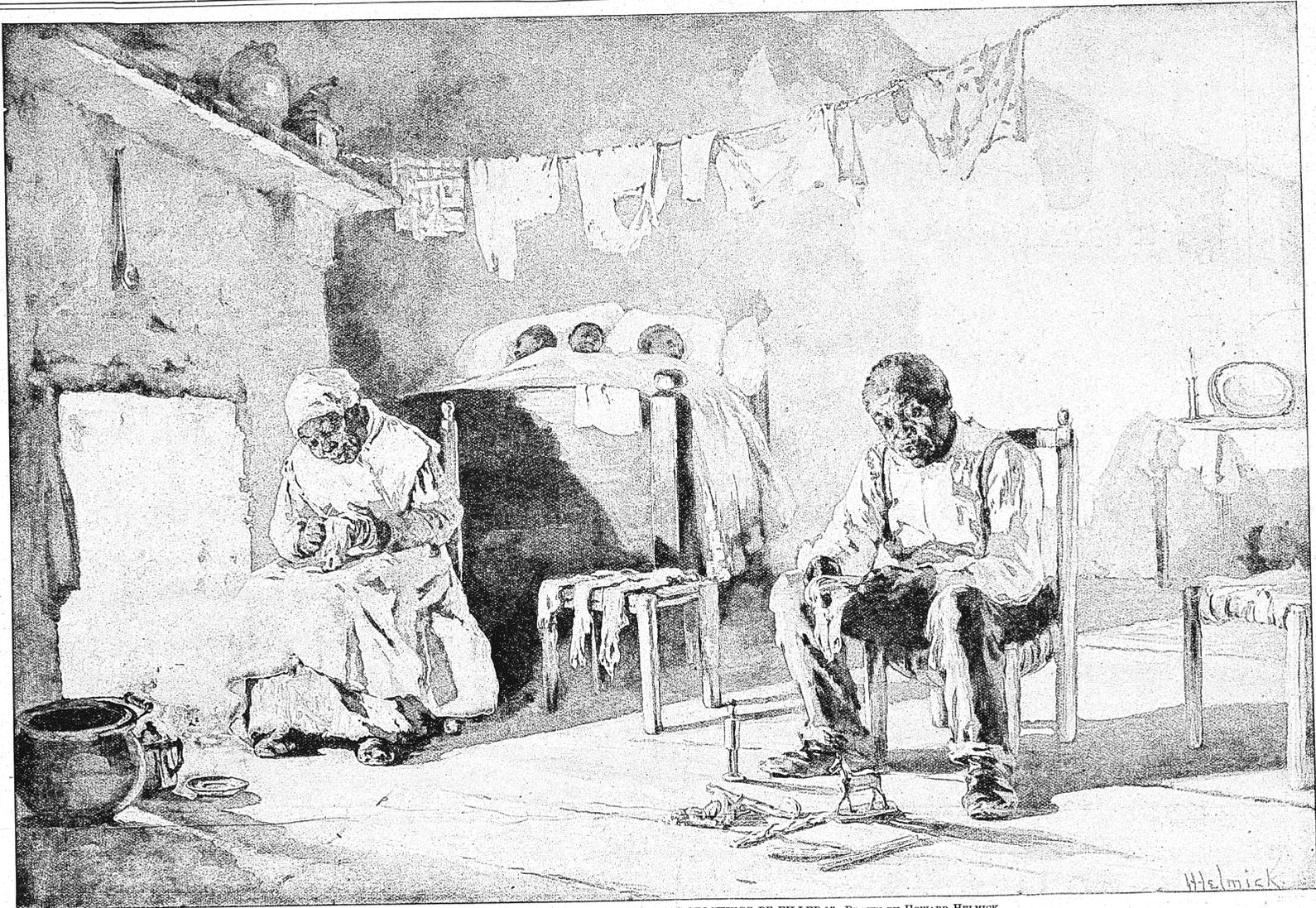


CHRISTMAS EDITION.

SUPPLEMENT.

HOLIDAY

DECEMBER 14, 1895.



UNCLE NED'S DILEMMA: "HOW SHALL THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS BE FILLED?"—DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

A Railway Comedy.

By J. T. Newcomb.

It was only a case of incompatibility. They grew quarrelsome by degrees and over little things. At first they made up laughingly, with a quick caress and a tender word. They were real quarrels and they hurt, but they were short, and when she came back into his arms after them she seemed even dearer than before. Then came the slower, sullen trouble. Beginning anywhere, the old animosities kept coming up again and again. "There, Nell," he would say, wearily, "we are at it again. We better stop." And the caress that marked their resumption of amicable relations was forced instead of impulsive, and they got it over quickly as they could. And then they grew bitter. He stayed away from home as much as he could, and she forgot to take care of her personal appearance, and she cried so much that her nose was always red when he did come home.

One day he got up from the table with an impatient fling and went into the library, shutting the door with a slam. Presently the door opened slowly and she came in, looking very quiet and a little paler than usual. He was standing with his back to the open fire, and he did not move as she came to him and put her two hands on his shoulders.

"John," she said, "this is awful. Can't we help it?"

He looked at her heavily for a moment, and then deliberately took down her hands and pushed her slowly away from him.

"Yes, Nell," he said, roughly, "we might help it, but your soft ways won't help you any now."

She looked at him in silence and then turned and went quietly out of the room. He put on his overcoat and went downtown. When he came back in the evening he had made up his mind to tell his wife that he was ashamed of himself, but he did not find her. He found a little note instead. There was a lunch spread out for him on the table, but he did not eat any of it. The note said she had gone home to her mother. She did not think she could make him happy, and she was sure she was not happy herself. She thought it better for them to live apart than go on as they had been. John swore a good deal. He tramped up and down the little library, smoking a cigar savagely, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets. By the end of a year the cigar and the restless nightly walk had become a habit.

It was a little more than a year later that he received a letter from her. It was very short and gentle. She thought it would be better for both of them if they were free.

She did not think it was right for her to keep his name. The letter was gentle. That was all. She had written it out and pruned it and cried over it, and then she had copied it on a fresh sheet of note-paper so that none of the tears blotted the page that he saw.

John walked the floor a little later than usual that night, and he smoked an additional cigar. He wrote two or three letters to her. The one he sent said, she was no doubt right. She might make any change she saw fit and he would not oppose her. A little later the papers were served on him.

He was sitting in his study one evening when he suddenly remembered that the trial was set for the next day. He was not to be present. He had planned an excursion somewhere, but now he wanted to go—not to enter a defence, but as a spectator.

It was the closing scene of his life tragedy. All the actors came before the footlights as the curtain goes down. He felt that he ought to be there. He took an early train the next morning for the city where the trial was to be held. He bought a parlor-car seat, but went into the smoker to finish a cigar.

She had taken the same train from her father's home two stations back. She was going down alone and her father was to meet her at the depot. She was glad to be alone, she thought, as she leaned her head wearily against her hand on the window-ledge.

When he came in from the smoker he took the only vacant seat. It was just behind hers. They recognized each other, of course. There was a moment's hesitation, and then each bowed gravely. It was perfectly natural for them to bow, and yet it seemed strange to both of them. He sat down behind her and took up a newspaper.

She had not seen him once in all the year since they separated. She wished she might turn around and look at him. She wondered if the little gray patches around his ears had grown any grayer or larger, and whether the t' in places on his temples were growing quite bald, as they had threatened to do. She remembered that once she had promised to kiss the place, to make the hair grow—and a big hot tear rolled down her cheek. Then she straightened up and tried to read.

John did not get interested in his newspaper. Her chair was very high, and completely hid her from his view. He tried to imagine how she looked, but his imagination was not very good, and he failed utterly. He wished she would swing around a little in her chair. Why did she sit there so quiet and still? It irked him impatient. Presently one of the little incidents that happen so often on a railway train occurred. She required a trifling assistance, and John

took away the cup when she had finished, and returned just as the train started. As the train pulled out of the depot he leaned over to speak to her. Her chair was turned as it had been before. When he leaned over he did not know what he was going to say. He asked her if she would not turn her chair around. She made him no answer, and he repeated the question. The man across the aisle got up and came over to her.

"If this man is troubling you, madam," he said, "I will see that you are relieved of the annoyance."

John sprang up in a twinkling. She put her hand on his arm. "You need not trouble yourself," she said, frigidly, to the stranger. "This gentleman is my husband."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed the man who had interfered. Several of the passengers John looked at his wife and she looked at him. Then they both burst out laughing. When they arrived at their destination her father found her leaning on her husband's arm as they walked down the depot steps. He demanded and received as much of an explanation as either could give. The suit was withdrawn and a very much happier and a very much wiser couple returned to their home once more.

HIS ACHIEVEMENT.
MARJORIE—"Charlie broke the record."
Mildred—"What record?"
Marjorie—"You know this house is five minutes' walk from the station? Well, he walked it in three-quarters of an hour."
Judge.
"LET the tariff bill go to grass," says the *Courier-Journal*. So the editor of that paper has forgotten the experience of Mr. Coxe, has he?—*Judge*



CHRISTMAS IN THE COWBOY'S CABIN.
"Sweet, sweet home!"

A Christmas Rose.

MRS. POLLOCK'S student boarders gathered for the evening meal in gay humor. The day had been cold, the streets and cars crowded with Christmas shoppers. The freedom of the dining-room with its lights and savors thawed out a host of tongues.

However, when Austen May entered and took his place at the center of the long table, opposite his landlady, he missed the usual airing of medical opinion. He looked across the table and saw, tucked under Dame Pollock's ample wing, a young girl of nineteen or twenty. He watched her with some curiosity, knowing Mrs. Pollock's seclusion of her own young relatives. Pretty the girl certainly was not. Austen May thought it a little sad that that deficiency should shield her from gallant attention. She held herself not ungracefully, with a grave composure which changed but once, when an inadvertent movement sent a napkin-ring spinning to her opposite neighbor. She met Austen May's eyes with a quiet smile, her dark eyes lighting for the briefest moment, and white, even teeth showing against her swarthy skin. A scar crossed the lobe of her left ear.

"A real lady," said Mrs. Pollock to young May as she left the room, "but reduced—very, very much reduced. Her father sailed with Captain Pollock many a time to Peru, when they could not count their money, and now it's all gone, and he's gone, and the captain. It is against my rule to have her, and it's not just the thing, but what can the poor child do in a strange city? And she's so brave."

Austen May left town for a day or two. He returned late one evening, and the new boarder entered the house ahead of him. The mail had just arrived, and as she passed the group that struggled for it a young fellow held up a letter and called "Nunez."

"Miss Nunez," she emphasized, the color mounting to her cheeks at the imagined indignity.

She turned from apology. When she came back to the dining-room she started to find Austen May belated like herself. She hesitated a moment at the door, then took her place, sliding her chair as far down her side of the table as arrangements would allow. While they waited to be served, Austen May took up the evening paper, and she had an opportunity to study his pleasant, fair-bearded face.

"My beef rare again!" he exclaimed, as the dishes reached the table. "What mortal man can endure this?"

"Take mine," said his *vis-à-vis*, demurely offering her plate. "A change would suit me."

"It is strange," he said, "to be indebted to a lady for such a favor."

"How can I like meat, cooked or uncooked," she answered, "when a stove I have seen only lighted as a plaything?"

"Ah!" he sighed. "It must be charming to live on figs and mocking-birds' eggs—and earthquakes."

She laughed a little.

"An earthquake and a long crack in the side of my house is dearer to me than your summer with thunderstorms and your Christmas with snow." She shivered as she spoke.

"Would you like to go back to your south country?" he asked.

"I could not go back to its idleness," she said, quietly, and spoke again only in monosyllables.

May guessed her education from her fluent English with its clear enunciation. Her full, soft voice was in keeping with her lingering accent.

It was not many days after that Austen May trooked down upon her from the elevated railroad. She came out of the first of a row of apartment houses, and he noticed how she differed in walk and carriage from the girls who passed—her light, elastic step and their quick, assertive tread; her graceful inclination and their rigid masculine



"YOU CAN'T SMELL 'EM THROUGH THE GLASS, BILLY."
FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT SCOTT COX.

She said her husband once belonged to a citizens' vigilance committee, and this was the way they branded those the police could not reach. I thought she broke my heart then, but you have given as hard a wound as even she could wish."

In the morning as Austen May took his hat to go out for the day, a note fluttered to the ground. His cheerful face was pale and serious as he opened it.

"DR. MAY—I would offer an apology. I am unused to New York ways. Indeed I am, as Peru with Chili, so used to heretofore that kindness seems to me first as an ambush."
ROSITA NUÑEZ.

Rosita! It was strange he had never thought to ask her given name. He might have guessed it. He remembered how fond she was of humming, "Mira flores! Mira flores! See the flowers! See the flowers!" and how pathetic he had thought it when she would stop herself and summon a look of grave maturity to her face. His heart ached for her, and a little for himself. Her loneliness made her so unapproachable. Her note was a prescription for his heart, closely buttoned up upon it, but the writer withdrew from his horizon. Time his meals, his ingoings or outgoings when he would, it never proved her time.

The days passed, and it was the night before Christmas when he again met her. He had been thinking of her all day, feeling it cold and dreary for her; wondering if that detestable bluing had become sufficiently popular to warrant her presence among the Christmas shoppers. Something, he could not tell what, unless it was a remembrance of the offering of Tom Brown at Oxford to his lady-love, led him to invest in a bunch of heliotrope. He neared home with it, inhaling its fragrance through the paper wrapping. He turned a corner quickly, his eyes upon his bundle, when he ran against Rosita Nuñez, who slipped upon the icy walk and escaped falling by a quick grasp at an iron railing. A cry of pain escaped her. An iron spike had entered the palm of her hand. Austen May took the wounded hand in his, though she would have hindered him, and drew out his handkerchief to bind it. It needed an application of snow first, and a strip or two of plaster from his pocket, but even that preparation seemed longer than might be.

"How could you," he said in angry tones, though his touch was tender, and he knew he spoke of necessary evil, "be so foolhardy as to suppose you could get along such a night without rubbers—and un-gloved, too?"

"Well," she said, with an embarrassed laugh. "I would have been prepared for an ordinary steam-engine, for that always whistles."

He looked up at her under his eyebrows for a moment. The wind was blowing her hair about her forehead and color in her cheeks, giving her the prettiness that poverty's repression had stolen from her youth and grace. She went on nervously:

"But will not your bundle blow away? It seems to me to have the fragrance of heliotrope; and, do you know, that always takes me back to Callao. That is our port, and I have sat in a yacht there and had my lap filled with heliotrope. It grows wild on the mountains, and you can beg it from the women who bring their flowers for the altars of Saint Rose of Lima."

"Saint Rose of Lima pitied the sorrows of the poor, if she was rich herself, did she not?"

"Why, yes."

"If she had been poor, her own loneliness would have made her quite blind to any one else's, wouldn't it?"

"Dr. May, your handkerchief is a very bad color! I must recommend me bluing; or perhaps I can have it laundered properly for you, to show my gratitude."

Her voice shook, and she stepped quickly back as he released her hand.

"Thank you," he said, coolly. "Don't hurry about it," and, picking up his bundle, left her.

She summoned up her courage to go early to the evening table, as she had felt obliged to return to the house. At her place lay a magnificent bunch of heliotrope. She was the first on the scene. With a hasty hand she picked up the flowers, laid them across the table at Austen May's place, and fled. A few moments more and she was ashamed. The noise of voices came loudly from the room, and she thought to slip in by an un-frequented lobby. As she entered one of its doors Dr. May entered the other with the heliotrope in his hand. She turned, but the door had closed behind her with a catch she could not move. Dr. May, appearing not to see her, leaned against the other door. Voices came clearly through a transom above.

"May has been reminded of the proprieties, I fancy. Probably by the inamorate herself."

"Doubtless. Pity if there should be a misunderstanding. It's my opinion she knows more about flirting than he, if she suspects him of it. When May gets a heart-wound he's the kind to keep it you may be sure."

"Oh, yes; these blond, gay fellows always do. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Pass the provisions, will you, you black-haired Lothario. May's the loneliest orphan I know, but who'd believe it?"

Rosita's face was crimson with shame and confusion. She touched the doctor's arm.

"Won't you manage the knob for me?" she cried, under her breath.

She turned on the sill and pointed to the flowers in his hand.

"Will you give me back a few of those?" she said, "for Christmas?"

"Do you know that would mean now that you must give me up your Bolton's bluing?" he said, looking down at her gravely.

"You are very, very rude," she cried, speeding away from him.

A while after, as he sat alone at the dining-table, she appeared before him.

"I can spare you half the sample box of bluing," she said. "You must wait for the rest."

He started to his feet.

"You cannot expect me to take it across the table," he cried. "That is too much like an ambush, you know."

"I will wait for you till you come round the table," she said, courageously, but another step than his sounded, and she fled into the fatal lobby.

"Rosita," said Austen May, "this is the second time you have trapped me here. We must have the battle out now."

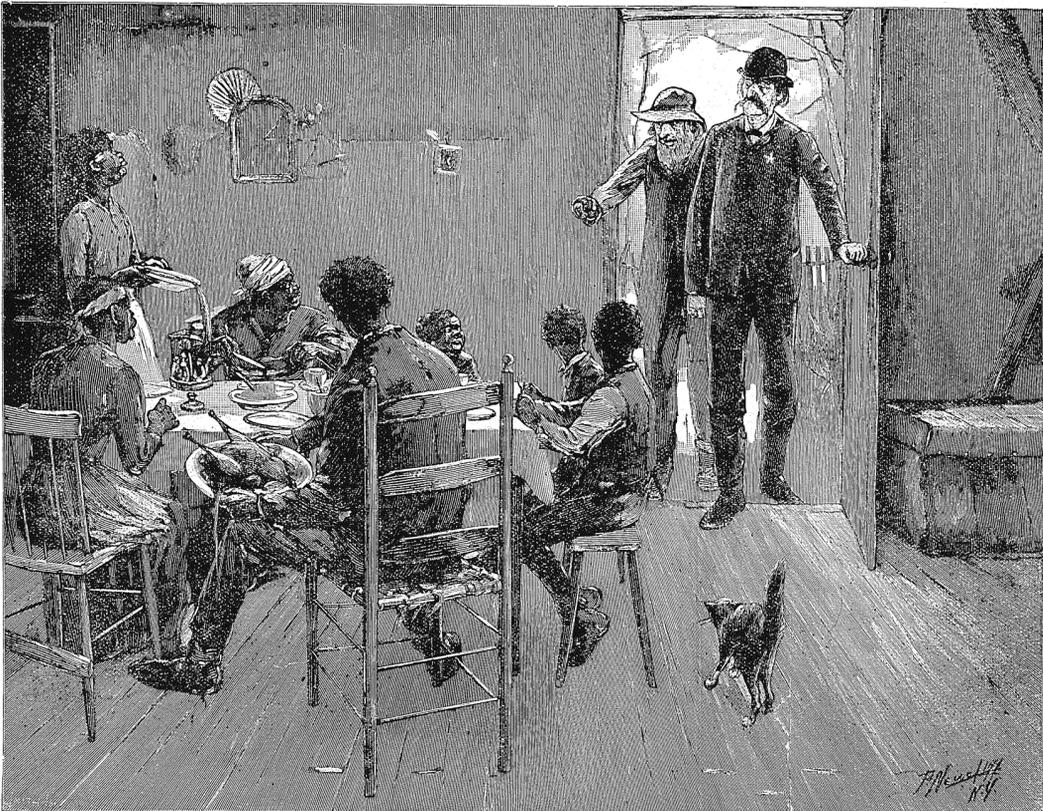
He held her gently but firmly by the arms, her one hand having the box, the other being bandaged.

"Can you feel it is more worthy of honor for you to stay on here as Bolton's agent and living for yourself alone, or to swallow your pride and help yourself and me, too?"

"I have taken a very big swallow of my pride," she said, looking up at him reproachfully. "I am going to my father's friends—for your sake." She dropped her head, then raised it proudly. "For my father had friends who honored him. Dr. May."

Dr. May caught her to him and pressed a passionate kiss on the scar upon her ear.

"Rosita! My little Christmas Rose!" he whispered.



A CHRISTMAS DINNER INTERRUPTED.—DRAWN BY P. NEWELL.



"Seven the centuries number,
Since that half-forgotten day
When out of Cologne's fair city
The children marched away."

THE CRUSADE OF THE CHILDREN IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

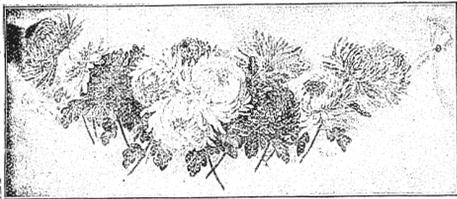
"So under the Red Cross banner,
Through the grim gates' yawning arch,
From dark lanes crawling and winding,
The hosts of the children march."



THE CHRISTMAS SLIDE.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—FROM JUDGE XMAS NUMBER.

A Flower-Painter and His Works.

THE exquisite panel picture of "Chrysanthemums," by the eminent flower-painter, De Longpré, which is given with the December number of *Demorest's Magazine*, is one of the most beautiful water-color reproductions that has ever been published. In fact, it so closely resembles



DE LONGPRÉ'S FAMOUS PAINTING "CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

the original that it is difficult to distinguish from the other, and the original is considered by the artist as one of his finest efforts. It is an excellent example of the exquisite variation of tone, the purity of color, and the beauty of grouping which is always noticeable in the work of this artist. As you view a De Longpré canvas it seems as though a mirror were reflecting real flowers upon it,—flowers that have just been plucked and are redolent with fragrance, with limpid dew-drops trembling and sparkling on their delicately tinted petals; all the freshness and the charmingly harmonious mingling of hues have been caught and perpetuated in oils and water-colors by his magic brush. To do this truthfully, to put upon the canvas flowers that seem to have felt the warm rains, and the sun's kiss, and the gentle winds, is a difficult achievement in art, and it is because De Longpré does it so vividly and faithfully that he is unequalled as a flower-painter in this or any other country. It

De Longpré has a style all his own, having purposely avoided taking lessons so that his work might have individuality and originality. It must not be inferred, however, that he has not studied his art. When a child at school in the suburbs of Paris, after his family had removed from Lyons, where he was born, in 1855, he began to study and paint flowers. Often he became so absorbed in this occupation in the fields on his way to the school-house that he would forget all about the lessons, and spend most of the day where he was. An accounting at home always followed, and there was unpleasantness for Paul; but he never let these little troubles draw him away from his beloved flowers. When still a very young man he proved that he possessed unusual talent; and M. Palliet, one of the greatest horticulturists in France, so admired his work that he invited him to make use of his great conservatories in Chatenay, near Paris, in any way he chose, for the furtherance of his art. This privilege, accorded to no one else, was a great boon to the young painter, and for thirteen years he passed six months of every twelve among the flowers. He was absorbed in them; he lived in them and for them; and when he left France, five years ago, to make his home in New York, he brought with him a rare love and knowledge of the bright floral companions of his youth. It is little wonder, then, that he paints them truthfully and sympathetically.

At Shorthills, New Jersey, in the United States Nurseries, he has a studio, and there, as in the conservatories in Chatenay, he spends half the year in the kingdom of the flowers. The rose is the queen of this fair land, he says, and he loves best to paint it of all the members of the kingdom; although not even the humblest is neglected. During the cold months of the year he works in his winter studio in New York City. He is an enthusiastic admirer of America and Americans, and intends to remain here all his life.



PAUL DE LONGPRÉ.

A BARE OUTLINE OF Demorest's Family Magazine



FIRST and foremost it must be kept in mind that DEMOREST'S is the only complete Family Magazine published. It is affirmed that DEMOREST'S combines all of the most excellent points of its contemporaries, and has inimitable features of its own.

Demorest's is actually a Dozen Magazines in One.

It is a Review for the studious man or woman; a Digest of Current Events and Ideas for the busy man or woman; a Storehouse of Interest for all. Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, matrons and maidens can find exactly what they need to amuse and instruct them, also practical helps in every department of domestic and social life.

DEMOREST'S for 1896 will chronicle every Important Event of Daily Life, and Everything New in Art, Science, Mechanics, Politics, Adventure, Exploration and Discovery, always with profuse illustrations. It will contain a wealth of superbly illustrated papers on general topics, applying to all classes and conditions, instructive and delightful to everybody; and, in addition, it will publish the best and purest fiction from the pens of acknowledged geniuses of the world. It treats at length Out-of-Door Sports, Home Amusements and Entertainments; it gives a great deal of attention to the Children's Department, and "Our Girls," and has a Monthly Symposium by Celebrated People, in which are discussed important questions of the hour of interest to the older readers.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has

THE BEST AND MOST PRACTICAL FASHION DEPARTMENT

of any magazine published. Through DEMOREST'S you can obtain all the Cut Paper Patterns of any kind and size that the members of a household can possibly require; for each number contains a Pattern Order good for one pattern if 4 cents be sent for postage, or from 1 to 30 additional patterns may be obtained on it by sending 4 cents for each extra pattern. This Pattern Department alone, at the lowest estimate, is worth from \$3 to \$5 a year to every subscriber.

READ OUR LIBERAL OFFER.

Experience has taught us that we can afford to lose money on your subscription the first year, because the chances are nine to one that you will always remain a subscriber.

We will send you *Demorest's Family Magazine*, postpaid, for the twelve months of 1896, and, in addition, the November and December (Christmas Number) issues for 1895, if you fill out the coupon below without delay, and forward it, together with \$2.00, to this office. This is equivalent to giving you fourteen months' for a year's subscription.

This liberal offer is made for the first time, and, to avoid misunderstanding, you will please use the coupon below.

An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of De Longpré's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12 x 28 inches) is given to every subscriber with the December issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. This issue is also enlarged and is bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and is replete with illustrations and reading-matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The Chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription; do not fail to get it. The original painting is valued at \$1,000, and the publishers guarantee that every reproduction cannot be told from the original. They will refund the money if the subscriber finds that this is not so, and that his copy is not satisfactory.

CUT HERE, AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR:—For the enclosed \$2.00, please send DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to the address below, for one year, from January to December, 1896, both inclusive, and the November and December numbers for 1895. Also De Longpré's Water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture, and the other works of art that are to be published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE during the year.

Name,

P. O.,

State,

Date,

Jed Hopkins' Christmas-Box.

STEADY there, now, be careful, boys—so; that's it—you'll treat me fair; Certain you'll write the name quite plain and say "this side up with care?"

Be sure you mark it "this side up," and "handle with care,"—What say? "Handled a hundred just like it this Christmas-time come?" Aye, aye,

Handled a hundred boxes—yes, but never a one like this. It's filled full of little bundles, all wrapped in a great big kiss. Bayin' ain't any gift o' mine, and I knew no soul to ask. But whether they'll suit or no, love made it all a happy task.

And she—oh, I know what she'll do; she'll kiss everything and say "God bless him—God bless my darling,"—and fall on her knees and pray. She'll think that those little vases and pictures and gloves and shawl, And the shiny black alpaca, could be no nicer at all.

Christmas-box! This is her first one,—she'll like it, but miss me so! She'd rather see me a thousand—oh, how I would like to go

And peep in and see her open the box, and then laugh and cry And bend down and kiss everything,—but I'll see her by and by.

"Sweetheart?" The sweetest of all hearts, the fairest of all the fair. My mother! boys,—she's my darling, with pretty, white shiny hair. "The Widow Hopkins?" That's the name—the sweetest on earth to me. "Hardy's Crossing?" That's the place I'd give a sight to see.

Yes; mark it "paid," and "this side up," and "handle with care,"—be sure. For it goes instead of me, boys, with a love that's strong and pure.

Christmas-box there for me, you say? Jed Hopkins? It can't be me. Yes, that's my name, but there's no one—there's only mother, and she— Can't be any mistake? All right, but stop! look! my box, you said? My Christmas-box, the same—come back—my mother's—oh, God! marked "Dead!" MARGARET ANDREWS OLDHAM.

HEAVEN. "YA-AS, brederin, it am jist crowded wid de biggest an' reddest watermillions an' de yallerist canterlopes an' d' greenest cow-cumbers, an' ye kin eat all day widout ary single pain er ache."—*Judge*.

We do not believe that the Goulds and Astors want to get in the Prince of Wales set. What do they know about poker?—*Judge*.