Interesting to Women.

QUAINT BALL GOWN.

—(The Ladies' Field.

THE CHILD SLAVE.

How Thousands of Little Ones Toil Early and Late.

"The 'poor widow' must be cared for otherwise than by the sacrifice of her little children to industrial slavery," said Owen R. Lovejoy, assistant secretary of the National Child Labor Committee at the first annual meeting of that organization yesterday afternoon in the Charities Building.

"The rich and the powerful," he proceeded, "are casting their stocks and gold and machinery into the treasury of our roaring industrial temple. The poor widow casts in her two mites of children; and as they fall beyond recall we who sit over against the treasury may see a new version of an old story, for while the rich cast in of their abundance, the widow of her want casts in all that she has, even her life.

"Men of influence and standing in society, men infinitely wealthy, even philanthropists, gravely offer this 'poor widow' argument as a bar to effective child labor legislation, as though proper methods of relief would not prevent the loss of a child's future value to society for the sake of a paltry 93 cents a week, the wages actually paid to some little ones in Northern mills. As a matter of fact, a very small proportion of our child laborers have widowed mothers dependent on their earnings, but at whatever sacrifice children must not be made a means of livelihood."

A special crusade against the "poor widow" ghost on the part of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was reported by Mrs. A. O. Granger, of Cartersville, Ga.

The various clubs in the federation, she said, had been asked to collect statistics as to the number of widows actually supported by child laborers, and to provide assistance for such, whenever possible, so that the children might go to school. They had found the proportion to be very small, while many were widows only in name, their husbands having found it convenient to move on to other parts.

"It is lazy, shiftless fathers the children are supporting, not widowed mothers," Mrs. Granger declared with emphasis. "I have known a strong, healthy father to take six of his children to a mill, saying, when he asked for employment for them, that he was not strong enough to support them himself."

Mrs. Granger gave some painful details of child labor in Southern factories, telling how cold water was dashed in the faces of the little ones to keep them awake, and how they struggled with sleep in the evening schools which the manufacturers boast of maintaining. She said that many of the little victims are brought from the country, and that the federation is trying to prevent this by introducing gardening, manual training, etc., into the country schools, and thus making country life more attractive.

None of the child labor laws do more than scratch the surface, Mrs. Florence Kelley told the audience.

"Of the Middle and Western States, New-York has the best laws," she said, "Vermont being a close second, but these laws are nevertheless very bad. Only the night before last a poor little boy of fourteen died of overwork and privation. No law was violated when he worked and starved himself to death. He had been trying to support a widowed mother and baby brother, and the law let him do it.

"Delaware has the worst laws in this group of States. Here there is no protection whatever for childhood. There is no educational test and no age limit. Children can and do work all night, and the number of child laborers is increasing.

"New-Jersey comes next to Delaware. A few days ago I was in Salem, where children work all night as a regular thing, and are imported for that purpose from a so-called charitable institution, said to be in New-York. One night, during my stay, two little boys were carrying glass, as in five States they will carry it to-night. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and they were so drunk with sleep that they collided. The glass was shivered to a thousand pieces, and a splinter penetrated one boy's eye. He left the factory blind for life. Yet no law had been broken."

Judge Ben. B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Col., pointed out the need of something more than laws referring only to the labor of children in the regulation of this evil.

"A boy might better be in a factory than in jail," he said, "and that is where many are almost certain to be, and are actually found, when they are not allowed to work. Child labor laws must be allied with compulsory education laws and with industrial education. I don't think the trade unions would object, but, if they did, we would simply have to smash the trades unions. At present we are actually putting a premium on juvenile crime. The boy who is bad enough to go to a reformatory learns a trade, while the boy who is fairly good has no such opportunity. I have had boys beg me to send them to a reformatory.

"If an opportunity were given for industrial education between the years of twelve and fourteen, boys would not be so anxious to leave school, and would have some trade to go into when they did leave. They would not be obliged to become messenger boys because they did not know how to do anything else. I understand that 2,500 boys pass through the messenger service of New-York every year. If that is so, judging from my experience in Denver, 2,500 boys get a good start to hell every year."

Mr. Lovejoy also advocated industrial training.

"One great difficulty in the regulation of child labor," he said, "is the children themselves. They prefer the factory to the school. This would not be the case if they saw the connection between the school and future practical usefulness. The educational system should be so developed as to feed this practical instinct. A little Italian boy coming out of a New-England factory was asked if he preferred the shop to the school: 'Sure,' he said, 'de school ain't no good, dey only learn you to write pictures, dat's all, dat's all dey ever learnt me.'"

A picture of the conditions in the South was given by the Rev. Neal L. Anderson, of Montgomery, Ala., and was less discouraging than might have been expected.

"The industrial system of the South is of recent growth," Mr. Anderson said. "Its evils have not attracted public attention. Hundreds and thousands of our people have never seen a cotton factory. When they do understand the situation and public opinion is once aroused it will be resistless. The South has had one of the greatest educational problems of the age to deal with. She has had to educate two races out of the poverty of one, and if the factory is to shut out from the schoolroom thousands of her children one of the most heroic features of our history will be neutralized."

Mr. Anderson did not think that the people would permit this, nor did he believe that the existence of the cotton mills depended on child labor. It was not the possibility of employing children that had brought them into existence, he said, but the proximity of the cotton fields, the abundance of water power, the cheapness of fuel and the salubrity of the climate.

In the absence of Homer Folks, who was expected to preside, Isaac N. Seligman accepted the chair. The closing session will be held this evening at Cooper Union, at 8 o'clock, with addresses by Jane Addams, of Chicago, and A. J. McKelway, of Charlotte, N. C.

NEXT D. A. R. PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Fairbanks Tells the Qualities She Should Possess.

"Do not choose a woman for president-general of our society because some one says that she wants the office," said Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks yesterday at the luncheon given in her honor by the Fort Greene Chapter and the Colonial Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the Pouch Gallery, Brooklyn.

"Do not have a woman," she continued, "who has not a feeling of love for others, a gentle demeanor, energy and a desire to work for the society. Oh, I implore you to seek for your leader an ideal woman, devoted to the causes of country, justice and humanity, and preferring others above herself. That is the spirit which will keep our society flourishing. These are my sentiments, and I do not care who knows them."

And at this expression of the president-general's opinion in regard to the coming election of the society the members smiled and understood which way the wind blew with Mrs. Fairbanks.

"Our Memorial Continental Hall" was given as the subject of Mrs. Fairbanks's address, and as it is a subject near to her heart she spoke at length on the beauty and significance of the building for which the Daughters have already paid out more than $150,000; nor did she forget to add that more money is needed for its completion, sweetening the bitter truth by the appeal that "the collecting of money to be appropriated to Memorial Continental Hall is one of your sacred duties."

Mrs. Charles H. Terry, State regent of New-York, proposed a toast to Mrs. Fairbanks, "the sweetest lady in the land," which was drunk in water. Afterward she read a paper on "Ways and Means," recommending the plan of a Daughters of the American Revolution regent in a small town who raised $400 to restore an old cemetery by arranging a circus and two baseball games.

Among the guests at the honor table were Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth and Miss Mary D. Desha, of Washington, the only two surviving members of the original founders of the N. S. D. A. R. Mrs. J. Heron Crossman and Mrs. John Cunningham made addresses, and Mrs. Samuel Bowne Duryea read a paper, which she concluded with the compliment: "It is our privilege to blend all the voices of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries in a pæan to our president-general."

In addition to the women above mentioned, there were seated at the honor table Mrs. S. V. White, regent of Fort Greene Chapter; Mrs. Althea Randall Bedle, vice-president-general of New-Jersey; Mrs. William Lindsay, ex-vice-president-general; Mrs. Louise McAllister, ex-State regent; Miss Mary I. Forsythe, ex-State regent; Mrs. Oliver Livingston Jones, vice-regent of Mary Washington Colonial Chapter; Mrs. Samuel Verplanck, ex-State regent; Mrs. James Belden, ex-State regent; Mrs. William S. Little, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. J. B. Coghlan, Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel, regent Colonial Chapter; Mrs. James Wynkoop, vice-president-general, and Mrs. William Gerry Slade.

Nearly two hundred women were present, and to each was presented a figure of a youthful Washington ready to inflict his hatchet upon the cherry tree. A model of Memorial Continental Hall, in Washington, as it is to be when finished, was on view, flanked by two large American flags.

THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE.

Mother—Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you've come. We have just had such a scare. We thought at first that the baby had swallowed a five-dollar gold piece.

Doctor—And you found out he hadn't?

Mother—Yes; it was only a quarter.—(Washington Life.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

COMPRESSED VIGOR

Every advanced physician admits the value of concentrated food products in convalescense or impaired digestion. LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT is by far the best of these. Excellent for the Sick and a good thing for the well.

ORIGIN OF DRESS.

Women Who Wear Birds Are Like Savages, Says Miss Stevens.

"The Indian carves a grotesque mask for an ornament. The civilized woman wears a hat which, in its way, is just as grotesque. The inspiring motive is the same in both cases."

Miss Rannett Stevens, in her lecture on "Dress and the Dwelling House" at the Brooklyn Institute yesterday, drew several such poignant resemblances.

"Our most primitive mother," said she, "got along perfectly well without any clothes at all. Why did she begin to wear them? 'The weather' is the most natural reply. This certainly serves in the cold regions, but it affords no reason in the tropics. In Patagonia there is a tribe which wears only a square of skin about the size of a pocket handkerchief. This is always worn on the side the wind blows, and with this slight windbreak they seem perfectly comfortable, though tribes all around them are decently clad in skins.

"'Modesty' is the next reason that occurs for the wearing of clothes. But modesty, when traced back to primitive sources and pursued under strange skies, is a queer and variable quantity. The Hottentot woman has a certain lock of hair on the back of her head which must be covered, and she is dressed with entire modesty if that lock be covered, although the rest of her person be nude. The Turkish woman, on the contrary, must have even her face covered on the street, to fulfil the canons of modesty; while the Chinese gentlewoman considers it immodest to have feet of natural size. Two tribes live side by side in the heart of Africa. The women of one wear very ample and complicated robes, while those of the other content themselves with the traditional fig-leaf. Yet the women of the one tribe are considered as modest as those of the other.

"A civilized woman," said Miss Stevens, gently, "will appear in the midst of a miscellaneous assembly with her neck, arms and shoulders bare. Yet should she find that she had forgotten her belt she would retire in confusion. Nothing is more sure than that the standards of modesty vary with time, place and custom, and that in the beginning clothes had nothing to do with them.

"To what, then, does dress owe its origin? To the desire for ornament, the most distinctly human characteristic, distinguishing man from the beast more than any other trait. Tribes so low that they eat clay and earthworms will devote quantities of time to the making of jewelry. Always ornament comes before clothing. Tattooing is the savage's embroidery. Having no clothes to embroider, he embroidered his skin. Of what use would tattooing be if it were covered up with clothes? It came before clothing with the savage, representing his love of adornment, afterward still further expressed in garments. In the Gilbert Islands a poor man with his body tattooed is socially superior to the rich man who lacks the admired distinction. The Arab woman, who is far above savagery, occasionally touches up her face, a wrist or an ankle, with a bit of tattoo, and sailors the world over have loved and maintained the practice.

"Among the lower races the love of ornament follows the same direction as among the brutes. It is the male who adorns himself. In civilized races, on the contrary, the male will make personal sacrifices that the female may be adorned. In this order of civilization the male adorns himself only when dressing for military operations or manœuvres. The higher the grade of civilization the more ornament is subjected to utility. You will note the evolution in these pictures of Japanese women, and of Greek and Italian peasant women. They carefully preserve ornamentation of a certain bizarre and formal kind, yet very different from that of the savage, and quite compatible with the utility of their garb.

"The lower one goes in the scale of civilization, the more absolute he finds the sway of fashion. The Solomon Islanders cut their hair short even before the advent of traders, when they had only stone knives to do it with. It must have been a rather delicate and painful job to barber a head with a stone knife. Fijians made a deliberate study of the grotesque in their headdress. One would have his head shaved smooth except for a thick patch of hair over each temple. Another would have his head in strips, one strip bare, the next composed of tufts of hair. The enormous and grotesque headdresses of the gentlewomen of the Middle Ages, continuing in modified form almost to the present day, are essentially of the same character.

"Different kinds of deformity have always been considered adornments. Upper teeth knocked out, teeth filed in fantastic shape, slit under lips, flattened heads, pierced noses, pierced lips, pierced ears, compressed feet and compressed waists have all been considered beauties at different times and places.

"Feathers have been valued as ornaments in every race and age. No tribe has been discovered so low that it did not wear feathers, and no civilization has ever risen high enough to dispense with them. The motive that made the Hawaians kill thousands of one species, in order that its one yellow feather should go to the making of the royal mantle, and our own motive when we wear breasts and wings that demand the death of birds of beautiful plumage, are essentially the same.

"The most primitive tribes found on the face of the earth now generally wear some garment. The amount of clothing seems to be in inverse ratio to the depth of their coloring. The simple savage garment is the origin of all later garments. The loin cloth is the ancestor of the skirt, the shoulder covering of the mantle. Any one who will study the savage's blanket will see how every garment develops out of it. Lift the arms, and you will note how naturally sleeves will be formed by pinning under the arms. Out of the corner drawn over the head developed the hood. There is very little variety in garments the world over. To-day we wear, during one season at least, hats woven of vegetable fibre, as humanity has done since the earliest ages. We wear bright colored stones and bits of bright metal, exactly as savages have always done. All shoes were once sandals, which the Chinese and Japanese still wear.

"Sometimes fashions persist long after their reason is past and even forgotten. All coats were once long, straight and roomy. In time it came about that men of the upper classes travelled only on horseback. So the front of the coat was cut off to accommodate his knees, and the sides were buttoned back with two buttons, still sometimes seen. This was the origin of the dress coat.

"Little buttons are seen on the outer edge of the sleeves and trousers of boys' suits. They serve no purpose, and do not even attract the eye. They are reminders of the time when sleeves and trouser legs once really buttoned close around the limb.

"Dress to the savage was one of the arts of enjoyment, and one of the very earliest of those arts. It expressed what there was in him to express. He wore what he liked. Modern dress has many features closely allied to savage dress. Like all later arts, it developed directly out of the germ found in primitive life. But we very often do not wear what we like, or what particularly expresses us, but what the fashion of the moment, originating in some unknown force, seems to dictate."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Misses' Tucked Gored Skirt, No. 4,948, for 10 Cents.

Skirts slightly gored and shirred at their upper edges to give a yoke effect are among the latest

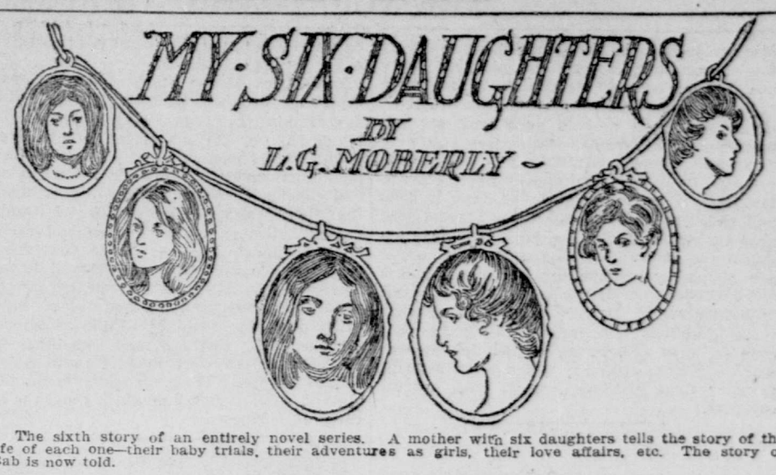
NO. 4,948—MISSES' TUCKED GORED SKIRT.

shown for young girls, and are singularly attractive and becoming. This one is laid in three tucks of generous width, and is well adapted to all seasonable materials, the many washable ones as well as wool and the like. As illustrated, however, it is made of royal blue canvas veiling.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5¾ yards 21, 5¾ yards 27, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 4,948, is cut in sizes for girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years old.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number of pattern and age distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.



The sixth story of an entirely novel series. A mother with six daughters tells the story of the life of each one—their baby trials, their adventures as girls, their love affairs, etc. The story of Bab is now told.

VI—BAB.

"Who's goin' to amoose I?"

I can hear the words again as plainly as I heard them eighteen years ago, when my two-year-old baby stood in the middle of the drawing room, her blue eyes scanning each of our faces in turn, the above question on her lips.

"Who's goin' to amoose I?"

Shutting my eyes, I can see her standing there, a delicious morsel of humanity in a white frock, her yellow curls brushed into the fluffy halo nurse loved to produce; a smile dimpling all over her flowerlike face, and clasped to her bosom her very dearest treasure, a hideous and much maimed rag doll.

Bab was the idol of the house. She was the youngest, the youngest of my six daughters, so I may be forgiven for making a Benjamin of her; her small fingers could twist her father whither they would, and as for her elder sisters, they were the baby's devoted slaves, and very well the baby was aware of that fact!

Not that she traded unduly on their adoration. There was something singularly unspollable about the sweet tempered little mite.

She was a Sunday baby, and whether or not she did really see angels and fairies, she certainly had the most serene and happy disposition.

As a tiny infant she would lie for hours in her cradle, cooing and chuckling at the fancies she had brought with her from Babyland, or grabbing with dimpled fingers at the sunbeams that glanced across her coverlet. And, as she grew out of infancy into childhood, her temperament remained the same—full of joy and serenity.

When to her question, "Who's goin' to amoose I?" three eager sisters sprang up to do her majesty's bidding, she elected that Betty should read fairy stories to her. And, sitting cuddled up in my eldest daughter's lap, she would listen for an indefinite time to the dear old nursery tales, her eyes fixed on Betty's mouth, watching, with fascinated stare, the gleaming whiteness of her sister's pretty teeth.

Never was there a more loving little soul than Bab. The close clasp of her soft arms, the kisses from her rosebud mouth, were joy to us all, and she dispensed her favors with the utmost impartiality, though I always think her father was enthroned in the warmest corner of her heart. But her loving kindness extended toward every living creature, great and small, and just as her raggedy doll was the supreme favorite among all her dollies, so the wounded, the halt and the maimed animals were especially dear to her.

"Bab loves the poor hurts best," she had a way of saying when any suffering creature was brought to me for solace and healing, and the creatures Bab at times carried tenderly into the drawing room were quaint and various.

Now it would be a "poor darling doggie what I found in the road with his leg hurted"; and again it would be the "duckyickle pussie what mewed for its mammy." Once it was a broken winged butterfly, and yet again, a toad with a nameless ailment, who, after his recovery, remained one of Bab's most faithful adherents, and came daily to the garden steps for his saucer of milk.

The child was perfectly fearless, and was on equally familiar terms with an enormous and most ferocious bulldog down the road, and a particularly vicious horse belonging to one of our neighbors. She had the most disconcerting way of going straight up to an animal, touching and talking to it, which has more than once sent my heart into my mouth in fright. But, I am bound to say, no harm ever came of her boldness. All animals recognized a friend in her, and she talked to them exactly as she talked to her fellow creatures.

She had the dearest, quaintest way, too, of talking to the flowers, and it was the prettiest thing in the world to watch the white robed baby passing along the rows of tall lilies in our garden, whispering secrets to their stately white flowers, and receiving in return a shower of golden pollen upon her dainty face.

She could not bear any one to suffer, and if one of the other children were undergoing punishment, Bab took more than her share of the penalty in her intense sympathy for the miscreant. "It gives Bab a pain just there," she would say pathetically, pressing her small hands tightly against her chest; "Bab don't like nobody to be hurted."

Her tenderness of heart toward all who sinned and suffered extended also to the Biblical and historical sinners, and the end of the story of Daniel and the lions was really quite grief to her; she was so sorry for the "poor wicked men" doomed to be eaten in the prophet's stead.

She puzzled out the problem in a way entirely her own, when, after a prolonged contemplation of the highly colored illustration representing Daniel's release from the den, she looked up with triumphant eyes, exclaiming:

"Ah! but if zay had put in Danjel wiz ze wicked men, zen ze lions wouldn't have known which was Daniel and which was ze wicked men!"

Her small soul was now and then troubled with weighty theological speculations, and she said to me one day:

"I'm drefful sorry about ze poor devil: isn't he never goin' to be good no more? P'raps"—this hopefully and after a pause—"p'raps some day he'll get better, and they'll find a weeny, totty corner of Heaven where they can squeeze him in!"

My Sunday baby's soul simply overflowed with love, and she was like a ray of sunshine in our house. Somehow, in writing of her, I cannot recall any special methods or theories applied to her upbringing. Perhaps I had expended all my carefully thought out theories on the other girls; perhaps I had worn out my elaborate methods of training. Certainly there was no particular system in the way Bab was reared. She was just wrapped and surrounded in an atmosphere of love, and I often think that, because of that, she grew into such a sunny-natured being. I have a theory that the children who have had loved and happy childhoods turn into loving, helpful men and women, ready to spread their own happiness everywhere, and Bab fully exemplified my theory. The child carried her own happy atmosphere wherever she went.

By the time Bab was ready to be educated, Dick and I were in much more comfortable circumstances than during the earlier years of our married life, and there was no question of choosing a profession for our baby, or of having her educated with a view to a career. Bab was to be the home bird, and from the very first she took kindly to her position. Dick would not even hear of letting her go to the High School, where our other daughters had received sound and excellent teaching.

"No," he said, "let the child stay at home. I can't ever let my Benjamin go to a day school. The girls and I will teach her all she need know."

I tried to point out to him that this was a dreadfully retrograde proceeding, and that nowadays, when fortunes were as easily lost as won, every woman ought to be so educated as to be able to earn her own living, whether the necessity for earning it ever arose or not. But my dear husband could be very obstinate on occasion, and this was one of the times when no words of mine would move him.

"I have more leisure now," he answered, "and I will teach the child mathematics and history; her sisters can do the rest, and you can make her a good needlewoman."

When Dick once definitely put his foot down, it was useless to argue with him further, and I resigned myself to Bab's heterodox education, with all the more equanimity, because I determined in my own mind that her musical abilities at least should be thoroughly cultivated. But it was not necessary to enter into that with Dick. After long years of experience my wifely soul told me that over much discussion is a mistake, that I should be wisest in quietly going my own way in this matter without saying too much about it.

Bab could sing just like a bird, and I intended that her voice should be trained to the highest pitch of perfection, and that no stone should be left unturned to imbue her with musical knowledge. Then, if the necessity arose, she would have a profession ready to hand. The necessity never did arise, but Bab enjoyed her musical training, and it was the only very systematic part of her education. She did not seem to suffer from the want of system. She was one of those eager, receptive creatures who imbibed knowledge at every pore, and if in teaching her there were no recognized methods pursued, her love of books and her passionate love of nature gave her a cultivation far better suited to her ultimate position in life than any more orthodox cut and dry methods could have done.

It was wonderful how by the time Bab first put in her appearance most of my theories about the upbringing of daughters had died a natural death. But no very special code of morals was enforced upon our baby. She was taught to be obedient and truthful; she was surrounded by an atmosphere of love, and—well, I think the results were quite all that heart could desire. Bab grew up into a slim, graceful girl, with a face whose coloring rivalled the brier roses in our hedges, and with eyes blue as the summer skies. She had not the great beauty of her older sister Beatrice; her looks were less remarkable than those of Hetty and Edith, and yet there was a winsomeness all her own about our darling. It was not so much her delicate coloring or her daintily cut features that caught and held admiration. Her infinite charm lay rather in the sweetness of her smile and in the assurance that a lovely soul lay behind those soft blue eyes. Barely eighteen years had gone over her sunny head when Fate sent my baby's feet through paths which I had never dreamed that any of my daughters' feet would tread.

The month was June—Bab's month, for she was a June baby—and the garden was full of the fragrance and color of roses, the child's favorite flower. I sat on the lawn rejoicing in the summer sights and sounds about me, watching Bab as she flitted from flower to flower, looking to my mother's eyes in her white frock very much as she had looked when in her babyhood she talked to the tall lilies and kissed the roses' crimson petals.

As she went along the garden path she sang, and her clear voice rang out across the lane that skirted our garden away to the woodlands and meadows beyond.

Presently she paused in her wanderings to look over the gate leading into the lane and at the hedgerows laden with brier roses and honeysuckle and gaze up the hill which led to the open country. A gay little song was still upon her lips; she swung the bunch of roses she held in time to the tune she sang, her face was radiant with the joy of youth and summertime. But all at once her song ceased; I saw her lean far over the gate, with face grown suddenly white, and in the drowsy stillness of the June day a sound broke upon my ear, a sound that once heard can never be forgotten, the frantic flying hoofbeats of a runaway horse.

In a second I was at Bab's side, my gaze turned with hers up the long hill on our right, and I saw what froze the blood in my veins—a horse tearing madly along the dusty highway, utterly beyond the control of the man who rode him, and coming toward us at feverish, breakneck speed. Bab's breath came quickly, her face was white as a sheet, but her eyes were steadfast, watching the wild onward career of the horse. On and on came the clattering hoofs, and when the nearly maddened beast had almost reached the gate Bab unlatched it softly, and the bunch of roses fell from her hand, but otherwise she made no sound, no movement. It was when the horse was immediason he swerved suddenly, almost flung himself against the wooden fence of a field, and jammed his rider's leg against the heavy palings.

For a second the shock of the impact made the beast stand still, and in that second Bab flew out of the gate and across the lane, and stood still, for the creature was already showing signs of new restiveness, and with a little cry I ran out into the lane expecting every moment to see my darling trampled under his hoofs, as he broke loose from her restraining touch. What could her tiny hands do against the strength of a maddened, terrified horse, I thought; but all at once I held my breath and stayed where I was. While with one hand Bab grasped the rein, with the other she gently, very gently, stroked the shivering creature's head, and spoke to it in soft, cooing accents, exactly as she would have spoken to a frightened child.

There was no sign of fear on her face. Though her cheeks were white, her eyes were shining, and her voice was as firm and quiet as though she were merely patting some tame creature. And the effect of her touch and voice was simply magical. The poor beast's pitiful trembling gradually ceased, into his bloodshot eyes there came a more restful expression, and Bab called to me gently:

"Please mummy, send Tom to help lift this poor gentleman down."

Tom, our gardener, and a passing laborer between them lifted the now unconscious rider from the horse, and it was at once evident that the poor man's leg had been broken in that violent collision with the fence.

The two men carried him into our spare room, and while Bab led the now pacified horse to a livery stable close by, I dispatched Tom for the doctor, and applied restoratives to the unconscious stranger. He was quite young, a gentleman, and singularly good looking, with a keen brown face, and a tangle of curly brown hair, that must, I felt sure, have rejoiced his mother's heart.

It was an intense relief when he presently opened a pair of deep brown eyes, and said wearily:

"Where is she?"

"Who?" I asked softly. "Is it some one you want?"

"Only the good angel who saved me," he answered, a smile creeping round his mouth, in spite of the pain that was making his face white and drawn, "an angel—in a white gown—with a face like sunshine."

"You shall see her presently," I said, soothingly; and after that he lay very still, until the doctor arrived to set his leg and make him as comfortable as possible.

After which, considerably to my dismay, he lapsed again into unconsciousness, varied only by delirious wanderings, so that we were not able to find out who he was, or whether he had friends with whom we could communicate. The only clew to his identity was a note in his pocket, beginning "Dearest Mark," and ending "Your loving mother."

Bab was at the time the only one of our girls at home, and although our faithful old nurse and I undertook the nursing of our guest, Bab came sometimes to his room with a tray or a message. It was on one of these occasions that his eyes opened again and he looked straight into the girl's fair face.

"My—good—angel," he whispered, and the sudden gleam that shot into his brown eyes was reflected in Bab's blue ones. "Thank you," he murmured before he once more relapsed into semi-consciousness.

For a few moments Bab stood absolutely motionless beside his bed, the color coming and going in her face, her lips trembling; then she stooped and kissed me, leaving the room quickly directly afterward. The doctor was of opinion that our patient must have had some severe blow on the head besides the damage to the leg; and it afterward transpired that this was the case, for he had been thrown and mounted again before the final disaster took place.

When consciousness fully returned to him I begged him to let me write to his family, who must be miserably anxious, but he averred that he was taking a holiday ramble when the accident occurred and that his people were not expecting to hear of him, and would not, therefore, be uneasy. His name, he said, was Mark Stanmore, and he asked me to write a note to the address of an inn in Surrey (from which he had ridden on the morning of his accident), asking the landlord to send for the horse which had done all the mischief.

Bab did not see our visitor again until he was convalescent enough to lie on the couch in the window looking over the garden, and then he begged to see her and thank her for saving his life.

Even while I went to fetch the child, I instinctively felt what was going to happen, what, indeed, had happened. There was no mistaking the look in both pairs of eyes when they met each other. She came in very simply and naturally, a smile dimpling the corners of her mouth, the sunshine glinting on her pretty hair, and he held out both his hands without a word. She put her own into them, and the softest flush crept from her neck to her brow, and her eyes drooped at last beneath his gaze. Then he said very softly:

"I've been dreaming of you day and night, night and day, and now you have come, just as you came—to save me—in your white gown, with your face like sunshine. I am glad—you have come to me—at last."

I have never seen or imagined anything more idyllic than the love making of these two, nor anything approaching to their radiant happiness when a complete understanding was reached between them.

But Dick, although he liked our guest immensely, demurred to allowing his treasured darling to be engaged to a man of whom we really knew less than nothing; and he and I had a solemn parental talk with Mr. Stanmore, when Dick very stumblingly and haltingly told the young man that he could not sanction the marriage until he was satisfied as to Mark's prospects, and the approval of his father and mother. He had been so very reticent about himself that I agreed to the need for caution, though my heart was entirely on the side of the two young people.

Mark's eyes twinkled ever so little when Dick assumed the heavy father air which was so eminently unsuited to him.

"It is true," he said, with some hesitation, "that I am dependent on my people, and that it is possible they may object to my marrying, because I am young, and—Bab is not very old. But—I think we can win their consent."

"I would not let my daughter enter any family in which she would not be welcome," Dick said, with an effort at stiffness that did not sit easily on him; and I said gently:

"Perhaps it would be better to allow nothing to be settled until your parents see Bab, and until they freely give their consent."

"And if," he said an hour later, when he and Bab and I were alone together, "if my father cuts me off with a shilling, and I have to begin life as a poor beggar on his own resources, there wouldn't be much chance for me then, would there?"

His eyes left my face and turned to Bab, and she answered him before I could say a word. She was sitting in a low chair by his couch, and her hand went out and touched his, while she slipped upon her knees beside him.

"There would be just the same chance as now," she said, very earnestly, her blue eyes very grave and serious; "I will wait for you, Mark, till you are ready for me, and if we are poor, I can work, too. I am not afraid of being poor—with you."

A wonderfully softened look came into his brown eyes, and he drew her toward him and kissed her with a sort of triumph that I could not understand.

But I understood it a week or two afterward. He wrote a letter one day, a very long letter; and when, in the afternoon, we took him for a drive, he himself alighted from the carriage and posted it. By that time he was practically well again, and we knew that we should not keep him much longer with us. He and Bab were the most ideal lovers, the personification of youth and joy, and when, two days later, he came to me, saying, "I have a note for you from my mother," my heart sank lest anything should spoil that perfect happiness.

The note was short and a little stiff, but it invited me and Bab to return with Mark to his father's house, in Hampshire, and it was signed, "Helene Stanmore."

It surprised me a little that no address headed the note, but when Mark said, airily, "Oh, we just live in the village at Silcote," I thought no more about it, and it was settled that Bab and I should accept the invitation.

"And Bab will wear her white gown," said Mark the autocrat, refusing to be put off by any pleas of the dust of railway travelling, or extravagance.

A brougham met us at the Silcote station, and I began to think the Stanmores must be quite well to do people; and when we turned into lodge gates past a curtseying old woman, I thought Mark must be the son of some country squire. But when we drove along mile after mile of magnificent park, and caught sight at last of a huge gray house, with a flag flying from its turrets, I gasped feebly and exclaimed:

"My dear Mark, surely this isn't—this can't be"—

"It's all right," he answered, gayly, patting my hand; "I'm quite a respectable son-in-law, really I am," and sheer surprise kept me silent as we swept round the drive to the front door, which was flung open to us by a portly butler.

I had an impression of being hurried into a great drawing room, where a gray haired man and stately woman with Mark's brown eyes rose to greet us, unmistakable anxiety written on their faces in spite of their efforts to be hospitable.

For a second, the fraction of a second, the situation seemed fraught with possible disaster, and then Bab saved it.

She looked straight into the face of the gray haired man, her hands went out to him with a little appealing gesture, and her voice shook as she said softly:

"I know I am not good enough for Mark, but—I love him—and he loves me—and I don't mind how poor we are—only please let me be his wife."

Her blue eyes, misty with tears, her tremulous smile, her sweet, uplifted face were irresistible, and without more ado Mark's father stooped and kissed the child, saying gently:

"My dear, we can never thank you enough for saving Mark's life, but we welcome you to Dunlow Castle for your own sweet sake."

Dunlow Castle! I badly wanted to rub my eyes, feeling I was the victim of a nightmare. Dunlow Castle was the seat of the Earl of Dunlow—and—they had only one son—and they—I—

"You will have me for a son-in-law, won't you?" Mark's voice whispered in my ear. "Bab will make the sweetest countess our house has ever known."

Of course, I think he is perfectly right, and my romantic soul appreciated his fancy for winning a wife who could love him for himself alone, and not for his great name and his broad acres.

"I loved her when I first saw her in the lane," he said. "I loved her for the lovely soul that looked out of her lovely face."

And I am glad to see that the earl and countess love her, too, and say she is the sunshine of their house as of ours. Nor were their pride and joy lessened when Bab presented the house of Dunlow with sturdy twin boys, who, it seems impossible, can really be Bab's babies.—(Ladies' Home Magazine.

FOR FAMINE CHILDREN.

Effort to Establish a School of Embroidery in Bombay.

With bands of glistening gold embroidery in her hands—the work of little Indian girls in the missionary schools of Bombay—Mrs. Edward S. Hume, for over twenty-nine years a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, pleaded yesterday in the chapel of the Church of the Ascension for the funds to establish a Christian school of arts and crafts for the children of Bombay orphaned by the famines. The meeting was called by a committee the advisory committee of which is composed of the Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, W. H. Fry and the Rev. James S. Dennis, chairman, and it is hoped to erect a $4,000 building, and to establish scholarships of $40 a year for the expenses of individual pupils. The committee is working in unison with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, the English society in which the Hon. Emily Kincaid, daughter of Lord Kincaid, is so deeply interested.

"What started me in industrial work was this," began Mrs. Hume: "One day I happened to visit a suburban town where some of my girls lived and I stopped at the house of one of them, a little widow. It was all dark within. Then I called, and a small voice answered me from under the table.

"'What are you doing there?' I asked.

"'Making a cap,' answered the child.

"'What will you do with it when you have got it done?'

"'My mother-in-law will take it to sell.'

"'And how much will she sell it for?'

"'Eight cents.'

"'How much of that will come to you?'

"'One cent.'

"'And what will you do with your cent?'

"'Well, when I have two hundred cents I shall try to run away to get something to eat.'

"Her mother-in-law," explained Mrs. Hume, "would sell that cap for eight cents to a man who makes a business of going around among the women and buying their caps of them; then he in turn sells them to a man in the bazaar for 25 cents, and he for 40 or 50 cents apiece.

"I went home resolved that that poor child at least should have industrial training.

"But our great chance came with the famine. Then, with thousands of orphans thrown upon us for maintenance and education, the scruples of the missionaries against 'teaching fancy work' vanished, and every one took hold to try to give some sort of manual training. Why, some of the little girls who came to us could not study for more than a few minutes at a time, so weakened were they by their privations.

"I had seen pictures of what you Americans are doing, so I went to the printer and had him make me some sewing cards, with rows of perforations and little dots. And I bought some red cotton, and with this primitive equipment set my girls to learning how to hem and backstitch and sew over and over.

"Oh, if only I could have got at some of my friends in America, and had some kindergarten materials sent out

"You simply can't imagine how ignorant and awkward the girls were at first—not knowing whether to thread their needles at the point or the eye (they call it the needle's 'nose'), and trying to stick the needle, when they did have it threaded, into the card head foremost quite as often as the proper way!"

With missionary schools all through India taking up industrial work of one kind or another Mrs. Hume found some difficulty in hitting on the best thing for her orphans to adopt as their own.

"One school," she said, "went in for very fine cross stitch work; another, about two hundred miles distant, took up lace making; so those two fields seemed to be pre-empted. It was the same with the woodcarving, which yet another school does so nicely, and with really beautiful crochet which they are making a specialty of at one of the Irish Presbyterian missions. So we took up embroidery in the ancient Indian manner, and gold and silver lace making. And what we so much want now are funds for setting up a plant in which our boys could make the fabrics from gold and silver bricks, and our girls could make the fabrics in gold and silver embroidery. We could have a monopoly of the fashionable trade of India in gold and silver laces if we were able to do this. You see, the two great famines left us twenty-five thousand orphans—these are our great problem now."

Then the laces were handed about, while Mrs. Hume explained that they are made of a tubular wire of solid silver triple plated with gold. "A lace like this," holding up a lovely flowing pattern set with dull stones, "brings from $3 to $5 over there, and it takes fifteen yards for a Hindoo or Parsee or Mahometan woman's robe. An immense amount is also worn by men on their caps."

Mrs. Charles Atwood Edwards, of No. 850 Park-ave., is the treasurer. The committee also includes Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Carolena M. Wood, Mrs. George Soltan, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Killaen Van Rensselaer and Miss Parsons.

ORDER SPRING GOWNS NOW.

Now is the time, says S. Kneitel, the ladies' tailor, No. 8 East 30th-st. (near 5th-ave.), to order one's new gown, before the spring rush begins. While the regular price for tailored gowns, silk lined and made to order in the latest spring and summer styles, is $80, women ordering this week will receive a special reduction, the price being reduced to $58. The latest Paris models, representing the creations of the most distinguished French artists, have been received by Mr. Kneitel