IT CAN BE WORKED DOWN.

The Reducing of Flesh Is a Matter of Diet and Systematic Exercise.

NOT NECESSARY TO STARVE.

Lotions, Herbs, Acids, Drugs and Nostrums Injurious—Not Necessary to Avoid Everything One Likes—Bread the Most Fattening Article of Modern Diet. Flesh-Laden People.

SOMETIMES when a woman loses her waist line and finds it difficult to lace her shoes she deserves sympathy, but when she becomes the victim of a banting system she is entitled to pity. Superfluous flesh is a dangerous thing to experiment with; it can be worked down, run down and even walked down, but to resort to drugs is to lay up a grudge that nature will unquestionably avenge. Without the slightest pretenses as a specialist in obesity, Mr. Robert Bonner is one of the best authorities in the country on the subject of corpulency. Did he care to hang out a sign and receive office patients he could in ten years realize the equivalent of the fortune it has taken the very best years of his life to accumulate.

You could not make him believe that a gentler, daintier or more sensitive creature breathed than Maud S, or that the treatment she gets would not redound to the health, comfort, beauty and amiability of a refined woman.

He says: "Superfluous fat is either a disease or a luxury. If the former, the cause must be ascertained; if the latter, then all that is required is a suspension or diminution of delicacies, early hours, less sleep and more work than usual.

"Workers are never fat, for activity is attended by a loss of tissue. When Maud S gets vulgarly fat I have her work it down. Not all at once, for that would derange her system, but according to a regular system of exercise that increases with her strength without the least exhausting it. Instead of speeding her all around the track the training begins with a quarter. The next day half the circuit is made; the following, three-quarters, and the fourth the round at the same pace. The regular work is limited to a brisk walk. This system is kept up with a gradual increase until she is in condition.

TO RESTORE BEAUTY.

"Now, this sort of methodical training would reduce human flesh, restore a woman's lines of beauty, and not only relieve a man of his burdensome tissue, but perfect his health and develop his strength."

Mr. Bonner advocates regular exercise. The fat woman must get up and move about, not eight hours the first day, but half an hour. She must work, row, walk, sweep, swing clubs, swim, jump or play at some field sport. Whatever the exercise, it must be repeated and lengthened systematically, until she can walk from the Battery to the park or from Union square to the Harlem without fatigue. This is the sort of treatment that is certain to reduce the flesh, and at the same time benefit the general health.

While it is not necessary to starve, overindulgence is detrimental, and a long list of edibles is forbidden the would-be thoroughbred. All farinaceous foods must be given up, and such cherished favorites as sweet peas, sweet and Irish potatoes, beans, green corn, breads, rice, tapioca, butter, fats, oils, milk, sweets, pastries, malt drinks and fruity wines boycotted. The diet limited to eggs, soups, lean meats, fish and shell foods, juicy fruits and lettuce, tomatoes, celery, cresses, spinach and onions must be sparingly indulged in; rare beef, with one fruit and one vegetable, and a clear soup sufficing for a dinner.

Another essential is an abundance of liquids, which are less fattening than solid foods. If an ample dinner is eaten the other meal should be limited to fruits, a cup of chocolate, clear soup or warm water flavored with lime or lemon juice.

Sections of tomato, apple, orange or melon served in place of bread will, in a short time, overcome all desire for the staff of lean people, which is the most fattening article in the modern diet.

It is essential that the appetite be restricted and the meals limited to two. Breakfast at 11 o'clock in the morning and dine at 6 o'clock in the evening, unless engaged in active labor. This will be a difficult matter for a time, but it means an average reduction of ten pounds a month. For the person of sedentary habits two meals are ample. Before the first a short walk should be taken in the open air, and between the two must come the hard work of three or five hours taken in a woolen outfit and with sufficient speed to produce prespiration.

THE "PACK" SYSTEM.

There will be days when it will not be convenient to get out of doors, and for this period there is no better substitute than a "pack," which, however, must be taken under proper intelligence. The preliminary consists of a two days' fast, during which sufficient water may be taken to quench the thirst, but no solid food of any sort. At the end of the fast the "banter" is rolled in a sheet wrung out of hot water, and covered up in bed with six or seven blankets and comfortables. A cold rag placed on the head will cool the brain, and it must be the duty of the attendant to change the cloth as often as it may seem necessary to reduce the temperature of the blood on its way to the brain. Here the flesh-laden patient is kept for an hour, if possible, perspiring at every pore, with the sensation of collapse in every organ. Whoever unpacks must be able to give the victim a massage treatment or apply sufficient friction to stimulate the body into healthy action. To prevent possible cold an application of alcohol to the skin is essential in cold weather. As the woman will be too weak to dress for a few hours, nourishment must be taken while in bed, and it will be dangerous to supply the craving of the appetite. A cup of bouillon is the first thing; then a couple of oysters, a bit of fresh fish or a couple of soft-boiled eggs should be served and are preferable to broiled steak, because they are a smaller tax on the digestive organs. Some stewed or fresh fruit will help as a stimulant, and a piece of brown toast may be taken if there is a craving for bread. A thin gruel or more soup is a much safer drink than a stimulant. Properly given pack will reduce the weight thirty pounds; but to keep from regaining a regular system of exercise must be pursued. One of the leading specialists in the treatment of obesity maintains that diet has everything to do with the discomfort or inconvenience of superfluous fat.

THE PROPER DIET.

"It is quite impossible," he says, "to give hard and fast rules as to quantity and time of eating, as so much depends upon work, exercise and ability of persons to digest and assimilate food. That a diet of fish, fruit, nuts, milk, eggs, succulents and cheese will, if maintained, reduce the flesh without destroying the general health in the least I know from actual experience. I know, too, that it will cure dyspepsia, improve the health of the body and lengthen life."

This revolution in the mode of living may seem like starvation, and will at first be attended by prostrations, as every change is; but the human stomach is man's best and most obedient slave, and can be trained to digest almost anything. All one needs is a sufficiency, and it does not make very much difference to the appetite whether the supply is roast beef and plum pudding or stewed prunes or soft-boiled eggs. It is a fact, however, that with exercise and what is called the "natural food" obesity can be cured. The desired reduction secured, the old form of a mixed diet may be resumed, provided the amount of exercise is increased. The Duchess of Marlborough, Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Fanny Davenport and Isabelle Urquhart have demonstrated the value of hunting, walking, cycling, rowing and riding in subjugating the flesh. All of these ladies have weighing machines, and when a pound too much is registered a liberal dose of exercise is taken at once. By this method of weighing, watching and working these beautiful women regulate their bulk to the very ounce of desire.—N. Y. World.

CHARITABLE BIRDS.

Wonderful Performances of Rooks That Are Well-Established Facts.

I read with much interest in your last issue, in Mr. Reid's communication, the following passage: "I observed a curious thing one day lately. Some food by some good Christian had been thrown out to the starving birds, when a rook came down and flew back to where he had left another rook sitting in a very weak-looking condition, and fed her with what he had picked up. This he did twice in my sight before taking anything to himself."

I had some time previously received from a correspondent in Wales, a stranger to me, a precisely similar account of another of these birds. "One day, in the bitterest of the weather, when I am sure our friend, the rook I have spoken of, was indeed reduced to great extremities, the bird nevertheless performed the following good deed: It picked up a bit of bread, carried it to another rook, which sat on the terrace wall, too shy to come nearer, and fed it there. Nor was this after having satisfied its own hunger, for it had only just alighted."

When I put this little story down I had a misgiving that any one who might read it would scarcely be disposed to believe it, as beyond credibility. I was therefore much gratified at having so soon afterward seen such an exactly similar fact recorded in corroboration of it, as above. It was, indeed, I think, a very touching incident, and one to make every one, I should hope, who reads it, have much good feeling for all God's creatures.—London Spectator.

REDFERN'S LATEST.

A Wrap That Was Completed for a Titled American Lady.

It Is of Pale Grey Veloutine Quite Covered With Embroidery—Some New Ideas in Hats, in Velvets and in Felt.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1890.—It has been said, and probably with truth, that "every Englishman dearly loves a Lord," and of late years this has been in a great measure also true of many Americans. And in the conviction that some such there may be among our readers, we will treat them to-day to the description of a wrap very recently completed for a titled American, a lady who was once Miss Ward of New York, but by the intervention of a French husband was transformed into the Princess Caraman Chimay.

This wrap is a coat of pale grey veloutine which is quite covered with an elaborate embroidery done in two shades of grey and a mixture of steel cords. Over the close-fitting sleeves, which are embroidered like the body of the coat, are hanging sleeves set in with pleats on the shoulder and bordered with bands of blue fox, to give the effect of the graceful short cloak worn by the Spanish students.

As it is Redfern's desire to complete a costume even to the very boots and shoes if a customer will allow, he has created a little hat to go with the above, which is here shown in the upper part of this sketch.

New Millinery.

It is a small low turban with a brim bent in curves over the forehead, and is made of velvet several shades darker than the coat. A couple of narrow bands of silver tinsel ribbon are carelessly folded about the crown, and a small dove-gray bird perches at the back. The other model is a large hat of beige-colored felt, with a brim turned up closely at the back and flaring widely in the front. A double twist of grenat velvet wreathes the crown and there is, besides, a full trimming of ostrich tips shading from the dark red to pale tea-color on the ends. One of these is curled under the brim to rest upon the hair.

The Latest Models.

In our other sketches just received the hat at the top is a dark blue felt, with a very small crown, upon which is massed a bunch of ribbon loops and a bright tan-colored bird. In the center is a more dressy little bonnet of petunia cloth, embroidered with silver and banded with velvet. Tips of a deeper shade curl over the crown at the back and a small silver-gray bird guards the front. The last one is a comparatively simple walking hat of cadet blue felt, trimmed with velvet of the same color and a black bird. The brim slopes down in front to quite cover the forehead, but is rolled on the sides and back. R.

BRIGHT PARAGRAPHS.

Four Doses as a Cure for Dyspepsia.

BY J. E. TOTHEROH.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

She was young and pretty, and had been waiting nearly an hour in the waiting-room at the ferry, evidently looking for some one. Presently a presumptuous young fellow who had been intently watching her movements for some time walked up to her and said:

"Pardon me, Miss, you seem to be disappointed. Probably I might take the place of your absent companion?"

"You are very kind, sir," the young lady remarked. "I think you will answer admirably. My pet monkey has strayed away and a policeman is looking for him. If he don't appear before the next boat leaves I'll take you."

HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Benedict—Say, Markley, lend me a five on the strength of our relationship.

Markley—Get out; you're no relative of mine.

Benedict—You're wrong there. My wife said she once promised to be a sister to you, so I must be your brother-in-law.

SHE FILLED THE BILL.

Mrs. Yeagly advertised for a servant girl with a retiring disposition. She engaged the first one who applied, and on going into the kitchen in the evening found the dishes unwashed, the domestic having "retired" to bed immediately after dinner.

UNDOUBTEDLY CORRECT.

A Sunday-school teacher, after relating to her class of small boys the story of how Moses obtained water from a rock in the wilderness by striking it with his staff, said: "Now, Johnny, suppose we were all traveling in a desert and our good minister was to strike a rock with his cane, do you think we would get water from the stone?"

"Naw," said Johnny, "we'd get soup."

IN PICTURESQUE EUTIN, HOLSTEIN.

Where Carl Maria von Weber, the Great Composer, Lived.

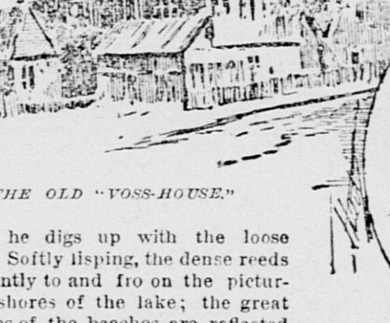
A Lovely Spot That Once Held Many Famous People as Dwellers in It—Its Wonderful Gardens and Scenery.

IT is no doubt of interest to all lovers of music to know that on the 1st of July, 1890, the unveiling of the statue of one of our greatest masters of music, Carl Maria von Weber, took place here at Eutin, his native town, writes a correspondent from that place to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Although at the present time the name of this little city does not penetrate from hemisphere to hemisphere, no more attractive place could have been found wherein to rear a memorial to the great composer, nor one around which

HOUSE IN WHICH TISCHBEIN AND STOLBERG LIVED.

cluster more reminiscences of olden, glorious days, than are awakened by the name of Eutin. Therefore it may not be amiss to write you about it.

While the western portion of Holstein is made up of monotonous marshes and black heaths, the eastern part, the land of Wagren, abounds with lively diversion. Connected with each other through the River Schwentin, which flows into the Bay of Kiel, a number of lovely lakes are strung side by side, interrupted by gently undulating hill-lands. A peculiar charm and a profound peacefulness are poured out over these silvery mirrors, disturbed by nothing but a noisy swarm of ducks here and there and the cries of the sea-gulls, which nest in large numbers on the various islands. On many of these islands, like those in the Sibberdorf Lake for instance, one can see thousands of these birds circling around their nests, and the farmer is not at all averse to notice them follow in the wake of his plow, for they devour all the worms

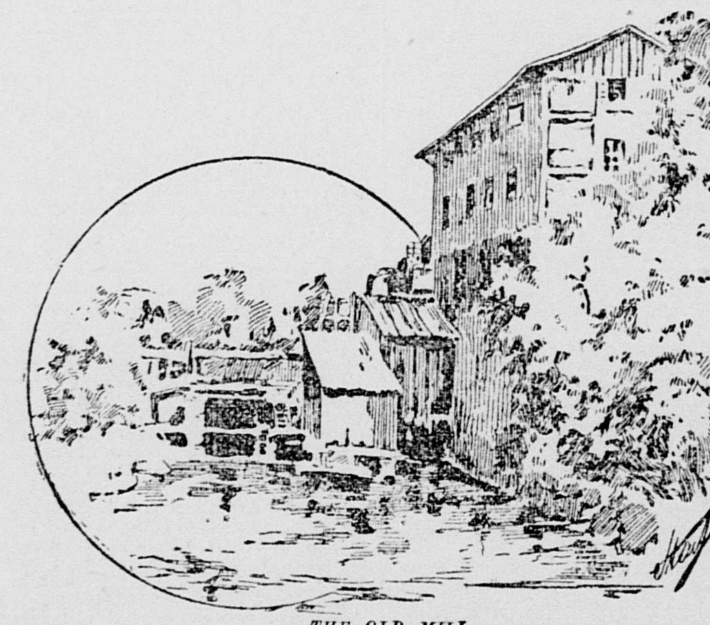


THE OLD "VOSS-HOUSE."

HOUSE IN WHICH WEBER WAS BORN.

which he digs up with the loose earth. Softly lisping, the dense reeds rock gently to and fro on the picturesque shores of the lake; the great tree-tops of the beeches are reflected in the crystal waters, and the boat of the fisherman glides gently over the rippling surface, the while he lures the frisky trout from the depths below.

Buried in thick green foliage the little town of Eutin lies between two of these lakes. The tall, pointed spire of her cathedral is visible from way beyond the hills. On the peninsula, between the city and the lake, stands a stately castle, which in its present form dates back to the seventeenth century, when it was rebuilt after a fire had destroyed the former structure. Old-time trenches, constantly filled with water, separate the castle from the adjoining park, which in the beginning of the eighteenth century was laid out in the genuine French style with closely cropped hedges, artificial grottoes, statues of nymphs and other mythological figures. In later years Duke Peter transformed this park into an English garden famous everywhere for its extreme beauty; but its prime charm lies in its magnificent linden avenue, through whose leafy boughs the sun paints golden lights upon the paths below. The avenue leads from the castle down to where the lake cuts



THE OLD MILL.

a deep bay into the land. Along its bank winds the so-called "Philosophen-steig" (Philosphers' Walk), hidden almost entirely from view by the dense green of the overhanging branches. To every cosy nook of the park a marble bench or a rustic seat has been added, inviting the strolling foot to tarry the while the enchanted eye peers through the trellised framework on the trees and lingers on the pretty "Pheasant Island" in the middle of the lake or on the rich, flowered tapestry of the lawn which leads toward the castle. Arbors, grottoes and minarets abound—veritable dreamland places, where the glare of day cannot penetrate.

During the eighteenth century Eutin was the favorite residence place for the Bishops of Lubeck, and it was here they gathered all the members of their chapter around them. But at the beginning of the Reformation the bishopric gradually lost its ecclesiastical importance, and was transformed into a principality with the right of succession. Friedrich August, who was invested with this property by Emperor Joseph II, as Duke of Oldenburg, divided his stay between the latter place and Eutin. He was followed by Peter Friedrich Ludwig as Duke of Oldenburg, and it was the latter who assembled the celebrities of his day around his court at Eutin, and that was the time when it flourished as it has never done since. In 1779 Peter called to Eutin Franz Anton Weber as the leader of his newly established orchestra. Franz Anton was the father of the famous Carl Maria, the composer of the immortal opera "Freischuetz."

In order to promote among his subjects the love and sense of art, Duke Peter invited the well-known landscape painter Strack to make a visit at Eutin and also William Tischbein, the genius of his day, who lived there until his death in 1829. I will only mention a few of his most renowned historical paintings, which are found at the castle of Eutin: "Ajax, Tearing Cassandra From the Altar of Pallas," "Hector Taking Leave of Andromache," "Nausikaa," "Ulysses and Penelope," "Ajax and Ulysses at the River Styx," etc. In 1791 Peter appointed Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg President of the Ministry. Stolberg's name is prominent in literature. The rectorship of the schools of Eutin was placed in the hands of Johann Heinrich Voss, the immortal translator of Homer. Besides these there were many other celebrated personages who lived there during a part of their lives at least, attracted by the circle of the savants already mentioned, and by the generous patronage of Duke Peter. Gerstenberg, for instance, the author of "Ugolino," Klopstock, the singer of the "Messiah" and later on Lavater, the great preacher and physiognomist.

Exiles of the French revolution, too, found a safe retreat at Eutin, among them the Duke de Liancourt, General Lafayette and his sister, and the Marquis de Montague, all of whom welcome guests at the house of Stolberg.

While, of course, many changes have taken place since those days of glory and intellectual power have passed over the horizon of pretty Eutin, nature round about has remained the same in all its charming characteristics. From Eutin the way leads to the neighboring "Gremsmuehle" through the "Prinzenholz" (Prince's timber), a favorite excursion point for the poets of Eutin, and the ever memorable scene of Voss' "Louise." Here on the banks of the 'Dieksee," where formerly stood a solitary mill, pretty villas and hotels present now the lively picture of a high-toned family resort.

On Whitsuntide Sunday a new railway line was opened which conducts us past the pretty village of Malente to one of the finest hotels in Europe, built in royal castle style—the Holsteiner Schweiz—which overlooks the charming "Kellersee" from a high, thickly timbered bluff. Hill leans against hill, lake joins lake, until the last far-away mountain ridges and shining water lines fade away in the brilliant sunlight. Aboard the handsome little steamer Carl Maria von Weber, we spin along the shores of the "Kellersee," until we reach its end, where, hidden from view by a deep bay, lies the little village of Sielbeck. A few minutes' walk and we are beyond the circle of hills, in whose midst gleams in profound solitude the "Ukleisee," a body of water whose praises have often been sung.

During bright nights, when the full moon bathes her visage in the silver-tinted waters, the mists which dance across them appear like floating elves with golden, glittering hair and the monotonous, plaintive whispering of the reeds narrates the ancient lore of the handsome Prince who lived in the castle by the lake, and who loved the forester's pretty daughter and wooed her every night under the sheltering branches of the beeches. But one day there came a seductive Princess to the castle and her beauty and riches lured the heart of the Prince away from his forest maiden. The poor, forsaken child of the beachwood grew melancholy, and in her despair sought death in the crystal waters of the Uklei; and it is said that on the day on which the faithless lover led the rich Princess to the altar to be wed, the waters of the lake swelled to immense proportions, burying in their angry foam chapel and bride and bridegroom, and all the retinue that stood in line to celebrate the event. And to this day the initiated discovers during moonlit nights the ringing of the bells deep down in the bottomless pit of the lake.

From Sielbeck the road winds along the banks of the Kellersee back toward Eutin through the so-called "Dome," a mighty circle of beech trees, whose tops form the arched outlines of a gothic cathedral, and as we wander along this path more than one charming fragment of the delightful environs of Eutin passes before our wondering vision.

WHAT MUSTACHES TELL.

An Odd System of Character Reading From the Hirsute Adornment.

There is a great deal of character in the mustache, says the Northwest Magazine. As the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self-control, the mustache is more particularly connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curl turns upward there is a geniality combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will, in playing with the mustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.

A thief was tracked in New York the other night by the trail he left of stolen silver spoons.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

IN SPANISH DAYS.

TO JOSE.

O SPANISH days, fair Spanish days!
Veiled in romance's magic haze,
Colored by fancies manifold,
Shining through mem'ry's mists of gold;
E'en as I read of ye I see
(As on a page of history)
The red-tiled churches, cross-crowned spires,
The neophytes, the gray robe of friars,
The stately groves of graceful palms,
The forts, the groups of men-at-arms,
The sunny skies (as blue as now),
The aqueducts, the rustic plow,
The clustering grapes, the olive trees,
Which shiver e'en in summer breeze;
The mission ship San Carlos ride
At anchor on the peaceful tide;
I hear the liquid Spanish tongue,
The silver-throated church-bells rung
The sound of merry dancing feet.
I smell the roses, pink and sweet,
Castile's own roses, brought so far,
And listen to the soft guitar.
* * * * * * *
But these have passed, my dream is o'er;
The old, old scenes can come no more;
Enveloped in time's mystic haze
Must they remain—those Spanish days.
Yet this remains, your ring, which glows
And o'er my hand its color throws;
This ruby circlet, still as bright,
As vivid as the rosy light—
Though worn and dulled, the rim of gold—
As 'twas in sunny days of old.
Dear friend, thy gift I'll keep always.
Memento sweet of "Spanish days."
Alameda, Cal., Sept. 30, 1890. ANELEH.

AWAY.

The foils are idly crossed upon the wall,
Tied with a silken ribbon, soft and wide;
The color that his lady wears—fair blue.
Shakespeare, much read, alas! lies tossed aside.

I am the lady who the fair blue wears;
I am his heroine in Shakespeare's plays.
Often I've wielded one bright, steely foil.
Alone I dream away the autumn days.

Out from our home my hero brother's gone;
Out to win bread, perhaps renown and fame.
Life that was like one long, bright summer day,
Never again can be to me the same.
October, 1890. GRACE HIBBARD.

THE SEASONS.

Spring comes as a winsome, beautiful child,
Bringing tiny zephyrs, frolicsome, balmy and mild;
With baby tears—the soft-falling showers—
That kiss and cheer the daintiest, earliest flowers.

Now grown into summer, girlish and free,
Throwing warm, sunny glances o'er the flower-gemmed lea;
Charming and graceful; now modest, now bold.
Yet there blows not a breath that seems too cold.

Quickly follows autumn, all in brown and sage
As becomes womanhood in grave middle age.
Gusty winds whirl the dead leaves and sway in the air
The once leafy branches that are now gaunt and bare,

Until winter, wrinkled, feeble and old,
Bowed with many cares, and trembling with cold,
Throws o'er the earth soft snowy bands.
Then silently, with thin, toil-knotted hands
Covers her head and sorrow-scarred breast,
And sinks away to a well-earned rest.

Sleep peacefully, once happy year!
'Tis the future, not you, that we fear.
What will it bring? How much withhold?
Will contentment come only when we are tired and old?
Halfmoon Bay, Cal., Sept., 1890. BETH BRAMBLE.

IN CAMP.

All that first night in camp I could not sleep.
Uneasy gladness and anticipation deep
Of rare companionship with nature dwelt with me
And restfully I waited.

Came through the shadowed silence to my ear
The soothing voice of the stream caressing near
At hand the stones, the very air about its way.
Birds twittered in the boughs with early day,
And, too, a shy perfume of new-mown hay
And scent of grass and bush and earth—so rare
To my dulled senses—swelled on all the air.

With sun-up of the perfect summer day
Through the spicy wood's dim belt I stole away,
Past the wistful horses tethered in the shade,
Whose cloudless eyes for wood and me a mirror made,
Silken skinned, sweet of breath, patient, still,
Obedient and faithful, waiting a master's will;
Past the wave-worn cliff, the nameless, modest streams,
And up the pauseless, climbing road that seems
Too narrow for the shaggy, short-necked teams
And freight of powdered, quivering grapes,
Fresh from the vineyard that the hill crest drapes
In changeless verdancy.
Past the sounding flood a tangled bank pours out
For man and beast—a hidden spring; about
Its sunless basin rocked a leaky pail;
Beneath the road to unseen ends the austere gale
Of waters swept: as though the hills, I thought,
To compensate the weary climber sought
To keep this simple hospitality
Up to grassy summits played on by the breeze
From the phantom land of fog upon the seas.

O sweet, silent scene! Within my vision lay
A broad, checked landscape stretching away
Like fine fretwork under the misty morn—
Shorn fields, and vineyards and young corn—
That plenty promised. Downward gleamed the shrines
The Fathers wisely built among their vines
That give such faultless thanks for leave to live.
O mountains distant, with uprising fringed crown!
O hills, purple-hued, flecked with green and brown!
O stream embowered, companion to grove and hills,
Flow on thy way, for thy murmuring fills
With joy my soul.
O delightful tender hour
Preceding each sun that opes the cleft-born flower
Leaning on its slender stem toward that yellow light
That reddens the hazel clusters up each tangled height.

Back from the pebbly strand unwilling sank
The busy stream, and from bank to bank
Smooth stones a fording made
To where swept long boughs that opened out,
And ropes of silvery gray moss looped about
In festoons; in the depths the first tide
Of dear wind came softly tossing the boughs aside,
Letting fall trembling shafts of light between
That pierced a delicate tracery of living green,
Where blushing maidens, beautiful and bright,
Always more charming in shaded light,
With eyes sparkling and faces in smiles,
Tripped about through the shadowy aisles,
Or haunted the brooklet's fringed side
When the noonday heat was at high tide,
And the sun's breath quivered o'er hill and grove;
When languished the plant world, and the dove
And hare a covert sought.
'Tis this hour that we delight
To linger and listen to the fall and flight
Of waters embowered in shadows deliciously cool,
Singing and leaping from pool to pool;
Where swarm our stars that glimmering lay
Reflected in the flood till light of day
Smiles out each little silvery lamp
That vigil keeps above the white-winged camp.
October, 1890. MRS. E. L. BALLARD.

JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

Translated from the German of Ruckert.

On that which thou canst not possess
Thy gaze shall never dwell;
Or yes—look close; thou wilt confess
Thou canst live without it well.

Woe unto him whose death-hour draweth nigh,
Who never love to any heart has given;
The beaker that passed the thirsty by,
And now in shards is riven.

Go search for the happy, if thou thyself art sad,
And let the joy of thy brother make thy heart glad;
Seek the unfortunate, if luck from thee has flown'
And let this comfort thee—that thou art not alone.

Consider naught remains of thee when from earth thou must part,
Save what a word or deed of thine wrote in some human heart.

He who wins not his son as friend finds to his cost,
The years of boyhood past, his child to him is lost.

In the days when my heart was glad,
The world upon me frowned;
And when I laughed she was sad—
From her dumb lips came no sound.

But when 'neath my sorrow I bowed,
She stood in her robe of pride;
And her laugh rang merry and loud,
While my tears I could not hide.

Now, in this strife Dame Nature wages,
Surely should be fairer play;
So, if she smiles or if she rages,
I will laugh alway. SELMA SCHMIDT.
San Francisco, Oct., 1890.

BENEATH THE CALM.

Dear, it is bitter hard
To meet you coldly as each day goes by,
Know what the truth may be, yet act a lie;
To silence tender words that might be said;
To mask the face always, lest it be read.
Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,
More hard than you or others e'er may know,
To let the surface of a life still flow
Unstirred above wild depths when one could break
Its maddening calm; yea, even for your sake,
Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,
Those golden moments when we stand, alone,
To see your kind face grave and weary grown,
Yet stifle every gentle word, nor dare
To lay caressing hands on brow or hair.
Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,
Harder than life, and bitterer than death
To feel that sometime, when day's dying breath
Flutters the shadows, I shall sit alone
And know you, with the past, forever gone.
Dear, it is bitter hard.

Dear, it is bitter hard,
This endless doubting. I, who love you so,
Knowing the folly of it, fain would throw
Your good God's gifts before his feet, and cry
"Life is so hard, have pity, let me die."
Yea, it is bitter hard.
September, 1890. MILLIE CLIFTON.

METAMORPHOSIS.

Narcissus, lovely youth, once on a time
When Phœbus round his form a halo shone,
Resolved at once, at Cytherea's shine
To win the nymph he loved—and her alone.

In passing onward he chanc'd by a well—
Quite curious like, down in its depths he gazed,
And there in love with his own image fell,
And lovingly his own great beauty praised.

The pure, clear water show'd his true reflex,
As in a looking-glass as truly seen;
And any maiden's heart 'twould surely vex,
To see where Aphrodite's hand had been.

No maid was destined e'er to be his bride,
For him the gods decreed a loftier fame;
At length he pined away, and when he died
Was turned into the flower that bears his name.

O, modern maiden! do not miss your chance,
Nor leave it to that grim eleventh hour;
Lest like the maid beguiled with Cupid's prance,
You'll be lost—and he'll be turned a flower!
THOMAS H. MATHIAS.
San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1890.

AN ANSWER.

"Was ever a being so bright?
Was ever a voice so light?
Ever a song so thrilling?
* * * * *
Ever a mind from care so free
As this musical brook in its path to the sea?"
J. T. Copithorne in THE CALL.
Yes, brighter far than the brook,
Brighter than e'er its glowing look;
Sweeter, too, than the song
Hummed as it whirls along
On its serpentine road to the sea
Is a night of stars to me.
Up in the limitless space above
In martial lines they onward rove,
With twinkle of eyes and glimmering face
Into the realms of boundless space.
So a brook in its path to the sea
Is never so bright to me.
Journeying on to a solemn tune,
Onward led by the regent moon,
With a peaceful mind I watch them march—
Proud as soldiers 'neath triumphal arch—
Till the rear at last glides soft away
And forth from the east comes the great king Day.
Go! scan the sky, and the brook to the sea
Will be but a meager scene to thee!
San Francisco, 1890. J. VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

A SHATTERED ROSEBUD.

Last Sabbath morn the summer sun
Shone down upon a garden fair;
A lily sweet, like white-robed nun,
Bent in the incense-laden air.

The jasmine shook its silver bells,
The violet trembled in its bed,
Forget-me-nots from leafy dells
Answered the blue sky overhead.

A butterfly with jeweled wing,
New broken from his gruesome coil,
A happy, freed and glorious thing,
Flew gladly from his earthly moil.

He hovered o'er a stately rose,
And lightly touched its loveliest bud;
Sudden as when the north wind blows
The petals fell, a snowy shroud.

Last Sabbath morn the summer sun
Shone down upon a house so fair;
None deemed a specter pale and wan
Would dare unbid to enter there.

While all around the house looked bright,
And heaven seemed bending but to bless;
Within was sorrow's dark'ning night,
And bitter tears and sore distress.

A mother clasped in anguish keen
Her darling baby to her breast,
And in her grief could scarcely ween,
That God could give it better rest.

There to her side there gently stole
An unseen form in robes of white,
And bore away a cherub soul,
To blissful realms of golden light.

So death had only power to rife
The shattered rosebud lying there;
The rare perfume, the subtile life,
Sped to its maker like a prayer.

And through the ages long and dim,
Last Sabbath morn the sweet words came,
Of Jesus calling unto him
The little ones in heaven to reign.

And he who watched the sparrow's fall,
And richly clothed the lily frail,
Still listens to his children's call,
While clouds of glory round him trail.

He wipes away the mourner's tears,
He bids all sorrow quickly cease;
He lights with joy the sable bier,
He welcomes to a land of peace.
San Francisco, Aug. 20, 1890. MARY E. SACHETT.

WHICH?

A fairy rose on a slender throne
In a beautiful garden grew;
It waved and nodded in graceful mirth
All the daylight through.

So grand it looked in its dreamy pride
That the flowerets at its feet
Nodded assent to all its wants,
And looked quite demure and sweet.

But truly "pride hath a fall,' as 'tis said.
For the beautiful rose had withered away,
And its waxen leaves lay scattered about,
Like the "silent snow" of another day.

Hard by the dead rose was a pansy flower,
With bright little eyes of velvety blue;
Not a mark or trace of this borrowed pride
On its perfect features grew.

Neither the sun, nor the wind, nor the shower
Could mar its sturdy grace;
And when it breathed to God its humble prayer,
There was peace on its upturned face.

My dear, in your moments of reverie
Which will you choose of these two—
The rose with its deadened rose-leaves,
Or the pansy of braver hue?

Which can truly say to its master,
"O Lord, I have accomplished for you
The work, and the deed, and the labor—
All that I had promised to do?"
San Francisco, September, 1890. ALMA ALDEN.

TO ONE BEREAVED.

No longer weep! Oh, sorrow-laden friend!
Nay, lift thy tear-dimmed face to heaven and smile,
For thy beloved has only gone before
And thou wilt follow in a little while—
Wilt follow to that bright and happy home
Where all our trials and our tears shall cease;
Where souls are ever filled with joys celestial
And over all doth reign the "Prince of Peace."
There doth thine own dear loved one wait for thee,
With radiant eyes, upon the shining strand
To welcome thee, with sweet and tender words
Unto that fair—that blessed "Heavenly Land."
San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1890. LYNN DARE.

JAPANESE DRESS.

Both Sexes Wear the Same Kind of Outside Garment.

The Japanese dress is easily described. It consists of a series of loose wrappings, with a gown (kimono) over all, common to both sexes. The distinguishing feature between them lies in the "obi" or girdle, worn by the women. It is wrapped round the waist and tied into a bow at the back. Though usually worn of one subdued color, the holiday

Japanese Pillow.

"obi" is a very elaborate affair. The rich embroidery which adorns it is of the very best material that the purses of the wearers will afford. It is really the only part of their costume which gives them scope for display, with the exception, perhaps, of their head-dress.

The head-dress is a most elaborate affair, built on a foundation of cardboard, which is blackened; the hair, being passed over it, is then smoothed down and well oiled, and into it they put flowers, combs, fancy pins and other small articles intended to heighten their personal attractions. The result is frequently an artistic triumph. It is a tedious process, and perhaps for this reason habit has taught them to sleep without soft pillows, instead of which they use a round piece of wood, like a rolling-pin, about eight inches long, supported on two wooden feet, and with a hollow for the neck to lie in; so by these means the ladies are able to leave their hair untouched for several days, as at night it does not become at all disarranged; and for that consideration, of course, they can reconcile themselves to the use of the wooden pillow—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If a man calls you a jiboose, and you are a Republican, never mind. He simply has a new word and doesn't know how to use it. But if a man calls you a jiboose and you are a Democrat and of the milk and water variety, then smash him or not as you please, for a jiboose is "a professed Democrat who is better and purer than his party, in his own estimation, and is loaded with a set of prize-package principles which can never be put into practice."

AS THE CURTAIN ROLLS DOWN.

Incidents and Anecdotes of the "Passion Play" This Year.

The Financial Aspect of It and What Becomes of the Money Made—The Salaries of the Players—Mayer's Donkey.

STATION Oberau; it is there where the Oberammergau tourist takes leave of the crowded railroad car and consigns himself and his chattels to one of a line of vehicles, the diversity of which is simply astounding. My traveling companion counted 183 different specimens which we met on the new road that leads past the old monastery of Ettal—yellow omnibuses with hard, uncomfortable wooden seats; elegant private equipages of all descriptions; light, quickly traveling buggies, peasant wagons and carts. And as to their contents, it was a perfect defile of the various types and nationalities of the Passion guests. The sturdy peasant from Lower Bavaria in his long black Sunday coat, with the silver coins in place where buttons ought to be, sits tranquilly by the side of a pretty young girl from Munich; the puff-sleeved

AIRING THE FEATHER-BEDS. *GOING TO THE THEATER.*

farmer's wife from Suabia nods beside the English reverend in somber black broadcloth, and the country pastor and the Dame de la Mode, the dude and the simple, modest burgher and Albion's yellow-haired, red-faced son in an array which reminds us of De Fregger's "city swell," and the swarthy, dark-haired slave from the Russian provinces; the money-scattering American and the thrifty small merchant from the interior. A curious, interesting mixture, one and all, attracted by the remarkable and unique play performed by the quaint mountain folks.

As the road grows steeper we alighted occasionally from our primitive conveyance to relieve the brave steed, which we have hired at Murnau. The first thing we did when we arrived at our destination, writes a correspondent to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, was to repair to the house of "Caiaphas," in ordinary life the "Herr Burgomaster Lang," in order to find quarters and engage seats for the performance. We entered a room, in which the high priest conducts his grocery store. In the middle of the room before a large table sat Miss Rose, the Mother Mary of 1890; heaped up before her were piles of letters and telegrams. "This is my daily task," explains she, divining our astonished, questioning look, with the same patient mien and plaintive, touching voice of a Mater Dolorosa

A TYPICAL LODGING.

which she has taken with her into her daily life. The village itself presented a holiday appearance. Its principal streets looked like those almost of a well-frequented summer resort, but in its byways it has preserved the character of the simple village that is clean and tidy everywhere. Like the chalets of the Tyrol, the houses of Oberammergau are decorated with images of saints. The colors are fresh and new, the walls are nicely whitened. It is obvious at a glance that the village has donned its best toilet in honor of the visitors. Many of the villagers have turned their houses into hotels, restaurants, pensions—and I have even seen a "boarding-house" sign. There are cafes, confectioneries and other exotic herbs, reminding one of the city and cosmopolitan life, but upon closer inspection all these localities develop into rejuvenated country inns, despite the swallow-tailed waiters, "gorgeous" bills of fare and, horrible dictu, "drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot" chocolate automatons.

Near the Passion Theater a little city of booths has sprung up, where photographs of the "Passion Play" and the village and its environments are sold, besides all kinds of mementos, principally wood carvings and viands of all descriptions, from the crisp, brown chicken roasted on the spit to the sausage, which frizzles in the fat in the big black pan. What a multi-colored, tumultuous, busy picture this is on the days on which the play takes place, but only on those days. On off days the village subsides into quiet stillness; the booths are closed and emptied of their contents, the hotels are dead, the porters and waiters spend their time in playing cards, the hundred various vehicles seem to have been swept from the face of the earth.

On Friday the first installment of visitors arrives. On Saturday they come in droves, the taverns and inns begin to swarm, every available space is occupied. The village, which numbers about 1300 inhabitants, is prepared to furnish with beds at least 3000 strangers, while as many more can be stowed away on mattresses, straw-beds and in haylofts. The contingent which arrives on Sunday morning is mostly composed of the peasants of the neighboring country, interspersed with a fair sprinkling of tourists from Munich, which, as we know, is the capital of the land, close by.

The play is scarcely over when the huge structure pours forth its flood of human beings, who make a break for their respective vehicles, which form a perfect bulwark from the theater to the church. These scenes are repeated on Monday and Tuesday morning, but on Wednesday and Thursday the place is wrapped in profound peacefulness.

Now let me say a word about the whine and cry of certain correspondents on the modernization of the village, the straying away from the customs and habits of the fathers. That is all bosh. Because the place has advanced a step or two since 1880, because a few smoked-begrimed ceilings have been freshly whitened, and several sheds have been rebuilt into habitable rooms, because there are one or two foreign signboards, gotten up for the benefit of strangers and the spoilt city man, these sentimental gentlemen set up a howl about the lost ideals. They came here with the expectation of finding everything as it was ten or twenty years ago. The villagers are as quaint, simple and earnest as ever, like all the rest of the Alpine folks round about, despite the foolish cult with which sentimental English women surround the "Christus-Meyer."

To cite a touching little example in proof of my statement, two poor old widows inhabit a little house which belongs to the community. One of them, a pauper, is permitted to live there rent free; the other pays 36 marks ($11) a year. The beds which they rent out to strangers are by no means elegant, and the way of getting to them is something like our illustration of the "Perilous Ascent." Up to the middle of June each of these two little old women had taken in, in all, 12 marks for the accommodations given to strangers.

"If I can make as much as 50 or 80 marks I'll thank the good Lord from the bottom of my heart, for I can live on it all winter," said one of them to me in her simple, naive way.

The community itself reckons with other sums. Every time the theater is sold out there is an income of 20,000 marks. With the extra performance the income from this source may reach 600,000 marks. To this may be added the sum of 35,000 marks, which a Vienna firm has paid for the privilege of the photographic monopoly, and a few minor items. With this sum enormous outlays must be met—200,000 marks for the new theater, machines and decorations, etc., which Lautenschlaeger has put up for them.

The salaries which the players receive are but nominal. They are intended simply as an indemnity for the time lost from their daily labors and the expenses connected therewith. In 1880 Christus-Mayer received 1000 marks or $250; Pilate was paid 200 marks, and Caiaphas, who also fills the difficult position of manager of the play, was allotted 800 marks. Beginning with 30 marks for children and "supes," the salaries range all the way up to 600 marks. For this small compensation the actors are compelled to play some forty different times from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening, in good or bad weather, and always under the open sky.

How closely allied these people are with the "Passion Play" I found illustrated by a charming little scene. In other places, following the spirit of the times, the children play soldiers; here they play "passion." Several little lads had made a cross, which one, imitating the Christ, carried on the way to Golgotha, while a second assumed the part of Caiaphas and a third played the Roman. All this was done with so much touching self-oblivion and childish innocence that it destroyed every thought of a profanation of the holy act.

Since 1870 Christus-Mayer has affixed his autograph to his pictures more than 9000 times. If he had a thousand heads instead of one there would not have been a single hair left on any of them had he yielded to every request for a tiny curl of his hair.

The little anecdote of the donkey, on which Christus-Mayer rode into Jerusalem during the play of 1880 bears repeating. An enthusiastic Englishwoman bought the animal from Mayer. For years she wrote to him regularly about the health and condition of the donkey; at last came the sad news of its death. "The dear little donkey died," she wrote. "We have buried it in the garden. Peace be to its ashes."

The exterior of the players has much to do with their selection for the different parts, which rests in the hands of a committee of twelve. This year the committee has been unexceptionally fortunate in its selections. The part of Mary is executed splendidly by a new artist. It is said that it has never been represented better. John and Herod are fine. Frau von Hillern, the well-known author of "Geyer-Wally" and "Au Kreuz," her latest novel, based upon the "Passion Play," assures me that whatever Mayer may have lost in outward appearance by advancing years, he has gained within. He has never represented Christ with so much perfect finish, and I can easily comprehend how this man, at the noon-tide of his life, who must have carried many an invisible cross and crown of thorns, can fully and wholly represent the sufferings of the Savior.

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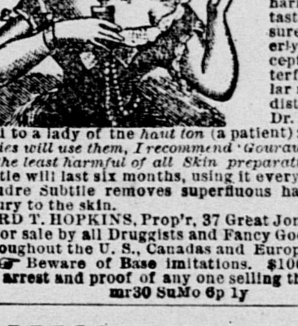

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