"PRETTY ENGLISH BARMAIDS" IN INNS.*

There Are Two Hundred Thousand of Them Serving Liquids.

Wakeman Tells of the Young Women of England Who Wait on Those Frequenting "British Pubs"—Pictures From Life.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

LONDON, Jan. 2, 1891.—More than nine-tenths of the tremendous quantity of ale, beer, wine and liquor annually consumed by men, women and children of Great Britain is served by women.

There are nearly 200,000 women thus engaged every day of the year. These are, as a class, the prettiest and tidiest women in the three kingdoms. Whatever their relations to society at large they have characters good or bad, manners and morals, interesting or otherwise, and souls saved or unsaved, though the clergy, church societies and missionaries never seem to have troubled themselves about the latter.

During the first half of the past ten years I had opportunity for frequent study of these British barmaids. During the last five years I have been able to closely observe them nearly every day and evening of my life. At first thought many may regard them as hardly meriting serious consideration. It seems to me they are really worth talking about.

English literature is full of the barmaid. Prose and poetry are redolent of her. Those rare old fellows who lived, or rather slept, "in chambers" and dined and wined in public-houses while making most of the books which last, all along down through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even as near to us as the first third of the present century, seem to have drawn their inspiration largely from the tap-room fount. Indeed, if we will be wholly honest about it, English literature, the sweetest and grandest on earth, and the spigot have ever known close fellowship. And even if little stress should be laid upon the matter, we owe to the very presence of the barmaids of those days preservation of the sweetest fancies, the most sparkling humor, the most charming situations, and a no mean number of the most chaste and pathetic incidents known to ballad, poetry and fiction. This is not defensive of the barmaid. It is merely historic of her effect on and presence

IN LITERATURE.

And I have often thought because it was so, because the public-house of old and the barmaid of old became British institutions, unconsciously though universally grounded in the human heart, they have survived civilization and decay.

On this line, there are two things about the British people which we in America utterly fail to comprehend. One is the Briton's passionate loyalty to anything sanctioned by prestige and sanctified by precedent into the status of an institution—a British institution. In general, all the more honor to him for that; for in steadfastness and loyalty to a nation's own are preserved all good things, if a few bad ones happen to remain. Another is, the average Briton, high or low, is a being who will retain and sustain all "rights," good or bad, which literature, society, precedent and Government have marked out for him, with a pertinacity and bravery which puts to beggarly shame the indifference of most American people to all manner of Government, monopolistic and other encroachment.

This may seem going a long way for trivial sequence. But it is undeniably true that because the barmaid was long ago elevated into a British institution through English literature; because the older any sentiment or thing, barring the barmaid herself, is in Britain the more endearing it is prized; and because your British nobleman or workman will have his wine or "bitter" from the hand of a tap-room divinity, whether all the world like it or not, the prototype of the American "bar-tender" is here unknown, and 200,000 women serve 20,000,000 British people with their brews and spirits to-day. There are other effects, such as the rapid national increase in the consumption of liquors; the increasing power in politics and legislation of the liquor interests; and, worse than all, the startling increase in liquor-drinking by all classes of British women; upon each of which vast and sad volumes might be written. But the great host of British barmaids is what

THE BRITISH PEOPLE

Like and will have; and, being accounted for, it only remains to speak of this particular class as it individually and collectively exists.

Rural England is a thing of the past; and there never was a rural Scotland or a rural Ireland, where the sweet old inn and the sweet young barmaid were havens and objects of material and ethical delight. With the end of the coaching days was an end of the inns, and with them, long after the old London type had gone, faded away the cherry-cheeked Hebe of the rural hostelry. To be sure, if you are a genuine tramp who will seek odd nooks of provincial England and Scotland for the very love of adventure, you will now and then still find a gentle being in cap and apron, whose very presence behind the cupboard-like bar fills your mind with all manner of chivalrous fancies, until the whole locality takes on a magical seeming as of sunshine and flowers. But if you remain long enough, you find that even this rural rarity is already tainted by modern unrest. A farmer's daughter, the child of some castle game-keeper, of a widow lodge-keeper or of some underling of the manor demesne, she has already her ambition fixed on Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool or London, or even the bright, busy railway refreshment-rooms; and a year thereafter you will find her, saucy and pert, straight and lofty, sage and calm, one of the great army of public-house barmaids, at "14 bob a week and found." Probably one-half of the whole are recruited from this source. The other half are from the over-plus of city-born girls, who, without positive immoral tendencies, have overborne restraint, and with much vigor, without sex in sentiment and that saving consciousness springing from the true virtue of the glory of sex, have forced their way into this manner of life and employment.

Some curious facts have developed, on certain interesting lines, in my five years' study of those people in England, Ireland and Scotland. As a rule, in my wanderings, I have sought

THE HUMBLER CLASS OF INNS

For housing, not only from motives of comfort, but as best furnishing various and vagarous forms of character study; inns on a par, as nearly as can be compared, with our American hotels of the "second class." Coming again and again to many of these, I have secured such friendships and confidences as gained for me in many instances the agreeable position of "one of the family" with the inn's host or hostess. Not being fitted by inclination or habit for honors in front of these bars, which I have always found gains respect from even those who exist by them, I reached many a snug corner within them. There, in the landlord's or landlady's chair of honor and state, while apparently reading my mail or scanning the papers, I have been favored at all hours of the day and night with pictures of life in British "Pubs"—as the bar-rooms attached to inns or restaurants are here universally called; and, during their moments of rest between customers' demands, I have received from British barmaids themselves innumerable kindly, honest, and altogether womanly, revelations as to their previous condition, with the mode and motive of their lives.

One of the first series of careful inquiries made was in reference to the sources of supply of females for this vocation. Who were these bright, handsome, graceful women? What manner of social condition was that out of which they came? How could 200,000 women, apparently fit to grace respectable and refined homes, assume such questionable employment as this of their own volition? Of what stuff in the guise of woman, with all of woman's wit, self-poise and winsomeness in physical graces, could so vast and anomalous a class be created? These and many similar speculations along with ceaseless personal inquiries resulted in the following facts and figures being scattered through my note-books. I do not know whether these averages on about 1700 will hold true with 200,000. They at least serve as a basis for reputable conjecture, and bring the subject in its entirety home to all who give thought to sociological questions with

UNUSUAL IMPRESSIVENESS.

Daughters of farmers, villagers, and of various employes on estates of the British nobility, 760; daughters of small tradesmen, 214; publicans' daughters, sisters and other female relatives, 197; factory girls, 34; seamstresses and milliners, 83; divorced wives, 11; school-mistresses, 72; drapers' and other clerks, 39; telegraph operators and postal employes, 6; actresses, variety and otherwise, 13; cashiers, 28; canvassers, 14; unsuccessful singers and music-teachers, 44; mission-workers, Sunday-school teachers and "Salvationists," 57; photograph-colorists and "artists" generally, 19; "literary" persons—8 of whom had written poems, 6 pamphlets, 4 ballads and 2 books, all of which "had been published," the balance of whom might be classified as "human varions"—39; while 13 had been domestics, 18 scullery maids; 7 governesses, and 53 as nursery maids, originally had the molding of the minds and morals of the British youth.

I took these figures to a very noted English thinker, leader and writer—a man whose name is a familiar one in every newspaper and household throughout the English-speaking world. He examined them carefully; seemed lost in reflection for a time; and gave his views regarding the sociological study in rapidly propounded return questions, after our true Yankee fashion.

"You have a great many women in America at the present time known as 'agitators' and 'reformers,' have you not?

"And has not each one a mission or scheme or a divine call to gallop, plunge and cavort about, shrieking out all manner of notes of warning regarding the enslavement of her sex?

"And do not these females sound timbrels, beat tom-toms and override everything established, tender and sacred, in an effort to attract attention to themselves, until the grand, true wives and mothers of your country are whipped into partial indorsement, the clergy bullied into silence, and your editors, through a forgivable chivalry, influenced into lending them

A QUASI SUPPORT?

"Well, sir, precisely the same female, or rather unfemale, qualities, which, through these mental harridans, are accomplishing the gradual unsexing of American women, and the revolutionizing and destruction of the American home, are at the root of our cursed barmaid system. It is simply a different form of expression of the same original evil—a female passion for some manner of notoriety. Your over-shrewd and under-principled American female who cannot indorse home-making, through the pretense of some heaven-indorsed mission, at once enters upon a career of home-breaking. She poises and poises, higgles and wriggles along a gamut of 'isms' and 'ists' from female suffrage past a score of reforms to Christian science, theosophy and spiritualism into the capacious bosom of the over-soul itself, meantime pausing anywhere just so long as she may continue a disturbing element; ever thrilled and ecstatic over any manner of notoriety conducing to what she hysterically imagines has become a 'career.' Our barmaids are just that sort of male females; proud of tap-room publicity; eager for tawdry notoriety; consumed with ambition for a public career. But we are the most fortunate nation. With us, rigid and healthful social limitations force these characters into their proper place at once. Your female birds of prey defile and fatten upon your tenderest and most sacred social and domestic institutions. Ours impinge only upon our lowest national weaknesses."

Many will consider this British comparison and estimate of our suffering sisterhood as a very severe one. Some will be ungallant enough to regard it as an unjust classification of British barmaids themselves. As a rule, I have found them hard-working women. Few ever know a holiday. They are on their feet from twelve to sixteen hours per day. Whatever their natural tendencies, they are perforce honest. The British bar system is entirely

DIFFERENT FROM OURS,

And still retains much of the flavor of the old custom of the publican and his wife sitting in their own private room and serving customers with liquors through a little shelf-bottomed window; while the publican, his wife, or some member of his family, is never absent from the bar during business hours. This is much protection to the personality of the barmaid. Though you may regard her as lost to all moral sense, and the significance of words, through the endless repetition of infamous language in her presence by drunken brutes, brainless cads and clever roues, in the main she remains measurably free from rough treatment. The modern British bar is practically a walled extension of the ancient British bar-window. There is no access to it from the public room. It is as high as your chin. The barmaid herself, behind her silver beer and ale pumps, stands two feet above you, a charming study in black, white and carnation, a black perfect-fitting gown, a dainty white apron, the glory of the rose in, or on, her cheeks and lips.

She is, in fact, just as most men love to see women; suggestive of domesticity in her raiment, charming in figure and face. But after a day and evening of banter and wiles, through which scores of pockets have been emptied, brains beclouded and her master further enriched, the highest and lowest are remorselessly shut from sight of her smiling face. It is a sad, wearied, tired face now. She is practically a prisoner there. She lives with the publican's family. She goes to a room not fit for a dog's keeping, snatches a few hours' sleep and is again at her post behind the bar to cheer and wheedle the trembling drunkards of the early morning hours. Her meals are snatched between ferocious rushes of customers at the bar. She must know everybody; be cognizant of something about everything; have a soothing word for rum-bedeviled tempers; placidly listen to discussions of herself like those upon animals; accept direct insult with

INVITATION IN HER EYES

And honeyed words upon her lips; sympathetically receive confidences of the most sacred or damnable character; in brief, to the end of her days, remain a marble Venus for the worship and slavery of Bacchus' crazed and maddened victims.

For all this she receives from 6 to 20 shillings per week and "keep." Some masters provide gowns and aprons. The inconceivable degradation of her calling can only be hinted at in the statement of fact that there is but one place in Great Britain—at the refreshment bars of leading railway stations—where refusal to serve one who insults her would not lead to her immediate discharge without "a character." The lowest grade in her vocation is among the sailors' "Pubs," in the slums of Marylebone, Liverpool, and East End, London; the highest in the gorgeous London West End cafes. What becomes of them? Many die at an early age of lung diseases, the result of their foul environment. Few drift into the unnamable classes. Ever seeing the worst side of men, they are armed, though roughly, against temptation. Some become manageresses of inns, "Pubs" of railway refreshment-rooms and cafes with a bevy of younger barmaids under them, of cheap museums and all manner of enterprises at seaside resorts. Many marry reputable men but drift back into their old lives. English nobility's ranks have been recruited from their number, and recently a wealthy young American of Baltimore wedded one of the most beautiful and good of their kind in the three kingdoms—an Irish barmaid at Cork. No honest man can speak of them unkindly as a class. The power behind them is responsible for the evil they accomplish. That is incalculable. Because of their presence countless British women find it easy to become drunkards. Because of their agreeability, sympathetic kindliness and outright blandishments all grades and conditions of men are more and more enriching the British dram-shop with all that should preserve and sanctify the British home.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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The next sketch to be furnished by Mr. Wakeman, and to be published January 25th, will be one descriptive of Bowes and Dotheboys' Hall.

SPEED OF INSECTS.

The Fly Makes 600 Strokes a Second When in a Hurry.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight. House-flies frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany your horse on a hot summer's day. A swarm of these little pests keep pertinaciously on wing about the horse's ears; quicken the pace up to ten or twelve miles an hour, still they are there; let a gust of wind arise, and carry them backward and behind, the breeze having dropped, their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance to the poor horse even when urged to its fastest pace, says the New York Ledger.

But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight, as the following will show: The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail at about twenty-five miles an hour, when a company of flies put in appearance at the car-window. They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be almost mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a sort of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of thirty or forty feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window.

To account for this look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood-vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about twenty-five feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be attained, making 125 feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race-horse. If a small insect like a fly can outstrip a race-horse an insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon-ball.

There are now a number of places in New York where they will mend your shoes while you wait. At one of them soling and heeling is done in twenty minutes and heeling in eight minutes.

THERE ARE FASHIONS AND FASHIONS.

Some of Them Are Sporadic and Some Dominate the Times.

Much Has Been Done by the Puffed Sleeve. It Is Near the End of Its Reign — What Three-Quarter-Length Jackets Bode.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

There are fashions that are sporadic and fashions that are characteristic, that dominate the times. The sporadic fashions are the whims of individuals, the characteristic fashions are "collected," as bric-a-brac is picked up, and show against their proper background in the potpourri of a modern "artistic" drawing-room.

Sporadic fashions are often beautiful, but they are naturally inconsistent and incongruous with their surroundings. Characteristic fashions are sometimes beautiful and in their beginnings are as inconsistent and incongruous as those which are sporadic, but having a certain length of life, they tend in their vigor to bring their surroundings into harmony with themselves, while in their age they develop senile eccentricities. Thus the big hats at their genesis we called "picture" hats, in mid career they drew after them "picture" gowns, and now in their death agonies they play delirious tricks with fur, flowers, lace, feather and butterflies in a mad hodge-podge of seasons.

Thus the huge puffed sleeves were born while the bustle still reigned. In their babyhood they endured the bustle, in their lusty youth they made the bustle to depart

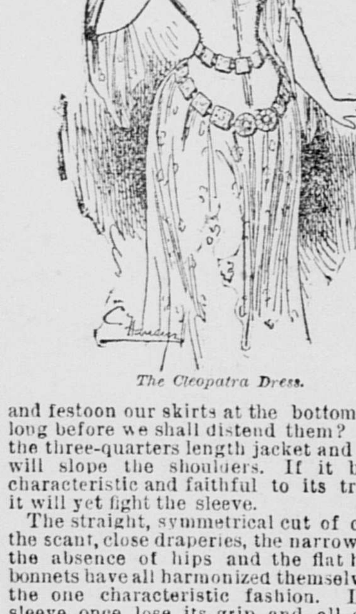
The Three-Quarters Length Jacket.

with unparalleled suddenness, and now in their middle age they have let our skirts, for harmony and historic accuracy's sake, down upon the ground. They belonged only on evening frocks. We put them on street dresses and they demonstrate their power by causing us to sweep mud and not sign. There's a certain inexorable logic in the rule of a characteristic fashion. It knows and will have the things of its own.

The puffed sleeves had more stamina than the short waists of the French Republic and First Empire, which tried to stand against them, and so they carried us back to the Tudor length of waist and stiffness. They put upon us the high Holbein collars sloping to the waist and they tried to slash us with tiny "pullings out," but these have not yet become thoroughly characteristic, and the "slash," instead of being a material, presumably that of an undergarment, pulled through holes in the top wear, has been a piece of stuff palpably sewn on outside the dress or sleeve, as in the Henri II panniers now coming in, and which are only straps of velvet so graduated in length as to suggest the slashed trunks of Valois courtiers, without resembling them in construction. Not everything can be accomplished, even by a sleeve.

Yet it has cut our long gloves down to one button, and may drive out gloves almost altogether. In its kaleidoscopic shifting from phase to phase it has evolved or revolved backward almost to the medieval type with hanging oversleeve and close-fitting sleeve beneath, ending in a deep cuff closing down upon the hand like the petals of a flower. Indoors this cuff was turned back; out of doors it was in room of a glove and protected the fingers. Think a minute, how many things about the frocks of January, 1891, follow as a matter of course when once you have admitted puffed sleeves.

It promises no immediate return to short walking skirts, for the cross line below the hips calls for long draperies or spoils the figure. It is made this winter with high sleeves, just as high sleeves coexisted with bustles, and yet it may mean in the future a sleeve war. Go back to the rather vulgar glories of Eugenie's reign. Along in the middle sixties, when women were as inverted funnels walking, did they not wear with the hoopskirt the three-quarters length jacket and sloping shoulders? Consider once again the little waist frills we are beginning to put about evening dresses and our tentative toying with panniers. The jacket is a dove sent out from the ark of fashion; it finds sleeves at full flood, but they will go down. Not to-morrow, nor next month; it was two years, was it not, that we wasted breath predicting the momentary death of the bustle? And yet in two years the bustle died. We ruche



The Cleopatra Dress.

and festoon our skirts at the bottom. How long before we shall distend them? Watch the three-quarters length jacket and see if it will slope the shoulders. If it be truly characteristic and faithful to its traditions it will yet fight the sleeve.

The straight, symmetrical cut of corsage, the scant, close draperies, the narrow waists, the absence of hips and the flat hats and bonnets have all harmonized themselves with the one characteristic fashion. Let the sleeve once lose its grip and all else will change.

The so-called three-quarters length jacket is a fashion which is rapidly becoming characteristic, and which may carry consequences. In the Louis XIII model it has a double-breasted waist with a broad revers, and like the gentlemen's coat at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it is finished with a broad basque set on. The modistes are turning it out in richer and richer materials and lavishing on it a wealth of wonderful embroidery. What does it mean?

The Cleopatra dress does not deserve to be called characteristic. It is a sporadic fashion, and yet such is the witchery of Egypt and the wile of Bernhardt, that, like many sporadic and especially many Bernhardtesque fashions before it, it becomes epidemic and one begins to see many replicas of its flowing sleeves of lotus-embroidered gauze. A well-known literary woman wore, for example, a white Indian muslin frock at a reception the other evening, thickly worked with silver and gold. About her neck and her waist hung fringes of silver pendants, small and scarab-shaped and strung with uncut pearls. About her hair was set a fillet, which was a tiny golden viper with jeweled head and circling tail. The Cleopatra toilet is responsible for a considerable development of lovely tulles and gauzes, beaded and embroidered, but otherwise it is not laden with consequences. Its massive gilt or silver girdle, though one calls it Oriental, is not unlike that worn in the thirteenth century, when it served a more useful purpose than any to which we are now likely to put it, the skirt being pulled through it to disengage the feet from the long draperies.

The chemisette in one form or another is moderately characteristic, especially of the evening dress of young girls. For a few inches below the neck there is an interval of gathered lisse or silk, upon which the dress proper impinges, the whole calculated to represent, especially when the bodice takes a corslet, or only a velvet-barred simulated corslet shape, an undergown appearing at the throat and again at the wrists, very likely. All this system of representation, with its allied systems of fancy waistcoats, and varied and reversible frills, needs to be applied with the utmost care and discretion. The unfortunate wearer of these marvels of concoction would often appear, if the raison d'etre of her costume were carefully and logically sifted, to be carrying three or four robes, one above another, cropping out in bewildering and impossible complexity.

The revers with its suggestion of a turned back undergown is getting hard treatment in some of the long cloaks, which run it off on the shoulders, separating it from the edge, changing it mid length to a bretelle, and so destroying the illusion. The new bretelled cloaks, by the way, though not characteristic, offer a very likely chance for the flattening of the sleeve. The bretelle lies over the upper arm like an epaulet and so fits in with the prevailing style. Like

Bretelled Cloak and Recent Millinery.

the puffed sleeves it broadens the shoulders, and so peaceably and amicably paves the way for a recognition of the fact that under it the sleeve must lie down. There's nothing like a little management and coaxing.

Perhaps the most characteristic bodice drapery shows the "drawn across" handkerchief effect, usually caught by a brooch at the bosom. The tea gown is fast ceasing to be characteristic, a close-fitting princesse robe which can be worn all the evening usurping its position. It is made with a high or half low neck, and it has no loose folds. It is less striking than the tea gown and not at all suggestive of that toilet's luxurious deshabille. Fur upon the frock has become so characteristic that we run it up two feet from the bottom. We fur our petticoats if so we feel minded.

On the whole, our art lore of the last two decades has made us more critical of color, but has not greatly improved our eye for form. Harmony has become the fashion, and we are so far sure of ourselves that we dare tones at once softer and stronger than the tints of old. But as to shapes, we shall see what we shall see.

LITERATURE.

A. D. 2000—By Lieutenant Alvarado M. Fuller of the United States Army. (Chicago: Laird & Lee, 415 pages. Cloth $1, paper 50 cents.) This is one of the late works of fiction issued by the firm named, and the author, in his preface, says: "Lest originality of title and theme be denied, it is but justice to myself to state that both were assumed in November, 1887." This is a novel of the Jules Verne order of adventure, and is equal to anything that has ever been produced by that gifted French writer, even when he was at his best. The basis of the story is the wonderful discovery of a method of preserving life for a protracted period and the application of that method by a Lieutenant of the United States army, who was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco in 1887, and who submitted himself to the process for 100 years, but who, by some miscalculation, remained in the cataleptic state for thirteen years beyond that period. The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the discovery of the life-prolonging method and its application, together with the means of restoring suspended animation. It tells of the plans of the Lieutenant to place himself out of the living world for a century, and is related in a manner which, while it partakes of the character of a scientific discourse, is told in such a fascinating way that the reader will not take his eyes from the pages until all the lines have been read. The author, with wonderful fidelity as to time and locality, details how the self-sacrificing Lieutenant prepares for his long sleep in a chamber secretly built in the base of the Sutro statue on Mount Olympus, and gives a most interesting account of the way in which the Lieutenant is sealed up and left with automatic machinery constructed of aluminum to prevent corrosion, which will, in the event of instructions for his rescue being overlooked, work automatically and enable him to escape from the chamber. That which sustains life in the cataleptic state is ozone, which the Lieutenant obtain at great expense from a French chemist, who has a pretty and highly educated daughter, and with this daughter the Lieutenant falls deeply in love and is almost deterred from carrying out his purpose so that he may marry her, but he overcomes every objection in order to put into effect his idea of sleeping for 100 years. There is a very neat love chapter and the scene of his parting with his lady love is feelingly told, he telling and swearing to her that being about to go away, he will be true to her and will never marry any one but her, if she is alive when he returns. The secret of his entombment is inclosed in a small iron safe, which is placed with the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, with instructions that it pass into the custody of each succeeding Treasurer until the time for its opening has arrived, and that then its provisions shall be carried out. By some oversight it is not opened for thirteen years after, and the contents are laid before the President, who proves to be the great-grandson of one of the men who helped the Lieutenant to carry out his scheme. At the time of the opening of the safe the pneumatic transcontinental railway has taken the place of the present system of overland travel, and a rescue party is sent out at once to Mount Olympus to verify what was written on the papers found in the safe. As the men are working away at the base of the monument and make an opening into the chamber, a crowbar accidently strikes a part of the machinery, which by some miscalculation on the part of the Lieutenant had been set so that it would not work until after many years after the time fixed, and that sets it in motion. Shortly thereafter the Lieutenant awakes from his long sleep and commences to converse with his rescuers. The balance of the book is devoted to the wonderful changes that the long-distance sleeper notes on his return to daylight. The description is excellent and interesting, and taken as a whole is a most ingenious story which will entertain and please every reader.

MARCIA—By W. E. Norris. (New York: United States Book Company. Cloth and paper, 391 pages.) A novel that is well written and interests the reader from the outset is one that will become popular and of this class may be named "Marcia." It is the latest work of this the author whose works have always been well received because of his ability to present pen-pictures of human life in such a graphic manner. This novel, which compares favorably with the writings of William Black, is of a young beauty who has made a mistake in marrying an elderly attorney, who she thought would make a great success at the bar and give her a high standing in society; but there is an uncongenial feeling between the husband and wife, he not caring for the frivolities of society, which his wife seems to be so fond of. The atmosphere in which the wife moves is not pleasant, but she puts up with her lot, devoting herself to the care and education of her son, for whom she makes any number of sacrifices. Finally her husband passes away—all men do—and she is left free to wed again, which she does, marrying a lover who paid court to her while her husband was still alive. Her son grows up to be a quiet young man, noble and unselfish, and this he shows when he prefers to be disinherited of what would come to him from the property of a deceased aunt rather than to subject his mother to accepting an annuity under conditions that would humiliate her. The mother also shows her love for her boy by pocketing her pride and the annuity—saying that she never hesitated to make any sacrifice for her son that would result in benefit to him. The book is for sale at all first-class book-stores.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE—By Joseph Parker, D.D., of London. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Octavo, 456 pages, cloth $1 50.) This book is No. 12 of popular discourses on holy Scripture by this author, and has for its subject "The Proverbs," which are treated with the scholarly and homiletical power for which Dr. Parker is so eminent. No one can read this book without having new thoughts cluster around these old proverbs, and finding them come with a fresh application to the needs and problems of modern, common life. The well-worn proverb of the ant becomes "A Secular Sermon on Foresight," new and striking. "False Weights" represents "The Lord watching on both sides of the counter"—a religion of commercial honesty. Other striking topics are "Soul Winning," "The Discipline of Knowledge," "Women, Wise and Foolish," "The Scriptural Doctrine of Conscience," "Self Restraint," "Mischievous Lips," "Strength of Character," "Opportunity and Obligation," etc. For ministers the book is full of homiletical material in its best shape—of suggestion rather than statement; and every Sunday-school teacher would find it starting him on fresh topics. It will be of practical use to every one who would be an instructed Christian.

Pagan proverbs also find some sixteen pages in the volume, including admirable articles on the proverbs of the Hindoo, the African, the Russian, the Chinese, the Spanish, the Italian, the Scotch and others.

JAPAN, A SAILOR'S VISIT—By Captain M. B. Cook. (New York: John B. Alden. 12mo, cloth, 183 pages, 50 cents.) In this handsome little volume, put forth with much modesty, the Captain, who says, "on my first voyage to Japan I became very much interested in the people and country, and while there availed myself of every opportunity to learn their customs, ceremonies, traditions and legends, from the natives as well as foreigners," presents in a small compass an entertaining and most interesting account of sights and people in Japan. The facts presented could have been padded out to make a very large volume, but it is doubtful if it could have been made more instructive than the Captain has made this. It is a book that no one will ever regret having read.

AUNT DOROTHY—By Margaret J. Preston. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Cloth, 92 pages, 60 cents.) In this little volume the authoress, who has written several very pleasant works, tells a simple tale of old Virginia plantation life before the war. It is a story of what Christian love and affection did for the poor slaves, and is intended to prove that the bondsmen and women were recognizant when guided by one who, though stern, was always just. It also contains, interwoven, a neat little love story about the son of Aunt Dorothy and his cousin, these two being the solicitude of Aunt Dorothy, when at one time she was very sick, and, it was thought, at death's door. She however recovers and lives to see her hopes as to them realized. For sale by the American Tract Society, Market street.

PAULINE—By Julian Hawthorne. (New York: United States Book Company. 280 pages, cloth and paper.) Under one cover there is presented three stories by this well-known writer, whose style is original and vigorous. There are three thoroughly enjoyable stories, or more properly three complete novels, condensed, terse and epigrammatic. The titles are, "Pauline," "Ellice Quentin" and "The Countess Ruby." They are different in a marked degree and it would be difficult to say which of them is the most interesting. The story of "Pauline" is one that if worked up for the stage would make a most acceptable comedietta. It is issued as No. 25 of the American Author's Series. To be had at all the book-stores.

THE FRUITS OF CULTURE—By Count Leo Tolstoi. (Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. Cloth, 183 pages.) In this volume is presented a translation by George Schumm of a comedy in four acts by this widely known author. This book has never been published in Russia. It is a two-fold satire on "culture" and spiritualism, and in the comedy the follies of the so-called cultured classes are exhibited in a humorous picture, fashions, fads and mental freaks. The story hinges on the effect of modern spiritualism on an aristocratic family in Russia.

"Marguerite," translated from the French by George de Peyrebrune, is one of the late issues from the press of the Belford Company of New York. The story in the original is exceedingly well told, and the translator has given a faithful reproduction in English, but it has a strong French flavor peculiar to sensational novels produced in Paris. The story is that of a young, country girl, handsome as a picture, but ignorant as ignorant can be, who is met by a Parisian musical critic, who induces her to leave her country home and besotted guardian and live in Paris, where she is, through him, instructed in the art of reading, writing and the various ways of the metropolis. This girl taking advantage of her new education and her beauty uses both to betray the man who had brought her out. The point of the story is the woman's passion for the man she fancied after leaving the one who befriended her. The characters are well drawn.

Lovell's Westminster Series, No. 23, issued under the title of "Under the Deodars," contains five neat little stories by Rudyard Kipling, meant to be read in railway trains, and arranged and adorned for that end. Of these stories the author says: "These ought to explain that there is no particular profit in going wrong at any time, under any circumstances, or for any consideration. But that is a large text to handle at popular prices; and if I have made the first rewards of folly seem too inviting, my inability and not my intention is to blame." The book also contains several of the author's departmental ditties. Published by the United States Book Company, and to be had at book-stores generally.

"Payne's Business Pointers" is the title of a handy volume of over 200 pages, published by the Excelsior Publishing-house of New York. It is a compact encyclopedia of information which deals with subjects that persons in business have to know something about almost every day. Besides numerous tables giving information upon almost every subject that business men have anything to do with there is a dictionary of synonyms and the new tariff laws.

"Lady Maude's Mania," a novel, by George Manville Fenn, an English writer who has become a great favorite among the people of England, has been published by the United States Book Company of New York as a volume of the Lovell International Series of first-class books. Mr. Fenn's works of fiction have stood the test of the exacting critics on English periodicals, and are being appreciated in this country.

Magazines and Other Notes.

The frontispiece to "Harper's Magazine" for February will be a portrait of Edwin Booth, engraved by Frank French, from the painting by John S. Sargent, at the Players' Club, New York. A poem on Mr. Sargent's painting, written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, will appear in the same number of the magazine. The beauty of the Monterey coast, the wonders of the Yosemite, the picturesque deserts of New Mexico, and the unique sublimity of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado are the subjects treated by Charles Dudley Warner in his article, entitled "The Heart of the Desert," which is to appear in this number. Introducing his description of the Grand Canyon, he says: "I went to it with reluctance. I shrink from attempting to say anything about it. If you knew that there was one spot on the earth where nature kept her secret of secrets, the key to the action of her most gigantic and patient forces through the long eras, the marvel of constructive and destructive energy, in features of sublimity made possible to mental endurance by the most exquisite devices of painting and sculpture, the wonder which is without parallel or comparison, would you not hesitate to approach it? Would you not wander and delay with this and that wonder, and this and that beauty and nobility of scenery, putting off the day when the imagination, which is our highest gift, must be extinguished by the reality?"

The January number of the "New England Magazine" is its Christmas number. Most of the Christmas numbers of the magazines come to us so long before Christmas that by the time Christmas itself really comes we have almost forgotten them. It is pleasant to open this number of the magazine in the Christmas days and hear the bells ringing through its pages, for it may well be called a special "bell" number. Its first article is on "Bells," and in it Mr. E. H. Goss tells in most interesting manner of the great part bells have played in the social, religious and sentimental life of peoples, the wide world over, the article being illustrated by a score of pictures of famous bells, curious bells and big bells. Longfellow's beautiful "Christmas Bells" is printed, following this article, a fac-simile of the first page of the manuscript of the poem being given. And besides this is a beautiful illuminated reproduction of Poe's famous poem, "The Bells," occupying four pages of the magazine. Other illustrated poems are one on Trinity Church, Boston, with a full-page view of the noble tower of Trinity, and one by Hamlin Garland, "Music Land," accompanied by a fine copy of Crawford's statue of Beethoven in Music Hall. An article which will attract much attention from lovers of art is that entitled "An American Landseer," by Frank T. Robinson. It is an account of the remarkable work of Alexander Pope, the Boston animal painter.

The January "Wide Awake" has a delightfully festal and holiday character; all the stories, poems and pictures are of a high order. Susan Coolidge opens the number with an Old World story, "The Wolves of St. Gervas," telling how a particularly jolly winter feast was partaken of by other than the bidden guests. Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "Angiomaniacs," begins a two-part girls' story with the old fairy-tale title, "Diamonds and Toads." Elbridge S. Brooks has a long Christmas story, "'Twixt Ebb and Flood." Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey tells a true tale of old fighting times, entitled "How My Little Grandpa Found His Grandmamma." Mrs. Adeline A. Knight has an amusing sketch, "The Story of a Year," showing how a little sister reformed her brother. The artistic feature of the number is the article about "Boston's Girl Sculptor," Miss Theo Alice Ruggles, whose work attracted so much attention in the Paris Salon of 1889; two striking portraits are given of Miss Ruggles, also photographs of her work.

February number of "Fashion and Fancy" is singularly apropos at this season, with its fashion-plates filled with exquisite fancy ball and evening costumes; its bright articles on such topics as "Afternoon Teas," "Society Games," "A New Idea in Tableaux," "Color and Beauty in Dress," etc.; its household department, principally devoted to the prevailing mode of table decoration, and dainty and quickly prepared supper and luncheon dishes, while its "Fashion," "Society," "On Dits About Women," "Literary and Art Gossip" and "Fancy-work Department" are well up to the mark.

"The Century" series of papers on the "Gold Hunters of California" having compassed the pastoral life on the coast before 1848, will arrive in the February number at the discovery of gold, a topic which has been entrusted to the hand of John S. Hittell Esq. "The Century" produces documentary proof in support of Mr. Hittell's contention in the shape of a fac-simile of an entry in the diary of H. W. Bigler, one of the party of discovery, that gold was discovered on the 24th of January instead of the 19th. After the publication of the magazine, the diary is to be exhibited at the rooms of the Society of California Pioneers in this city. This article is followed by "Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery," as taken down from his lips in 1849 by Dr. Charles B. Gillespie of Freeport, Pa. Another short article, entitled "Confirming the Gold Discovery," is printed from unpublished MS. of the late Colonel Edward C. Kemble, formerly of "The California Star."

Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati have issued a neat and handy book called "The Annual Expense Book." The pages are ruled for each month in the year and at the head of each column is printed different matters that come under the head of expenses and so arranged that the housekeeper can enter daily under the proper head the amount of money expended. It is, if properly kept, a way to tell at a glance how the money goes. It also contains pages for keeping servants' accounts.

A new review is presented to the reading public. It is entitled "The Educational Review," and is issued by Henry Holt & Co. of New York. The review, as the title denotes, is devoted to educational matters, and this, the first number, contains articles on educational topics, emitted from some of the most brilliant minds of the United States. The publishers declare that the "Review" has no policy that is not consistent with the scientific study and discussion of education.

"Harper's Bazar," published January 16th, contains an amusing farce entitled "The Secretary's Murderer," written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward, and illustrated by W. T. Smedley. The same number contains an interesting and attractive article by Alice B. Ormsbee on "Young Women's Christian Associations," with illustrations by Irving R. Wiles; also a short story entitled "His New Clothes," by Rose Terry Cooke.

Sister Rose Gertrude, the young woman about whose work among the lepers of Molokai so much has been written, has been induced to reply to the charges made against her for renouncing her work. Her article, the first from her pen, is to be published in "The Ladies' Home Journal" for February, and will contain a full explanation of what she has accomplished among the lepers and why she was obliged to forsake her work.

The demand for the January "Arena" has been so great that a second edition was called for in less than ten days after the appearance of this number. Among the leading contributors are Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D.; Rabbi Solomon Schindler; Felix Oswald, Ph.D.; Hamlin Garland, Moncure D. Conway, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan and Wilbur Larremore.

As a sort of supplementary chapter to his "Looking Backward," Mr. Edward Bellamy has written an article for the February issue of "The Ladies' Home Journal," under the title of "Women in the Year 2000," in which the famous Nationalist will sketch woman, marriage, courtship, etc., as they will be regarded in the year 2000.

The "American Nationalist," published at Las Vegas, N. Mex., and Chicago, by James T. L. Macdonald, is the latest venture issued for the purpose of advocating the principles of Nationalism. The first number is made up almost entirely of selections bearing on the subject, Nationalism, and progressive ideas from the National standpoint.

The supplement to "Harper's Weekly," published January 14th, contains an interesting article by Henry Loomis Nelson entitled "Between Decks," describing some of the modern improvements made aboard ship for the comfort of passengers and crew. The article will be fully illustrated from drawings by R. F. Zogbaum.

General John Bidwell also contributes to this number of "The Century" a paper on "Fremont in the Conquest of California," illustrated with a striking full-page engraving of Kit Carson, and portraits of Jacob P. Leese and Governors Alvarado and Michelorena, and with a new drawing by Fenn of the Golden Gate.

The January number of "The English Illustrated Magazine," published by Macmillan & Co., New York, contains a splendid illustrated sketch of London cabs and their drivers; also a very interesting sketch of the Grande Chartreuse monastery.

The January number of "Wives and Daughters," a London (Ontario) journal for women, conducted by women, is one of the brightest ever issued by the publishers. The Countess of Aberdeen recently warmly commended this publication.

A little monthly that is working its way into popular favor is "The No Name Magazine," published in Baltimore. It is devoted to the publication of short sketches and of a great deal of interesting matter in a condensed form.

"Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly," published in Brooklyn, in the January issue presents a number of well-executed comic illustrations and bright paragraphs.

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Which the the complexion of many ladies has on the street is caused by the use of cosmetics which contain bismuth, lead or zinc. When first applied, and while the lady remains indoors, these cosmetics appear very well, but they will not stand exposure to the air. Such cosmetics should be avoided, as they are very harmful to the skin. MRS. GRAHAM'S EUGENIE ENAMEL, besides being perfectly harmless, never produces such unsightly effects, and it is so perfect in effect that while it gives a delightfully artistic complexion, the closest scrutiny could not detect the fact that the complexion was anything but a natural one. All druggists sell it, or will order it for their lady customers. In white or flesh. Price $1.

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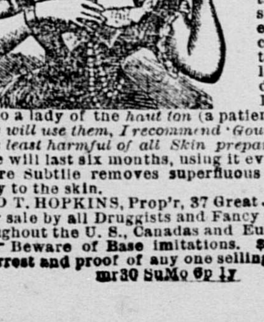

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LADIES' JACKETS, heavy quality of broadcloth, extra length, lap pockets, reduced from $10 to $5 each.

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LADIES' JACKETS, finest quality of French cloaking, plain or handsomely braided, heavy satin lining, all the newest shades, tan, navy blue, myrtle, London smoke, garnet and black, reduced from $15 to $7 50 each.

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LADIES' SEALETTE JACKETS, lined with fine quality of satin, sealskin ornaments, reduced from $15 to $10 each.

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At $20.00.
LADIES' JACKETS, extra quality of sealette, revers or standing collar, loose or tight fitting fronts, latest novelties, reduced from $25 to $20 each.

LADIES' PLUSH WRAPS.

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LADIES' PLUSH WRAPS, long tabs, richly trimmed with black passementerie, reduced from $25 to $10 each.

At $15.00.
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At $20.00.
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LADIES' NEWMARKETS, imported striped or plain cloaking, reduced from $12 50 to $7 50 each.

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LADIES' NEWMARKETS, made of fine broadcloth, braided or plain, loose or tight fitting fronts, reduced from $15 to $10 each.

LADIES' SHOULDER CAPES.

At $1.50.
LADIES' CLOTH SHOULDER CAPES, elegantly embroidered, high shoulders, sold regularly for $3, will be closed out at $1 50 each.

At $3.50.
LADIES' IMPORTED NAVY BLUE PLUSH SHOULDER CAPES, high rolling collar, high shoulders, handsomely lined, sold regularly for $7 50, will be closed out at $3 50 each.

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At $3.50.
MISSES' LONG CLOAKS, made of checked and striped cloakings, in all the newest styles, worth $5 and $6, reduced to $3 50 each.

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At $3.50.
MISSES' JACKETS, in plain chevron cloth, in all the newest shades, loose fronts, worth $6, will be offered at $3 50 each.

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LADIES' BLACK JERSEYS, waists all wool, box-plaited back, small sizes only, sold regular for $1 25, will be closed out at 50c each.

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LADIES' IMPORTED CASHMERE JERSEYS, trimmed with soutache and tailor braid in several colors and black, sold regular for $2, will be closed out at $1.

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LADIES' IMPORTED CASHMERE JERSEYS, some handsomely trimmed with tailor braid, others smocked fronts belted in at waists, regular price $3, will be offered at $1 50 each.

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1000 pairs FINE EXHIBITION LAMB'S WOOL BLANKETS, very large size, fine Australian wool, that were $12 50.

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600 pairs EXHIBITION LAMB'S WOOL BLANKETS, full size, fine fleecy wool, that were $7 50.

At $5.50 a Pair.
375 pairs FINE FAMILY BLANKETS, 66 inches wide, serviceable goods, that were $7 50 a pair.

At $4.00 a Pair.
175 pairs 12-4 FINE WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, Eastern goods, that were $5 00.

At $2.75 a Pair.
400 pairs 10-4 "NEVADA" FINE WHITE BLANKETS, slightly soiled, that were $3 50.

CURTAINS.

At $7.50 a Pair.
1000 pairs ELEGANT IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS, heavy rich work, that were $10 50.

At $5.00 a Pair.
150 pairs NEAT IRISH POINT CURTAINS, in assorted styles, that were $6 50.

At $3.00 a Pair.
200 pairs BAY-WINDOW NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, 4 yards long, that were $4 50.

At 75c a Pair.
60 pairs NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, 3 yards long, taped edges, that were $1.

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15 pairs SILK CROSS-STRIPE CURTAINS, fine effects, new coloring, that were $7 50 a pair.

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A FULL LINE OF RICH CHENILLE PORTIERES at $5 50, $7 and $10 a pair, that were $7 50, $9 and $12 50.

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TURCOMAN PORTIERES from $1 90 to $4 75 a pair, half their former prices.

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140 dozen EXTRA GRADE DAMASK TOWELS, large size, knotted fringes, rich colored borders, reduced from $5 a dozen.

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75 dozen UNDRESSED DOUBLE WARP HUCK TOWELS, large sizes, in neat colored borders, undressed, reduced from $3 75 a dozen.

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100 pieces FINE LAWN TENNIS FLANNELS, in good colorings; former prices, 15c and 20c, to be closed out at 12½c a yard.

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200 pieces FINE FRENCH FLANNELS, all pure wool, fine styles, reduced from 50c and 60c a yard.

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