. Do not wait until they have grown to be worthless men, or worse, and then go on the platform and inveigh against the tyranny and injustice shown to women. Much is said about making children obey. Yes, make them obedient—obedient to the higher nature within themselves, not slaves to your whim or caprice.

To be a good mother—or good anything, for that matter—self must be put aside. Emerson says: "In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stand me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am wilful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength; but if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reverts and loves with me."

I have seen children who were models of obedience; but it was the obedience of the dog to his master, the ship to its rudder. The little life sails smoothly as long as the helm is held by a skilful hand; but remove that hand, and the life where the will has been simply subjugated, is dashed about by every passing fancy or emotion, and too often wrecked on the reefs of indecision.

"H. H." says, in one of her "Bits of Talk about Home Matters": "Mothers might well resolve that their first aim should be to educate their children's wills and make them strong, instead of to conquer and 'break' them." Train it, do not break it. Strengthen by every means in your power this guiding principle in man, only taking care to start it in the right direction; lead it higher, higher, until it loses its identity in the supreme good, the Divine will.

The mother who tells her child that it is best for him to obey her now, because she understands better than he does what is his highest good, holds a much stronger position than one who says: "You *must*, because I wish it." Let him realize that your authority is only the temporary prop that is to hold him until he is strong enough to walk alone in his own God-given strength.

Gain your child's confidence; let him feel that his pleasures are your pleasures, his sorrows your sorrows. We hear much of the child's duty to the parent, but very little of the parent's duty to the child. Want of gratitude in children is a common cry. Gratitude for what—warmth, bed, food, time, care? Do not the animals give as much to their young, without expecting any return? But how about the starved higher nature, the little empty heart, that has never been filled? Many studies, clothes, playthings, much food, more gossip, but few loving counsels, no soul-awaking interchange of thought. Oh, the loneliness, the misery, of many externally well-cared-for children! "There is no hopelessness so sad as that of early youth, when the soul is made up of wants, and has no long memories, no super-added life in the life of others; though we who look on think lightly of such premature despair, as if our vision of the future lightened the blind sufferer's present."

George Eliot wrote that, and I agree with her.

KATHERINE HEARLOWE.



(Continued from No. 82 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.)

III.

OUR argument was always this: spend very nearly all the capital on furnishing the parlor and dining-room, and use cheese-parings and candle-ends, or, in other words, makeshifts, for those apartments seldom viewed by the public eye—the bedrooms.

"Really," remarked Catherine, after a journey around one of the diminutive chambers, only nine feet square, "it seems to me ruffles will furnish them; that is, if we get a lot of boxes and set 'em up on end, they'll serve as chairs, stools, dressing-tables, and beds, and by ruffling the goods and pinning on bows, we'll hide defects and create a great show at scarcely any expense."

The dining-room and parlor had, in reality, nearly swept away our small hoard, and for the fitting of the bedrooms we were sadly put to it. Cheese-parings and candle-ends are well enough, but even they cost something, and there are certain necessities required to which some small sums must be devoted. Then, too, one hates to have corners of one's home where ragged ends show, even if those corners are nine-by-nine sleeping apartments.

The walls of both tiny rooms were as bad as had could be, covered with a dirty yellow paper, over which were sprawled brown figures that looked uncomfortably like huge spiders stayed in their flight along the wall by a crushing blow from the avenging rod of some previous heavy-handed house-keeper.

Sleeping with those spiders would, we felt, bring on serious attacks of nightmare. "Something is certainly imperative," mourned Catherine. We had thought of staining the floor ourselves, but the planks were in an abominable condition. Preceding tenants had ruthlessly laid carpets with tacks as large as nails, and when we had pulled out the miniature spikes with our claw-hammer, a frieze of tack-holes ran about the edges of the maltreated floor.

I was the person who eventually thought out the salvation of those two little rooms. I worked out the design for their decoration, and did it all so neatly, sweetly, and satisfactorily, for such a small sum, that, though Catherine arranged for our parlor and *salle à manger*, and had hitherto shown painful conceit about them, now, when visitors grow flatteringly enthusiastic over her work, she never fails to give me full credit for the bedchambers.

Of course, in my earlier years I had read much of girlish bowers hung in white dimity, and, though time had never dampened my admiration for the same, an increase of experience with city washerwomen's prices and a growing artistic sense told me that a dash of color in the snowy gloom would not only become our maturer coloring but add to the prettiness and inexpensiveness of our household decorations. I interviewed Tommy, a modest little Third Avenue paper-hanger, and an obliging clerk in a big Sixth Avenue shop frequented by people of our means.

It was only at that out-of-the-way paper-hanger's that I could find what I wanted—a cheap paper costing twenty cents a roll, white of background, brightened with clear blue figures lavishly sprinkled on. What I wanted was a paper that would be a good representation of Japanese cotton *crêpe*, and it was found only after patient search. The little old, moth-eaten-looking man who kept the shop was so astonished at our demand for his goods that in a sudden burst of thrift he tried to raise the price. In the large shops we had, with becoming meekness, asked the price of articles at once, and invariably left behind us the impression that in a very few days we might call again and invest princely sums in the elegant and costly goods—an innocent bit of deceit that the salesmen, being Americans themselves, easily understood as a graceful excuse for prompt exit when their countrywomen found prices too big for their

purses and saw no need of frankly avowing a simple truth to prying strangers.

At the Third Avenue shop we experienced what Ollendorff's phrase-book tritely describes as "*ni peur, ni honte*," and boldly did battle with the weak-minded old man. It required very little mental strength to bluff our victim, and in ten minutes we had meanly forced down the price of his paper to eighteen cents a roll, and then closed the bargain by buying five rolls for ninety cents and agreeing to pay him twenty-five cents a roll for hanging it.

He also let me have four rolls of thin paper in a solid, clear cowslip-yellow for ten cents a roll; and for thirty-five cents, thirty-six feet of a frieze sixteen inches deep in white sprinkled over with big yellow roses, roughly printed but gracefully designed. This yellow paper and the roses I intended for one of the two rooms, and, bargaining to have both frieze and plain paper hung at the same rates arranged for the blue, found I was having both my rooms prettily papered for just four dollars.

Of course, the old man, who came himself to hang the paper, who exhausted four days' time on the work, and who, with amazing regularity, deserted his glue-pots and ladder



ARRANGEMENT OF THE BEDSTEAD.

once every hour to get liquid encouragement for another sixty minutes' labor, somewhere round the corner, didn't do finished work. But one can't expect perfection for four dollars. Often and often, during that slow job, did the old man remind us of this truth; he even had the audacity to repeat it when he put one blue panel on upside down.

Bad eyesight and low wages was his explanation of this phenomenon, which we contrived to hide behind the bed. We attributed it to the confusing number of liquid encouragements he had had that day. But, the one mistake excepted, we concluded, when the old man was safely dismissed, that the general effect was lovely.

Figuring on the problem of matting the two rooms, it turned out that nine dollars would be needed to cover the cost.

"Nine dollars paid out at this crisis means financial extinction," announced Catherine. "Think of something cheaper."

The something cheaper eventually decided upon was a proposition rejected early in the fray, namely, floor-staining. We did it ourselves, spending seventy-five cents for the two rooms. The cost was divided in this way: twenty-five cents for one good-sized can of what house-painters call burnt umber, twenty-five cents' worth of neat's-foot oil, and a quarter's worth of turpentine.

Burnt umber is very nearly as thick as pancake batter, and, of course, grows thicker by exposure to the air. Now, to about four tablespoonfuls of umber we added about two of oil, and some turpentine, and then with flannel rags rubbed this mixture into the yellow planks, turning them a good cigar brown.

We laid on one coat and let it dry for a day; on that another coat, and then our floors were ready for the furniture, curtains, and yards of ruffling. For draperies in the blue room I bought silkaine, thirty-nine yards of a charming pattern—clear blue, conventionalized flowers on a white ground; and for it, at fifteen cents a yard, I, of course, paid \$5.85. At a furniture shop on Sixth Avenue I got an iron single bed, painted white, with brass knobs shining here and there. The bed alone cost \$5.75. I paid \$4.25 for its woven-wire mattress; for the jute and hair-top mattress, \$3.75; and for two feather pillows, \$1.64.

My reasons for choosing an iron bed were, that with wire mattress, top-mattress, and pillows it was as cheap as, if not cheaper than anything nice in wood; that it was also clean, and eminently ornamental. I feel sure that \$15.29 is not too much to pay for a bed that will last always, and be comfortable forever.

The pen-and-ink sketch shows how I ornamented it with my blue and white silkaine. It required twenty-one yards of my goods to drape it. I paid twenty-five cents for the stout brass chain and ring that supports the long scarf, and with tapes I laced the valance on to the side rods of the bed. Out of that twenty-one yards I also found enough to make the bed-spread; cover the bolster, which is only on for daylight effect, and is a home-made affair stuffed with excelsior; and frill and cover the pillows.

Ten yards I devoted to my single window, an ordinary sized one, that needed double curtains three yards long, and a frilled lambrequin at the top. Our landlord had been persuaded to supply us with fresh white shades at every window, and over the white surface of the one in this little bedroom Catherine painted in water-colors an array of rather nice blue flowers.

We couldn't afford bureaus, or pretty dressing-tables, so I got at first hand a white-pine table, three feet long and twenty-four inches wide. It cost \$1.65. Over the top I tacked a square yard of white glazed cloth, hid the ugly legs by a deep, full flounce of silkaine, and covered the glazed cloth with a pretty embroidered bureau-scarf. Above this improved toilet-table hung flat against the wall a mirror twenty inches wide by twenty-five long, framed in a band of plain wood painted blue, for which I paid \$2.50.

One foot above the top of the mirror I screwed a straight iron bracket into the wall. This I bought for ten cents at a bird-shop. From it I hung two inches of brass chain and a large brass ring, through which I passed a scarf of the silkaine, to make a drapery on either side of the mirror in imitation of that over the bed's head.

Under the window I placed a square wooden dry-goods box. Tommy hinged on a stout top for me, and when this top was tufted with a few layers of cotton batting, covered and flounced about with silkaine, I found I had a shoe-box and window seat in one for fifty cents; cost of box, Tommy's labor, the hinges, covering, brass tacks, and cotton included. One dollar and fifty cents purchased a tiny three-legged table for one vacant corner, and a splint-bottom pine rocker, that, with a white bear rug beside the bed, completed the furnishing of my room.

The yellow room, occupied by Catherine, also contained an iron single bed, in size and fittings similar to my own; and the draping of bed, window, and toilet table was done in a silkaine that matched the rose frieze exactly.

Over Catherine's bed I had Tommy fasten on the wall a large wooden crescent the size of half a flour barrel's head. The under side of this I covered with a scrap of the plain yellow wall-paper, and around the edge tacked the full gathered draperies of silkaine, that were looped lower down about the bed's head, like those in my blue room. This pretty arrangement made so favorable an impression on Tommy that he presented as a gift to the house, in which he felt no small amount of pride, a delicately cut three-pronged wooden crown, elaborately gilded, for a finishing touch on the canopy.

He cleverly made a similar crown and crescent, that we fastened over the toilet table's mirror in place of the ring,

hook, and chain I had used on mine, and on which we gathered the draperies.

The cost of fitting the two rooms was exactly equal, and though to many the furnishings and appointments may seem meagre, perhaps, and uncomfortable, we find them always neat, sweet, and cheerful, and there are those of our friends who insist that they are lovely. Once in two months every inch of the draperies is put into the wash-tub; the light furniture is easily pushed about by our maid, so that cleanings can never fail to be thorough; the floor is sponged, never swept; and if we have seen more sumptuous bedchambers in our time, we feel that the day the minute blue and yellow rooms are gowned in fresh crisp petticoats, our hearts' desires are quite fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS SACRED.

THERE is, perhaps, no way in which a provincial rearing so unmistakably betrays itself as in carelessness in the matter of social engagements.

The average small town society, no matter though it be exceptionally well posted in the generalities of manners polite, knows not the word obligation in this relation. It is not written in the village book of etiquette.

The invitation cordially given, and accepted in good faith, is confessedly dependent for its confirmation upon most favorable circumstances at both ends of the line—either hostess or guest prospective feeling free to forget or ignore it under pressure, and without formulated regrets.

Even the engagement to dine, the very last that should be disregarded, is secondary to the most casual detention, incidental company or the weather being sufficient to break it.

"We were sorry not to dine with you on Wednesday, as we promised," says Mrs. Ingenue, of Sweet Auburn, "but just before your dinner-hour the Simpsons came in, and stayed all the afternoon."

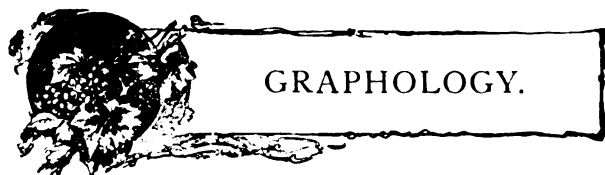
"Too bad," responds Mrs. Cordial, the disappointed hostess. "We waited dinner for you an hour, thinking, maybe, you had company, and hoping that they'd go in time. Isn't it unfortunate how things happen? Only yesterday, Dr. Cordial and I were to take tea at the rectory, but, of course, as it looked so much like rain we didn't go."

Reared under such a system as this, it is not easy for one to grasp the precise exactitude of social form in large communities, and so we find the transplanted dame unconsciously committing gross offences by the most trifling sins of omission. It is true, she brings with her many valuable compensations in the way of a greater faith, and a sincerity that is refreshing as well as winning; but it is a pity that, having the best qualities, she should fail to count for her full value as a social factor through what seems an almost unforgivable denseness of apprehension. She intends to send regrets and acceptances promptly, to return calls in due season, but knows not the word *must* in her social existence.

To tell her that her promise to dine is quite as binding upon her as her subscription to the Gerry Society or the Children's Fresh Air Fund would seem to her a shocking disparagement of the money obligation; while, in truth, one should be as punctiliously regarded as the other.

FOR BRIDES.

NAINSOOK and the finest of long-cloths are used just now in the manufacture of undergarments, which continue to be as daintily fine and elegant as ever. Valenciennes lace is used in the greatest profusion for ruffles and insertion, with quantities of palest tinted ribbons deftly tucked in here and there to lend color and additional airiness to these genuine works of art. Embroidery is less used than of old, lace having done much to supplant needle-work in fashionable favor. The flannel skirts being prepared for autumn *trousseaux* are charming to a degree. Those of cream or pale-hued goods are either very delicately embroidered half-way up to the waist in heavy flosses, or else decorated with the new ribbon embroidery adapted from the French. This last is exceedingly *chic*, and gives a look of uncommon richness.



GRAPHOLOGY.

BY L'INCONNUE.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Persons desiring to test character-reading by handwriting should send at least fifteen lines of original composition in the subject's handwriting, and signed by an assumed name, under which the reply will be given.

2. Letters must be marked "Graphology" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed "L'Inconnue, care of Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

RENIE.—Is warm hearted, impulsive, and inclined to be enthusiastic, possesses very ordinary abilities, and is loquacious and cheerful, with strong sociable instincts. Discretion is seen, and also a lively fancy, a pleasant temper, some force of character, a vigorous determination to have her own way, a fondness for admiration, and rather susceptible affections. There is no literary perception, and only indifferent culture.

EVOL.—There is little to say of this specimen, as it would appear to be the work of a youthful scribe—some gentle, kindly, prudent girl who lacks any special individuality. Carefulness in the use of money, limited interests, conventionality, honesty, temperate affections, a pretty but proscribed fancy, self-appreciation, and hopefulness comprise the list of indications afforded.

CHICAMICANICO.—This correspondent is to be congratulated upon his satisfactory communication, which answers every purpose of the Graphologist. Fifteen lines on unruled paper, treating of any indifferent subject, and written in "ordinary, every-day fashion," is precisely what "L'Inconnue" requires. The characteristics here afforded show an unfortunate amount of egotism, but no vanity or ostentation. The will seems resolute and persistent, ideas lucid and connected, with excellent reasoning powers, very little ambition, striking talent of some kind, keen perceptions, a well-disciplined nature, and faithful though undemonstrative affections. Plenty of individuality is evident, together with fondness for beauty, a hearty liking for good living, a pleasant and equable temper, an absence of all morbidity, and moderate culture.

PENDENNIS.—Intellectual culture and alertness, strong literary perceptions, love of accuracy and attention to detail, personal refinement and dignity, a firm and sustained will, an absence of egotism or ostentation, reserve, deductive judgment, appreciation of humor, and a disposition slow to anger, but rather implacable when once stirred. The writer possesses decided interest in the opposite sex, and is fastidious concerning his environments, with luxurious and high-bred tastes. He observes system in all things.

PRUDE.—Rather an ironical pseudonym, considering the unmistakable materiality and liberal lines betrayed in this study. The writer is anything but a bigot in social matters, though discretion and integrity are visible. She is passionately fond of pleasure, of people, of luxury, and of admiration, confesses to an interest in the opposite sex, is susceptible to the delights of the table, is appreciative of beauty, and does not lack for distractions and friends. Her will is strong and determined, her temper hot and hasty, her instincts benevolent, with much open-handedness where money is concerned. Her refinement and artistic perception are rendered questionable by the broad flourishes under the signature.

BELFORD.—The qualities visible in this handwriting denote an honorable mind, romantic feeling, and a poetical imagination, with much personal refinement, capacity for very passionate and self-forgetful attachments, not infrequent exaggeration of sentiment, a resolute will, a dislike of contradiction, and an intense desire to have his or her own way, physical indolence, occasional moments of depression, intense prejudices on some subjects, rather a uniform temperament, and a love of luxury.

TALBOT FITZ JOHN.—Inflexible integrity and a punctilious exactness in word and deed. The writer is a calm, cool, discreet, reserved, and methodical personage, with fine literary tastes and perceptions, fastidious notions on a variety of subjects, an abundant self-appreciation, together with the heartiest detestation of outward show or garish display of any description. His will is

taciturn but imperious, he is critical rather than credulous, entertains many quiet prejudices, bestows his affections charily, and is guarded in every action. In spite of a placid exterior, the writer has a strong, and, if need be, a violent will, has a long memory, and is both cultured and mentally active. The disposition is cheerful, and refinement is clearly defined.

GLADYS.—Postmark, Pewee Valley, Ky. This correspondent has an active and undisciplined imagination, an unusual amount of vigor and energy, is fond of *finesse*, and never loses an opportunity to exercise her powers of diplomacy. She is critical, versatile, nervous, fond of change and excitement, has a resolute will and very lively interests, is subject to varying moods of elation and depression, has a quick but not a sulky temper, and rarely knows her own mind two days consecutively. Close attention to detail, generosity, and warm but capricious affections are also seen.

GWEN, CAPE MAY.—It is utterly useless to enclose money to "L'Inconnue" for the purpose of having her send copies of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN containing certain delineations. Studies answered in this number are of letters received the last week in June and the first in July. So enormous has the correspondence become, that no guarantee can be given of when the reply will appear. If "Gwen" will kindly forward her name and address to THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, the money will be refunded, no exceptions to the rule of answering correspondents in turn, according to date, being permissible.

RANDOLPH.—The heavy strain on this department forbids a second delineation of a single study. It is with regret, however, that the editor refuses so courteous a request.

ASPEN.—Using lines under the paper has precisely the same effect as though the paper itself were ruled, and many indications are thus lost. An entire absence of egotism or self-consciousness, considerable refinement, an amiable, equable temper, both prudence and candor in speech, hopefulness, excellent will-power, strong prejudices, some hearty enthusiasms, with warm and constant affections, are characteristics indicated.

HESSIE.—This study shows remarkable critical ability, with a disposition to analyze, investigate, and accept only after the closest and most pains-taking consideration. Some aspiration is seen; also pronounced talent, an active and original fancy, an alert intellect, moderate force of will, strong feeling, and a number of personal eccentricities. The writer does not lack the courage of her convictions, but is a born diplomat, and never contests where circumvention may achieve the desired end. This *finesse* almost amounts to dissimulation, and is a clearly defined characteristic. Individuality, good judgment, powers of observation, the absence of self-consciousness, a keen sense of humor, and demonstrative affections are also seen.

VIVIAN.—A curious mixture of vigorous enthusiasms, entire ingenuousness, honest simplicity, and overweening egotism. It is impossible to mistake the writer's love of display and delight in exciting the admiration of others; but, on the other hand, physical and mental virility, hearty affections, quick sympathies, and a cheerful nature are too plainly indicated not to make it a question whether the correspondent's artless sincerity does not outweigh so frank a showing of self-appreciation. The instincts are generous, culture very moderate, love of detail well defined, imagination vivid, obstinacy great, affections tender and of much fidelity.

DICK.—This specimen is significant of a mere trifle of ambition, not very much physical energy, and even that of a fitful nature, flashing up at times and suffering occasional relapses of indolence, an undisciplined imagination, a nervous temperament, undoubted talent, and incaution and occasional sharpness of speech. The tastes show some materiality and interest in the opposite sex.

ST. CECILIA.—Pseudonym used before; postmark, New York State. Energy, physical vigor, a healthy fondness for pleasure and luxury, calm, well-regulated affections, generous impulses, personal dignity, lucid ideas, a consistent will, a short, hot, and yet kindly temper, an intense dislike of anything like affectation, refined tastes, and literary perceptions are indicated by this handwriting.

A FEMALE BACHELOR.—Exceeding conventionality, only a moderate degree of culture, individual pride and reserve, some artistic taste, strict integrity, an even, admirable temperament, a quick but sweet temper, very tender and steadfast affections, prudence in the use of money, a desire for self-improvement, love of beauty and agreeable surroundings, care in small matters, neatness, and devotion to system are leading characteristics of this correspondent.

UNDER THE DAISIES.—Exceptions are made in favor of correspondents who wrote during June and neglected to enclose coupons, as the rule regarding the coupons was only introduced in the latter part of that month. Communications of a later date, failing

to comply with the regulations, will be ignored. The characteristics of this handwriting are demonstrative and susceptible affections, unusual sequence of ideas and fondness for argument, loquacity, with reserve in speaking of personal matters, a firm and sustained will, little energy, and no ambition whatever. An unequable temperament is seen, without violent emotions, but slightly varying moods of elation and depression. Some egotism is evident; also love of display, individual pride, and closeness in money so far as the outside world is concerned.

DRAVOSBURG.—It is useless, and only impedes the work, to send repeated letters of inquiry to this department. Correspondents may be sure their studies are carefully filed and will be answered in turn. Nothing is gained by overburdening the already congested state of the work, and much confusion and annoyance are necessary consequences of such a course. This handwriting shows refined and rather cultivated tastes, extreme conventionality and total lack of mental independence, an honorable and prudent mind, reserve, some artistic perceptions, a pleasing imagination, not much will-power, an agreeable temper, capacity for warm and faithful attachments, attention to detail, and conservatism in all things.

CHARACTERISTICS.—Extreme tenderness of affection is indicated, with marked susceptibility and demonstrativeness where the feelings are aroused. This correspondent is very refined, is generous in her impulses and has quick sympathies, also, the match-making instincts of her sex well developed. She is kind and careful in speech, possesses pretty and artistic tastes, graceful manners, much tact, and sufficient imagination to understand and interest the people she meets. Little emotion is seen, the temperament being rather cheerful and equable, but love of luxury is evident, without the materiality usually accompanying the sensuous perceptions.

PSYCHE.—Postmark, Brooklyn. On lines. A very commonplace mind bound by conventionalities, unambitious, and with conservative and artistic tastes. The writer has a finikin fondness for detail, and is also conscientious, prudent, pains-taking, thrifty, sincere and temperate in thought, word, and deed. Her affections are warm and constant.

MASCOT.—Mobile. Another correspondent of very ordinary attainments, a lack of originality and independence being unatoned for in this instance by either precision or placidity. The study suggests an impetuous, careless individual, prone to exaggeration, and indifferent to small, and often important, matters. She is inclined to be emotional, is often down-hearted, and lacks the steadfastness and consistency of character that induce quiet self-confidence. Her affections are generous, but too susceptible and capricious for her own good. The will is weak, temper pleasant, speech devoid of either cleverness or unkindness, and decidedly loquacious. No materiality is seen, but neither is ostentation or egotism evident.

A YOUNG NEW ORLEANS GIRL.—The youth of this correspondent is too evident to make the study fair reading, for it is believed maturity would infuse a degree of the individuality so gravely lacking at present. Integrity, gentleness of nature, indifferent energy, also timidity and absence of strength or originality, are here displayed. The writer has no striking virtues or failings, but is reserved, upright, generous, and amiable, with deep and warm affections.

EXILE.—Surely time must hang heavy on hands that can find nothing better to do than continue writing to "L'Inconnue," and each time under a different pseudonym. This correspondent has already been answered under the name "Metempsychosis," and there is nothing further of interest to say in regard to his handwriting.

LITTLE PINKIE.—Should cultivate the virtues of patience and consideration. She was replied to many weeks ago under the pseudonym "Gladys Featherstonehaugh." And right here the Graphologist must insist, that the same pseudonym be used for each communication; otherwise, inquiries will be consigned to the waste-basket.

NATALIE.—Delineation published several weeks ago. Once for all, the editor of this department assures correspondents that their studies will be in no way advanced by a superfluity of inquiries.

TARD VENU.—There is no questioning the egotism of this rather clever and interesting correspondent. He himself entertains no doubts whatever regarding the importance of his own personality, but is nevertheless a bright and agreeable man. The indications are that he possesses a deal of vitality, has strong enthusiasms, firm convictions, and active interests, and finds life very well worth living. Generous instincts, an honorable mind, exceeding obstinacy, fondness for creating pleasing impressions and exciting the admiration of others, are clearly defined in his

self-conscious and vigorous handwriting. Other characteristics show fondness for and ability in disputation, excellent powers of reasoning, discretion in speech, more mental than physical energy, refined tastes, with well-regulated affections inclining to friendship more than sentiment.

MERCEDES.—Pseudonym used before; postmark, New York. This specimen gives evidence of artistic perceptions, of some ambition, of refinement, delicacy, and generosity of nature, individual pride, caprice of affection, romantic feeling, a good deal of imagination, no ostentation nor egotism, and fluctuating energies. Many excellent characteristics are seen, but they all need emphasis and decision.

IRENE SHIELDS.—As no other name is attached, it is taken for granted that the above is a pseudonym. On lines. All of the formlessness and conventionality of youth are clearly demonstrated in this study, and there is little to say save in comment upon the commonplace mind and conservative methods of this correspondent. She is evidently timidly egotistical, extremely prudent, inclined to be cheerful and conscientious, and has a lively interest in domestic affairs, with all the wholesome traits that make a girl sweet and well liked.

DORIS.—A vigorous and interesting handwriting, indicative of a clever woman, with sprightly, vivacious manners, a keen sense of humor, considerable loquacity, powers of observation, sequence of ideas, rather benevolent—even philanthropic—instincts, and a great deal of personal dignity and pride. She is evidently one who thinks quickly, and loses no time in action. The will is firm and consistent, the temper decidedly short and sharp when stirred, speech both candid and cautious, disposition cheerful, obstinacy intense, and affections strong, but not always the same. Mental culture and individual refinement are evident.

LUCIA TURNIP-SEED.—This study, enclosed with the above, shows quite another character. The writer has a quicker and more violent and no less imperious temper than "Doris." She is much more emotional, less uniformly hopeful, and suffers at times from nervousness; her imagination is not nearly so well-disciplined, and her tastes are more material in certain directions. She, too, cherishes bitter prejudices, and is fond of the pleasures of the table, is careful in her speech, free enough with money, resents familiarity, and is apt to suffer keen regret from her frequent hastiness of action.

D. F. J.—Many excellent qualities are here to be seen; among them, strict integrity, strong religious feeling, the absence of anything like affectation or self-consciousness, with generosity, refinement, and delicacy of feeling. Absent-mindedness or rather carelessness in small matters is shown, with a vast deal of obstinacy, great family pride, a temper that rebels against coercion, a strong will, reserve, an intense love of beauty and luxurious surroundings, some critical ability and literary tastes; but, with a pretty and even poetical fancy, it is impossible to see any indications of unusual talent or originality. The affections are deep, tender, and trustworthy.

NAIC, OPELOUSAS.—There is really very little to say about this handwriting, which is not highly cultured, and, indeed, decidedly commonplace. The affections are warm, honest, and sustained, the impulses generous, tastes refined rather than material, and temperament cheerful and hopeful. More nervous energy and greater determination of will, with increased thrift, ambition, and precision, would do much to advance this correspondent's interests.

JOHN, CHARLES, SOCRATES.—Pseudonym doubtful; postmark New York City. This study shows no lack of vigor, mental independence, intuitive observation, or individual idiosyncrasies. Fluency of speech, without any betrayal of personal opinion or feeling, is plain to see, with sequence of ideas, deductive judgment, originality, a vivid and impressionable temperament, talent, mental culture, love of diplomacy and *finesse*, keen critical ability, a strong will, a high temper, loving to dominate others, and a fair amount of egotism, which the writer is satisfied no one but himself has discovered. He is quick, clever, has active interests, an alert intellect, and material tastes, and is something of an epicure, and not indifferent to the attractions of the opposite sex.

GEO. BREWSTER.—Two marked characteristics of this handwriting are egotism—not of a vulgar sort—and obstinacy. The subject is kindly, cultured, cheerful, and liberal, and has extremely good sense, but not much originality of mind. He is prudent, very affectionate, rather susceptible, and with considerable self-interest combines a pleasing simplicity and sincerity of nature.

AGAMENTICUS.—Is upright, very opinionated, and vividly conscious of his own good qualities, several of which are well worth

comment. He is reserved upon personal matters; of an independent nature, detesting favors; has plenty of will, an even, well-ordered temperament, a good disposition, with many live interests. On the other hand, his mind is conventional, he is not free of egotism, and he has a decided fondness for exciting the admiration and approval of others.

PENTAMOR.—This handwriting is indicative of deductive judgment, sequence of ideas, intellectual strength and clearness, seriousness of manner, personal dignity of deportment, uncertain energy, that waxes and wanes with occasions, an impressionable temperament, a temper sensitive to the least ridicule, vigorous interests, refined and literary tastes, not much susceptibility to moods, little power of observation, and no keen sense of the ridiculous. The affections are warm and faithful; the imagination scarcely equal to the other mental qualities.

ATHALIE.—Salt Lake City. The mind is not original, and quite unimaginative, attachments passionate but capricious, will strong, tastes material, and thought connected, with some aspiration and no self-consciousness or vanity.

IMOGENE.—Hopefulness, strong artistic perception amounting to talent, lucid ideas, ambition, highly critical tastes, unmistakable materiality, a vivid and interesting fancy, an imperious temper, a firm and sustained will, nervous energy, some originality, fondness for luxury, love of fine effects, and a morsel of ostentation are indicated. The writer has capacity for tender and enduring attachments.

HAILEY.—Idaho. This correspondent has an unquestioned love of beauty in form and color, with artistic perception well worth cultivation. Other characteristics show a complete lack of ambition, and, together with an ardent desire for wealth and distinction, insufficient persistence or strength of purpose to attain the wished-for ends. Present acquirements are enjoyed at the expense of future achievements. He is honest and straightforward, has a pleasant temper and conventional tastes, is physically indolent, and hates detail.

R. W. H.—Postmark, South Pittsburg. "L'Inconnue" must decline to answer queries outside of graphology. In order to gain enlightenment on the subject referred to in this letter, it will be necessary to write to the editor of the "Correspondence" department. The ugly flourish below the signature destroys faith in artistic perceptions seen elsewhere. This study is significant of a cheerful, aspiring nature, extraordinary caution in speech, an analytical mind, literary tastes, unusual physical indolence, a temper loving admiration, a flexible conscience, a great striving after effect, close attention to detail, and strength without persistence of will. Susceptibility to the influence of the opposite sex is likewise seen.

ALEXANDER OF PORTLAND.—No originality or independence of thought, but some mental culture, a decided will, active and varied interests, very ordinary capacity, and a good deal of ambition, energy, and hopefulness are indicated. A healthy, well-balanced temperament and susceptible affections are also seen.

GEOLOGIST.—Caprice, impressionability, egotism, impulse, with a lack of culture and discipline, are the only qualities seen in this unlovely and transparently affected specimen.

EVERGREEN.—Los Guilicos, Cal. This correspondent is presumably youthful, but, no matter what the age, she lacks a certain maturity that is a matter of temperament, not years. She is decidedly emotional, with spirits that rise and fall as suddenly as mercury in the barometer. She is impressionable, sensitive to outside influences, is kindly affectionate, fond of change and excitement, and is without affectation, vanity, or original force. Her imagination is active, tastes refined, manners agreeable and courteous, temperament hopeful, speech fluent and prudent, sympathies quick, and will reliable.

JOHN M. L.—This looks rather like a foreign handwriting, and so marked is the difference in delineation of national chirography that the Graphologist is inclined to speak with hesitation when the correspondent's nationality is unknown. However, this correspondent's imagination is certainly in need of discipline, an inordinate love of display needs curbing, there is an unfortunate tendency to exaggeration, and there is not enough vigor, energy, or consistency of character apparent. The writer possesses talent, artistic perception, prudence, and plenty of vanity, and has many hot prejudices. The affections are very capricious.

F. V. M.—Unusual energy, hopefulness, and ambition, a vivid fancy, candid, cautious, and emphatic speech capacity for tender and unselfish attachments, not as much originality as the other qualities would seem to warrant, some culture, little vanity, no obstinacy, good will-power, and a sweet temper are characteristics seen in this handwriting.

THE MART AND EXCHANGE.

1. Letters to Mart and Exchange must be marked "Mart and Exchange" in the left-hand top corner of the envelope, and addressed, "THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, New York."

2. Append initials or "noms de plume" to all communications for this column. Private addresses will be withheld at the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, through which all correspondence should pass, in order to insure the good faith of those making use of the department.

3. No letters will be forwarded unless accompanied by stamps.

4. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

Napery.—Four handsome, heavily damasked, Belfast linen tablecloths, and four dozen dinner napkins to match the cloths, all marked with large hand-embroidered initials "R. F."; also, six doilies, embroidered in colored wreaths, and a large hem-stitched linen square ornamented with clusters of violets. All offered for any pieces of antique furniture, no matter whether chairs, tables, desks, or sofas. The linen has never been in the wash-tub.—SALLY BRASS.

Pen.—Of exquisitely carved tortoise-shell, banded with touches of gold elegantly chased; a gold pen-point pushes out at one end of the tortoise-shell stick, and a pencil at the other. Will exchange for a nice piece of Bohemian glass—either bowl, platter, or vase.—TUCK.

Vase.—Of rare blue Chinese ware, four feet high, and mounted on teak-wood base, offered for a black ostrich-feather fan mounted on tortoise-shell sticks. Fan must be in good condition. If I cannot secure a fan, will give the vase for a handsome pair of tortoise-shell mounted lorgnons.—COUSIN PONS.

Clock.—A large bronze mantel clock, two feet high by two and a half long, surmounted by a handsome figure of Time; works in absolutely perfect running order. Offered in exchange for a Swiss cuckoo clock in good order.—BOB.

WANTED TO SELL.

Valuable Documents.—Seven ships' registers and three sea-letters. The documents are original ones, and well preserved. The three sea-letters are printed in four different languages; viz., Dutch, French, Spanish, and English, all approved by different presidents and secretaries whose signatures are attached, and are also countersigned by the different collectors of the port at the time of issue. The list includes: Ship *Harriot* of New York, 1827; signed by John Q. Adams, President, and Henry Clay, Secretary. Ship *Érie*, of New York, 1837; signed by Martin Van Buren, President, and John Forsyth, Secretary. Ship *Ann McKim*, of New York, 1844; signed by John Tyler, President, and A. R. Upshire, Secretary. Ship, name and date missing; signed by James Madison, President, signature of Secretary missing. Ship *Panama*, of New York, 1848; signed by James K. Polk, President, and James Buchanan, Secretary. Brig *Penelope*, of New York, 1800; signed by John Adams, President, and Timothy Pickering, Secretary. Ship *Amity*, of Philadelphia, 1805; signed by Thomas Jefferson, President, and James Madison, Secretary. Brig *Tom Hazard*, of New York, 1815; signed by James Madison, President, and James Monroe, Secretary. Brig *Hammond*, of New York, 1818; signed by James Monroe, President, and John Q. Adams, Secretary. Bark *Plato*, of Savannah, Ga., 1832; signed by Andrew Jackson, President, and Edward Livingston, Secretary. All the above are countersigned by the collectors of the ports in office at the varying dates. What offers are made me for this collection?—I. C. B.

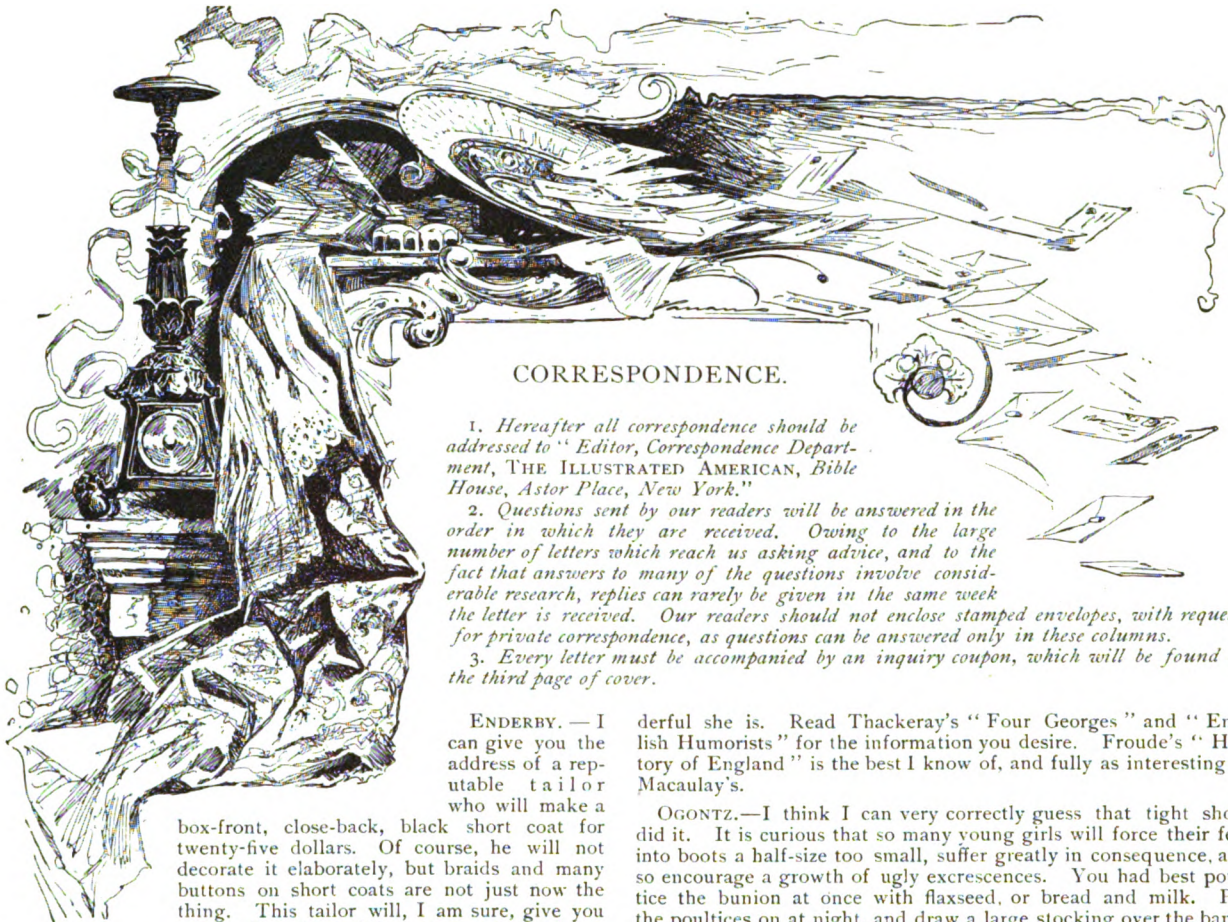
A Cremona Violin.—Good, sweet tone; bow, bridge, case, and adjustable music-stand. Also quantity of music duets, etc., including Spohr's "Grand Violin School," in boards. Will sell, complete, for thirty-five dollars.—M. B.

WANTED TO BUY.

Perambulator.—Of white rattan, upholstered in silk, with pretty sunshade and blanket to match, silk or satin lining. Will pay half the cost of shipping, provided price asked is lower than that of the dealer.—YOUNG MOTHER, HARTFORD, CONN.

Canoe.—Light, one-seated affair for young girl; also, a larger and heavier built boat for grown man. Will pay fair price, provided the little craft are in good condition, with their paddles, and are fitted with neat lockers.—ELDER BROTHER.

Clock.—Small time-keeper, in leather travelling-case. Would also like to purchase a good physician's thermometer, and a fancy weather clock.—ROBERT LE DIABLE.



CORRESPONDENCE.

1. Hereafter all correspondence should be addressed to "Editor, Correspondence Department, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

2. Questions sent by our readers will be answered in the order in which they are received. Owing to the large number of letters which reach us asking advice, and to the fact that answers to many of the questions involve considerable research, replies can rarely be given in the same week the letter is received. Our readers should not enclose stamped envelopes, with requests for private correspondence, as questions can be answered only in these columns.

3. Every letter must be accompanied by an inquiry coupon, which will be found on the third page of cover.

ENDERBY.—I can give you the address of a reputable tailor who will make a

box-front, close-back, black short coat for twenty-five dollars. Of course, he will not decorate it elaborately, but braids and many buttons on short coats are not just now the thing. This tailor will, I am sure, give you an excellent fit, and from personal experience I can vouch for the excellent quality of his work and goods.

I can vouch for the excellent quality of his work and goods.

AMINA.—So far as I know, there is no New York house that makes a specialty of the cocoa-nut oil, and I can only advise you to ask Lyons, the chief druggist in your city, to get a bottle of the good ointment for you.

A CONSTANT READER.—Miss Della Fox's portrait has already appeared in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN'S "Gallery of Players," issue No. 81.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.—Heron Allen, who was at one time so famous for character reading from the palm, wrote a most excellent book on the subject, that is quite the best I can advise you to study. Very recently I saw even a more novel and interesting method of money-getting at a fair than the hand-reading. A curious, eight-sided tent was erected in the parlors where the fair was held. Near it were placed a chair and a table. On the latter was a pile of letter pads, plain envelopes, pen, ink, and blotting paper. The tent was securely closed to all prying eyes, and on it was painted in large letters the fact that for twenty-five cents an eminent graphologist of Egyptian nationality would read character from handwriting. Below this were cut two slits in the tent. A guest desiring to test the graphologist's power was asked by a little girl in Egyptian costume to write whatever he or she wished on a pad sheet, sign a fictitious name, enclose the sheet with a twenty-five cent piece in an envelope, and drop it into the tent through the slit. After a few moments' waiting a very brown hand, loaded with curious rings, would thrust out an envelope that contained the guest's character. Much interest and excitement were displayed over the mysterious graphologist and the character reading, and at the Egyptian tent more money was made than at any of the tables or by the palmists.

MY LADY GREEN SLEEVES.—You might try the black rubber hair-pins, the prongs of which are pinched together in the middle, and by aid of this simple device even the most slippery hair is held in place. No, I don't think the novels you mention could in any way be injurious, but I can never agree with you that Jane Austen's books are "slow": far from it—Miss Austen stands shoulder to shoulder with that trio of greatest fictionists, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens. If you don't like her books now, you do her and yourself a great wrong in reading them. Wait until you are twenty-five, and have seen more of the world and the people in it, and then I am sure you will admit with me how won-

derful she is. Read Thackeray's "Four Georges" and "English Humorists" for the information you desire. Froude's "History of England" is the best I know of, and fully as interesting as Macaulay's.

OGONTZ.—I think I can very correctly guess that tight shoes did it. It is curious that so many young girls will force their feet into boots a half-size too small, suffer greatly in consequence, and so encourage a growth of ugly excrescences. You had best poultice the bunion at once with flaxseed, or bread and milk. Put the poultices on at night, and draw a large stocking over the bandages, that all may be held in place. Poultice regularly every night for a week, and during the day wear on the swollen portion a piece of cotton batting well spread with Cuticura salve. Only a very big slipper should be permitted on the foot while this healing process is in progress, and you should walk as little as possible. When all the inflammation is drawn out you had best use for a while Alcock's bunion plasters, and be quite sure not to wear any but soft, loose shoes. Remember, if the tight boots and high heels are resumed the bunion will return, and ugly complications may arise. Too often have these apparently small but troublesome foot-sores encouraged and brought on gangrene, when amputation has had to be resorted to.

MOTHER HUBBARD.—I am very sorry, but the responsibility of bestowing a name upon the little one can, I think, be borne only by its parents or nearest relatives, and should not be shifted on a stranger's shoulders. Therefore, I must refuse to even venture a suggestion. In after-life the young man might have reason to dislike the name received at baptism, and then I might feel the sting of his reproaches, which I would not deserve. I will confess, however, that Algernon, Reginald, and Archibald are not favorites of mine, and though they eminently suit heroes of stage and fiction, they somehow seem out of place for a modern business man, as you doubtless hope your boy will grow to be. The most dignified and suitable middle-names for boys, that I know of, are often nothing more than the surname of the baby's mother, or some handsome surname in the family of the baby's father. For instance, Burnham and Mavis are well-known English family names, yet they both serve excellently as baptismal names for boys. Suppose you look back in your own or your husband's family tree, and see if something suitable of this nature cannot be found to take the place of a fancy title, or the too common Robert, Henry, Charles, etc.

IGNORANCE.—At any one of the fashionable New York schools for young ladies one thousand dollars will cover the ordinary expenses. This sum does not include such extras as singing, instrumental music, drawing or painting, lectures, and Italian, Spanish, Latin, or Greek. For instance, on payment of a thousand dollars you may expect that your daughter will lodge in a spacious home on a fashionable street, enjoy delicate yet wholesome and abundant fare, and meet with all the tender care of morals, manners, and health that she would receive at home. She will also be required to speak French a greater portion of the day, and always during

study and recitation hours. She will be chaperoned by a refined and educated house-governess whose duty it will be to accompany her on the street when shopping or attending church, theatre, or opera. Besides both studying and speaking French, she may take up German classes, and follow the full course of an ordinary English education, which includes the "three R's," history, geography, literature, simple classes in grammar, rhetoric, natural philosophy, and in the sciences some chemistry, botany, astronomy, and physiology. The courses for the different schools vary, of course, including a larger or smaller curriculum than I have roughly outlined here, but the differences are inconsiderable. I believe all the pupils in schools now enjoy instruction in solfeggio free of extra cost. You must increase the above-named sum if you wish your daughter to undertake vocal and instrumental music, dancing, Lenten lectures, elocution, horseback-riding, painting, drawing, and other languages besides French and German. Washing and doctors' bills are, of course, private expenses with a student; and though many girls in fashionable New York schools pay forty dollars a year membership fee, with certain dues and fines, for the privileges of the Ladies' Berkeley Athletic Club's gymnasium, several of the schools now have private gymnasia of their own, to be used free of charge by the students. Many parents pay as much as twenty-five hundred dollars per year for their daughters' educations, which really is not an exorbitant price when one considers how luxuriously the young ladies live, and the fact that the owners of the schools supply the first masters as teachers. Now, of course, your daughter can secure her education at much less expense than this, and the knowledge she would gain at the great colleges is of a much more stable, serious, and thorough nature than any fashionable school can give. I should choose the collegiate course for her had I a voice in the selection. At Barnard College, New York City; Cornell College, and the Harvard Annex, not to mention Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, and Vassar, she can enjoy much cheaper and vastly superior educational advantages.

PEONY.—I cannot see how you calculate that a perfect tailor suit can be had for forty dollars. I have interviewed tailors many a time and oft, but have not yet found one who would even think of supplying me with a handsome cloth, made up on silk or costly mohair and ornamented with braiding, for that sum. Eighty-five dollars is the price asked just now for such a suit as I mean. Of course, it would be the work of a reputable maker, with both fit and design irreproachable. At a second-class tailor's one can purchase for less money a cheap frock made on silesia, and not warranted to wear any considerable length of time. Such gowns do not pay, and you are seriously mistaken if you think you have sealed a fine bargain. You had much better pay twice the sum to a man of skill and reputation, and permit him to give you a costume that for two, even three years, will appear neat, elegant, and suitable for every and any occasion except a dinner or reception.

FLEURI.—You can have a charming pair of dress shoes made for ten or eleven dollars at William Arnold's, on Twenty-third Street, No. 44, West, New York City. The prettiest shoes have rather low, round, what are called American heels, patent leather vamps, French-dressed leather foxing, and long, pointed toes. English shoes are square-toed, and some of the new styles show square tips; but to wear such a boot with any degree of satisfaction, one must have a small, slender foot, while the long point is always becoming.—No, the French heels are quite out of fashion for the street. A few actresses and women who are inordinately vain, or ignorant of good form, appear in them; but those who pride themselves on toilets perfect in detail for every occasion, never use the high heels even for carriage wear and calling, certainly never for the street, very rarely for the morning house-wear, and only for full evening toilet.

X. Y. Z.—I cannot speak at all positively concerning the merits of Putnam's cream, but of the Récamier cream I hear only the highest praise, and am sure one can use it in all security, with no fear of harm to the complexion. Every year an enormous amount of this cream is sold to persons who find it entirely satisfactory. I advise you to try one of the little brown jugs, and judge whether it does not improve the quality of the skin. It is the boast of the Récamier's manufacturers that none of the toilet preparations on sale in their shop come under the class of doubtful or injurious cosmetics, and no one has yet refuted the assertion. The hair-washes and manicure powders and liquids sold by them I have had experience with, and can recommend very highly.

OPERA.—My dear young lady, I fear you have come to a very expensive market, when you attempt to add to your wardrobe out of New York's supply of things beautiful, after which the feminine heart yearns. I am delighted to offer any aid in my power, but am somewhat handicapped. You say the wraps you have priced are beyond your means. Why did you not tell me how much you wished to invest in this particular sort of cloak? I have no guide by which to go, so must beg you to write me at once, saying

what you wish to pay, and whether you wish it white or colored. Then I shall be quite able to help you. I will give you the addresses of shops where you can purchase wraps at your own figure, or where you can get the materials for making up a suitable one. I am sorry I have to so put off a satisfactory answer, but if my reply is to help you it must be to the point; and as it is now, I don't know whether you want to pay ten dollars or fifty dollars for the article in question. Fix your highest price, also tell me whether you want a white cloak or one in a certain delicate color, and I will guarantee to tell you just where you can find it and how you had best have it made.

HENSHAW.—If you will send your numbers of the magazine to the office of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, they can be nicely bound, for fifty cents a volume, in red-brown cloth, and with the words, "The Illustrated American," in gold lettering on the back. Please remember that a volume includes the numbers of the magazine issued during three months, and, therefore, the issue of one year will be bound in four brown cloth and gold volumes for two dollars. The lettering on back and cover is in exact imitation of that on the blue paper binding, but runs straight, instead of on an incline. You will, of course, pay the cost of sending the unbound copies to the office, and also the expressage of the bound copies to your house or place of business.

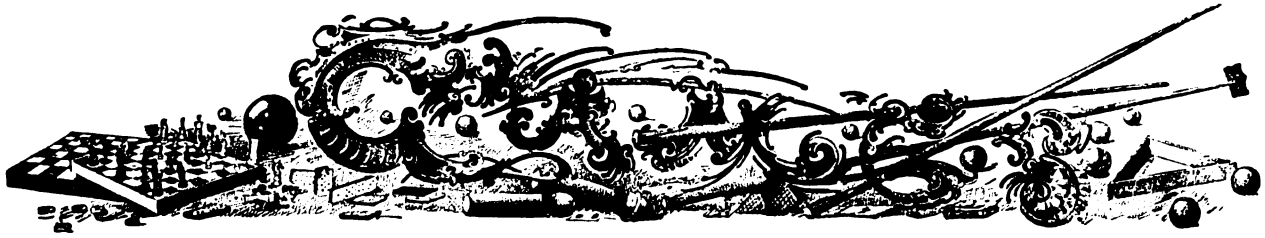
ESTHER.—It is merely a question of personal preference. You may wear fine gowns, if you like, or you may wear simple ones, and not be noticeable. For my part, however, a young girl at school should dress sweetly, but with great simplicity, and fal-lals and furbelows do seem strangely out of place in the school-room.—No, indeed; I don't think it at all foolish of you to feel as you do, for, living such a quiet life, one easily understands that crowds of strangers and unfamiliar sights and sounds are both confusing and distressing. I've no doubt at all but that you will suffer severely from home-sickness, and the big house, teacher, and girls will seem hard to stand, after the quiet home and family; but it won't last very long—at most, only until you begin to make friends with the girls, when much of the distressing shyness will wear off, and you will cease to feel so different from everybody else.—Yes, the school you have chosen is an excellent one.—And now as to the gowns. Here is a list of what the chill air of those Tennessee mountains will require: First, a long, heavy, rough cloak, for morning walks, bad-weather tramps, and any travelling you may be obliged to undertake. This coat ought to have a collar, to roll up around the ears, and a cape over the shoulders, as well as heavy pockets. For warmer weather, and wear at church, etc., you will need a short coat, close fitting at back, with a double-breasted, straight-falling front. This should have a rolling collar of astrakhan or Persian lamb; also cuffs and pocket-flaps finished with fur, a broad band down the front, and a fur muff. One best dress is quite necessary, and it had best be a tailor suit, of any smooth dark cloth, trimmed with astrakhan braiding, or any long-haired fur you may fancy. For afternoon or evening entertainments in the school, when low neck and short sleeves seem out of place, have a pretty China silk, of light shade and lace trimmed. For every-day school wear, at least three gowns are required, as nothing so wears a dress at elbows and back as school-room use. Have one of these a blue skirt and blazer, to be worn with dark-blue and dark-red cashmere and flannel shirts. Another should be of brown goods, plain full skirt, smoothly fitting basque, broad front revers faced with silk, turning away from a gathered silk vest, that, on occasions, can be replaced by crisp white lawn and ruffled vests. A third gown should be of cashmere, with the skirt ornamented with a deep front ruffle and plaited full at back, and the waist full slightly on shoulders, at back and front, and gathered in close under a belt of the same goods, or of leather.

L'INCONNUE.—I do not think the more famous "L'Inconnue" will be hurt by a use of her name here, and she will, I know, be delighted to hear how pleasantly and perfectly she read your character. Now, about the corner mantel. That is not so difficult a problem to solve as you seem to think. Above it, on both sides of the wall angle, let in mirrors about three feet and a half high framed in plain gilded bands. If you don't fancy the mirror proposition, order a three-shelved, three-cornered bracket set on the mantel. Let the bracket have fretwork double doors to swing open, and paint it snow-white, with gilt trimmings. Only use plaster figures on top of the bracket. Set a French gilt clock on the middle shelf, and a row of elaborately bound volumes on the lowest one, with perhaps a pair of white or gilt candles on either side.

QUERIES.

CORIN wishes to know who is, or was, "Alonzo of Aragon," and whether it is a book or an individual; also, whence comes the quotation: "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!"

I. W. F. A. asks, "Had Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and Wagner any trace of Hebrew blood in their families?"



Contributions of general interest to chess, whist, and checker players are invited. Any original matter in the shape of problems, games, or end-games will be welcome and receive every attention. Owing to the pressure of other matter, this department will appear only every other week.

PUZZLE.

By Robert H. Seymour, of Holyoke, Mass.

(Kindly sent for publication in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.)

CHESS.

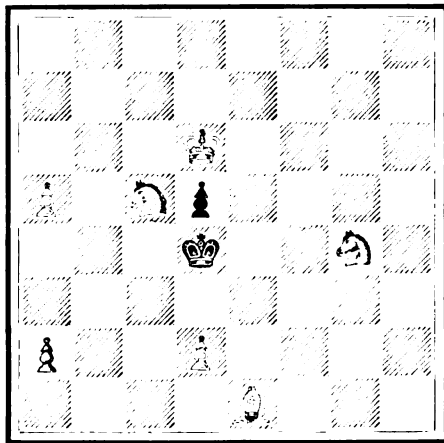
NOTICE.—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of chess. Solutions should be addressed to the "Chess Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

PROBLEM NO. III.

(A very smart three-mover.)

Composed for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN by Emil Hoffmann, of New York

Black, 2 pieces.



White, 7 pieces.

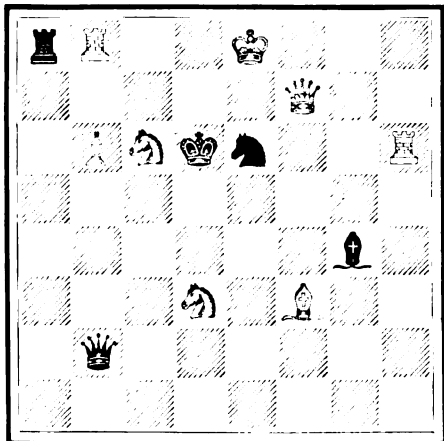
White to play and mate in three (3) moves.

PROBLEM NO. IV.

(A beautiful self-mate.)

By X.

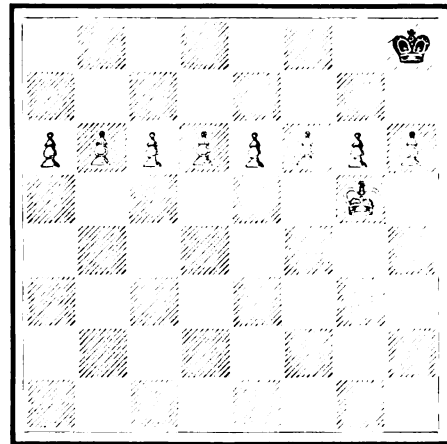
Black, 5 pieces.



White, 8 pieces.

White to play and compel Black to mate in two (2) moves.

Black.



White.

White to play and queen every pawn mating with the last queening pawn.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE HAMMOND'S GAMES.

(Continued.)

NO. 7. KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

(Remove White's king's knight.)

White: Mr. G. H.

Black: Mr. H., of N. Y.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. B. to B. 4. | 2. K. B. to B. 4. |
| 3. Castles. | 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 4. Q. Kt. to B. 3. | 4. Castles. |
| 5. K. to R. | 5. P. to Q. B. 3. |
| 6. P. to K. B. 4. | 6. K. B. to Q. 3. (a) |
| 7. P. takes P. | 7. B. takes P. |
| 8. P. to Q. 4. | 8. B. to Q. B. 2. |
| 9. P. to K. 5. | 9. Kt. to K. |
| 10. Q. to K. R. 5. | 10. P. to Q. 4. |
| 11. P. takes P. en passant. | 11. K. Kt. takes P. |
| 12. Q. B. to Kt. 5. | 12. Q. to Q. 2. |
| 13. K. B. to Q. 3. | 13. P. to K. R. 3. |
| 14. Kt. to K. 4. (b) | 14. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 15. K. B. takes Kt. | 15. Q. takes P. |
| 16. O. B. to K. 7. | 16. Q. B. to K. 3. |
| 17. Q. to K. R. 4. (c) | 17. Q. to K. 4. |
| 18. Q. R. to K. | 18. Q. to Q. Kt. 4. |
| 19. B. takes R. | 19. K. takes B. |
| 20. B. to K. Kt. 6. | 20. Kt. to Q. 2. |
| 21. R. takes B. P. (ch.). | 21. B. takes R. (d) |

And White checkmates in five moves.

(a) P. to Q. 3 is decidedly better. The first player now obtains a very menacing position.

(b) Had White, at this crisis, taken the K. R. P., his adversary, instead of retaking the bishop and subjecting his king to an overwhelming pressure, could have challenged an exchange of queens at K. Kt. 5.

(c) Aiming to entrap the queen.

(d) If king goes to knight's square, the White queen proceeds to king's seventh square and wins.

NO. 8. IRREGULAR OPENING.

(Remove White's queen's knight.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| White : Mr. G. H. | Black : Mr. H. N. S. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. B. to B. 4. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. P. to Q. B. 3. | 3. P. to K. B. 4. |
| 4. K. B. takes Kt. | 4. K. R. takes B. |
| 5. K. P. takes P. | 5. Q. to K. R. 5. |
| 6. P. to Q. 3. | 6. K. B. to B. 4. |
| 7. P. to K. Kt. 3. | 7. Q. to K. 2. |
| 8. Q. to K. R. 5. (ch.). | 8. P. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 9. P. takes P. | 9. P. takes P. |
| 10. Q. to K. 2. | 10. P. to Q. 4. |
| 11. Q. B. to Q. 2. | 11. K. R. to K. B. |
| 12. P. to K. B. 3. | 12. P. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 13. Castles Q. R. | 13. Q. B. to R. 3. |
| 14. K. Kt. to R. 3. | 14. Q. to K. 3. |
| 15. K. Kt. to Kt. 5. | 15. Q. to K. B. 4. |
| 16. Q. B. to K. 3. | 16. B. takes B. (ch.). |
| 17. Q. takes B. | 17. Castles. |
| 18. P. to K. Kt. 4. | 18. Q. to Q. 2. |
| 19. P. to K. R. 4. | 19. Q. R. to K. |
| 20. P. to K. R. 5. | 20. Kt. P. takes P. |
| 21. R. takes P. | 21. Q. R. to K. 2. |
| 22. Q. R. to K. R. | 22. P. to Q. 5. |
| 23. B. P. takes P. | 23. Kt. takes P. |
| 24. R. to K. R. 8. (a) | 24. Q. to Q. B. 3. (ch.). |
| 25. K. to Q. Kt. | 25. Q. to Q. B. 7. (ch.). |
| 26. K. to Q. R. | 26. R. takes R. |
| 27. R. takes R. (ch.). | 27. K. to Kt. 2. |
| 28. Q. to K. 4. (ch.). | 28. P. to Q. B. 3. |
| 29. R. to K. R. | 29. Q. B. takes P. |
| 30. Q. to K. (b) | 30. Q. to Q. R. 5. and wins. (c) |

(a) It were better to move the king to knight's square, with the object of bringing the queen's rook to queen's bishop's square to frustrate the menaced attack.
 (b) To prevent the threatened checkmate in two moves by queen to queen's knight's eighth square.
 (c) A good illustration of Mr. S.'s careful, steady style of play.

NO. 10. TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

(Remove White's queen's knight.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| White : Mr. G. H. | Black : Mr. J. B. R. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. to B. 4. | 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 4. Kt. to K. Kt. 5. | 4. P. to Q. 4. |
| 5. P. takes P. | 5. Kt. takes P. |
| 6. Kt. takes B. P. | 6. K. takes Kt. |
| 7. Q. to B. 3 (ch.). | 7. K. to K. 3. |
| 8. Castles. | 8. Kt. to K. 2. |
| 9. R. to K. | 9. P. to B. 3. |
| 10. P. to Q. 4. | 10. P. to K. 5. (a) |
| 11. R. takes P. (ch.). | 11. K. to Q. 3. |
| 12. B. to K. Kt. 5. | 12. K. to Q. B. 2. |
| 13. Q. R. to K. | 13. P. to K. R. 3. |
| 14. B. to R. 4. | 14. P. to K. Kt. 4. |
| 15. B. to Kt. 3 (ch.). | 15. Kt. to B. 5. |
| 16. R. takes Kt. (B. 5). | 16. P. takes R. |
- Checkmate in four moves.

(a) This does not seem very judicious, though played after some reflection; perhaps Black expected to slip away with his king out of danger.

CHESS PROBLEM SOLUTIONS.

Correct solutions of Chess Problems in No. 75 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN have been received from :
 Miss S. Lips, Newark ; Miss Ada Fioli, New York ; and Messrs. A. Ford, John S. Travers, Charles E. Jerome, Dr. J. Hurlbut, E. A. Reid, John McLean, Jacques Falke, Em. Levy, Charles Levy, John E. Reilly, George H. Seymour, François Simon, G. Peabody, and H. J. Northrup, all of New York ; Messrs. J. E. Stone, R. Reed, "A. B. X.," Boston ; and Ch. O'Donell, Providence.

DRAUGHTS.

NOTICE.—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of draughts. Solutions should be addressed to the "Draughts Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF INTERESTING GAMES.

"SINGLE CORNER."

By Mr. D. L. McCaughie, Pollockshaws.

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|--------------|
| 11 to 15 | 17 to 14 | 6 to 10 | 16 to 11 | 9 to 14 |
| 22 to 18 | 16 to 19 | 31 to 27 | 22 to 25 | 11 to 8 (a) |
| 15 to 22 | 23 to 16 | 17 to 21 | 11 to 8 | 14 to 17 |
| 25 to 18 | 12 to 19 | 28 to 24 | 25 to 29 | 8 to 4 |
| 8 to 11 | 27 to 23 | 14 to 21 | 18 to 15 | 17 to 22 |
| 29 to 25 | 9 to 13 | 23 to 19 | 29 to 25 | 3 to 8 |
| 4 to 8 | 23 to 16 | 15 to 18 | 15 to 6 | 18 to 14 |
| 24 to 20 | 6 to 10 | 22 to 8 | 2 to 9 | 19 to 15 |
| 10 to 15 | 32 to 27 | 3 to 12 | 8 to 3 | 12 to 16 (b) |
| 25 to 22 | 10 to 17 | 26 to 23 | 25 to 22 | 24 to 20 |
| 12 to 16 | 18 to 14 | 7 to 10 | 20 to 16 | 16 to 19 |
| 21 to 17 | 1 to 6 | 23 to 18 | 22 to 18 | Drawn. |
| 8 to 12 | 27 to 23 | 17 to 22 | 16 to 11 | |

(a) Corrects the game played between Messrs. Maize and Moir at the fifty-fourth move, where Mr. Maize played 11 to 7 and lost. I may say, in answer to Mr. R. W. Patterson, of Pittsburg, that I am perfectly satisfied that the line of play taken by Mr. Maize is sound for a draw, and have much pleasure in submitting the above game for Mr. Patterson's inspection and criticism.

(b) If 22 to 25, then 8 to 3, and White has a strong game.—D. L. McC.

"SWITCHER."

By Mr. J. A. Robertson, Perth.

- | | | | | |
|--------------|------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| 11 to 15 | 4 to 8 (b) | 6 to 9 | 15 to 24 | 13 to 22 |
| 21 to 17 | 24 to 20 | 26 to 23 (c) | 28 to 19 | 26 to 17 |
| 9 to 13 | 12 to 16 | 9 to 14 | 1 to 5 | 10 to 15 |
| 25 to 21 | 27 to 24 | 18 to 9 | 30 to 26 | Black wins. |
| 8 to 11 | 8 to 12 | 5 to 14 | 5 to 9 | |
| 23 to 18 (a) | 32 to 27 | 24 to 19 | 22 to 18 (d) | |

(NOTES BY MR. ROBERTSON.)

(a) This loses; 17 to 14, 10 to 17, 21 to 14 is the correct reply.
 (b) This is Black's strongest.
 (c) If 27 to 23, then 9 to 14, etc. Black wins.
 (d) If 27 to 24, then 11 to 15, 20 to 11, 7 to 16, 24 to 20, 15 to 24, 20 to 11, 12 to 16, 22 to 18, 13 to 22, 26 to 17, 16 to 20, 17 to 13, 10 to 15, etc. Black wins.

NO. 9. KING'S GAMBIT.

(Remove White's queen's knight.)

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| White : Mr. G. H. | Black : Dr. J. W. S. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 3. P. to K. Kt. 4. |
| 4. K. B. to B. 4. | 4. K. B. to Kt. 2. |
| 5. Castles. | 5. P. to Q. 3. |
| 6. P. to Q. B. 3. | 6. P. to Q. B. 3. |
| 7. P. to Q. 4. | 7. P. to Q. Kt. 4. |
| 8. K. B. to Kt. 3. | 8. Q. B. to Kt. 5. |
| 9. Q. to Q. 3. | 9. Q. B. takes Kt. |
| 10. Q. takes B. | 10. Q. to K. B. 3. |
| 11. P. to K. 5. | 11. P. takes P. |
| 12. Q. P. takes P. | 12. Q. takes P. |
| 13. Q. B. to Q. 2. | 13. Q. to Q. B. 4 (ch.). |
| 14. K. to R. | 14. K. Kt. to K. 2. |
| 15. Q. to K. R. 5. (a) | 15. Q. to K. B. 4. |
| 16. Q. R. to K. | 16. K. to Q. |
| 17. R. takes Kt. (b) | 17. K. takes R. |
| 18. Q. B. takes B. P. | 18. Q. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 19. Q. B. takes Kt. P. (ch.). | 19. K. to Q. 3. |
| 20. Q. to Q. (ch.). | 20. K. to Q. B. 2. |
| 21. R. takes K. B. P. (ch.). | 21. K. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 22. Q. B. to Q. 8 (ch.). | 22. K. to Q. R. 3. |
| 23. P. to Q. R. 4. | 23. K. R. takes B. |
| 24. P. takes P. (ch.). | 24. P. takes P. |
| 25. Q. takes R. | 25. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 26. Q. to Q. 7. | 26. Q. R. to Q. |
| 27. Q. to Q. Kt. 7 (ch.). | 27. K. to Q. R. 4. |
| 28. R. to K. B. sq., and Dr. S. resigned. | |

(a) Intending, if he castled, to take the K. B. pawn with the rook.
 (b) The sacrifice of the exchange enabled White to obtain a winning position.

"DYKE."

By Mr. D. L. McCaughey, Pollockshaws.

11 to 15	27 to 24	10 to 19	27 to 24	19 to 26
22 to 17	3 to 7	17 to 10	6 to 10	30 to 23
15 to 19	24 to 15	6 to 15	17 to 13	9 to 14
23 to 16	10 to 19	31 to 27	1 to 6 (L.)	24 to 20
12 to 19	32 to 27	5 to 9	25 to 21	15 to 18
24 to 15	7 to 10	21 to 17	4 to 8	23 to 19
10 to 19	27 to 24	2 to 6	22 to 17	18 to 23
25 to 22	9 to 14 (a)	29 to 25	8 to 11	20 to 16
7 to 10	24 to 15	8 to 12	26 to 23	Draw.

(a) Sustains the draw in the trunk of "Kear's Reprint of Drummond," at the seventeenth move, where 10 to 15 is played, and White can win, as shown by Mr. H. W. Kay, in *New Zealand Weekly Times*, and by Mr. C. W. Umsted, in *Woonsocket Evening Reporter*.

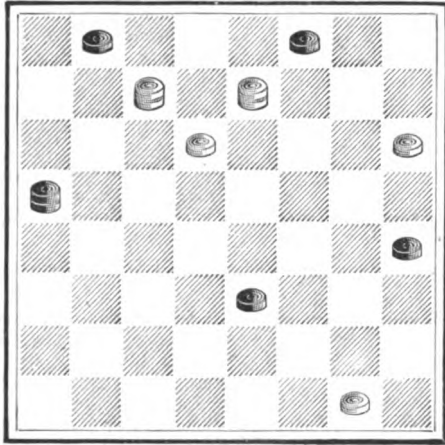
Variation I.

10 to 14	26 to 23	4 to 8	8 to 11	12 to 16
13 to 6	19 to 26	25 to 21	24 to 20	28 to 24
1 to 10	30 to 23			White wins.

PROBLEM NO. II.

By J. Lees, Balmerlington.

Black.



White.

Black to play and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. I. IN VOL. VIII., No. 81.

By Mr. H. Reid, Edinburgh.

18 to 14*	28 to 24	4 to 8	22 to 25	10 to 6
10 to 17	10 to 15 (L.)	11 to 4	5 to 9	5 to 1
13 to 22	24 to 20	20 to 11	25 to 30	14 to 10
27 to 20	15 to 19	1 to 5	9 to 5	1 to 5
22 to 25	22 to 18	2 to 6	30 to 25	6 to 1
20 to 16	21 to 17 (a)	5 to 1	5 to 9	5 to 9
25 to 30	18 to 22	6 to 10	25 to 22	1 to 5
16 to 12	17 to 14	1 to 6	9 to 5	9 to 13
30 to 25	22 to 18	10 to 15	22 to 18	10 to 14
12 to 8	14 to 9	6 to 9	5 to 9	13 to 9
25 to 22	18 to 14	7 to 10	10 to 14	14 to 18
8 to 3	9 to 5	9 to 5	9 to 6	9 to 6
28 to 32	14 to 10	15 to 18	18 to 15	18 to 15
3 to 7	5 to 1	5 to 9	6 to 1	Black
32 to 28	10 to 7	18 to 22	15 to 10	wins.
7 to 10	19 to 16	9 to 5	1 to 5	

(a) If 19 to 26, Black wins by 4 to 8, etc. 11 to 8, 19 to 15, also loses.
* In No. 3, *Draughtplayers' Quarterly Review* (Var. II., "Denny"), Mr. Yates, at 49th move, played 28 to 32, and White wins.

Variation I.

10 to 7	22 to 18	17 to 13	18 to 14	5 to 1
24 to 19	21 to 17	22 to 18	9 to 5	19 to 16
7 to 3	18 to 22	13 to 9	14 to 10	Black wins.

DRAUGHTS PROBLEM SOLUTIONS.

Correct solutions of Draughts Problems in No. 75 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN have been received from: "Patrick," Fire Engine No. 3; Dr. J. Simon, and "John Halifax, Gentleman," all of New York.

WHIST.

NOTICE.—At the request of many readers, we will hereafter publish the names of persons who send correct solutions of problems of whist. Solutions should be addressed to the "Whist Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

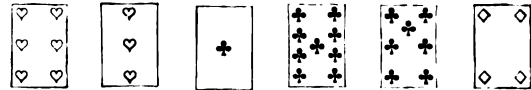
DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM NO. III.

(A highly interesting problem.)

(From *Field*.)

By Mr. W. H. Whitefield.

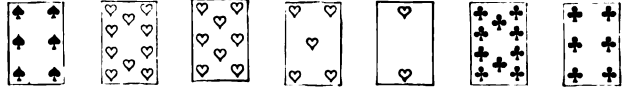
A's Hand.



B's Hand.



Y's Hand.



Z's Hand.



Spades are trumps. A is the original leader. A and B are to make five by cards.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM NO. II. IN VOL. VIII., No. 81.

1. A leads lowest heart. B takes with king. Won by B.
2. B leads heart ace. Z trumps. Won by Z.
3. Z leads club 5. A covers with king. Won by A.
4. A leads heart queen. B discards diamond 3. Z trumps with club 7. Won by Z.
5. Z leads club 8. B takes with queen. Won by B.
6. B leads club ace. A discards spade 5; X, spade 2. Won by B.
7. B leads a diamond. Z puts on the 2; and X covers A's knave with ace. Won by X.
8. X leads heart knave. B trumps with his long trump, club 4; and Z discards spade 8. Won by B.
9. B leads a diamond. Z puts on the king. X throws the 4. Won by Z.
10. Z leads diamond 7. A discards spade 6, and X wins with the 10. Won by X.
11. X leads a spade. B puts on an ace. Won by B.
12. B leads spade 3. Z wins with king. Won by Z.
13. Z leads diamond 9. Won by Z.

WHIST PROBLEM SOLUTIONS.

Correct solutions of the Whist Problem in No. 75 of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN have been received from: J. E. Tyng, Manhattan Whist Club, New York, and G. J. Forster, New York.

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 Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
 They always guessed their reckoning right.
 A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
 Could tell, by *tasting*, just the spot;
 And so below he'd "douse the glim"—
 After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
 This ancient skipper might be found;
 No matter how his craft would rock,
 He slept—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
 Run down and wake him, with the lead;
 He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
 How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
 A curious wag—the pedler's son,
 And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
 "To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools
 To think the skipper knows by *tasting*
 What ground he's on—Nantucket schools
 Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead
 And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
 That stood on deck—a parsnip bed—
 And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
 The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
 Then ope'd his eyes in wondrous haste,
 And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
 Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
 "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
 Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"
 —James T. Fields.

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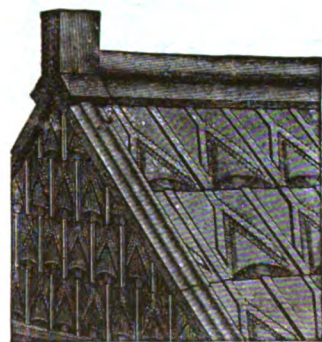
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