

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1890.

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THE HERALD OF SPRING.

When winter's cold tempest and snows are no more,
 Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields re-appearing.
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
 And cloud-clearing geese to the lakes are a-steering;
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;
 When red grow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
 Oh, then comes the blue bird, the Herald of Spring!
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather:
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
 Oh, then to your gardens ye housewives repair!
 Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure:
 The bluebird will chant from his box such an air
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

ALEXANDER WILSON

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

THE VIOLET IN FRANCE.

NAPOLEON, when First Consul, once asked Josephine what present he should bring her on her name-day. "Only a bouquet of violets," she had replied. "On the morning of the day—it was in February—Napoleon was waiting impatiently for the arrival of violets he had ordered from Versailles, as it was impossible to get them from the gardeners of Paris.

While waiting, he received from an unknown hand a magnificent bouquet of violets. He sprang on his horse and galloped to Malmaison, and presented the flowers to his wife. From that day Napoleon loved the flower; and Josephine always had violets about her. When she died, violets were planted on her tomb.

Napoleon planted violets at St. Helena. During his exile the question, asked by one wearing a buttonhole bouquet of violets, "Is this your favorite flower? Do you like its fragrance?" meant, "Are you a friend to the exiled Emperor, and do you favor his return to France?"

When the Emperor's remains were restored to France, as soon as the coffin touched French soil it was covered with bouquets and wreaths of violets.

When Louis Napoleon was waiting in the room of a Paris hotel to learn if he had been chosen President of the Republic, he noticed that the landlord had placed on the mantle and window-sills costly vases filled with violets. In after days, when Louis became Emperor, he remembered that delicate attention of the landlord.

The President very often visited the villa of a Spanish family, near Paris. The eldest daughter of the house was the attraction that drew him. At first she rejected his attentions; but, one evening a large assembly at her mother's house saw Eugenie appear in an exquisite violet toilet. There were violets in her hair, violets looped up her dress, and in her hand she carried a bouquet of violets. The guests understood, from the language of the flowers, that Eugenie had accepted Louis Napoleon's offer of marriage.

In the early days of the Second Empire, on the 15th of November, it being the Empress's name-day, there was an ovation of violets offered to her. Thousands of bunches of violets were thrown over the railings of the Tuilleries. The servants piled them up into pyramids which reached as high as the first-floor windows. They decked the doors with them; and the great balcony, from which the Empress greeted the people, seemed to be made of violets.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING.

ALL readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL must feel perfectly free to ask of us any question which may be perplexing them. That is what our "Questions and Answers" department is intended for, and we cheerfully invite all questions that can be answered through it. We will answer these as quickly as possible, but if you cannot wait for a published answer, simply enclose a stamp in your letter and we will try and answer you by mail. The only way we can be happy in this work is by helping each other, and this the JOURNAL editors are always ready to do for their readers.

SPRING-TIME IN OUR LIVES.

WE are all of us going through life as a kind of winter. We are, as we go toward age, dropping our hair and losing, one by one, our senses. We are drifting toward autumn. Then come the vacuum days of the winter of seeming uselessness—declines which men dread. How many hate age. This is the winter of human life, to be sure; but just beyond is the rising of that bright, immortal spring where the birds of heaven sing, and which, when it has once begun shall never be followed by winter, and shall never be visited by storms. We are all of us drawing near to the sweet spring of resurrection. Some have gone. Methinks I hear strange sounds. My parents, my sister, my brother, my children, my friends many, have gone before; but their voices come back, and I hear them now. The time of the singing birds is come. Our spring is here. Our summer is not far off. Let every one look up, and, in the light and the glory of the eternal world, take cheer. With a holier faith and a truer consecration, let us march on in our Christian life, believing that he that hath pledged his word will never leave us nor forsake us. Wherever we may be, whatever may befall us, sweet spring is coming on, and the summer of heaven is just before us.

NEATNESS IN DRESS AT HOME.

THE importance of neat and tasteful house-dressing cannot be overestimated. The matron who appears before the members of her family in a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes the excuse—if indeed she takes the trouble to make one at all—that "it is so much more comfortable," has little idea of the possible consequences of such a course. Could she but realize that her dress is an evil example to her daughters, and one productive of consequences that will reach far beyond her own span of life; that her husband and sons cannot fail to draw comparisons between her dress and that of the ladies they meet in other homes, and that these comparisons cannot fail to decrease their respect for her, she might be induced to give more attention to her personal appearance. Not even the burden of care and constant employment can furnish a sufficient excuse for careless personal habits, for few things are more important to the well-being of a family. There is an old saying to the effect that an untidy mother has disobedient children; and while neither parents nor children may realize the why nor wherefore of it, yet there is always a lack of respect and an indifference to the authority of a mother who takes no pride in her personal appearance. And it is not the mother alone upon whose shoulders rests the burden of responsibility for home neatness and order in dress; the father has his duties to look after as well, and should never fail to insist upon the younger members of the family presenting themselves with well-kept hands, clean faces, neatly-brushed hair, and orderly dress, at least at every meal where the family assemble.

The June number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be one of the most readable and handsomest numbers ever issued by the management. Several bright and notable features will be included, while the illustrations will be particularly rich and handsome.

WHAT CAN CUTICURA DO FOR ME?

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Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a violent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

Attorney-at-Law and ex-Prosecuting Attorney, Ashland, O.

REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O. My boy, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scale on them. Last year he was worse than ever, had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and an happy to say they did all that could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. THE CUTICURA REMEDIES are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold to any one troubled as my boy was.

GEORGE F. LEAVITT, North Andover, Mass. The CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and CUTICURA SOAP have brought about a marvellous cure in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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THE HOUSEWIFE 4 MONTHS FOR ONLY ONE DIME

If you mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The April Housewife.

With the April issue THE HOUSEWIFE completes its fifth year under most favorable auspices. To celebrate its fifth year an unusually choice number has been prepared. "MRS. MARIEN'S NEIGHBORS," by Mary A. Denison; "THE HOUSEWIFE," by Mary E. A. Denison; and the closing chapter of "THE OLD HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW," by Mary Lowe Dickinson, story lovers will find delightful reading. Emma Moffett Tyme will furnish an interesting article for the housewives who delight in tasteful table appointments, in "TABLE CHINA." Jennie June will plead for "EDUCATED GIRLS AS DRESS-TRIMMERS," "NEW STYLES," "THE DECLINE OF THE BASQUE," and "THE LITS AND BONNETS WE WEAR NOW." Every one planning to devote time "MR. KNAPP'S" the coming season should read what George R. Knapp writes on "BITS OF EXPERIENCE," and "ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS" are the results of his own experience. In "HOUSECLEANING MADE EASY," Eunice Carew will show how that dreaded ordeal may be robbed of half its terrors. Maria Farlow will teach "HOW TO CAN RHEEBARN" in an excellent and simple way. There will be suggestions for the making of "SOUPS," worked by Emma C. Monroe, and THE CHAT-BOW, by Agnes C. Stoddard, will be, as usual, brimful of good things. Poems by Doris Goodale, Alice Ward Bailey, Eben E. Rexford, and others, with a story for the children, will complete the number.

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PART VII.

Margaret spoke suddenly to Jane from the other side of the boat. They were not ten feet apart.

"Oh, you ought to hear this, Queen! Uncle Hans is telling us how Pemaquid came near being Boston, and Boston nowhere."

Uncle Hans had a child on each knee. On either side of him sat his sister and Miss Rickstack. Speaking thus across, Mrs. Sunderland made the two groups one; as, of course, they were more so, being opposite, than they could have been all on one side. Certainly, nobody had reason for discontent. If Jane were a wee bit happier, summoned into the other conversation, than she had been a moment before, she scarcely needed to be.

Dr. Griffith explained how it was once called "Jamestown," for the English king, contemporaneously with Jamestown in Virginia; that it was the capital of New England, before Boston was at all; and how indignant the people were at being tacked on to Massachusetts and losing their importance; how Pemaquid fell back to its Indian name, and its buildings dropped into decay, and its paved streets got covered up, and how they tell you now about a "buried city"; but that how much of it is really buried underground, and how much only in time and forgetfulness, he could not say.

"I never heard of it in my life before!" cried Mrs. Sunderland.

"Suppose it had been the other way," said Jane.

"That Boston had got buried up, and that here had grown up the commerce, and the great city, and the learning and the splendor? And that the Three Hills had been called to-day just Shawmut; and the waters ran all in and around, and Back Bay was not made into solid ground; but little boats, like this, with pleasuring people from this proud old Jamestown, sailed back and forth there between forest banks, in a stillness like this?"

"One can't imagine it," said Margaret.

"A thousand years shall pass, and then I mean to go that way again."

quoted Dr. Griffith. "Ah! where shall we be in the thousand years?"

"I almost think that Pemaquid is the happiest," said Jane. "I almost wish that all the cities could be buried, and the world kept fresh, and the work and the pleasure divided round, without such a festering first."

"Yes, it is a festering in one way. It grows unhealthy. Everything is excessive. It taxes men's nerves and souls to live in it."

"What do you think of the women," asked Margaret, "who have the details of life? Do you know what a day's shopping is, now that you have ten miles to go and do it, and towers of Babel to do it in?"

"Do you know," Jane asked her, smiling, "the funny satire the horse-car conductors make upon it, when they let the people out of their cram at the big stores and the corners?"

"No. What?"

"Ah, wretch, why? 'Chawed 'n mashed.' 'Winter and summer?'" Jane mimicked, with just a touch of street-car intonation.

"They call it out, over and over, every trip; and yet the women swarm and crowd, and never think of the significance. I've often wondered they didn't notice it."

"I shall always notice it after this," cried Margaret, laughing delightedly. "It's capital!"

And then, with more little laughs between the words, she repeated them, and

translated to Aunt Kreeshy their parody upon the names of the great firms and the street crossings where the wildest crush and roar go on perpetually—"Winter and summer." Jane, you demure thing, where do you generally keep all the fun that is in you?"

"May be where my good times are," Jane answered.

opportunity. Dr. Griffith gave him his chance, and Jane allowed him what she certainly could not put herself voluntarily in the way for, elsewhere. It was Matt who told her, as they sailed between Mouse Island and Boothbay, with Squirrel Island off at their right, southward, how the splendid surf came up on the Squirrel rocks over beyond the

How much of this was of the moment? How much belonged to Matthew Morse? These questions put themselves to John Griffith, as he looked on, studying so much deeper than the jest that he scarcely smiled at it. Jane wondered at his gravity. She was afraid she had been a little silly, even out of taste, with her mimicry. The first faint breath of chill came over her perfect day. How could she, on the one part, guess what the grave look meant? And how could Dr. Griffith, on the other, understand that yesterday had flowed over into to-day, and that Matthew Morse was simply in the reflex light of it?

The real history of the remaining hours was in things that cannot be written. Matt got the best of it, as matters seemed; he had plenty of

her, as they rounded Ocean Point, that here they were fairly out on the Atlantic, that fifteen miles off there, to the east, was old Monhegan, and just northwest, before them, was Pemaquid; and that all the way from here to Passamaquoddy lay crowds of beautiful islands, with capes and points and bays and inlets, and innumerable windings, and quiet harbors and land-locked river-mouths behind them, in the grand, ragged shore that measures four degrees of longitude, and enchanted with its primeval loveliness the brave Northmen who came down from Iceland five hundred years before Columbus sailed from Spain, and in between Cape Sable and Cape Cod found this, to them, fair southern coast, and named it Vinland.

I am bound to say that Matthew not only had a good chance, but that he used it well. Jane could not help being charmed with all that he was telling her. She did not let herself be impatient that she could not have everything at once. She was far too unpretending to expect continual personal notice and kindness from Mrs. Sunderland and her brother—that was how she put it to herself—or to be always in their inner circle of companionship. A pleasant word or glance, when it did come, reassured her, even as to the momentary gravity which had troubled her awhile since, foolishly, she thought; for how could she suppose that Dr. Griffith might not have plenty to preoccupy his mind and prevent his entering into every little nonsense she, or anybody else, might utter? Yet the day had a little longer stretch in it for her as the noon drew on.

They had their early lunch, and were gay over it. Aunt Kreeshy did the honors, and took the whole trouble. The children skipped back and forth, and spun the company all into one web again. Afterward, Jane got Rick and Alice to her, with Miss Rickstack, and began a game.

They were a long time working up from Ocean Point. The slight breeze deserted them, and the tide was at low slack water. Matthew got out his long sweep, and, now at one side, now at the other, was urging his vessel with stalwart strokes, only to hold her own, it seemed. She scarcely gained perceptible headway.

Dr. Griffith offered help; but, whether Matthew had a second sweep or not, he did not produce it. He was used, he said, to one-man power. Evidently, it was his innings again. The doctor made his sister comfortable for a rest in a small sea-chair, and came and stood by the others, busy with their game of "Twenty Questions." He knew better than to keep too obviously apart. There was no reason why, like Matthew with his oar, he should not, at least, hold the distance he had won. He need not drift quite out to sea, though he had taken down his sail.

Miss Rickstack had been set to guess. The questions she propounded had already counted up to forty. She was making wild rushes up and down all the time and around all creation with her discursive inquiry, the children in high glee meanwhile at her futile surmises and the cleverness of Jane in having made suggestion of such a good "object."

"May I come in and help?" asked the doctor, when he had listened for a while.

"Oh, you'll finish it right up!" cried Alice. "But you may. See, Jane, how quick Uncle Hans will get at whatever he sets out for." And the small maiden clapped her hands in anticipated triumph.

"It is an animal, and small and soft; not particularly useful; ornamental?"

"Oh, very!" said Alice. "That's one question."

"I guessed a muff," said Miss Rickstack, complacently.

"Oh, but that is useful!" said Alice. "And it isn't a anything. It is always one particular thing."

"Ancient or modern?" asked the doctor.

"Modern," Jane answered, for he looked at her.

"Alive?"

"Yes."

"Can't be Alice's nose? Is it in this part of the world?"

"It is."

"In Leeport?"

"Yes."

"Domestic or wild?"

"Domestic."

"Belongs to Mrs. Morse?"

"It does."



Jane was in a good time now, then. Her face was merry. Little ripples of freshening content played over it as she lifted it to the pleasant air. The soft, fawn-brown locks fluttered lightly upon her forehead; her eyes were full of light.

sweet cedar woods; who pointed out dim Damaris Cove, and said they would go out there some day; who showed her beautiful Spruce Point, darkly dense with evergreens, that in spring were all tasseled with bright, new tips, like dropping gold; who reminded

"Is it a whole animal, or a part of one?"
 "A part."
 "A small point, or an important part?"
 "A small point."
 At which the children shrieked, and Dr. Griffith guessed, in a tumult of applause—
 "The white spot on the tip of Aunt Kreesby's black cat's tail."
 "I never saw such a guesser, or such a noticer!" exclaimed Alice.
 Dr. Griffith gave her ear a little pinch, and walked away to seat himself at the rudder with old Captain Zenas.

A puff of wind had risen again. The sail was run up, and filled; they slipped smoothly over the placid, sunny water, and so came presently to Pemaquid.
 Here, I am forced to confess, the holiday turned a bit dull. The interest of Pemaquid was in the fact of it, and this they had enjoyed beforehand. There was not much here to be seen; only the small patches and vestiges of what had once begun to be, and the very quiet and ordinary presentment of what had actually come to pass. It was Matthew Morse again who helped Jane to land, and who walked about with her and Miss Rickstack, as they viewed the fragmentary traces of the ancient town and fort. Mrs. Sunderland was soon tired, and went back on board, where Aunt Kreesby was taking her comfortable knitting-and-dozing spell, as if she had been in her own kitchen at home. Dr. Griffith accompanied his sister, and read to her from some new story, while the children remained with the shore party. Jane was not sorry when the word was given for all to return. The remaining hours of sunshine would be none too many for the outward sail determined on and the reaching home as early as compatible with the benefit of the tide up through the bay.

The wind had freshened and gone a point to the northward. It had a keener touch, but there was no harshness in it, and the unclouded sun sent streaming warmth along the waters.
 It was a lovely afterpart; the most beautiful bit of the day was this, when the light began to fall slantwise, and the sea, turned violet and green and pearl color, stretched out under the softening sky. Backward, the land rose in radiant heights, the hills standing in autumn sheen that, evening over evening, now sent challenge to the sunsets across the liquid deep that reflected and repeated, or gave softening and blending neutral tints between.

Jane was still with the pleasure of beholding; perhaps with purpose also, since again Matt and Aunt Kreesby were beside her. The children were quiet from some beginning of weariness. With little ulsters buttoned close, they cuddled upon cushions on the deck between their mother and Miss Rickstack. Dr. Griffith had covered his sister carefully with shawls, and placed her chair so that her face was from the sun and the warmth was upon her shoulders; he, himself, stood gazing off beyond the outer islands, upon the pearl-and-beryl shimmer of the southerly expanse. They were on the very tack outward. Matthew need not be very busy with the boat; he began to talk again with Aunt Kreesby of his hopes and plans. Poor fellow, he had to crowd a little, for his time was short!

"One of these days," he said, "I'll build a cottage for myself on Button Island. I'm my own land company there, you know, and I mean to stay so. It is as good growing value for me as anybody, and a pretty little house won't hurt it. I'll have nothing but a house and a garden and a boat-yard. There isn't a nicer bit of land and water in the whole bay."
 "And what'll father do?"
 "Father'll go where I go. The farm can be let out, or the land sold sometime. It's getting heavy for him, and my boat-building ought to be the best craft of the two. The garden will be just pretty work for him to see to. Yes, father'll go where I go."

It was manly of him to repeat this. He meant to let his filial duty be plainly understood. That lost no ground for him, if he had had any, with Jane; she only thought the talk was turning more on family matters than it concerned her to hear. What was Button Island to her? She wondered if she might not get up and walk away. Would it be rude, a rebuke to Matthew's forwardness with his own affairs, if she did so? Would the quiet person standing there, sending his thoughts away from all of them along that seaward beauty, take heed at all if she should? Would he have any word for her to-day, or ever any more, such as he had given her? How far off was yesterday?

She was so silent that her silence fell, presently, upon the others.
 "The boom, Miss Gregory."
 She hardly knew how long it had been, or that Matthew had left his place to attend to his sail, or had said a word of cautioning reminder as he did so, when the canvas flapped in the wind, the heavy spar swung round, and Dr. Griffith's voice and hand reached her just in time.

Then, for a moment, he did stay beside her. What reason was there for his visibly neglecting her?
 "Have you had a good day?" he asked her. "Are you tired?"
 "The day has been wonderful. I could never be tired of the hills and the sea," Jane answered. Was it in instinctive use of that hidden weapon of defensive coquetry with which woman nature, however sweet and true, is armed, that, feeling his tone, she added what she did? "I shall be sorry to leave them. I would like to be among them always."

With how much of a mere man's feeling, and with how much of his real, large kindness and faith, did he answer her?
 "I hope you will always have the best you can have; and I believe you will," he said. "You believe that for everybody, don't you, Dr. Griffith?"
 "In a sense, yes. But we all miss, or put off, a great deal that we might have. It is held right out to us, but we are blind, or do not care. That is what has taken the world a

hundred millions of years to get where it even is to-day," he added, with a sudden generalizing.
 "Shall we go round and round a hundred millions of years before we get at even the whole of ourselves?" Jane asked the question as it rose in her mind, but not as one who expects an answer.

"I suppose 'the patience of the saints' is the sure waiting of them who are being 'sainted,' which is simply being made whole," said Dr. Griffith.
 With just those words, he made her and her day rich again.

But would such words, such days, come only once, or twice, or twenty times in the round of her appointed years? How many rounds would there have to be before that healing, that whole-making, should come to her, to which every leaf upon the tree of life at last shall minister to the nations?

How much had she done herself, just now, to possibly put such things by?
 This man, who "guessed," who "noticed" everything—what had she given him new to think?

But she could not get back her words. If her day ended in a gift, it hardly ended in a gladness.

"I think it looks as if there were a place making here on purpose for Jane," said Mrs. Sunderland to her brother.

"Do you wish it?" asked Dr. Griffith.
 "I am very fond of Jane. I wish her to be very happy, and I think it seems possible here, and suitable."

"Suitable to what?"
 "To Jane herself, and her position."
 "Ah, Margaret! Ascutey Street!"
 "John, you know I haven't any of that sort of feeling about it!"
 "Do I? Do you?"

"If you mean that I don't like things unsuitable, you can quote Ascutey Street, if you like," said Margaret, with dignity. "I feel responsible for Jane; and I shall be glad if all goes well for her, in a safe, rational way. I can't help loving the girl, and I don't want to be the means of turning her head."

"Margaret," said Dr. Griffith, gravely and quietly, "I can't help loving the girl, either."
 Margaret flushed up, very red, and sat silent.

"May I speak right out, Gretel?" he asked her, kindly.
 "To me? I think you have. What else is there?"

"Only this; that I want the best of you in league with what I know is the best of me. Your class training is in the way just now. Theoretically, you deny it, even to yourself. Practically, it is troubling you."

"Because I think I may have made a great mistake."
 "It's just here, Gretel. The mistake is not in what you have done, but in what you may do. Women of your sort are always falling into precisely such dilemmas. You take up people for what they are; at a certain point you set them down again because of what they are rated to be. Your patronage becomes caprice, because it ought never to have been patronage, but pure recognition."

"It was somewhat hard for Margaret, who thought she had recognized with some generosity, to be told this.
 "And what do men of your sort do?" she asked.

"What God—not the devil—puts it into a man's heart to do."
 Margaret looked up at John with eyes full of love, but trouble also.

"I do not mean to be proud," she said, "and I could not be proud against you; but what if this—a simple life in the midst of all she delights in so with her whole nature—were the right thing?"

"That is what I am waiting to see. But, when you speak of her whole nature, Margaret, I doubt if it is met here. She is higher than Matthew Morse."

"And you are higher than she. Why should not a man marry up, as well as a woman?"
 "There is no why not. Both must marry up."

"How can that be?"
 "I am speaking of the Kingdom of Heaven. Gretel, we must go behind the looking-glass in these things. There is an inside world; it is there that God joins together. If people marry in the outside world and for it, they make a sham—a reflection, thin and evanescent. They are nothing but shadows to each other; not even true images at that. I must go behind the shadows. I must find my wife in the certain-true."

"And yet you are waiting for this other thing to happen, if it will?"
 "Yes. It could only begin to happen now. I suppose. It is too soon. But she is going away. I think he will say something. I shall give him his opportunity."

It was on Margaret's mind to ask, "Why do you not give her her choice?" But it did not get to her lips. She really did not know that it would be right. Jane was a good girl; but a good girl may be dazzled by very goodness. This question must be settled by heart-instinct, not by any enthusiasm of admiration, any glamour of upward looking. John knew best. Matthew's chance had better come first. She could not wish against her brother; but she still thought he might be saved from a mistake. If he were, he would be saved completely, after some struggle, perhaps. He was strong and good. He would not let this spoil his life.

"On Wednesday, or Thursday, we go to Wiscasset," said Dr. Griffith, after the pause in which she had been thinking this. "If we make out Wiscasset on Wednesday, then I will run up on Thursday and see that all is ready at Bay Hill. I shall be back on Saturday. You will want my help here the day before you leave."

The subject was changed. Margaret could not return to it. There were a dozen questions she would have liked to ask, but it was not time for them yet. Their answers hung upon what might happen in this week to come.

Jane had time, before the Wednesday, to ask herself many questions—growing rapidly more definite and searching—in which no one else could help her. Where was the happy looking-forward gone that she had had thus far in every fresh plan and promise, in every day for the next day to come? Why had Pemaquid been disappointing, and why did she think of beautiful Wiscasset and this new sail up and down the river-aisles with a certain dread? The catechizing came close home.

Whatever other people meant, what did she mean herself? Why had kindness—it was only that—from one person made the same sort of kindness irksome to her from anybody else? Why was the least withdrawal painful to her, on the one side; the least advance repugnant to her on the other? Was it the same sort of kindness? Had she any right to call the two the same? Why was she so quick to fear from the one, so slow to hope from the other? To hope what? What was she beginning to be about, in her absurd presumption? She would prove to herself that it was nothing. She would keep herself in a tight hold. She would let one thing be as another. She would not be afraid. She would not be disappointed. She would take things as they came. How foolish otherwise! How soon it would all be over. What could it possibly amount to in these few days left? They would all go back again, away from these woods and waters; they would never see Matt Morse any more. Dr. Griffith would go home to Sunnywater.

One thing sent a pulse of exultation through her as she thought of it. Mrs. Sunderland was her friend; she belonged with her; she would hear; she would know; there would be a link; she should not altogether lose—
 What?

She brought herself short up again with the stern demand. If they could think of this as further kindness, what did it make of her—desiring to keep—not bearing to lose? Pride and shame flamed up in her.

What right had she to let a single imagination stray out beyond Mrs. Sunderland and her service? Least of all, through her to hers, who only as hers could be of any distant concern to herself, Jane Gregory? It was base; it was disingenuous; it was not to be allowed. If she could not help this, she must go away to her seamstressing again; she must go back to Ascutey Street.

Holding this threat over herself, she shaped her behavior.

Every day that our little party planned for seemed also planned to meet them, with all concomitants of wind and weather. Wednesday came, with a sweet, south, summer air. The atmosphere was balm. It was a golden day of a golden season. Going up the river their sails were full. It was only as the stream and inlets wound about that their course involved a little shifting. It was just enough to escape monotony.

(Continued on page 24.)

That Tired Feeling

Has never been more prevalent or more prostrating than now. The winter has been mild and unhealthful, influenza epidemic and fevers have visited nearly all our homes, leaving about everybody in a weak, tired-out, languid condition. The usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus made greater than ever, for it is also lutely unequalled as a building-up, strengthening medicine. Try it and you will realize its recuperative powers.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Is the ideal spring medicine. It rouses the kidneys and liver, tones the digestive organs, creates an appetite, purifies and vitalizes the impure and sluggish blood, cures the headache and overcomes all the prostrating effects of that tired feeling. Mr. G. W. Sloan, of Milton, Mass., writes: "For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have not seen a sick day since."

That Tired Feeling

"I was very much run down in health, had no strength and no inclination to do anything. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and that tired feeling has left me, my appetite has returned, I am like a new man." CHAUNCEY LATHAM, North Columbus, Ohio.
 "My health was very poor last spring and seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has built my system up. I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth. I recommend it to my acquaintances." JOHN MATTHEWS, Oswego, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Has a record of cures of Scrofula and other blood diseases never equalled by any other preparation. The most severe cases yield to this remedy when others have failed to have the slightest effect. Hereditary scrofula, which clings to the blood, with the greatest tenacity, is cured by this peculiar medicine. Its many remarkable cures have won for Hood's Sarsaparilla the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

That Tired Feeling

"For many years I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in the early spring, when I am troubled with dizziness, dullness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my headache and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I used this spring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it." JOHN BINNS, 683 43d street, town of Lake, Chicago, Ill.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but possessing just those elements which the system needs and readily seizes,—

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Builds up in a perfectly natural way, all the weakened parts, acts upon the blood as a purifier and vitalizer, assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver, and speedily overcomes "That Tired Feeling."
 "My daughter received much benefit from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." REV. F. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

That Tired Feeling

"I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing. I was severely troubled with biliousness, and thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken half a bottle I noticed a big change for the better, and after taking two bottles I consider myself entirely cured. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine that will do all that is claimed for it." J. B. SMITH, Collector for Bell Telephone Company, 78 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Has had remarkable success in curing dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, and similar troubles. It gently but surely tones the stomach and digestive organs, creates a good appetite, cures sick headache, overcomes drowsy feeling and mental depression. It also acts upon the kidneys and liver, rousing these important organs to healthy action. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That Tired Feeling

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with great benefit. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. KRKES, Utica, N. Y.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

That Tired Feeling

As a headline in advertising is entirely original with Hood's Sarsaparilla, its use having been suggested by a testimonial from a Boston lady who had been cured of "that tired feeling" and made "like a new woman," by this excellent medicine. As a remedy for weakness or debility caused by change of season, climate or life, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled. It possesses peculiar "building-up" power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, general debility, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints.

That Tired Feeling

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BRIGGS, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.
 "Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life, and restored me to my wonted health and strength." WILLIAM H. CLOUGH, Tilton, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Overcomes that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season, or life. Its peculiar toning, purifying, and vitalizing qualities are soon felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease and giving quick, healthy action to every organ. It tones the stomach creates an appetite, and rouses the liver and kidneys. Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

That Tired Feeling

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of blood poison, gave me a noble appetite, overcame headache and dizziness, so that now I am able to work again." LUTHER NASON, 68 Church street, Lowell, Mass.
 N. B. Be sure to get only
Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

BOTH SIDES THE LINE.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

THE sound of drums, and a fife's shrill cry,
Float in with the breath of the soft May breeze;
Watching the bright groups hurrying by
In the sunlight, breaking through branching trees.
These college maidens march two by two—
I can catch the gleam of their garments light—
While above them droops the red and blue
Of the half-mast flag, with its colors bright.

This to the young is a festal day,
Just shadowed, perhaps, by a minor strain
In the gathering tears that will have way,
From some black-robed woman's bitterest pain.
Why should I go with the crowds, who fling
O'er the sleepers their blossoming sweets?
For how could I make a public thing
Of the cry which each hour my soul repeats?

How could I weep for the boys in blue,
While shedding no tear for the boys in gray?
—Who have fought every battle through,
With my heart watching both sides all the way!
For Philip was here, my husband true,
And my brother, Ned, was across the line;
It seemed that my heart was torn in two,
Since they both were precious and both were mine.

O, brave hearts these, in that last deep sleep,
From which no bugle shall wake to strife.
Memorial Day, I ever keep,
While my heart beats on with its loyal life.
You were my country! I mourn for you!
Your colors I wear in my life away:
In Philip's young eyes I find the blue,
And here, in my tresses, I wear the gray.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS LIFE.

WHY SOME SUCCEED AND WHY SOME FAIL.

BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE.



HERE is no earthly reason why a woman should not do anything that she chooses and knows how to do, so long as she does not break the law of the land, or cease to be respectable.

Such was the verdict of one of our great jurists when asked what kind of work he thought women should be encouraged to undertake.

Of course, under such a ruling the woman is placed upon equality with the man, so far as opportunities of self-support go, and if the business woman is not so successful as the business man, the fault must be within herself rather than in the tyranny of man, where a large class of reformers now-a-days are prone to place it.

The class of business women is, as we all know, large and on the increase, and is year by year proving itself a class to be considered, to be respected and to be taken into account by the surliest statistician; but it is not altogether and always a successful class, and conservatives of the other sex are very fond of pointing out the failures, and letting the successes go by. But are business men invariably successful, and are their enterprises always wise and always clever?

Isn't it a little like the people who live in glass houses stoning the passers-by?

Women are adapted to certain kinds of business by the very traits that make them different from men. They are more elastic of temperament, more hopeful, more patient, readier with a new expedient when the old one fails, not so stubborn in taking a "back track," and more cheerful under defeat.

A born business woman is inventive; she sees by instinct what movement is likely to be successful, and is not afraid to move without a precedent. We all know that nothing is so successful as success, if she makes a good hit in the beginning it is very apt to carry her brilliantly through to the end.

Again, women are far more capable than men of setting their own comfort aside when they have an object superior to comfort in their minds. Any woman worth considering from the present point of view, will go without her meals, rob herself of her sleep, forego rest, recreation or society, and hardly know that she is doing so, until she has achieved her end; and then all at once she gives way; and in the retirement of her home likes to be waited upon by inches, if only the right person is at hand to humor her.

Shall I confide to you that I, who claim to be a business woman, and, at the same time appreciate the comforts and luxuries of life as much as most persons, I myself have made it a practice for years to rise at seven, no matter how few hours I had been in bed, refresh myself with a cold bath, breakfast, and be in my office at nine o'clock or soon after, there to remain, generally luncheonless, until four in the afternoon?

I do not enjoy it nearly so much as I should a different order of things, but I had a sacred trust to fulfil; my husband had left it in my hands to rehabilitate his name, and build up again a business shattered through no fault of his. It was a gigantic undertaking, and I threw myself into it so completely that I thought by day and dreamed by night of nothing else, and was for the time no longer a woman, but an embodied idea.

Of course I succeeded; that sort of effort generally does succeed, but, without a particle of self-conceit, I will say that I do not think many men in my position would have been able to make that success. A good many women could have done it as well as I, no doubt; but few men could have borne the ordeal.

Again, women are less liable to the temptations that beset a business man. Conviviality, for instance, is not so much in their line.

I once heard a business man confess, with a shamelessness that astonished me more than most things do, that when he wanted to "make a trade" he sought his man about eleven or twelve o'clock and invited him out for a drink and a smoke; just the time of day, he kindly explained, "when a fellow begins to feel the weight of the collar, but not yet time for lunch"; and then, after urging as much liquor upon his guest as he could be induced to swallow, he generally succeeded in driving the bargain he wished, and which the other would not have looked at an hour or two earlier.

Well, women don't go out for smokes and drinks, and their business instincts are quite as keen or a little keener at eleven o'clock as they are at nine.

But here we trench very closely upon one of the pitfalls and danger-paths in the career of a business woman.

She doesn't smoke, she doesn't take intoxicants, she wouldn't think of hob-nobbing with a business acquaintance, either in his office or hers, or anywhere else, but there is a snare set for her feet that would never hold those of the man for a moment.

A man whom she likes, and likes to meet at almost any time, drops into her office. Perhaps they have business relations together, and she is quite his match so far as holding her own in any transaction in which they might be mutually interested; but if he is a wily man and sufficiently sure of his ground to take the liberty, he does not proceed to business at once, but fingering himself into a chair beside her desk begins to finger the paper-cutter, or take up some little feminine toy in the shape of a clip or a paper-weight and comments upon it in the half-amused, half-indulgent way men have with the devices of business women; then he pushes his hair wearily off his forehead and says he's fagged out, and Mantilini's right—life is a "hard grind." Then our business woman feels a little stir of womanly pity and sympathy, and says a few kind words and invites him to drop in at her next reception or before, and he thanks her and says how good she is, and so brightens up a little and begins on business in a languid sort of way, recommending his own views, but listening respectfully to hers, and in the end, unless that little woman has been through just such experiences too often to lose her head, she comes out decidedly second-best in the bargain.

And after ever so much experience she finds it hard, and perhaps at night sheds a little tear or two, regretting that she may not have the luxury like other women of pleasing the man she likes, by sacrificing her own judgment to his.

The great irrepressible desire of a woman's heart is for love; and although other impulses may, for a time, usurp and sway, and the woman may loudly proclaim her superiority to any such bondage, the tyrannous little god never relinquishes his inherent rights, and rejoices in sudden and unexpected forays with the rebellious domain, where he upsets and demoralizes in a moment the careful work of months.

If a woman's dependence upon the life of the affections is an element of weakness in business life, another is her royal right of caprice. She throws herself into the pursuit of "affairs" with all the ardor of her being, and so long as the goal is unattained, so long as the apple is just out of her reach, her ardor will never flag; but let the object be attained, the prize of the moment won, she is only too apt to let her interest fade out, to say in effect: "There, you see I can do that; now I will try something else."

To sum up all in a nutshell, the business woman's best elements of success are industry, originality, enterprise, self-confidence, courage, and, above all, good health and steady nerves, which mean much more to her than to the man.

Her disadvantages are physical weakness, "nerves," the disinclination to descend into the arena and rub elbows with men naturally repugnant to her touch; sensitiveness to slight or disparagement, a certain proneness to import personal feelings into every relation of life, and, of course, the lack of business training which every lad receives.

But, after all, do not know that it is quite honorable, as a member of the guild, to set forth in print the few weaknesses and disadvantages of the business woman. So having celebrated her ability at some length, I will here refrain, leaving the business men to find out the reverse side for themselves, and thereby disproving one masculine charge against women, which is—that they have no *esprit de corps* and never stand up for each other.

THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST GEMS.

THE largest perfect diamond in the world is now the Imperial, that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition last year, and which is valued at one million of dollars. This is the most valuable stone in the world, and is owned by a syndicate. The biggest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at \$50,000. It has no parallel, even in the Crown Jewels, and it is related that the Duchess of Edinburgh carried it all the way to St. Petersburg for the Czar to have a look at it. The largest and most beautiful cat's-eye in the world weighs one hundred and seventy carats, is owned in London, and is insured for 30,000 rupees. The finest private collection of pearls in the world is owned by Madame Dosne, sister-in-law of M. Thiers. The biggest emerald in the world weighs 2,980 carats, and is in the Imperial Jewel Office in Vienna. The largest and costliest cat's-eye in the world is owned by a Moorman, of Ceylon, who dug it up himself from the mines. He has been offered as high as \$30,000 for it, but declines to part with it at that figure, saying that, if he liked, he could cut it up into forty small pieces, and sell each piece for about \$5,000, aggregating pretty nearly \$200,000!

HOW TO CHOOSE EYE-GLASSES.

BY H. V. WURDEMANN, M. D.



THE fact that most of us, if we live long enough, must come to glasses, makes it advisable that every one should know the reasons therefor, and the times when these aids to vision should be adopted. However, the use of glasses must not be construed to be a confession of old age.

Fully one-fourth of our younger population, if placed in a position demanding steady use of the eyes for near work, would find the need of glasses.

Students and professional men, seamstresses and others who use their eyes to the maximum, as a rule develop the symptoms of weak sight, while farmers and those who live an out-door life, doing little or no reading, may never feel the need of glasses, although their eyes may be naturally weak.

Who ever saw an European peasant wearing spectacles, even though his head were hoary with age? Or a negro, before the emancipation proclamation? The colored race, however, are rapidly feeling the need of glasses, and it is now no uncommon thing to observe one of these people wearing the same. The eyes of the negro seem to be naturally weak, and will not admit of much close work. I have found a larger percentage of far-sighted eyes among this race than in the white.

We cannot give up all use of the eyes for close work if they ache, smart or burn after use of them, though glasses are deemed by many inconvenient and even unsightly. Yet if we would cure ourselves and live in comfort they are the only remedies. There are five forms of optical defects which may be corrected by lenses.

First.—Old-sight: when small objects must be held farther and farther from the eyes, until finally only distant things are clearly seen, then convex lenses must be used for all near vision. To this state must all but very near-sighted people surely come.

Second.—Far-sight: when both far and near objects are, as a rule, seen, but work must be held at a greater distance from the eyes than it should be for the age of the subject. In this condition the eyes appear flattened and sunken far into their sockets.

Third.—Near-sight: when near objects are plainly seen, but distant ones are blurred. The eyes are prominent and patients nip the lids together in order to see distinctly.

Fourth.—Astigmatism: a term which is given to an irregular form of the eye, where parallel lines are seen clearly, but horizontal ones are blurred, or vice-versa.

Fifth.—Weakness of the muscles moving the eye-ball, and squint, the most common form of which is the affliction usually termed "crossed-eyes."

Hence glasses are indicated when any of the following symptoms are noted:—

I.—When small objects or print must be removed beyond ten inches from the eyes in order to see distinctly. This is usually old-sight, and is remedied by convex lenses, of which the one to be chosen is the *weakest* with which ordinary print can be read at a distance of ten inches. The correct lenses to overcome old-sight may easily be picked out by the age of the individual.

The rule is at forty-five years of age to choose number 1 D, convex (No. 42 of the old system of numbering lenses). These glasses must be increased in strength as we grow older, in the proportion of the following table:—

AGE.	No. D.	No.
45 years	1	42
50 "	2	20
55 "	3	13
60 "	4	10
65 "	4.50	7
70 "	5.50	6 1/2
75 "	6	6
80 "	7	6

Both far and near-sighted persons are exceptions to this table, the former requiring stronger, while the latter require weaker reading glasses than is usually the case at the patient's age.

II.—When on examination of near objects these become suddenly confused, a mist appearing before the eyes which can only be dissipated by rubbing or resting them for a time, then upon working again the disagreeable symptoms return. This is the ordinary manifestation of far-sight. The strongest convex lens, with which distant objects can be plainly seen, for use while reading, etc., removes this affliction. It must be remembered that if any one can see distant objects distinctly through convex glasses, he is far-sighted and should wear spectacles for near work. In this form of optical defect glasses are not usually needed for distance.

III.—When distant objects are not plainly seen, but with near work there is no difficulty. This is near-sight, and clear vision is gained by using the *weakest* concave lens with which objects beyond twenty feet are plainly discerned.

IV.—When other symptoms, such as headache the cause of which appears obscure, dizziness and other head symptoms, deep-seated pain in the eyes and brows which may be combined with local diseases, as redness and swelling of the eyes or lids, and other complaints which do not yield to ordinary treatment are present, there is usually astigmatism, or weakness of the eye muscles.

These symptoms are quickly dissipated by the use of properly-fitting cylindrical or prismatic glasses. None but an oculist is competent to fit these or other forms of compound lenses to the eyes.

Smoked or dark glasses and blue glasses are useful when the eye is exposed to bright light, as the glaring sand of the seashore or the

dazzling reflection from snow. In some diseases of the eyes, or where they are weak, blue glasses will prove very grateful for outdoor use. Blue cuts off the orange rays of light which are most irritating to the retina. However, neither of these forms of glasses should be used for working or reading.

Spectacles or eye glasses—which are the better? By all means the former, if there be no great objection from an aesthetic point of view. With spectacles more work can be done without fatigue. Still for occasional use folders, suspended by a light chain or cord, are very convenient. For some forms of optical defects eye-glasses are not admissible.

Young persons generally prefer the folders or *pinces-nez*. Luckily for us the foibles of fashion have not foisted upon us the monocle or single eye-glass, for it is as useless and as harmful as it is ugly, its use straining the eye, in which it is not worn, to a great degree.

When it is necessary, one pair of glasses may be made to suffice for both near and far vision. They are constructed so that the patient looks through the upper portion for far and the lower for near vision.

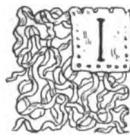
A word of caution in choosing glasses:—Both eyes are not always alike; the one may be stronger than the other; one eye may be far-sighted, while the other is near-sighted, or one may have some optical defect from which the other is free.

Thus great care should be exercised in choosing spectacle glasses, for improper ones frequently aggravate or give rise to trouble.

Note: Convex lenses magnify, while concave lenses diminish the apparent size of objects.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE.

BY WAH LE TUNG.



I T has often been a matter of conjecture why a Chinaman should be so particular in sleeping with his head toward the east. When at home, or traveling, or visiting, the Celestial, if among strangers, exercises no little care to avoid sleeping in

any other position than the one which he has been brought up to look upon as the most correct and healthful to his mind.

According to the Chinese superstition it is exceedingly dangerous to sleep with the head toward the setting sun. The sleeper might justly fear darkness, unhappiness, and death; that is, of course, if he is a believer. From the north comes coldness, loneliness and barrenness, and to sleep with his head in that direction would be to bring down upon himself and family these products of the pole.

The south signifies passing glory; a limitation of wealth, health and happiness. Therefore, that is extremely undesirable. But to the east—the source of the rising sun in all its splendor—is where the Celestial looks for all his good gifts. From it come (so he believes) light, life, wealth and happiness. No misery, or wretchedness, or want can come from the glorious east; so he must sleep with his head in that direction, in order to get the full benefit of the good gifts which will come to him.

Often, in traveling, Chinamen carry a mariner's pocket-compass, in order that, when the time comes to retire, they may discover which way to point their heads. If they make a mistake and sleep the wrong way, they are likely to lose just so much health and happiness. With a dead Chinaman this is reversed; for we believe that after death the body has nothing to lose, and the head, therefore, is placed before the west.

It is a fact worthy of notice and mention that those Chinamen who have become Christianized follow the old superstition about sleeping just as much as the heathen who steps his foot on American soil for the first time. They look upon it as truth, and not superstition, from childhood up, and it is hard to break down the teachings of a mother and father, especially in China.

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DOMESTIC LIFE IN EGYPT



BY MARY J. HOLMES



PHASES of domestic life in Egypt vary according to the grade to which the parties belong, for where there is an advance in education, with frequent opportunities for intercourse with the English and Americans, there is less of that restraint and espionage

which, in our free land, would be unbearable, and which is beginning to fret and chafe the Egyptian women like a harness worn too long.

The Khedive's household is a happy one, for the Khedive himself is a sensible, kind-hearted man, very popular with his people and very fond of his wife. She was the granddaughter of an ex-Sultan of Turkey, and, it is whispered, holds the matrimonial reins rather tightly, and keeps so sharp an eye upon her husband that he has never taken a second wife, although the law provides that he or any other man may have four lawful wives and as many unlawful ones as he pleases.

Taking advantage of this privilege, old Ismail, father of the present Khedive, had in his different palaces, three hundred at a time; but so wretched was his life, with so many women to please and stand between, that he offered fifty pounds and a gold watch to any man who would take one of them off his hands. But as no one was found courageous enough to do it, he emigrated with the entire three hundred to Stamboul, where, I was told, they are all living under one roof and eating at one table.

As a rule, the Egyptians are kind to their wives, and the women of Egypt are less under restraint than those of other Mohammedan countries. They go out quite often, though always veiled, for Moslem law requires that a woman's face shall not be seen by any man who is not a near relative; and when a stranger enters a house he calls out to let them know that a man is coming, and give the women time either to veil or retire, which last they generally do, like a flock of frightened birds. In the street the disfiguring veil is always worn, except by women of the lower class and by the very young girls, who are as free and untrammelled as the girls of our own country.

Those of the higher and middle classes are frequently attended by a eunuch, who is looked upon and treated with nearly as much familiarity as if he were the nurse of the family; while the girls of the peasantry—the Fellaheen—literally run themselves, and with their ragged gowns, and brown, bare feet, look as happy, while asking for *bakshesh*, as do the daughters of the Khedive when driving with their English governess, with the royal runners in front, and the soldiers and band at the palace gate waiting to salute them on their return. But, once married, perfect freedom of action ceases, for the husband keeps vigilant watch over the charms which belong to him, and any impropriety or boldness on the part of his wife is visited with prompt and severe discipline.

Marriage, with the Egyptian girl, is not a matter of choice, for everything is arranged for her, and at a very early age. To be single at eighteen or nineteen is a disgrace, and it is not unusual for girls to become wives at the age of twelve or thirteen, and even younger.

Of the excitement of love-making the Egyptian girl is ignorant, for when the right time comes a husband is provided for her and she has nothing to do but to take him for better or worse, and, with no affection on either side, it is quite as often for worse as for better—for how can a girl love a man whom she knows only by hearsay, or how can a man love a woman of whom he has only heard from his sisters or his mother, or some person hired to look up and report the good qualities of the marriageable girls, as one would report the good qualities of any other marketable animal?

It is said that American women are naturally match-makers, and in this respect our Egyptian sisters do not differ greatly from us; and where there are several daughters in a family, the mother herself sometimes makes advances to the young men, telling them of the treasures hidden in the harem of her household and soliciting negotiations. If the impression is favorable, whether received from her or from some one else, the bargaining commences with the father as to the amount of dowry expected for the bride, and the amount to be given with her.

The *dota* on both sides being amicably settled, the father and son-in-law grasp hands, touching thumb to thumb, while both repeat the Mohammedan creed, and the father says something as follows: "You take my daughter to be your wife and promise to give her—" (so much), "while I, on my part, promise her—" (so much), whatever the sum may be; and this is the marriage-contract, with which the bride-elect has nothing to do, although she becomes, for the time being, a person of nearly as much consequence as are the brides-elect in our own country, with this difference, however: there is no watching for the coming lover, no passionate words or acts of endearment in the out-of-the-way places which engaged people have a

knack of finding, and no planning for the cloudless future. All this is unknown to the Egyptian girl, who can only sit quietly at home, admiring her pretty dresses, if she has any, and speculating as to how she will like her husband, or—what is quite as necessary to her happiness—how she will get on with her mother-in-law, with whom she is to live; for the young man usually takes his wife to his father's house, where, in some cases, she becomes a mere drudge, with little or no sunshine in her life; while in others she takes her place at once as the petted daughter of the harem.

The act of going to the bath, which precedes the wedding, is an important one, and attended with as much ceremony and show as the condition of the family will warrant. One often sees, in the streets of Cairo, a procession, headed by a band of musicians, followed by the married friends and relatives, with numerous young girls surrounding the bride, who looks like a walking bundle of shawls so closely is she wrapped in them to conceal her from view. A second band of musicians, with horns and drums, brings up the rear, and the procession moves very slowly to the sound of the doleful music, interspersed occasionally with bursts of laughter from the girls, who evidently enjoy it all immensely.

The ceremony of conducting the bride to her new home is much the same, except that she goes in a carriage, which is covered with shawls, so that no glimpse of her can possibly be obtained by the most curious looker-on.

In the evening comes the reception, to which many guests are bidden, and where the ladies have a chance to show their handsome toilets, though only to each other, as they are assembled by themselves in an upper room, through the latticed windows of which they can cautiously look down into the court below, where the men sit, stiff and silent, drinking coffee, smoking and listening to the atrocious music which the hired band keeps up. After the reception the man is taken to his wife, whose unveiled face he sees for the first time. If he likes it, the girl's chance for happiness is good; if he does not like it, life must become a burden hard to bear, while in no case can it be very exciting or hilarious, secluded as she is from the world, with, if she belongs to the better class, little or nothing to do except to lounge in her stocking feet upon the divans ranged around the room, go to the bath, gossip and smoke cigarettes, and sometimes amuse herself with needlework or embroidery.

Cosmetics and perfumes are freely used, and an Egyptian lady is as particular about her dress as a fashionable New York belle. At the wedding reception which I attended, the toilettes of the women were much like our own; but when they appear on the street they are covered from head to foot with huge, loose gowns of black silk, and as they always ride the donkey astride like a man, the wind gets under the gowns, which stand out like little balloons, so that, with only their eyes visible above their veils, and their little red Turkish slippers just visible at the stirrup, they present a most peculiar appearance. They are always attended by a servant, whose business it is to keep the donkey going and the way clear for them. If a man meets them, it is etiquette to turn his head away, lest his eyes should rest upon and covet his neighbor's property.

The houses of the upper classes are usually built around a court, in which there is a fountain and sometimes potted shrubs and flowers. The harem, or private apartments of the wife and children, is in the upper story.

The Egyptians are early risers, taking at once a cup of coffee and a pipe. At 11 or 12 they breakfast, and dine some hours later. But the chief meal of the day is supper, to which guests are frequently invited. The hands are washed and grace said before and after each meal, and they often eat with their fingers. The spiritual welfare of the women is attended to by a person hired for that purpose, and one native told us that he paid three pounds a month for a priest to read and pray with his wife every day. All this, of course, pertains to the better class of women, who lead a very different life from the poor Fellaheen, or peasantry, who are, literally, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and whose tired eyes look so sadly and drearily at you over the dirty veil fastened across their noses, as, with one hand they hold a little child upon their back and with the other carry a basket larger and heavier than the child. How they live only Heaven and the missionaries know, for few tourists ever care to visit their homes, which are sometimes rude mud houses and sometimes caves, or tombs, from which the mummies have been stolen. These last are up the river where I looked into one, a rock tomb in the desolate valley of Bab-el-Molook. An iron kettle on a pile of stones was the only article of furniture I saw in the place where husband and wife and children, camels, donkeys and dogs, all herd together at night and hover near during the day.

God pity the poor Fellaheen women and hasten the time when she, and all who are now held in bondage by the superstitions of the Moslem religion, may know what domestic happiness means, where woman is a queen and man her loving subject.

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BY FRANK E. HOLLIDAY.

MY little Bo-Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying.
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying:
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From folds of her gowns are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a-maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF KID GLOVES.

BY AUGUSTA S. PRESCOTT.

ECONOMIZE in anything but gloves," say the fashion writers; even going so far as to add that in these days of enveloping ulsters and cloaks that enshroud the figure, the beauty of a lady's toilet must depend almost entirely upon the elegance of her bonnet and gloves.

But to be always well gloved is expensive and not all can afford this luxury. Gloves wear out so soon! Putting them on and off pulls the seams apart; holding the hands in the warm depths of a muff causes the kid to become moist and, finally, to stiffen; carrying an umbrella and, mayhap, grasping the skirts at the same time, stretches the palms and wears off the kid surface. In short, all things seem to combine to keep her of moderate means, but nice tastes, from covering her hands as daintily as she could wish.

To counteract these influences, good care must be taken of the gloves when they are not in use. They must be kept nicely mended, missing buttons sewn on before the wrists have had time to stretch out of shape, and, when laid away, they should be put palm to palm with the fingers straightened and each fold as carefully preserved as possible.

The first putting on is a determining factor in the fit of a glove, provided it is of good quality and of the right size. Each finger should be worked on, down to the very tip, taking pains to keep the seams at the sides of the fingers in the proper place. If a finger is allowed to become twisted at this time, it will always twist a little each time the glove is put on. Then the thumb is put on and the glove smoothed and smoothed until it takes its proper place over the hand, conforming to every line and crease. Then it must be buttoned. To do this successfully, fasten the second button first, then the one at the wrist, and, lastly, the top ones.

Though you may unbutton them ever so cautiously you will find that the buttons have been strained and that the threads holding them show signs of breaking. Now is the time to take a few stitches—but do so judiciously. Draw the thread through leaving the knot on the outside. It will be hidden by the button and will not wear off as soon as it would if underneath. Now place a pin under the button and between it and the kid, and sew the button in place. When done, take out the pin and you will find the button to be firmly sewed on with sufficient leeway in the thread to allow for the space that the kid will take up when the gloves are buttoned.

When this is done it will preserve the buttons in their integrity throughout the entire life of a pair of gloves, doing away with the possibility of wearing buttons of divers sizes and discordant hues.

The old-time custom of leaving the tips of the fingers slightly projecting, is not a good one. The ends soon wrinkle and curl over, spoiling the shape of the fingers. When this is done to make the finger tips appear more tapering, it is well to "stuff" a speck of cotton into the ends of the fingers. This will keep them from curling.

When a glove has become damp with perspiration, it is best to allow it to become dry upon the hand before removing. If this is impracticable, remove carefully, pulling the glove off the hand by the top. When the palm and back of the hand are bare, gently, very gently, grasp the finger tips and loosen each finger separately, giving little tugs until the glove is off. By managing this there is no strain put upon any part of the damp kid. Turn the gloves right side out and let them become cool and dry before putting away.

Strips of tissue paper laid between the different pairs, help to preserve the shape and also keep out the dust. The kid is said to keep soft longer if the gloves are closely pressed together.

When gloves have become hard and stiff—as will sometimes happen—they can generally be restored by a little judicious warming. Hold them near, yet not too near, a register, or radiator, and turn them slowly around, gently rubbing them. When warmed through, put them upon the hand, which should also be warm. Kid is usually stiff only because it is cold, or has been left to dry without proper attention. Putting it on while in this state is apt to crack it hopelessly.

Black kid may be softened and rendered pliable to the hand by the addition of a little

vaseline, rubbed in evenly until not a trace remains on the outside. If water be spilled upon black kids, wipe quickly away and, as soon as convenient, anoint the moistened portion with vaseline or oil. It will prevent it from stiffening.

When gloves are tried on at the stores, the glove powder that is shaken within them, leaves disagreeable traces upon the hands and around the finger nails. While this may, of course, be removed by washing, it is not pleasant to think that one cannot remove one's new gloves, without being obliged at once to seek a spot where the hands may be rendered presentable. To avoid this, one may request that very little powder may be put in; or, if the hands are cool and dry, none at all is required. At home, one may rub one's hands with a little toilet powder, if necessary.

It is economy to have one's entire stock of gloves all of the same shade, for then there will always be at hand scraps of kid with which to reinforce a needy member.

A bright woman, with more time than money, affected a saving of the latter by an ingenious little device. Cutting the long, loose mousquetaire tops from a pair of gloves, worn out in the hands, she sewed them neatly upon the short wrists of a pair that were of only two-button length, wrinkling, as the tops did, down to the wrist, the seam was not noticeable, while the saving in the first cost was great. Of course, her gloves were of the same color or she could not have done this.

Who has not been so unlucky as to buy at some time a pair of gloves with one finger too small for the rest of the hand? This will sometimes happen even with expensive kid. It is merely a miscut, but it disables the glove. If there are old gloves from which to cut, a small gore may be inserted in the unhappy finger. If one is very neat in sewing, this will scarcely be detected.

A certain lady, during her summer outing abroad, purchased a quantity of kid gloves without trying on. When she reached home, months after, she found that the fingers of all were much too long for her hand. But, undismayed, she set to work to correct this. Rip-ping open the ends of the fingers, she took an exact pattern of them and then applied this pattern to the length that she wished the fingers to be. By cutting the kid carefully and sewing with equal care, she succeeded so well that no one could tell her work from the original stitching.

It is also economy to buy always of the same dealer when once a reliable one is found. For, in case of accidents and misfits, such as the one previously described, the dealer will be more apt to exchange the goods for a regular customer.

If thin spots are found in the kid, it is a good plan to turn the glove wrong side out, and, before the spot has a chance to break, to paste a piece of thin silk on the under side. Use for this purpose a kind of glue that hardens quickly and, when hard, requires more than the heat of the hand to make it liquid again. Spread it very evenly upon the silk and apply underneath the spot, trimming off all ragged edges when dry. Court-plaster may be used, but it is stiff and is apt to show through the kid.

Each small rip, or even the breaking of a stitch should receive prompt attention. That "a stitch in time saves nine," is literally true of gloves, every one will believe who has noted the difference between a rip that was mended at once and one that was suffered to remain until it had spread far down the seam. For a small sun a glove-maker will sew seams, stitching them exactly as they were when new.

When seams gap, leaving a little white line along the edges, but slight relief can be suggested. A little ink cautiously applied with a pen point will remedy such troubles in a black pair. Tan colored gloves may have a little strong coffee dropped along the afflicted seam.

It is far the safest plan to try on gloves before buying. One avoids in this way the annoyance of returning misfits, or, what is more serious, the danger of being obliged to keep an unwearable pair.

When one wishes to buy for a friend, or for one's self and cannot take the time to try on, one can, at least, request the clerk to open the fingers, making sure that no rips, nor gaping seams lurk under the smooth exterior.

With all these precautions one must occasionally replenish one's stock, for kid gloves, at best, are perishable articles of dress.

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FARMER BELL'S BARGAIN

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS.

FARMER BELL ate with a keen relish his supper of feathery griddle cakes, well sweetened with maple syrup. He didn't notice that the table-cloth was snowy white, and that the glasses and china were polished and lintless. He didn't stop to tell poor, tired-looking Mrs. Bell that she was the best cook in York county. He knew it, and boasted of it away from home; but then it wasn't his way to speak out a praise of his own family. Besides, the griddle cakes and Mrs. Bell belonged to him; and he declared it as his policy "to keep only the very best ev every kind er stuff from the women folks in the house down to the primest pertater patch on the county roads."

Farmer Bell took his hat from its peg in the entry-way and sauntered down the shady walk. At the foot of the garden he found his good neighbor, Deacon Bonus, attending to the weeds and potato bugs just across the garden fence.

Although the neighbors hadn't met before for several days, there was no conventional greeting, not even a "How dy." For farmer Bell wasn't in any way a conventional man. He claimed to be simply "square," and took pride in the sharp corners that stuck out on every side of his nature. He had no sympathy for any sensitive person who "couldn't stand the hard knocks they got round in his neighborhood." Yet, underneath all this rough masonry, inside which he encased himself, there was a soul that scorned every form of double dealing with God or man. He was just as "square" with one as the other.

He wasn't a religious man. He seldom, if ever, went to church nowadays. "For," he said, "I'll never make no truck an' dicker with the Lord jest ter make sure 'ev gettin' inter heaven. In the end He's likely to come out just best. When the Lord calls I'll make it a pint ter be up an' dressed. But He'll hev ter take me with my 'ev ry-day clothes on. I shan't hev on no Sunday fixings. I want ter pass fer jest what I'm with an' no more."

"Keeps yer purty lively, Deacon, a huntin' them calikerbacks, eh?"

"Yes, rather," replied the deacon as he snipped at a vine where a strong army of the destructive beauties were huddled together.

"There ain't no calkerlatin' on them chaps. They're a nuisance created for what purpose I never could make out," added the farmer, who went on to explain what he considered to be the best method of "squeelin' the derned things."

The neighbors chattered about crops, the weather and politics, and just as all talk is likely to end, they fell to discussing religion.

"They say neighbor Green has got most through, Deacon, an' they've sent for Corlius ter come home from college."

"Indeed! Is it true then that we must spare him? good, Christian man. Ah, yes, neighbor Bell, there are few like him. 'Twill be pretty sad for the family to lose such a kind, indulgent husband and father. Well, well, this neighborhood can't afford to lose its best men. We haven't many like Brother Green; no, not many." And the deacon's face spoke the sincere sorrow of his heart.

Farmer Bell drummed a bit on the top rail, looked up and down the valley, and said nothing. He was thinking what the deacon would probably have said had he, Josiah Bell, been lying near to death, like neighbor Green. The thought wasn't very pleasant. He knew very well that no one would think of calling him "a good, Christian man," nor "a kind, indulgent husband and father." For the first time in his life the truth forced itself upon him "that there would not be much about him that people could praise, except, perhaps, that he was "square," and owed no man a cent.

Then a vision of a darkened room, and people moving about softly, with drawn faces such as are seen always in the house of death, came to him. There, in the front room, he, Josiah Bell, was lying, and his neighbors had come in to help at the funeral. Mary and John were there. But, somehow, there were few tears, if any. He could see the parson, too; but there was no ring of sorrow in his voice. And the singers, why they sang Old China as though it were a sort of Christmas tune, so gladsome-like and cheery. And, stranger still, he could hear the boys shouting in the play-ground just beyond his house, not thinking it worth while to stop their sport, "because such a disagreeable old codge was out of the way," even long enough to let the funeral go on.

Of course, this was only a vision. But it meant a great deal to farmer Bell. It illumined his darkened understanding as no human voice or argument could do. He had spent many an hour with the deacon, when going the round of discussion time after time, the farmer would swing the outer circle with what he believed was this "clincher" that the deacon never tried to combat: "I never could stan' the idee of this livin' in the go-as-

you-please style all yer life time, then buying up a lot of religious stock jest in time fer the rise. Ef I'm goin' ter ask the Lord ter make a good Christian outer me, I've got ter make a bargain with Him as will hold me clus an' fast ter doin' 'bout right every day. I don't calkerlate that ef I should git down onto my knees an' tell the Lord what a lot I think on Him, an' bow much I'm willin' ter do fer Him, an' then go out inter the barn an' trade horses crooked, that He'd be fooled inter believin' that I'd got religion. An' it's my opinion, Deacon, that the Lord aint a goin' ter trust any man ter go inter heaven, an' send him ter walk through the golden streets when He knows that afore he'd been there an hour, nerver a half-an-hour, he'd be down onto his knees a tearin' up the pavements an' tryin' ter stuff 'em inter his breeches pockets."

Still the farmer stood by the fence, and his silence and the frozen look upon his face forbade the deacon to address him further. The vision of that darkened room would not depart. It stood like an accusing angel, and burned letters of fire into the soul of its vic-



tim. His head dropped lower and at last rested upon his arms, crossed above the top rail of the garden fence. A strange tremor shook his frame, like the chill that forebodes sudden sickness.

The deacon questioned, "Are you ill, neighbor Bell?"

No answer; only a movement as of raising his bowed head; then it sunk again upon his arms.

"Do you feel a chill, neighbor? The air is damp. Will you throw my coat across your shoulders?" urged the deacon very gently, at the same time taking the garment from a post near at hand and spreading it protectingly upon him.

Still no answer; only the voices of the evening birds, and the low music of the merry Kedron, a little, swift-flowing brook that skirted the garden grounds.

The sun had sunk low in the west and touched with his last fiery gleams the summits of the Adirondacks, rising tier above tier along the eastern horizon.

At last, farmer Bell, as if roused from deep sleep, raised his head slowly and turned toward the west.

Was it the light of the sunset that made his face luminous, and smoothed from his countenance all the hard, bitter lines that the deacon had been wont to see there? "I'm a rough old feller, Deacon," said he, speaking in a strange, hoarse voice, "an' I don't suppose I ken make yer understand jest how I happen ter be fixed. Ye and I hev had a great many talks together 'bout the way things ought ter be, and I allus got the best on

ye in the argument. But sunthin' ye've said to-night has struck hum, Deacon—it's struck hum."

"Did ye ever hev a nightmare, Deacon, when somethin' clutched ye and it wouldn't let go till it had crushed yer life and yer breath and yer strength? I've hed such a one sense I've stood here. Ye see, Deacon, I've allus been a 'square' man; I haint cheated nobody—no, nerver one cent. But Deacon, I ken see it now, I've cheated Mary an' John, an' most of all, I've cheated myself all along. I've cheated myself out av the lovin' that belongs ter a man in his family; and, Deacon, the nightmare that's been upon me—mebby its God that's sent it—hes showed me thet ef I should die ter day there aint a single heart es would mourn fer me, an' there aint a man er woman er child es would remember anything good ev me."

"Ye've asked me a great many times ter try ter be a Christian, Deacon, an' I've told ye thet the kind of religion that folks was a gitten generally, wouldn't suit my case. But now I've come to thinkin' if ye ken make out some kind of a contract—some sort ev an insurance—not that kind es is lookin' fer a good chance in the next world, but one as will make me be lovin' an' tender an' honest by Mary an' John an' all the rest, now, before I die, want it. An' I'd be willin' ter give a medder farm fer it, Deacon—a medder farm an' more, yes—more, a deal more. Fer I haint done right by Mary. I've let her work jest es hard es if she's a poor man's wife. An' Deacon, I'm ashamed ter remember how I've let that dear woman do my prayin' fer me all the years since we've been husband an' wife. Many's the time I've waked up in the dead ev the night ter find Mary down onter her knees a prayin' soft like an' still. An' I've heard her askin' God ter bless her husband an' lead him inter the light. An' Deacon, I've laid there jest like a great, lazy hulk when I knowed I orter git down onter my own knees

sound disturbed not the kneeling supplicants. When the prayer was ended, and the bell ceased tolling, farmer Bell said—

"For life and death, is it, Deacon?"
"For life and death, neighbor Bell!"
When farmer Bell arose upon his feet the twilight had shaded almost into darkness. His ear caught the sound of something moving softly just beyond the russet apple tree by which he had been kneeling. He thought at first it must be Rover; but he remembered that he left the dog chained in his kennel. It was some one weeping; but it sounded more like gladness than tears. It roused the old man for he knew that it must be Mary. It was Mary.

After the supper had been cleared away and the last shining pail and pau for the dairy set to dry—these tasks had been hurried lest the oncoming darkness might force the wasting of a tallow dip, an extravagance that farmer Bell was wont to disapprove—wearing in body and sick of heart, Mrs. Bell sat down by the window to rest. Bitter thoughts would come by spite of her longing to be content. Bitter tears would start as she remembered the long, thankless, drugging years through which she had "toiled without recompense" to make Josiah Bell a rich man. She looked out upon the hills, watching the darkening shadows creep slowly towards their summits, and thought of her young life and of the bright, happy youth that had been hers. She couldn't help thinking how its light had been extinguished just as relentlessly as the darkness was quenching the last bit of the day's sunshine.

She thought, too, of John, her precious boy; and of his young, sensitive soul was going to be forced to grapple with work which he had no heart to do, just because Josiah Bell his father—her husband, was a tyrant and would have his own way; just because money was his God, and he demanded that his God should be worshipped.

The thought would come—it was a wicked one—"What if Josiah Bell should die? Then these broad acres would be John's, and he's to do with as they pleased. How different everything could be! They could have every way then, and there'd be no more drudgery for her and John. Ah! John, her John, the dear, beautiful soul!"

Just then the first stroke of the tolling bell fell upon her ear. It roused her to life—to herself.

"What is it? Who is dead? Who is the bell tolling for? Can it be that Josiah—I've just been wishing it—Oh, my God, can it be that Josiah is dead?"

She never thought of neighbor Green. She remembered that she last saw her husband more than an hour ago, going down the garden path. Had he come in? If so, where was he? She flew to his room. Perhaps he had gone to bed. He often did so earlier than this. He was not there. She ran to the porch, then to the stable, then up stairs and down, calling all the while yet hearing no return, only the echo of her own frightened voice.

Then down the garden path she fled nor stopped a moment, until, hearing the russet apple tree, she heard a voice—a voice in prayer; and there, upon his knees—could she believe her eyes?—she saw Josiah, her husband. Could it be possible? Josiah Bell whose will had never yielded either to the love of wife or children, giving up to God?

She knelt upon the grass; but Josiah heard not the rustle of her garments, for his soul was uplifted in the first rapture of divine love. The bell tolled on, stroke after stroke, with solemn, measured sound, but each stroke for her was like the music of the heavenly hosts when the plains of Bethlehem resounded with the news of the Saviour's birth.

"Are ye there, Mary?"
A voice—not Josiah's of this morning, yesterday, or of the long, hard, weary, grasping, grudging years of her married life—but the voice of the lover who had wooed and won her young heart and life.

"Yes, Josiah," she answered softly. "The tolling of the bell frightened me. You were gone so long, I was afraid—it might be—the tolling—for—for—you." She answered half apologetically and quite timidly, as had been her wont to address him.

"It was, Mary; it was tolling for old Josiah Bell—a mean, miserable, old tyrant as hasn't been witht yer worryin' fer, an' yer lovin'." Mebby ye havn't any objection ter havin' a new husband—one that's goin' ter live fer ye an' John an' the rest on 'em accordin' ter the contract I've made with the Lord. If ye haint sorry fer it, we'll have a new weddin', an' the Deacon here shall tie the knot.

"Here, Mary, give me yer right han', an' may the Lord hold me clus ter my bargain!"

With bowed heads, and hands tenderly clasped, the old couple stood while the deacon leaned across the top rail of the garden fence, the tears streaming down his cheeks; he invoked the blessing of the Father upon the waiting pair and the new life upon which they were about to enter.

The bridegroom's lips touched reverently the fair, though wrinkled forehead of the bride, and, as they walked hand-in-hand up the garden path the holy stars looked down upon the new and the true wedding.

A bad headache can be cured by a simple and harmless remedy that needs but a trial to prove its efficiency. M. A. Hull, Ph. G., has prepared this remedy for over four years, as in no case has it failed. Send 50 cents for a box, to Morris A. Hull, 4465 Main street, Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Agents wanted. T. M. Gandy, Chester, Conn.

THE COMING OF MAY.

BY SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

ONLY bird-songs to enrapture—songs from the elm and the pine—
Only a nest in a field of dark green,
A few eggs, and a secret is mine;
Only a bending of daisies—nods from the but-
tercups wise—
To tell of wee homes, the twitter of birds,
And that May, the bird's month, hither flies.

Only a tangle of sunshine, a flash of bright but-
terfly wings;
Only a cloud in a sky of deep blue,
Edged with silver and tiny gold rings;
Only a wreath of May roses, a spray from the
apple-tree bough,
A shower of pink and white petals,
And we know that sweet May cometh now.

THE AMATEUR CAMERA.

SOME HINTS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BY A. BOGARDUS.



As a rule, amateur photogra-
phers are too easily satisfied
in their work. If they suc-
ceed in making an impres-
sion, however feeble or flat,
they seem satisfied with
their success, and exhibit
their sick-looking produc-
tions to interested friends
who pronounce them splendid and wonder-
fully accurate, while a person possessing a
knowledge of the process would at once see
how entirely worthless are these attempts at
photography. The negatives are not sharp or
well-defined, nor have they the proper in-
tensity to produce strong, well-defined prints.
Such productions bear the same relation to a
good photograph that a child's rough mark-
ings on his slate does to the drawings of the
capable architect.

The old adage "Anything that is worth
doing is worth doing well," is specially ap-
plicable to amateur photography, and perhaps a
few grains of advice may be of service to such
as are desirous of becoming adepts in the dif-
ficult, delicate, mystic art of photography.

In the first place, my young friend, get a
good camera; a poor lens will not make a
good, clear, well-defined picture.

Take good care, in every exposure, that
your camera is perfectly focused, and, in mak-
ing the exposure, use judgment in the time, as
an over-exposed plate will make a flat picture,
and an underdeveloped plate will not give you
definition, but strong, black shadows and too-
intense lights. This judgment as to timing
must be learned by experience, and requires a
careful estimate of the strength of the light at
the time of the exposure.

Do not get hurried and repeat the exposure
of the same plate. Many thousands of plates
have been spoiled by this carelessness, and
what might have been a valued picture has
been lost. More plates are wasted by bad
usage than by bad chemicals. Be careful that
you do not expose the plate on the village
church-to-day, and again use it on the pebbly
brook-to-morrow, and your plate will show a
stream of water running directly through the
shadowy outline of that structure. Do not
spoil the exposure made on the children gather-
ing berries by the roadside, by again using it
on the cattle in the neighboring field, as chil-
dren and cattle will be mixed up in anything
but a natural or artistic manner.

Select a subject worth picturing. Do not
waste your plates—as so many amateurs do—
on the most unpromising subjects simply to
amuse yourself.

Learn to develop and to print from your
own plates. This requires some patience and
application on your part; but, in the future,
you will be proud of your achievements, and
it will make you independent of the profes-
sional, as you will then be capable of produc-
ing pictures in all their parts.

It is well to number and name every nega-
tive, and, if you also date them, it will in af-
ter years be a satisfaction. Your continued
practice will enable you to improve in your work,
and by comparing dates you will be able to see
the degree of improvement you have made.

Mount and finish every picture with taste, so
that whether you show it in the album or in
the portfolio, each impression will show your
taste as well as skill in the execution. It is a
poor satisfaction to be compelled to show
your friends badly-finished pictures. A much
greater value is attached to the publications of
the day because they are issued in commenda-
ble style. With proper care in all its parts,
every plate will produce a gem.

Buy only the most reliable plates, and use
a recognized formula for developing. The fol-
lowing will be found very simple, and will
keep any length of time in a bottle with a
ground stopper:

Hydrochinon, five grains;
Sulphite soda (crystals), 25 grains;
Carbonate of potash (pure), 100 grains;
Distilled water, one ounce.

If the negative is over-timed, dilute one-
half with distilled water. Pure chemicals are
essential, and even then judgment is required.

Do not change at every suggestion. Learn
to master your chemicals. If you are con-
stantly changing, you will never make uniform
work or become a good photographer.

I consider it good advice when I say: Con-
fine your operating to out-door work. If you
attempt portraiture without the indispensable
skylight, your productions will seldom com-
pare with the work of the professional, whose
experience and equipment enable him to excel
in that branch of photography.

When making a group on the piazza or
lawn, see to it that your sitters are not all
posed with full sunshine on their faces; it
will cause them to frown and close their eyes.
Place them in shadow, and have every face
turned either to the right or left. Many

groups are worthless as likenesses because
they are all taken staring at the camera.

A good result is often had where the "gov-
ernor" raises his arm, points slightly to the
right or left of the camera, directing that the
group look where he is pointing. This gives
you a uniform light on all the faces, and
adds much to the life of the picture. If you
would make the picture still more interest-
ing, bring in the family carriage and horse as
an accessory. The faithful watch-dog will
pose himself sufficiently near, as he is well
aware of his importance as a member of the
family.

The amateur of taste can make a beautiful
group-picture by selecting the grassy slope on
the bank of a running stream, where there
are trees enough to fill the sides of the pic-
ture. Let the ladies of the party assume their
own graceful positions where the light does
not fall too strong. The water can be de-
pendent on in reflecting itself. Take pains to
have everything perfectly arranged, even to
the minutest detail, and you can secure a pic-
ture that will be worthy of the admiration it
will be sure to receive.

Picture the load of hay as it comes from the
meadow; the apple and the peach tree when
aglow with their fairy blossoms, or later,
when their luscious, ripened fruit is ready for
the gathering.

Picture the children as they romp, or in
their games; the "white-winged" boats as
they pass carrying a gay and joyous company
over the bosom of the lake, or the landscape
as it basks in the sunshine. But do not
waste time and materials on subjects that are
not worth having after you have taken the
trouble to make them.

All right-minded amateurs will unite with
me in protesting against the free use of the
"detective," or any other camera, on people
when they are unaware of the fact that they
are being pictured. The practice of snapping
the camera promiscuously cannot be too
strongly condemned. It is taking a mean
advantage of others, and, if continued, will
result in making amateur photography un-
popular, and justly so.

THE VALUE OF ETIQUETTE.

WHAT HER LAWS MEAN IF PROPERLY OBSERVED.



HE foolish girl who laughs at
etiquette, and says she
will not be bound by its
rules, is the one who may be
certain who does not possess
the virtue of consideration
and who makes friends only
to lose them. The laws of etiquette are
the best and kindest in the world, for they
were arranged by hundreds of wise heads
during hundreds of years to make life run
more smoothly and to make each person more
comfortable.

You are in sorrow because some one dear to
you has died—some friend who is loving, but
injudicious, calls and wants to insist upon
seeing you. You know that the sympathy
she offers will only reopen the old wounds;
you cannot bear to be rude to her, but
Madame Etiquette steps in, announces that
you must not see visitors because you are in
mourning, and so you are not harassed, your
friend's feelings are not hurt, and it is the law
of good society that has protected you.

You have been to a large party where a
house was decorated with many flowers; you
remember as you left the supper room that it
looked a scene of confusion, and you wondered
when it would ever return to its normal
condition. It is demanded that you shall
make a call and tell your hostess of the pleas-
ure she has given you. Again, etiquette re-
spects comfort and claims that your call
must be made within two weeks of the day
after the dance; so that by this rule the house-
hold has time to return to its usual state
before there is an influx of visitors.

You have just told Dick that you will be
his wife; and the one thing you dread is
the giggling and staring to which you will
have to submit because in the small village
in which you live the kindly thought of the
dignified lady, Madame Etiquette, is either
forgotten or not appreciated. Now, be wise
and take some married friend into your con-
fidence; let her give a tea or a luncheon, and
invite your girl friends, and at it she will say,
putting her arm around you, "I want you to
wish Lillian all the happiness possible, be-
cause in a very short time she is going to be
married to Mr. Richard Steele." So the
story is told at once, and all the little em-
barrassments, the innuendoes and the embar-
rassing wonderment are done away with.

Sorrow or shame, because of some one living,
invades your home. You feel your cheeks
redden because of the conduct of some one
near and dear to you. And you wonder
what the world will say to you. My poor girl,
the well-trained world says nothing; your
friends come to see you, you receive your invita-
tions, and nobody makes you feel conscious
of what has happened. This is not hard-
heartedness; it is consideration. To utterly
ignore a disgrace for which the innocent suffer
is the kindest lesson that Madame Etiquette
has ever taught.

She is even wise in dictating the hours for
making visits; to your girl friends she suggests
any time between three and six o'clock—which
gives you an opportunity to have entirely
finished up whatever you wish to do in the
morning, to have had your luncheon or
dinner, and to be busy only with book or
fancy work after three o'clock. To your
men friends, from eight to nine is the proper
hour at which to appear; then the cares of
the day are over and you are at liberty to en-
tertain in the way you think best.

To shrug your shoulders at what etiquette
demands is simply to announce yourself very
mean protection for the innocent, considera-
tion for the young, consolation for the suf-
fering and congratulation for the happy.

THE MASTER-KEY.

EVERY breast a corner holds,
Pure as on its natal day;
Though by sin and sorrow's folds
Hidden from the world away.

Through the callous crust of years,
Reaching to the tender part,
Home's sweet name will start the tears,
And unlock the secret heart.

WOMAN'S NEED OF EXERCISE.

BY ELLEN LE GARDE.



WOMEN require physical
exercise to get well and
to keep well. This last
assertion seems more
worthy of consideration
than the first, since exer-
cise as a cure for in-
valid women is almost
universally believed.

The woman, who is the heritor of a sound
physique, a blood free from poisonous taint of
disease, is fortunate in her birthright. But all
this endowment of rich gifts from a beneficent
fairy at birth may be, and too often is, hampered
in its fullest promise of blessings by a little
imp we, as women, all bow to.

From the time when the little girl passes
into the age when she is called a miss, on
through young womanhood and into matronly
care, she has by all the imprisoning laws of
custom been trained to think that any move-
ment of her limbs other than those re-
quired to enable her to sit, to stand, to walk or
lie—that is, to perform ordinary functions, not
extraordinary, such as were enjoyed by her in
her play-time days—were totally inconsistent
with good breeding. Her young and growing
body, eager as a flower to burst forth in the
full symmetry of form and health, is bound
fast in clothing which compresses the organs
into narrow, unnatural spaces. Her body is
simply permitted to perform only such acts as
allow a bare existence an opportunity to draw
in the vapor from the breath of life, but not to
drink it to its depths, as the body demands for
an all-rounded well-being.

What is the result of this repressive disci-
pline of the physical structure? Bones and
muscles, nerves and nerve centres, organs and
blood by not being put to their highest use be-
come dwarfed, shrunken, of little worth to the
body they are in—the House Wonderful, at the
outset—and make their owners, in the eyes of
their physicians, specimens of uneven woman-
hood, and the victims later on of poor health.

Perfect health is indicated by symmetry of
form and freedom of body. But few women
can answer to both of these requirements, and
consequently, although possibly seldom ill,
cannot be said to be in possession of absolutely
perfect health. To acquire it, one of the first
laws is regularity of exercise. But, says the
house-mother—strong in the conviction of her
freedom from racking aches and pains—my ex-
ercise is never ending; from early morn till late
at night my muscles are ever on the go. True,
and what the result? Exercise of this char-
acter is not developing; quite the contrary.
None of it tends toward keeping an erect body,
a broad, full chest, a step light and free. It
does not aid in proper digestion; it fails to
round out the womanly figure, which it would
do if healthful. All exercise round a house
is of that nature that ends in narrowing the
chest and pulling the shoulders forward.

The active woman, ever occupied with duties
that are a pleasure, because a help to those
nearest and dearest to her, should have exer-
cise outward in its action and effect to coun-
ter-balance those movements rendered obligatory
by the constant stooping over in almost every
household act. The monotony of house-work,
a hydra-headed monster, deprives it forever of
benefit; and also, where not genuinely liked
for its own sake, is a hindrance to anything
approaching even good health.

The Queen of Sweden cure will do for your
aristocrat, born to sit above the salt in peevish
discontent, envious of the happiness and
health of the toiling peasant woman. But
making beds, sweeping floors, boiling and
roasting over cook stoves, one moment blow
hot, the next blow cold, in atmospheres of
different temperatures, have not, in their never-
ending round, any improving result. Variety
of exercise and variety of movements in that
taken, is what the house-mother demands, to
make her answer to the law of a perfect wo-
man. To be this she should be able to lift the
weight of her own body. Strength equal to
that is not a property of the work-a-day
women, who are the home-makers and home-
keepers all around us.

But to women tied all day to the desk or
bench, physical exercise is an actual necessity,
just as much as is food or water or pure air.
Such women have poor circulation added to
imperfect forms. Exercise of the right kind
sends fresh blood through the veins, gives a
new impetus to life, puts the tired brain worker
to bed, to lose herself in deliciously restful re-
pose, not to lie for hours too exhausted to
sleep. For such women physical exercise
cures nervous irritability caused by the pres-
sure of mind over matter. Women employed in
manual labor invariably have some part of
the body better developed than the rest, and
hence should seek to bring forward the por-
tions not in right condition.

In one of the gymnasiums in the east is a
young woman, an employée in a baking-
powder factory. Her hands and arms have
time and again served as models for artists, so
nearly perfect are they from constant exercise;
yet nothing else is in accordance. Muscular
exercise will not only bring about a gain in
health, but, in its far-reaching effects, add
beauty and grace. This, young women are
prone to think, comes by the right of birth,
of the added fortunate possession of riches,
which will permit of time and money being
spent in the cultivation of both.

A woman known all over this and foreign
lands for her Diana-like form and figure, for
flesh, firm and hard and beautiful, for manners
befitting a princess of the royal purple, told
me not long since that though now nearly
sixty, she had never let a day pass without
some gymnastic exercise, generally with the
clubs or bells, followed by a brisk walk and a
cold water bath. Her face has literally been
her fortune, and not till late in life, when
wealth brought opportunities and something
more than actual comforts, could she devote
time to higher mental improvement, for she
was born far below the strata of well cultured
people. "Appeal to a woman's vanity," she
said, "and you convince her that physical ex-
ercise is worth trying." It is a low standard
as compared with the blessing of continued
health, yet not a wrong one to consider.

Every woman owes it to herself, if not to
others, the right to be beautiful, to make the
best not only of what is in her, but what is of
her. Exercise will bring color, animation,
rounded places once unsightly hollows, eyes
that will respond with life and purpose at fifty
as well as at fifteen, and add years and beau-
tiful dignity to old age, that which we all dread
and know full well is our Nemesis. "It's not
the growing old, but the growing ugly, I hate
to think of," laughed a pretty, piquant little
woman, with a face like a doll's, rosy and
round.

And what of the puny, never really well
woman, a burden to herself and others? Of
what value is exercise in-doors and out-of-
doors to her? The value that all life affords.
Cursed with an imperfect organism, perchance
deformed, and cognizant that through no fault
of hers she is a loser in the world's great race
towards happiness and fame, she has a better
chance than other women to test the virtue of
exercise as applied to an imperfect body. If
she looks at herself and life with as contented
a mind as possible, looking out not in; if she
is determined to use all that she has that is
strong, to assist those parts physically weak,
she will effect a change for the better, if not a
cure. She will at the start throw away the
cankering demon of unhappiness, too often
that which saps the body as well as the mind.
For be it understood that without a cheerful,
contented spirit, exercise is never beneficial.
With this, determined to do all in her power
for those parts of her system that are weakest,
she will bend her will towards calling into ac-
tivity such muscles as are shrunken, the chest
that cannot now take deep, long breaths, or
the blood that refuses to flow other than in a
sluggish current, impure from its birth. Physi-
cal exercise to such a woman should be regu-
lated, and only that recommended by her
physician, aided by her own common sense.

Taken as a whole, compared with man as a
mass, women are not as bright mentally.
They have certain adaptive powers, which
often pass for mental abilities; they compre-
hend, reason and dive to the bottom of things
as individuals quicker than many men, but
the very few great women in the world of let-
ters prove the statement made, that women,
not woman, have not been equal to men in
their mental powers. The ratio for ages is
that of one to fifty, and need not be so. It
is not due, as may be thought, to women's in-
ability to gain proper recognition. No woman
with a mind deep and clear, but has received
the world's ringing applause for the efforts she
sent forth. The want of equal standing might
better be charged to the difference in the train-
ing the minds of each received from youth on.

Now, women are striving with the grand
possibility of an eager acceptance of their pro-
ductions, many of them but pleasing not en-
during, to be of equal prominence in literature,
in art, in science, with men; but will the work
of their brains stand the test of centuries, go
down with each generation side by side with
a Shakespeare, a Raphael, or a Galileo? I
think not, until women recognize the truth
that men have put into practice for hundreds
of years—that exercise is demanded by the
body as well as the brain—and the greatest
mental activity, the highest mental efforts are
produced only when the body and mind are
evenly balanced.

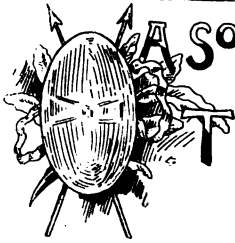
To attain the best physical and mental de-
velopment, work of the brain should not be
in excess of that of the body, or vice-versa.
The higher education of women will never
produce what women expect, and hope of it
until this is understood. Happily in our col-
leges for women, it is accepted as an under-
lying principle, and the development of the
physical powers is deemed of equal import-
ance with that included in the common ac-
ceptance of the term—a highly educated
woman.

A DELIGHTFUL, illustrated article on "Out-
Door Sports for Girls," by Miss Le Garde,
author of the above article, will appear in the
June JOURNAL.



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A SOUTH-AFRICAN WEDDING

BY W. P. POND.

O witness a wedding ceremony among the Zulus of South Africa is a strange and curious experience, so

fraught with interest, in fact, that in writing, of it one scarcely knows what to say and what to omit. In the first place it must be understood that among these people the domestic cow in an item of currency, and that eight cows make one woman, just as one hundred cents make a dollar, no woman being worth less than eight cows; and if she is superlatively beautiful, or of good stock, she may rate as high as fifty cows, if the purchaser will go so high.

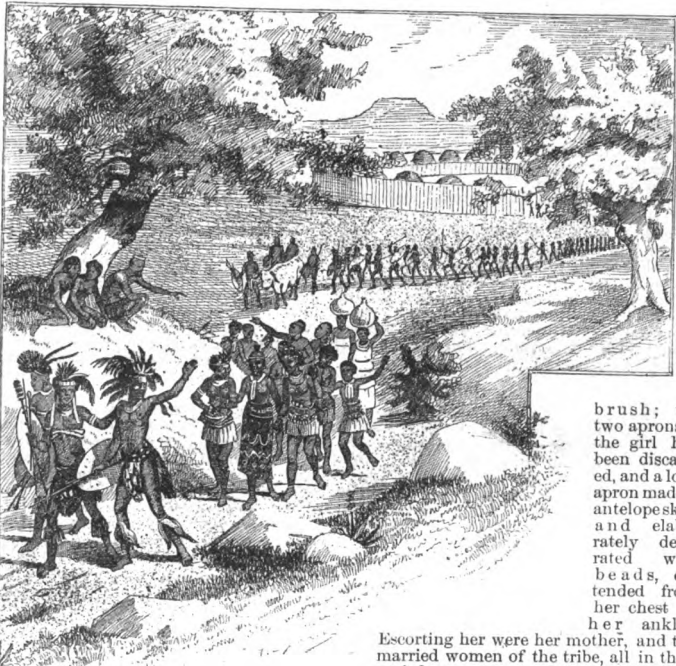
The marriage is on strictly business principles, the woman being married to produce children, which, if boys, will grow up into warriors and add to the strength of the tribe, and if girls, will bring cows to increase the revenues of that particular household. If within two years she fails to bear children she will be sent back to her father and the cows paid for her demanded; then, if there is another daughter, and the husband is willing, the father, sooner than part with the idolized cows, will give the second daughter free of price, and so the man obtains two wives, and the complications commence.

The first wife is the "head wife," and having endowed her with all his goods at the wedding, he has to obtain her consent for any succeeding wives he may take, and the necessary cows to buy them. Thus the

down with the family, who show him great attention. Presently the lady of his choice comes out of the hut, with two girl-companions, and in silence looks him over. It is not etiquette for her to speak to her lover; so through the medium of one of the girls she requests him to stand up and exhibit his proportions. He does so, and the lady looks at him critically, while the two girls tease him and make fun of him. Then the lady rises after her to learn the decision. She, however, appreciates that she is still free, and pretends to be in no hurry, remarking: "I have not seen him walk, he may limp;" and so the next day the poor embarrassed suitor has to parade again, with half the tribe looking on. Every one praises him, until at last the girl signifies her approval, and the date of the wedding is fixed.

Now as to the actual wedding ceremony of which I was an eye witness. Soon after dawn on the wedding day we heard the sound of voices, and a friend came running up to say that the bride was approaching. We scrambled out through the low entrance to the hut, and took our seats outside. I have laughed at the nervousness of many a civilized friend at this momentous period of his life, but the agitation of the groom on this occasion was perfectly ludicrous.

We were scarcely seated when the procession appeared. First came the bride, decked in all the finery she could muster; her head had been shaved with a spear, leaving a little tuft of hair at the top of her otherwise bald head, which had been rubbed with red paint until it stood up stiff, like a red shaving



brush; the two aprons of the girl had been discarded, and a long apron made of antelope skin, and elaborately decorated with beads, extended from her chest to her ankles.

Escorting her were her mother, and the married women of the tribe, all in their varied assortment of brass rings and feathers, and a number of male relatives, and friends all in their dancing dress, carrying shields and spears.

Arriving opposite to us, the bride seated herself against the fence of the cow enclosure, round which the huts are grouped; and shortly after, the friends of the groom appeared, and grouped themselves near us.

The father of the girl then stepped forward, and a great amount of by-play took place concerning certain oxen which have to be given by the father and the bridegroom.

One of these is called "Ukutu," and is given by the bridegroom to the mother; this word signifies a leathern thong which is hung around a child's neck as a charm, and the present of the ox is supposed to reimburse her for the expenditure in thongs during her daughter's childhood. The mother does not keep this ox, but has it immediately killed for the wedding feast.

The other ox, given by the bridegroom to the girl's father, is called the "Umquoliswa." After Ukutu had been presented there arose a sound of stamping feet, and circling among the huts came a crowd of the bride's friends in single file, stamping their feet in a dancing step, brandishing their shields and spears, and chanting monotonously "Give us the Umquoliswa; we want the Umquoliswa." In this way they advanced to where we were sitting, and the father asked the groom to give them the ox, who, in return, shrugged his shoulders and said he had no ox to give, at which he was informed that the bride would be taken home again. He then rose to his feet, and hurrying to the gateway in the outer fence surrounding the huts, he endeavored to pass out, but was prevented by a crowd of women, with whom he struggled, laughing all the while.

The desired ox was then produced and given to the bride's party, who pretended to despise it, and told the groom to produce a better one.

In vain he declared it to be the fattest in his herd; they refused to eat it, and the dispute waxed hot, until the father stepped forward and put an end to it by accepting the beast.

As he did so, the bride turned and, followed by her friends, ran to the gateway in the inner fence, and passing through, entered into the cow enclosure, which, except at these festivals, is forbidden ground to the women of the tribe, and sacred to the cattle and the men who milk and attend to them. We immediately followed, surrounded by the friends of the groom, and as we entered the enclosure and seated ourselves, the dances commenced.

These dances are an extraordinary sight, and the stolid, unimpressible Zulu lets himself loose in them with an energy and abandon that is positively startling; the arms flourish shields, spears and sticks, while the legs perform marvelous acts of agility; songs, in varied time, accompanying the dance.

First, the party of the bride danced while the party of the groom indulged in copious libations of native beer, and then they sat down and the bridegroom's party danced. Then the matrons of the bridegroom's party assembled together, and talking loudly commenced to depreciate the bride as much as possible, telling her that her lover had given too many cows for her, that she was weak and slightly built to do the field work that falls to the lot of the married woman, etc., all this being done with a view of preventing her putting on too many airs at her translation from an insignificant girl to an honorable matron of the Zulu nation.

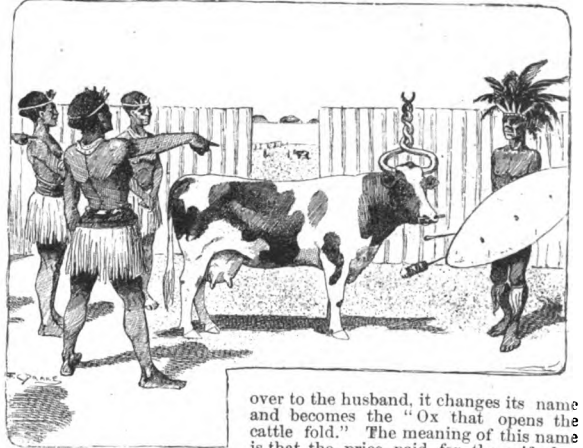
The matron friends of the bride now took the floor, and addressing the parents of the girl congratulated them on the possession of such a daughter, and declared that the number of cows given was much too small for the most lovely girl in the tribe, and that her lover was a mean man to drive so hard a bargain with her father. No importance whatever is attached to these statements; it is simply the necessary observance of tribal etiquette, which is as rigid as that of civilization, and the terrible Mrs. Grundy of the social world is nowhere so omnipotent as Kafferland.

After several more dances, the father of the girl arose and addressed his son-in-law, telling him that being hitherto a bachelor, he was unlearned in the art of governing women, and warned him to avoid the use of the stick, telling him that a wise warrior could manage any number of wives without violence, and that only boys were too hasty with their hands.

The groom sat quietly, with his face in his hands during this speech, and at its close he walked a few paces forward, and again seated himself. His bride then came forward, and danced around him, laughing at and ridiculing him, kicking dust in his face, disarranging his elegant head-dress, and otherwise taking liberties with him, intended to show he was not as yet her master. The groom sat silent, never replying, and as she ceased, probably for sheer want of breath, he arose, and leaving the enclosure, returned almost immediately leading another ox, called the "Ox of the Girl." This was solemnly killed and constitutes the binding portion of the ceremony. Up to that point, the husband might go

couple were escorted to their hut by the entire crowd of guests.

The morning following the wedding, a messenger from the father appeared at the hut of the newly married couple, bringing with him one ox as a present for the bridegroom. This is called "The Ox of the Surplus," and represents a number of ideas. Firstly, it implies that the value of the girl far exceeds the number of oxen paid for her, and is a hint to the bridegroom not to think too much of himself, or of the price he paid for his wife; secondly, it is an admission that the father is satisfied, and that when he dies he will not avenge himself by haunting his daughter's household, and so cause the husband to be disappointed in his wish for a large family. As soon as the ox is handed



over to the husband, it changes its name and becomes the "Ox that opens the cattle fold." The meaning of this name is that the price paid for the wife has emptied the fold of all the oxen possessed by the husband, and that the ox which she brings with her re-opens the gate of the fold and is looked upon as the earnest of the herds that are to be purchased with the daughters she may give birth to during her married life. It must not, however, be concluded that a Zulu girl is compelled to take any man that offers himself and is accepted by the father, for there are numberless cases where the girl has declined, and remained free until one more acceptable has presented himself.

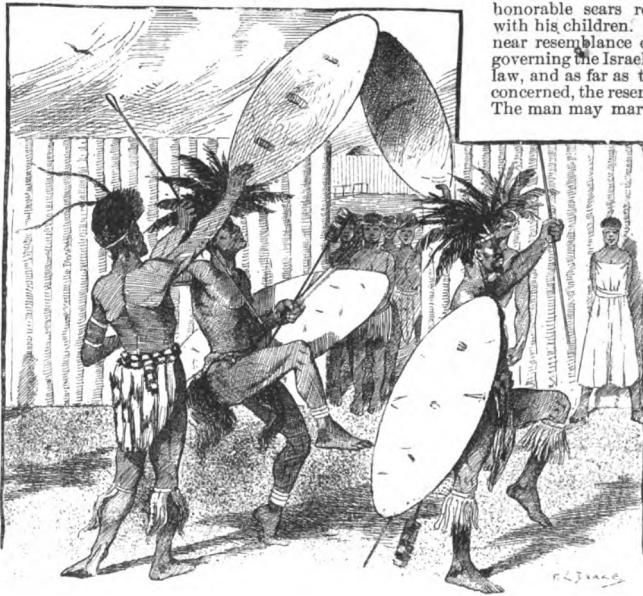
There is one special case where the man was so homely that no girl could be found to marry him, notwithstanding his wealth of cows; and the chief took compassion on him, and allowed him the brevet rank of "amadoda," just as among ourselves an elderly spinster is addressed Madam by courtesy; for among the natives it is a disgrace not to be married. The fact that she has been bought and paid for is no degradation in the eyes of a Zulu woman, but rather the contrary, as it indisputably proves her value, and the more cattle that are paid for her the prouder she becomes. The marriage is as binding as our own ceremony, and divorce can only be obtained by the consent of the councillors of the tribe. Infidelity is punished with death of both the culpable parties; constant and systematic disobedience and incorrigible laziness is considered a valid reason for divorce, for the process of reasoning is that the husband has bought the woman to perform certain tasks for him, and that if she refuses to perform them, it is clear that he has paid his money for a worthless article.

If no child is born during the first year, the wife returns to the Kraal of her father, and certain sacrifices take place, such as the burning of an ox, to propitiate the spirits of her ancestors, and get them to remove the ban under which she labors. The sacrifice of an ox is considered to be the most valuable offering that can be made.

The Zulu is essentially of an affectionate disposition, and it is no uncommon thing to see a warrior whose breast is covered with honorable scars received in battle, playing with his children. It is curious to trace the near resemblance of the Zulu laws to those governing the Israelites under the early Mosaic law, and as far as the question of divorce is concerned, the resemblance is almost startling. The man may marry two sisters, but the first wife must not be related by blood to his family, and if his brother should be killed in battle it is the law that he shall marry and care for the widow and children.

Even the lack of civilization does not free the Zulu from the mother-in-law. He is not allowed to speak familiarly to her, nor even look upon her face; if he wishes to speak with her he goes away, off and shouts to her.

The three principle requisites for a Zulu bride are that she should be fat, strong, and comely, the last qualification being the least important, the fat condition being taken as a criterion that she has not been worn out with hard work before her marriage, and that she will be able to do plenty after it. The field labor and housework are tacitly accepted by the wife, being a disgrace not to do them satisfactorily, and the whole situation is summed in a warrior's words to me: "Women work, and men sit in the house and smoke, and die for their king when the time comes to fight."



back from his bargain, or the father refuse to part with his daughter, returning all cattle paid or killed; but once this ox is slaughtered, the knot is tied beyond retraction.

The actual ceremony was now over, but there are still certain details to be observed. The feast now took place, and much merriment reigned until night fell, when the happy

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Assisted by

A Corps of Contributing Editors.

Philadelphia, May, 1890.

THE EDITORIAL DESK.

The editorial management holds itself responsible for the views expressed on this page ONLY; in the case of all other material, simply for the wisdom of insertion.

WHAT ARE WOMEN DOING?



It is a conceded fact that seven-eighths of the novels sold in America to-day are bought and read by women. Any well-informed publisher or bookseller will tell you this, as they have repeatedly told me. It is to women, therefore, that we must look for the tendency in modern fiction,

whether that tendency is for the good or for the bad. By what argument do I thus throw the responsibility on the shoulders of women? On the same principle that governs all arts and sciences. Let lovers of pictures patronize the obscene in art, and there will be an increase in that class of pictures. Let the theatre-going public attend "flash" plays, and there will be "flash" plays. Let those who read newspapers support, by their patronage, the sensational journals, and there will be an increased crop of sensational newspapers. And if women will buy the trashy novels which are flooding the book-stalls and newsstands to-day, there will be trashy novels and a superabundance of them. Let women stop buying these damaging books, and the supply will stop.

ARE WOMEN READING OUR TRASHY NOVELS?

The simple fact is that there are scores of authors and publishers, just as there are playwrights, artists and theatrical managers, who stand ready and willing to furnish precisely that class of novels which sells best, no matter to what depravity it be necessary they shall stoop. These men—and, alas! women also—have no regard for literature beyond what it means for them in dollars and cents. The sacred art of writing and publishing to them is a trade pure and simple, and just in proportion to the public demand will be their supply. If their nasty books didn't sell, they wouldn't publish them. These writers and publishers—it seems almost sacrilegious to call them such—have no regard for the public morals, except to lower them so as to make their business still more profitable for themselves. You say I am severe? Ask in New York as to the character of the men who deal in this unclean literature of the day, and you will see that my picture is not overdrawn. But, some one will say, surely you do not mean to infer that women read these books? I do, and I will prove it to you by the statement of one of these publishers of trashy fiction with whom I was talking only a few days ago for the purpose of obtaining facts for this article.

This man is perhaps responsible for the circulation of more hurtful fiction than any single individual in his business. He is, therefore, an authority in his line. I said to this man: "Do you mean to tell me that women buy such books as these?" taking up two books filled with chapters of the most harmful character in their suggestion of depravity. "Most certainly," he replied, and then continued: "Why, my dear sir, if we had to depend upon the number of books of that sort sold to men, we could close out our business to-morrow. Of those two books in your hand, we have sold 120,000 copies of one, and a little more than 70,000 of the other. Nearly 200,000 when taken together, you see, and I'll wager that 175,000 of them were bought by girls and women. In fact, I know it to be so, for my travelers and customers with a malicious grin, 'that women would want to see their own sex deprived in the eyes of the world, and not only see it, but read about it with interest.' I have repeated these words here almost exactly as he uttered them, as I jotted them down shortly after leaving his office. I called on another of this same class of publishers directly afterwards, and there was told practically the same thing. I do not, therefore, rely upon the statement of one man upon which to base the only possible conclusion.

WHAT AN UNHEALTHY BOOK WILL DO.

Now, I ask why will women buy these books? I will not say that they are doing it intentionally; most likely it is due to thoughtlessness. But in nothing can thoughtlessness work more injury than in the selection of books. Our whole natures are shaped and molded by that we read. Let a woman read books of an unhealthy character, and she is bound to be influenced by them. No person living ever escaped the memory of a bad book. I know a woman who in girlhood read a novel in which sin was the predominant characteristic. Since then, she has read hundreds of books by the masters of literature, and filled her mind with their best and most elevating thoughts. But, has the impression made by that one book read when she was a girl ever been effaced? I quote her own words to me: "Although I have lived nearly sixty years since I read that book, and have associated continually through all that subsequent period with the purest minds in literature, I have never been able to forget that book. Day after day it comes back to me, and I would give to-day half of my fortune if the impression left by that story could be removed from my mind." And in countless hearts will this statement find a responsive echo. The mind will oftentimes throw off the impression made by an indecent picture, for in art we see vice only in outline. But in a book where vice is told us in words—our own instrument of expression—the impression is lasting, and its influence will be felt through generations.

THE MODERN LITERARY SNEAK.

The greatest danger in literature to-day is not from what can be truthfully called sinful books, so much as from what is termed the "suggestive" novel, in which sin is gilded and hinted at, but not openly told. And this is the novel which is working infinite damage to hundreds and thousands of girls and women. Let an author write a novel in which sin is openly portrayed, and the law lays his hand upon him and the publisher who issues it. Besides, such a book is rarely successful, since it cannot find an open market, and sin openly told is always revolting even to the most hardened mind. But it is the "suggestive" novel, which actually tells nothing, yet suggests the most debasing vices. The author knows just how far he can go in his nefarious traffic, and keep on the safe side of the law. With a supreme effort, I can command a certain amount of respect for a really debasing novelist, for, in showing his true colors, he is like a dangerous shoal which I can avoid. But the "suggestive" novelist is a literary sneak and coward. Like a midnight assassin he pursues his trade in the dark, afraid of the light of day. He will hint at vice, suggest it and color it; but there is where he stops. Close with him in personal conversation, and he will grin at his literary cowardice and tell you that he means nothing. These are the books which are dangerous, since they rob the vices which they portray of their hideousness and make them attractive. I have heard women call them "clever," "piquant" and "lively." You may dress them in language as you will, you may tell me that the story is "smart" and "snappy," but I tell you, my dear reader, there is only one word which truthfully denominates this kind of books, and that is—*filthy*.

THE BOOK IN A WOMAN'S HAND.

I do not know whether these words will be read by those of our American women who are careless and thoughtless enough to buy this unhealthy literature. I hardly think they can be found in any large number among the *JOURNAL* sisters. Then, why are these words written? To enroll you, my dear reader, each and every one of you, among those who will use all the influence which you can exert over others, to stem this tide of injurious literature. If these words will fall under the eyes of one woman who will be convinced that she cannot afford to read a suggestive book, their mission will be fulfilled. It is for the perpetuation of everything that is pure and elevating in womanhood, of the maintenance of everything that is sacred to the domestic circle, that I say: no woman can afford to either buy or read a book other than that which has in it and about it makes every immorality possible; just as a good book will stimulate the loftiest thoughts and ambitions. A woman's life and feelings are colored by the pages which she reads. A book in which sin is gilded, no matter how cleverly it is done, should be shunned as thoroughly as the vice which it represents. It is always well for every woman to remember that her reading is the greatest key to her character. The company a woman keeps may sometimes be imposed upon her, and it is, therefore, not always safe to judge her by those who surround her. But her reading is the result of choice, and therefore the book in a woman's hand is a direct index to her character. There is no self-respecting woman in America who can afford to read a book with an unclean purpose. She cannot afford it for her own sake, her family, her friends, or her sex. Besides, what benefit is derived from such a book? It can teach a woman nothing worth knowing; therefore, it is unsatisfactory, and the time spent is wasted. She cannot refer to it in conversation; therefore, it is useless. Then, where is the good to be derived? And unless we can learn something from it. On the other hand, it is harmful because it is impure. A woman may say: "Oh, I can read these books, and they have no effect upon me." Not apparently; but unconsciously they do, most assuredly. And every woman of common sense knows that what I say is true. It cannot be otherwise. The mind thrives by what it is fed, just like the body. Why not turn to all the good and healthful books which are constantly published? Ignore the unhealthy and they will die of themselves, and with their death will American literature and American womanhood be the greatest beneficiaries.

WHAT IS A GOOD BOOK?

But, some one will ask, what do you call a good book? I will tell you.

A good book is one that interests you. One in which the bright rather than the dark side of life is shown.

One that makes you see how mean are the small vices of life and how despicable are the great sins.

One that glorifies virtue in woman and honor in man.

One in which the good are rewarded and the wicked are made to suffer—suffering, by the by, that may be of the conscience—or in a more material way, a reward given either on earth, or promised for the future.

One which convinces you that this world is filled with good men and good women.

One that breathes forth the goodness of a Creator, and respects His all-governing laws.

One that makes you feel you are meeting real people—people who elevate your thoughts as you associate with them.

A good book is one that you remember with pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, who are yet only characters of the imagination.

A good book is one that tells, in good English, the story it has to; sees no necessity for using foreign words and does not quote from the Arabic or the Sanscrit as if the author had written it with an *Encyclopædia Britannica* beside him.

A good book is the one that we want when weary of the people of the world; that we can read out loud and discuss; that we can hand to our daughters that it may give them pleasure, and which will only be a stepping stone on the road of taste, not only to better and nobler books, but a better and nobler life. That is a good book—and, my friends, there are hundreds of them.

HOW TO READ A BOOK.

There are as many different ways of reading a book as there are different people in the world. But there are few little hints which will, I think, not be amiss with many.

The best way to read a book is with the intention of getting something from it.

Read it with a thought as to the language in which it is written.

Read it with all your senses keenly aroused; otherwise you will find no enjoyment in it.

Read it so you can joy with the joyful, weep with those who are sorrowful, and laugh with the merry.

Read it with a thought of why it was written and whether the author had a motive to exploit beside the mere story.

Read it from choice, not because somebody recommended it, but because, after looking into it, it seems the book you want to read.

Read it in your natural way. If you are a rapid reader, do not attempt to bore yourself to death by trying to read it slowly.

Read it and note the peculiar characteristics of the people described in it, their surroundings, their mode of life, and then think how much these things have to do with making climaxes, or bringing about certain situations.

Read it with an intent to enjoy, to find interest and, if possible, improvement; but do not start out to read a book to improve yourself. The very fact that this responsibility rests upon you will make you find the book stale, flat and unprofitable.

Read good books, and they will unconsciously make you speak better English, systematize your mind, give you a better knowledge of the world and tend to make you in every respect a brighter, more interesting, more broad and more considerate woman.

WHAT WE THINK WILL PLEASE YOU.

We believe that the next (June) number of the *JOURNAL* will be the brightest, freshest and most interesting with which we have ever pleased our readers. It will be the first of our four summer numbers.

We shall begin a new illustrated novelette, entitled "Myrtle's Mistake," by Kate Upson Clark, which will appeal to the interest and heart of every woman, young and old.

There will also be a charming story for girls, "Her One Talent," by Fay Huntington, beautifully illustrated.

Mrs. Whitney will continue her successful novel, "Ascutney Street," while a double installment of Maud Howe's society romance, "Phyllida," will be given.

An illustrated article on "Out-Door Sports for Girls," by Ellen Le Garde, will be an interesting feature.

Florence Howe Hall will tell in a practical manner "How to Close a House for Summer."

Dr. Talmage will talk on marriage, and give a humorous account of how he married a couple in a balloon hundreds of feet above the earth.

"Summer Widowers" is the unique title of an article by Percy Vere, on wives who leave their husbands in the city during the summer.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox will contribute a poem of unusual power.

Dr. William A. Hammond will give some practical "Hints for Summer Tourists."

"Are Women Careless of Money?" will be answered by Junius Henri Browne.

Dr. Henry MacLaury will write of "Amateur Photography for Girls."

Mary J. Holmes will describe "A Sunrise in the Alps."

Our Fashion department will be enlarged to five pages, and everything about woman's wear for summer will be treated by Miss Emma M. Hooper and by Mrs. Mallon, the best-known and most practical of New York fashion writers. This department will be illustrated by the *JOURNAL*'s exclusive artist.

Kate Tannatt Woods will talk to girls on "Home Studies."

Eben E. Rexford will tell "How to Take Care of the Garden in Summer."

Emma C. Hewitt will have an illustrated story for boys.

And there will be a bewildering amount of other features by over forty authors, which promises to make the June number one of singular interest and strength.

THE YOUNG MAN OF TO-DAY.



HERE are ten articles written on "the modern young man" where there is one that treats of the modern young man. To criticize the little weaknesses of young women becomes to a young writer so absorbing a topic as to completely shut out from view the fact that the "modern young man" affords an equal abundance of material for the critical scalpel. The absurdity of modern fashions for women is a universal cry, but only here and there is a protest made at the masculine fashion-plates which parade through our principal avenues and streets. The cry is that the modern young man is shallow in her conversation, with all her thoughts centered on her apparel. Without stopping to argue the falseness of this charge, let me ask: Is the young man of the present day so infinitely her superior? Is he so studious, so scholarly in his conversation? Are his tendencies for dress and pleasure less marked in scores and hundreds of cases? It is well sometimes to criticize the critic.

The young men have been most properly called the flowers of a country. As is the youth of the present day, so will be the man of the future. In our country, young men are undoubtedly more and more establishing themselves at the head of commercial interests, and in the high places of all professions, until one is at times amazed to find the responsibilities of great commercial and professional enterprises resting upon youthful shoulders, and propelled by young ideas and brains. It is highly creditable to the young manhood of America that these instances of ambitious progress can be found; yet these cases are still in the minority, whereas, with modern energy and enterprise on every side, they should be largely in the majority.

Take the average young man of to-day, and there is considerable room for improvement. The main trouble is his fear of work, and his anxiety to enter only into professions which will bring him social recognition. The fact is, that there are too many young men anxious to toil with kid gloves, and even then they are filled with a fear that they may rip the seams.

I do not exaggerate, I think, when I say that fifty per cent of the young men in business to-day perform their duties in a mechanical manner, glad when the clock points to the hour which means the end of another day. It is not an uncommon thing for young clerks to begin at three o'clock to watch for the approach of five o'clock. The period of life through which they are passing has scarcely any meaning for them. They are forgetful of the important fact that they are standing at the eastern gate of life, that they are passing through a season of their existence that should be crowded full of plans and actions. An interest in sporting matters takes the place of an interest in what most concerns them and their future. It is much easier for thousands of our young men to remember the names of every member of the leading base-ball nines in the country, than to recollect the names of the customers with whom their firms have daily dealings. The scores of base-ball games take the place of the discounts allowed certain customers. I have nothing to say against the national game of base-ball. In moderation, an interest in this or any other form of outdoor exercise is healthful; but such interest becomes harmful when it is allowed to become too absorbing, and business and the practical side of life are made secondary matters. An appreciation of sports is very well in its proper place, but that place is not the counting-room or the business office, and a young man's business chances are not materially strengthened in discussing New York or Boston's chances for the pennant during business hours.

Every young man is in himself a parcel of tremendous possibilities, and these he realizes in proportion to his efforts to develop them. In a country which holds out so many opportunities for young men as that in which we live, it is remarkable that such comparative little effort is made to embrace them.

There is no excuse, except in the most extreme of unfortunate instances, for a respectable young man in America to fail of commercial success, if he will only look about him and employ the opportunities as they present themselves before him. Let a young man show to his employer that he is working for something more than his bread and butter; let him show that he has the interests of his employer at heart and will protect and further them at every point, even if by so doing he is often compelled to extend his office-hours or make an extra effort, and he is bound to succeed. Every young man in business to-day can and should rise above his position. One position may be more conducive to this than another, but it is possible in all cases. Too many of our young men stop at the point of duty exacted of them; to carry the interests of their employers beyond a certain time of the day is beyond their comprehension. "I am not paid for working after five o'clock," says the young man, forgetful that those who are making successes all around him are the men who work day and night if occasion requires it. Let a young man be afraid of work, and success will be afraid of him. But let him find pleasure in his work, and success will find him. To this rule there is no exception. Success must be deserved before it comes.

The successful young man of to-day is he who is not content with what has been done, but strives to surpass it. Extraordinary talents are not necessary to success. The greatest genius is the genius of energy and industry. Modify pleasure for business, but do not modify business for pleasure. This thousands of our young men fail to understand, and here lies the secret of the standstill at which they find themselves. The inclination is too much toward pleasure and not enough to labor. It is in youth that we should work if, when we arrive at manhood, we would have our burdens easier.



To the innumerable readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I send greeting. There are many things to be said and said right away. With the utmost freedom I shall say them. Please to gather under the light of my evening lamp, and let us look over all the matters pertaining to your prosperity and happiness.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

HOW glad some is the spring-time! We have not had a hard winter, yet how welcome is spring as it dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale, and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and book, and bloom, and pronounces it good. O, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter!

MAY-DAY MOVING.

THE first of May is to many the beginning of the year. From that are dated the breakages, the social startings, the ups and downs of domestic life. One-half New York is moving into smaller houses, the other half into larger. The past year's success or failure decides which way the horses of the furniture wagon shall turn their heads.

Days before, the work of packing commenced. It is astonishing how many boxes and barrels are required to contain all your wares. You come upon a thousand things that you had forgotten, too good to throw away and too poor to keep; old, faded carpet-bags that would rouse the mirth of the town if you dared to carry them into the street; straw hats out of the fashion; beavers that you ought to have given away while they might have been useful; old gloves, shoes, coats and slips of carpet that have been the nest of rats, and a thousand things that you laid away because you some day might want them, but never will.

For the last few days in the old house the accommodations approach the intolerable. Everything is packed up. The dinner comes to you on shattered crockery, which is about to be thrown away, and the knives are only painful reminiscences of what they once were. The teapot that we used before we got our "new set" comes on in time to remind us how common we once were. You can upset the coffee without soiling the table-cloth, for there is none. The salt and sugar come to you in cups looking so much alike that you find out for the first time how coffee tastes when salted, or fish when it is sweetened. There is no place to sit down, and you have no time to do so if you found one. The bedsteads are down, and you roll into the corner at night—a self-elected pauper—and all the night long have a quarrel with your pillow, which persists in getting out of bed, and your foot wanders out into the air, feeling for greater length of cover. If the children cry in the night, you will not find the matches, nor the lamp, nor anything else save a trunk just in time to fall over it, getting up with confused notions as to which is the way to the bed, unless there be some friendly voice to hail you through the darkness. There is truly but little enjoyment in a house packed for May-day moving.

TRIALS OF THE FIRST DAY OF MAY.

THE first of May dawns. The carts come. It threatens rain; but not a drop until you get your best rosewood chairs out-of-doors, and your bedding on the top of the wagon. Be out at twelve o'clock you must, for another family are on your heels, and Thermopylae was a very tame pass compared with the excitement which rises when two families meet in the same hall—those moving out and those moving in. They swear, unless they have positive principles to prohibit. A mere theory on the subject of swearing will be no hindrance. Long-established propriety of speech, buttressed up by the most stalwart determination, is the only safety. Men who talk right all the rest of the year sometimes let slip on the first of May. We know a member of the church, who uses no violence of speech, except on moving-day, and then he frequently cries out: "By the great United States!"

All day long the house is full of racket: "Look out how you scratch that table!" "There! you have dropped the leg out of that piano!" "There goes the looking-glass!" "Ouch! You have smashed my finger!" "Didn't you see you were pushing me against the wall?" "Get out of our way. It's one o'clock, and your things are not half moved! Carmen, take hold and tumble these things into the street!" Our carmen and theirs get into a fight—our servants on our side, their servants on theirs. We, opposed to anything but peace, try to quiet the strife, yet feel if they must go on, we would like to have our men triumph. Like England during our late war, we remain neutral, yet have our preferences as to which shall beat. Now, dash comes the rain, and the water cools off the heat of the combatants. The carmen must drive fast so as to get the things out of the wet, yet slow so as not to rub the furniture.

THE HOME WE LEAVE BEHIND US.

AS our last load starts, we go in to take a farewell look at the old place. In that parlor we have been gay with our friends many a time, and as we glance round the room we seem to see the great group of their faces. The best furniture we ever had in our parlor was a circle of well-wishers. Here is the bedroom where we slept off the world's cares, and got up glad as the lark when the morning sky beckons it upward. Many a time this room has been full of sleep from door-sill to ceiling. We always did feel grandly after we had put an eight-hour nap between us and life's perplexities. We are accustomed to divide our time into two parts: the first to be devoted to hard, blistering, consuming work, and the rest to be given to the most jubilant fun; and sleep comes under the last head.

We step into the nursery for a last look. The crib is gone, and the doll-babies, and the block-houses, but the echoes have not yet stopped galloping—May's laugh, and Edith's steeled, and Frank's shout, as he urged the hobby-horse to its utmost speed, both heels struck into the flanks, till out of his glass eye the horse seemed to say: "Do that again, and I will throw you to the other side of the trundle-bed!" Farewell, old house! It did not suit us exactly; but thank God for the good times we had in it!

FIRST DAYS IN NEW HOUSES.

MOVING-DAY is almost gone. It is almost night. Tumble everything into the new house. Put up the bedsteads. But who has the wrench, and who the screws? Packed up, are they? In what box? It may be one of the half-dozen. Ah! now I know in which box you will find it. In the last one you open. Hungry, are you? No time to talk of food until the crockery is unpacked. True enough, here they come. That last jolt of the cart finished the teacups, the jolt before that fractured some of the plates, and Bridget now drops the rest of them. The Paradise of crockery-merchants is moving-day. I think, that they must, about the first of May, spend most of their time in praying for success in business.

Seated on the boxes, you take tea, and then down with the carpets. They must be stretched, and pieced, and pulled, and matched. The whole family are on their knees at the work, and red in the face, and before the tacks are driven all the fingers have been hammered once and are taking a second bruising. Nothing is where you expected to find it. Where is the hammer? Where are the tacks? Where the hatchet? Where the screw-driver? Where the nails? Where the window-shades? Where is the slat to that old bedstead? Where are the rollers to that stand? The sweet-oil has been emptied into the blackberry-jam. The pickles and the plums have gone out together a-swimming. The lard and the butter have united as skillfully as though a grocer had mixed them. The children, who thought it would be grand sport to move, are satiated, and one-half the city of New York at the close of May-day go to bed worn-out, sick and disgusted. It is a social earthquake that annually shakes the city.

It may be that, very soon, some of our rich relatives will, at their demise, "will" us each one a house, so that we shall be permanently fixed. We should be sorry to have them quit the world under any circumstances; but if, determined to go anyhow, they should leave us a house, the void would not be so large, especially if it were a house well-furnished and having all the modern improvements. We would be thankful for any good advice they might leave us, but should more highly appreciate a house.

May all the victims of moving-day find their home attractive! If they have gone into a smaller house, let them congratulate themselves at the thought that it takes less time to keep a small house clean than a big one.

And, better than all, by the time that moving-day comes again, may they have made enough money to buy a house, from which they will never have to move until the House of Many Mansions be ready to receive them!

HOW WE SHALL SEE HEAVEN.

A DEAR sister inquires whether we shall see Heaven the first day we get there. No, my sister, no more than you can see London in a day, or New York in a week. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. And you cannot see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a single day. No; it will take all eternity to see Heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones, to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages will roll, and yet Heaven will always be new. The streets new! The temple new! The joy new!

WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.

A MOTHER writes to me: "What shall I teach my daughters?" This one important and tremendous fact, my sister—that there is no happiness in this world for an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. It is inhuman and cruel for any father or mother who pass their daughters into womanhood having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Staël said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood." We should teach our daughters that work of any kind, when necessary, is a credit and honor to them. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father and mother toil their lives away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds, or trim hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain or embroider a slipper.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS OF TOIL.

SOCIETY is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has a genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere, in any honorable calling!

BEHAVIOR AT CHURCH.

AROUND the doors of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and shaking of hands. Perhaps because we ourselves were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities, we arrive the last moment before the services, and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we get when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the depot of the dogology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general. It is your place to apply it to the individual heart. The church aisle may be made the road to heaven. Many a man who was unaffected by what the minister said has been captured for God by the Christian word of an unpretending layman on the way out.

MAGNETISM OF A HEARTY HAND-SHAKE.

YOU may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance, to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold, and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the fore-arm and through the wrist till your friend gets the whole charge of gospel electricity.

CINDERS IN OUR SPIRITUAL EYES.

WHEN I was on the steamer, a few weeks ago, coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife, and wrapped the lid of the eye round the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but, without any pain and instantly, he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble, back-handed, and lays hold of us, and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

MY glasses have a way of dropping from their nasal resting-places sometimes when writing. They have just made such a descent on the paper. But they never do so without calling to mind our grandmother's spectacles. Dear old grandmother! Her spectacles had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a king's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. One of the children hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spoke again. Second-sight had gone. Her vision had grown better and better. She could see all now—not through a glass darkly. Grandmother had no more need of spectacles.

T. De Witt Talmage

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(REGISTERED)

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ABOUT POETRY.

A GIRL said to me a few days ago of a friend of hers, "I never in my life knew anybody who had such a flow of language as she has. She is never at a loss for a word of comparison, or an appropriate quotation. How in the world does she do it?" Well, I asked her, and this is what the good talker said:—

"When I was a very little girl my great delight was to read and study poetry. I learned poems by heart to recite at school, to say to my mother, and to delight my brothers with. I have always kept up that habit, and every day as I am dressing, I have an open book on my bureau and learn something by heart, even if it is only a verse of four lines. I have never given drawing-room recitations, for I know I should simply bore people, but I have gotten a great deal of pleasure myself from the habit, and I believe it has done more to give me a good command of words than anything else.

If you take a bit of advice from me, you will choose to begin on the shorter poems of Austin Dobson, of Owen Meredith, or dear old Tom Hood, or Adelaide Proctor, and later on, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Rossetti. You know the last was the poet who so dearly loved his wife that he buried with her the poems which he had written beside her, and which had never been published. Many years after his friends insisted that these poems should be disinterred, and it was found, when the coffin was opened, that her wonderful blonde hair had grown to her feet and formed a net work that glistened like gold thread in the sun over the bundle of papers. If you do not care for these poets take any others you like, but do not try to do too much at once. The little by little is the very best theory in life if you want to gain anything.

but here is a plan, whereby the absolute independence of young women is secured.

No girl can ever feel a sense of obligation; gratitude must take its place, since her own efforts have won for her the honor.

Is not this grand, beneficent and broad? Was I not right in rejoicing for the dear girls?

Absolute failure is impossible; not only will our girls earn a goodly sum, but with it the richness of experience, of continuity of purpose, of patient endeavor, of contact with all sorts and conditions of their fellow-men, and, best of all, to know themselves. The fickle girls will despair at the first rebuff, the wise ones will endure to the end, and nothing has a better educational influence on a young girl than to learn her own weak points. To learn them should be to resolve on conquering them. Here too, the idle girls can see a purpose in life. They can find something to do which will call all their powers into play, and overcome the defects of early training or want of training. What do you think of shortening your trip in order to come home to try for a prize? May not travel, which is a great educator, come later when your trained mind will be better able to absorb and enjoy?

I can think now of a dozen young women who might easily win their heart's desire through this generous offer. There is our bright friend Elizabeth, who has need of special study in rhetoric; and Jean, who is so fond of using foreign words and phrases; and Myra, who has longed all her life to give one solid year to the study of modern languages; and little Miss Brock, who says a twelve-month of study in a sheltered home would be her conception of Paradise; and that sober girl, Miss Starr, who loves biology as some girls say they "love" Huyler's candy. All these are just the ones to enjoy one year of study; while the candidates for the first prize will be legion.

A few girls, who are already interested, have asked me which college I should prefer. That is a very difficult question. First win your way and then select your college. From family experiences and intimate knowledge Vassar might seem to me first and best; but from actual observation and acquaintance with some of its valued instructors, Wellesley seems almost as close a friend; Smith is near and dear to all of us who have young friends there, and Cornell deserves all honor for the open doors for women. We could never forget Ann Arbor while brave Lucy Stone and the Blackwell sisters live; nor would we, for one moment overlook the valuable State universities where both sexes share alike. The words "any other American college" which I find in this offer, are too broad to admit of doubt, and too liberal to be made the cause of any individual distinction. I should find it hard to choose. No girl could make a mistake, for every college in the land has advantages peculiarly its own.

If these generous publishers should ever decide to permit the mature women of America to compete for a year or two of quiet study or some special course, there would be such an army march forth that all the colleges of the country would be compelled to build not one annex, but many.

This is clearly woman's hour; the boys have had scholarships and aid for many generations, and I am sure your young heart will throb with joy when you consider how much good will be done by this magnificent offer. If you decide to come home to compete for the prize, pray get your uncle to cable me to that effect; and I will write to the publishers for the necessary papers.

A free, liberal education for even one girl means better education for all girls; progress is in the air we breathe.

Faithfully yours, KATE TANNATT WOODS.

This department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSTANCE has written to me about books. She says: "We read so much in the papers about reading bad books, and yet no one offers to suggest good ones." Now there are more good books than one would believe. If only the trouble were taken to look for them. The girls want something that is interesting as well as instructive, and interesting means having a story in it. This is right, for life itself is a story and every picture of it must represent either a finished story or an episode in one.

GOOD READING FOR GIRLS.

YOU are interested in the gay land of France; you like its history, but you do not care to read it as history in the ordinary sense. Very well; begin then with the "Three Guardsmen," by Alexander Dumas; read the whole series, and long before you are through you will find out that you are searching the library lists for other books of the French people and their customs, and that you are saving up your money to buy a copy of Guizot's "History of France." You want to know what England was like a century ago? Then read Thackeray's accounts of the beaux and belles, of the mode of life, the striving for place and the vulgarity of little things. Read his "Virginians," and you will discover that there is romance in your own country. If you like a rollicking book take "Charles O'Malley," and you will find in it the best description of the battle of Waterloo that ever has been written. Read all of Charles Dickens' books: you will see in them how good the poor are to the poor; you will scorn the veneerings of society, and you will know what the Fleet Prison was when Charles Dickens, as a little boy, went there to see his father. Linger over the "Tale of Two Cities"; you will then know of a peculiar epoch in French history and you will realize how love for a sweet, good woman would make even a man like Sydney Carton so much nobler and better than he could give his life for his friend's sake. Read everything that Walter Besant has ever written. Read all the books by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman!" Feel assured that the books of Mrs. Whitney will interest you. Remember this, that the immoral books are those that teach you of the wicked side of life, and would make you feel that there is no hope, are those that tend to degrade men and women in your eyes, and make them seem of little worth, and also, are those written in impure English. Get into a habit of reading good books, and the bad ones will have no attraction for you. After you have had the pleasure of thinking with good minds, the small and the mean and the low ideas, that come from the little ones, will possess no attraction for you.

THE OLDEST GIRL.

THERE is a certain ring of pride in a man's voice when he introduces one of his own friends by saying: "This is my oldest girl." It's a ring that comes from satisfaction. He has found that that oldest girl of his has known how to make all life pleasanter in the household, and there is nothing which delights him so much as for her to have some sort of an entertainment where the other girls and the young men are asked. Then he thinks they see just what his oldest girl is. She knows how to make this formal party a very pleasant one; she hasn't got the room so crowded with decorated scrap-baskets, paper flowers, ribbon-trimmed chairs and untidy ruffles so as to interpose a screen between everybody; but she has it looking well furnished, homelike and cheerful. The lamp shades are as bright as only glasses can be, and you know whose busy hands keep them in order all the year round. On the table are the illustrated papers, some photographs and some books. Not stiffly piled, but laid about carelessly that they may be picked up and talked about. Some pretty pictures stand on top of the piano, and there is a vase filled with flowers, so that the shyest girl in the world doesn't mind going back there to play for everybody because her face is hidden. Your oldest girl is considerate. Then the pleasant little break comes when the light cake, the daintily-cut sandwiches, the chocolate in its thin cups, and the lemonade in its small glasses are served. Your oldest girl and the other girls arranged all this, and then, so that there might be no confusion, had plates and napkins piled on the table, and in addition to your own obliging maid, got in her sister for the evening, so everybody was served. She had hard work to convince the maid that all the ladies were not to be attended to first, but at last she did make her understand that each group was to be served, and so the chatter and talk was not stopped. She got whoever she could to play something pleasant on the piano. When it came to a question of singing she preferred that whoever could would give them a song, and eventually the evening was wound up with a song familiar to joined in the chorus. You're right. Say it with pride always. Look at her lovingly and appreciate at her full worth "your oldest girl."

WHEN YOU CHOOSE A SWEETHEART.

THAT'S a delightful old word: just separate it and see what it means. It means a heart overflowing with sweetness that belongs to you and you alone, and the sweetness of the heart is that pure honey which we call love. Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly. Remember he is to be more than even this to you some day—he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of the girls who has a sweetheart here, and one there, and gives a little love to this one and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom has gone from the peach and she cannot give him what he offers her.

You girls know very quickly when a man means more than mere ordinary friendship for you. You have an instinct that tells you that this big, good looking fellow has come sweethearting, and that is the time for you to study him a little bit. Think out if his temper and yours are certain to agree well together; think out if his tastes and yours are alike, or if they can grow to be so, for you know, little women, if you want to be happy in your married life, you must learn the great and wonderful virtue of adaptability. You must choose your sweetheart as you do a new gown, so that he will wear well; but you want him for longer than a winter; he must last through the long summer days and through the winter ones, and before you put your hand in his and tell him that you are willing to fight out the battle of life together, think it all over well and remember that you are choosing your sweetheart not for a day or a year, but for all through life and, please God, if you love each other enough, for after death.

THE SWEETEST WORD IN THE LANGUAGE.

THE word "Mamma" is one of the sweetest and dearest in the English language, and no girl should ever become so old as to forget to call her mother by that name. Some one may tell you it sounds babyish in the mouth of a girl eighteen or twenty years of age. But let no one, dear girl, persuade you from the use of it. It is the first word that you learn in babyhood—it is the last you should forget. You may substitute the word "mother," but it has not the same meaning either to you or to her. It has not the same sound of sweet confidence in it. God caused that word to be put into the languages of the world with a special purpose. Do not believe that you ever grow too old to use it. If men who have reached years of maturity feel that they can call their parents by that name, then you, my dear girl, can easily afford to do it. And I can count a score of full-grown men right on my fingers here who always address their mother as "Mamma," before company or away from it. And I think the more of them for doing it. And so does all the world. Likewise the world will think more of you. And you will feel better satisfied yourself, and give your mother that pleasure which it should be your duty, every day you live, to give her. Let it ever be "Mamma" and "Papa," no matter to what age you may live. Remember always one thing—You can never grow too big to show your parents all the little attentions of which the most loving of hearts is capable.

THE USE OF SLANG.

SHE was a very nice looking girl; she had bright eyes that gleamed alike with fun and determination. She had on a pretty brown dress, her gloves fitted her perfectly, and she wore the daintiest of brown straw hats. She paid her fare in the street car and, as she closed her purse with a snap, she said: "I'm getting very tired of it, and I don't intend to allow myself to indulge in it any longer." She was tired of hearing a girl say she was "dead struck" on a young man when she meant, she thought, he was very pleasant. Of hearing another one announce that she thought rose-colored ribbons were very "swagger," i. e., fashionable. Or again stigmatizing an impertinent young man as "too fresh," or calling the grandmother an "old girl." It was all un ladylike; and yet these very girls were ones who were in the habit of hearing good English spoken, of reading good books, and who, after a little thought, knew exactly how abominably they were speaking. But it was a bad habit, and a bad habit is more easily gotten than gotten rid of. How, they are doing it; they formed a little "Anti-slang Band"; each time a slang word is used a penny is dropped in the slot of an earthenware saving's box, that cost just a penny; and every girl is put on her honor to keep account when she is away and to duly attend to her debts. I. O. U.'s are accepted, though as yet only one has been offered. There is a serious belief that at the end of 1890 there will be enough money in the box to found a bed in the Babies' Hospital; but it is perfectly certain that as the months go by the contributions will decrease, until, by January, slang will be eliminated from the conversation of this group of girls; and not only will the cheery leader announce that she's tired of it, but that she has absolutely stopped using it.

LETTERS TO BETH.

No. VI.

FREE EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

MY DEAR BETH:

I have some glorious news to tell you and I want you to repeat it at once to all of your many friends. Better still, I sincerely wish that you would try for one of the prizes.

Do you remember that pet plan of mine to establish a fund which should enable worthy girls who might be hungering for an education to obtain one? Bad investments ruined my hopes in that direction, but good things spring up from the ashes of dead ideals, and now, the plan is enlarged and improved by a generous Philadelphia firm, in fact, by the publisher of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, which I send you regularly.

I feel so elated over this magnificent offer that I am constantly saying: "Oh, if I were only a young girl and could do this thing all over, knowing, as I now know, the delight and infinite resources of careful mental training!"

"How is the plan formulated?" I will tell you as briefly as possible: Our American papers are full of it, and it is but fair that all young women on both sides of the water should know what we are doing for their sex in our free land. You know how popular the JOURNAL is here; subscriptions come in for it on the lightest hint; for instance, at a lunch party the other day, some one used a quotation from it, and three ladies instantly said, "I must take that magazine."

"Yes," said another, "it is refreshing to read real thoughts, real suggestions, and something fresh and crisp. We are quite tired of the eternal gingerbread and the everlasting chit."

Without half trying friends are made for the JOURNAL and the words of wit and wisdom in it reach thousands of homes.

We pen-workers never fully know how far our written words do reach, and for this reason some of us write with a prayer in our hearts.

Sometime I mean to write a new gospel: "The Gospel According to Unseen Friends." Just now I am too busy trying to make our American girls realize their superb advantages, and the letters which I am constantly receiving from them cheer me with the thought that so many are waking up to the great truth of woman's power for good.

But you are eager to hear the good news. It seems that the publisher of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is a devout believer in the higher education of women, and, therefore, he has offered prizes which will test the earnestness and perseverance of our American girls; the offer put into a condensed form is this:

No. 1. For the largest number of yearly subscriptions to the JOURNAL at \$1.00 per year, sent in until January 1, 1891, a complete education at Vassar College, or any other American college, all expenses paid.

No. 2. Any girl over sixteen years of age, who will send 1000 subscribers to the JOURNAL between now and the date above given, a full term of one college-year at any college, and all expenses paid.

At first my heart gave a great bound and began to ache for the left-out girls, who should either get 999 subscribers, or, who by reason of sickness or disaster, might fall short of this great good.

I found, to my delight, that even this objection had been provided for, and all workers will be rewarded, for a cash commission will be paid of twenty-five cents to all who send in a list of names for the prizes.

Is not this generous? Will not our American girls work with a will with such a goal in view?

We have some admirable organizations which are now doing this thing in a small way. Our society for the "University Education of Women" has assisted many young girls, while the various societies for "Home Studies" and "Educational Unions" throughout the land are genuine blessings.

In most cases our students must work for a long time to return the money that is loaned;



Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes, with Patent Measuring Tube. 25 cts.

An Elegant Toilet Luxury

Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

EIGHT REASONS why every Lady should use FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER.

It is absolutely harmless; the purest science can produce. Does not show; will not rub off; is used by society and dramatic artists. Purifies and beautifies the complexion; gives freshness to the skin. Is made in 3 shades: white, pink and cream. Is an old and tried preparation, thousands of ladies having used it for years. Ask your druggist for it, or send 50c. or 25c. for a box by mail. A full box will be sent free to any one who, mentioning this paper, sends us the names and addresses of ten ladies to pay for postage. Send also three two-cent stamps. FREEMAN PERFUME CO. (Established 1876), 223 E. 152d St., NEW YORK, (C. O'CONNOR, O.

THE FERRET DETECTIVE CAMERA

Is the best hand camera in the world for the money. Adapted for either TIME OF INSTANTANEOUS work. Imported Achromatic Lens, 4 1/2" SIZE FOCUS. Leather Covered, price, \$15.00. Photo. 10c. The Photographic Herald, edited by Dr. Laury Mac Henry, published monthly, 50 cents per year. Sample copy, 5 cents. LOEBER BROS., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

A WEDDING OUTFIT FOR \$200.

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.



N buying a trousseau I advise every young woman to commence with underwear, gloves, shoes, hosiery and such articles as do not change much in a year, while the hats and gowns should be the last selected, as then one is more apt to have the latest styles. Too

many gowns for one's position in society, and too few pieces of underwear, etc., is better reversed. It is customary for a bride to provide table and bed-linen and all tueling necessary for her prospective home; but this part of the outfit I do not include in my present list. If the bride, to be, can save a trifle in the buying of her wardrobe, she will find that a small sum is convenient to have to expend in pretty things for her new home, which cannot rightly be included with the furniture. In furnishing a home it is a wise plan to buy for the kitchen first, then bed-rooms, dining-room, and lastly the parlor; for one may do without many things in a parlor, but "where is the man who will do without dining?"

It is a mooted question whether to make underclothes or buy them ready-made. My experience is that if you hire a seamstress to do the work, the underwear becomes very expensive, and if nine out of ten girls make it themselves, it is not neatly done; consequently, unless a dainty sewer by hand and machine, buy it ready-made, though if you are an expert worker on muslin, you can have better materials by making the garments yourself. Do not get so many pieces that they will yellow in the bureau with age before worn. On the supposition that you already have an ordinary stock of four night-dresses, four corset-covers, four under-skirts, four long skirts, four drawers, one muslin dressing sacque, one mohair skirt and one nicer set, including the first five articles, will answer. These you can buy for \$22, and I would suggest buying the drawers and underskirts untrimmed and edging them with knitted lace, done with 70 or 80 linen thread. I do not include chemises, as few women wear these garments nowadays. Have two corsets, \$3.00; six hose, \$3.00; six handkerchiefs, \$2.00; two light flannel skirts, \$3.00; one flannel breakfast saque of blue and white stripes, trimmed with blue ribbons and Valenciennes lace frills turned over the neck, which will cost \$2.50; walking shoes, \$5.00; low ties, having large bows and buckles, \$3.25; toilet articles like soap, combs, etc., \$5.00; visiting cards, \$2.50—which will include a pack having both names, and one for the bride only.

Now spend \$5.00 for a pretty lace jabot, folds for the neck and sleeves, etc.; three pairs of gloves, two of swede and one of glove kid, \$4; a toque at \$4.00, and a dressy hat at \$6.00; jacket, \$12; blouse of wash surah, \$4.00; twenty yards of the nicest American gingham at eighteen cents, \$3.60—embroidery for collars and cuffs, and ribbon for belts cost \$1.40 more—and you have two neat morning dresses; to be changed with a bedroom wrapper of white checked nainsook, ten yards, \$1.50, embroidery for trimming, 50 cents. Now we have used up \$94.25, and have only the important dresses left. For each gown \$2.50 must be allowed for "findings," which will include all linings, buttons, braid, silk, etc. I am supposing this prospective bride will have a dressmaker in the house for a few days to help in the fitting of the basques, and do the remainder of the sewing with the assistance of fashion papers, patterns and natural taste, as it would be foolish in the extreme to attempt having the gowns of a modest outfit made outside; the cost would exceed the price of the materials. Ten yards of neat, striped chevot at 85 cents, will make a shopping or traveling dress and shoulder cape, findings, \$2.50—\$8.50 for goods, and \$2.00 for a little trimming on the neck and sleeves—though a suit trimmed entirely with buttons and a buckle would be new and stylish for the same price. We will allow \$8.00 for the dressmaker. A piece of white China silk at \$12.00 will make a charming wedding gown for June, with a trimming of embroidered crepe lisse, \$4.00, findings, \$2.50; veil, \$4.00; spun silk hose, \$1.25; swede gloves, \$3.00; slippers, \$2.00, completes the wedding attire. A tea-gown of old-rose cashmere, seven yards at seventy-five cents, \$5.25; loose surah front, \$2.25; findings, \$1.50; ribbons, \$1.25—total, \$10.25.

For a church and visiting dress have eight yards of bordered serge or mohair in gray, brown or tan shades, which will cost \$12, findings \$2.50 and velvet for the accessories, 75 cents—total, \$15.25. A dress of white nainsook, embroidered, will cost \$4.50 for the four-and-a-half yards for the full skirt, and forty cents a yard for the two-and-a-half yards necessary for the round waist and sleeves, and \$1.80 will furnish the embroidery for a round turnover collar and cuffs and belt-ribbon tied on the side, or a surah or tartan sash could be worn, if the extra expense is not objected to. Now we have a traveling, wedding, visiting, two morning and one tea-gown, besides the wrapper. The remaining gown should be of black net over black satin duchesse, or a black India silk, having blue, green, violet or old-rose figures over it, and my advice is to have sixteen yards of the silk at one dollar, \$16.00; findings, \$2.50, a piece of black or colored ribbon velvet, \$2.00. The articles now form a total of \$196.50, and, though I have given New York prices, a few of the things might possibly be picked up cheaper, if the buyer knows when and where to go for bargains. The morning dresses might be dispensed with if they are already on hand from last summer, though one of the pretty plaid designs in white and blue, green, lavender or pink are remarkably neat for summer mornings. If the wedding takes place in the traveling dress, then use the money expended for the China silk, veil, etc., for a silk dinner and evening gown of a silver gray, dome-blue

or violet shade, trimmed with handsome passementerie. The dresses already in the wardrobe should be carefully overlooked and remodeled, when possible; or, if the waists are too far gone to repair, freshen up the skirts with new braids, facings and a re-draping, and wear them with the sailor-b blouse and break-fast-jacket mentioned above. If there is a black dress to be re-made, add a yoke, panel, collar and full sleeves of tartan plaid, woolen or silk goods. Make use of all of the dresses in hand before buying new, and buy according to your future position in the world.

THE PROPER CARE OF CLOTHING.

BY HELEN JAY.



THE man who blames his wife for extravagance, finds fault if she is not presentable. Few women have the creative genius of the French cook who could make something out of nothing. With a factitious husband and refined tastes on one side, and a narrow income and limited time on the other, what can the poor soul do?

She must learn to take care of her gowns, an accomplishment few possess. The condition of the closet reacts on its contents. Dust, bad air and dampness fade the most brilliant coloring, deaden the lustre of silk and jet, and age your most recent purchase. Granted that you have just opened your closet door in the new home, where the May moving has brought you, what shall you do? I answer—have it thoroughly cleaned. Then go over the novel work with household ammonia to destroy lurking moth germs. Then buy a roll of tar roofing-paper from a tinsmith, and tack it neatly over the floor, bringing the edges a trifle above the bottom of the base board. Cover the shelves with the same, and you have a most inexpensive cedar closet, to which mice and insects will give a wide berth.

Over the paper put oil-cloth in some light coloring, and clean, weekly, with salt and water and a little ammonia. Every morning, when the windows of your bedroom are open, open the door of your closet for ventilation. Clothing has wonderful powers of absorption, and too many people carry the atmosphere of their homes in their coats and gowns. Who does not remember the death-like odors clinging, vampire like, to the garments of some great-grandmother, who had hoarded them for years in an air-tight New England closet. Your clothing needs oxygen as much as you do.

White gowns grow yellow if left to hang uncovered. Make bags for them, and for your silks and velvets as well. Seal-skin retains its beauty, for a greater length of time, if kept in the dark free from dust. To make the most successful bags for these purposes use light calico which has no fuzz and washes easily. Sew the breadths together, leaving the top and bottom open. Sew hooks and eyes on the bottom and run a shirr string in the top. The gown should first be put on a wire arm, and the bag drawn over it and fastened at the bottom with the hooks and eyes; then draw the string over the arm, leaving the loop, by which it is hung up uncovered. If the garment is white, or delicate in color, put a cake of white wax in the bag to prevent it turning yellow. To keep steel and all oriental embroideries from tarnishing fill a small bag with camphor-gum, and hang in the larger bag. If left uncovered it stains whatever it comes in contact with.

On the principle that "All's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's feet is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have one pair sacred to rainy weather, for rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old, black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove. If you insist on your dressmaker facing your gowns with velvet or velveteen instead of braid, you will lessen your shoemaker's bills and be saved from the purple blemish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking. When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest five cents in a card of shining black beauties, and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. Gaiters are charitable things and cover a multitude of defects. Half-worn boots will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to buy them, and in most shops you can get a pair for one dollar and sixty-five cents. To save your evening shoes and slippers invest in a pair of white fleece-lined artic boots, which will cost two dollars, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn foot gear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.

Black straw and chip hats, which promise to be worn so much this season, can be kept in shape and color by brushing, when well dusted, with shoe polish. Every hat and bonnet should have its separate box, and be covered with a silk handkerchief to protect from the dust and light.

Gloves should never be rolled into a wad or left lying inside-out. Pull off slowly and stretch each finger to its full length. Mend every minute rip with glove thread and needles which come especially for the purpose. Wrap each pair in tissue paper, and keep in a long box, without folding.

Eternal vigilance is the price of dainty clothing, daintily kept; but there is nothing that brings its own reward so soon as intelligent dealing with one's wardrobe.

FREE EDUCATIONS FOR GIRLS



A LIFETIME'S CHANCE

FOR THE YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA

A Complete College Education Without Cost

TO OUR AMERICAN GIRLS:



YOU are living in an age when for women to know much means success.

Girls are smarter to-day than ever before, and you must be their equal. You cannot afford to know less than other girls.

You want to be bright and make a success of life. Position is more and more obtained by what you know, and less by how rich you are. Bright girls far outnumber the rich girls in the highest positions to-day.

Men are looking more and more for bright wives, rather than wealthy ones.

A college education, just at this time, means everything to you—the shaping, perhaps, of your entire future.

To know what a college can teach you means to make of you a woman in every sense.

A college training has up to this time, perhaps, been out of your reach. Father or mother would like to send you to college, but they cannot well afford it.

Now, you have a chance—the first chance ever offered to the girls of America—to get a free education at any one of the best colleges in the land. Let us tell you how you can do it.

Our First Offer

To any girl of 16 years or over, who will—from this date until January 1st, 1891—send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at \$1.00 per year, we will give as a reward a complete education at *Vassar College*, including all expenses of tuition, board, etc.; or if she prefers, she may choose *Wellesley, Smith*, or any other American College. This offer means a *complete education* in every branch of study, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL paying all expenses, irrespective of the time or amount involved.

Our Second Offer

We will also, as a second offer, give to any girl of 16 years or over, who will—between now and January 1st, 1891—send us 1,000 subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at \$1.00 per year, a full term of one college year at *Vassar College*, or any other American college she may select. A term means a *full college year's study*, we guaranteeing to meet the *entire expenses* thereof during the year.

No girl can afford to lose these opportunities which may never come to her again.

Write to us, and we will be glad to send you something which will tell you more about the plan than we can say here.

Address all letters, plainly directed, to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,

433-435 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THE LIFE OF A BUSY AUTHOR.

By ALICE AU TANCE CAMPBELL.



N author's life is always of interest and none more so than that of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, the writer of "Letters to Beth." I am sure the many readers of her works would be interested to know if she practices what she preaches. I can unhesitatingly say "Yes," for work is her watch-word. 'Always have plenty to do, and do it well,' is her motto. Her life is a very busy one. She is up and performs two hour's work before breakfast; the day's orders given; the morning papers glanced over, and then the real work of the day begins. At nine o'clock, pen in hand, the door of the study is closed with a



James French Pulley
Kate Tannatt Woods

formidable card upon it bearing this inscription: "This is my busy day," a glance at which has many a time sent some idle guest in search of something to do. A magazine article, a poem, or a chapter of some novel begins existence; personal letters are written; business ones dictated; manuscript gone over, and over again, for she is her own most captious critic. "The Fair Maid of Marblehead," one of her recent books which has run through several editions, is an instance of this; the manuscript was in the house three years and rewritten three times.

A laborious part of the work is her unimportant mail. It is astonishing to find the number of people who write to an author "Please head my subscription list," "Will you give us a reading?" "Kindly criticise my manuscript, and send it to some magazine where I may expect remuneration." "Send me one of your books," "Please recommend our liniment," and about every thing that can be imagined. Some inclose stamps, most do not; all expect answers. Many times important work is laid aside, or the secretary is so rushed that the busy author goes to the typewriter herself in order to send off promised work by the next mail.

Mrs. Woods makes her headquarters in the old homestead at Salem, but enjoys travel and is frequently absent for months. Her young son, a youth of nineteen, resides with his mother whom he considers his chief playmate and friend. There is no lack of merriment and sport when the severe mental labor of the day is over, for the accomplished hostess enters into all entertainments with the zest of a young girl. She boats in summer, is a fine equestrienne, having taken several prizes in the south and west for her horsemanship; is an excellent shot with the rifle, and, until a terrible accident six years since which caused a spinal injury, was fond of a daily five-mile tramp.

She is the sincere friend of scores of young people who come to her for advice or write her from all quarters of the globe.

The principal occupants of this cheerful home are herself and son, her private secretary and a small dog which was presented her and named "Lex," for the droll negro boy in her book "Six Little Rebels." Among her other accomplishments she is a superior cook, as hundreds of guests can testify who enjoyed her bounteous hospitality in her Minnesota home prior to the death of her husband.

In order to do good work she has found it necessary to deny herself many social pleasures; but old friends still cling to her and there is no lack of brightness and sunshine in the old-fashioned house long since christened "Maple Nest."

Every one of Mrs. Woods's books have been written with a view to correcting some existing evil, or calling attention to some needed reform. For instance, the "Six Little Rebels" was sent out as an olive branch of peace after the war, and was the first juvenile giving any

account of the part American children took in that serious conflict. It is nearly all history. "That Dreadful Boy" shows the dangers of corporal punishment. "The Minister's Secret," and "Hidden For Years," both deal with the crime of slander. "The Fair Maid of Marblehead," which is so justly popular, portrays the trials of a refined, heroic, American girl, and the shams of modern society. "Hester Hepworth," which has recently appeared, is a wonderful story of the witchcraft period.

One of the most delightful books which Mrs. Woods has given to the public is "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey," an illustrated poem published by Lee & Shepard. Probably her poem which is best known to the world is "Dan's Wife," which has been copied in various languages and has also been commended by Oliver Wendell Holmes and others.

Mrs. Woods is a member of the National, and also the New England Press Associations; an active member of several literary clubs and charitable organizations, and a devout believer in the higher education of women. In the words of one of her own household "she lives for others, and is constantly striving to make the world a happier place."

The numerous readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will doubtless be glad to get this glimpse of the home-life of one whose written words have "brought them near to her in spirit."

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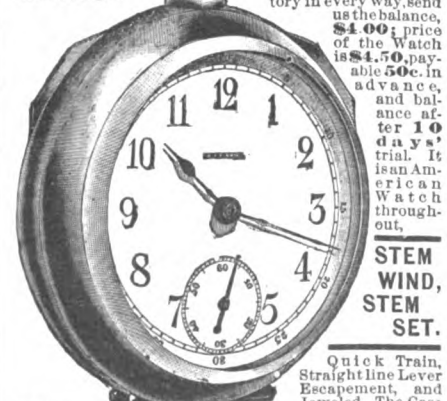
From the charming little CINDERELLA in the "CRYSTAL SLIPPER" BOSTON THEATRE, Oct. 4, 1888.

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Quick Train, Straightline Lever Escapement, and Jeweled. The Case is Silverine, like Silver in appearance, but harder and wearing better than silver. Each watch is inspected and regulated, it can be returned if not broken, any time within a year, we will pay \$4.00 for it. This is a leader to introduce ourselves and secure Agents (to whom we give wholesale prices) to sell from our 100 page catalogue, containing 575 illustrations of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware, which is sent with every watch, catalogue only 6c. in stamps. Send for one and secure an agency for our goods. References, National Newark Banking Co. (Capital, \$500,000).

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MRS. CLARA C. HOFFMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSOURI W. C. T. U., WRITES:

Mr. A. T. BATES, Chicago: After trying every remedy, for years, to remove constipation and hemorrhoids, and all without avail, I have found a complete cure offered by Dr. W. Hall. I recommend his treatment to all suffering from the hundred ills arising from these causes. Kansas City, Dec. 24, 1889. C. C. HOFFMAN.

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IS LITERATURE A TRADE?

By EDWARD W. BOK.

EVERY to the most skeptical is the truth being forced home with each day that modern literature is becoming nothing but a trade. To those who have followed literary matters as a study this became apparent some time ago. Some are still clinging to the belief that literature is only in a transitory state, and that the commercial side now enveloping it will pass away. But this belief is more acceptable as a theory than it is probable as a fact.

MODERN CHANGES IN LITERATURE.

THE working author, he whose ink is broad, recognizes more than ever before the commercial side of literature as a more potent factor in his work. There was a time, and not so long ago, when authors could write for pleasure, when competition was not so keen, and their productions were certain of acceptance in certain channels. Everything they wrote was acceptable because they wrote it, upon the argument that they had cut out for themselves a certain constituency which hailed anything from their pen, good, bad and indifferent. Two or three authors often constituted the resources of a magazine. All this has changed. No writer, however strong or popular, can carry the subscription list of a magazine in his or her pocket. Variety is the order of the day. The magazine which gives the greatest variety in a single issue is the one most sought and enjoyed.

MONEY THE KING IN LITERATURE.

MONEY undoubtedly regulates the literature of to-day. This may be putting the fact in a bare and hard manner, but it is, nevertheless, true. Only recently I heard a famous author bargaining with an editor: "I can give you," he said, "a good, short story for \$150, but not the best. If you really want one of my best tales I shall have to ask you \$200, and may increase this \$25 if the story develops unusually strong under my pen." Take some of the most prominent authors of the time, and we find their best work published through channels which years ago they would have laughed at as markets for their goods. Why do they now recognize these outlets? Because these very channels offer the authors the highest prices for their work. You and I do not like to see the works of our favorite writers published in the mediums which of late too often present them. But authors are recognizing the commercial tendency of the times, and they are simply drifting with the current. Stories, novels and books by famous writers are now bid for in open market as if they were commodities of trade—and they are. Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel was sold to the highest bidder, and so, likewise, was Henry M. Stanley's book on his African experiences.

THE GREAT HELP THE SMALL.

BUT while, from a literary point of view, this state of affairs has a discouraging side, from a financial standpoint it is having a beneficial effect. The high prices asked and received by famous writers have raised the rates for authors who have yet to make their fame. Only three years ago \$15 and \$20 were considered very fair prices for short stories of average length by unknown writers; to-day \$25 and \$35 are paid. Poems which formerly commanded \$5, and willingly sold for that, now bring more to their authors. These increases are, in a measure, of course due to the larger number of periodicals and, therefore, an increased demand; but they have been principally brought about by the higher prices paid the more famous authors. The financial standard has become higher, and this has helped the struggling author, as it is right it should. There is no person to-day who is in more need of a helping hand than the rising author, and everything that tends to encourage the young in literature is a step in the right direction.

NEW BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

By ANNIE R. RAMSEY.



THE first book on my table this month is not new, for it is at least a year old—a very respectable age in these days of readers, who, like Iago, are "nothing if not critical." Its title, "A Humble Romance and Other Stories," suggests its contents—short stories of humble life, New England life at that. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the author, has succeeded in proving to us once again that criticism halts and turns aside from work in which we find the touch of nature that makes the whole world akin; rules, methods, schools, are all forgotten before this so genuinely good, so simple and sympathetic. About these stories of commonplace people there is a flavor of quaintness, a charm, which could only be revealed to us by Miss Wilkins's subtle sense of the romance and delicacy deep hidden in the hearts of these cold, prim, New Englanders, from whose outward life they were crushed by our Puritan ancestors. Where every story has some measure of this rare grace, where there is not a great variety of style, or subject, it is hard to say which story is best; but, in thinking them over, it seems to me that "An Honest Soul" is unique in American literature, while "Gentian," "On the Walpole Road," and "A Conflict Ended," are not inferior to it. I must not mislead you into thinking that there is a single exciting or thrilling incident in the whole book. Do not go to it for these, but for a quiet hour now and again—a long breath of pure country air.

Miss Wilkins, in her choice of subjects, has touched upon what was so long considered the special province of Miss Jewett—and comparison is inevitable. Miss Jewett has a fuller, richer style; she loves her people and treats them with sympathy and insight, but all the time she stands aloof from them; she is always showing them to us through her eyes—the eyes of a cultured Boston woman.

Miss Wilkins's stories are true to the soil, and she effaces herself entirely, for there is not the slightest trace of her personality on any of her pages. She leaves us to meet her people very much as we should, if we went to visit an invalid friend, in some dead-and-alive village; a friend who could give us the history and ancestry of her neighbors, but is forced to allow us to follow their lives, to find out their minds and characters, for ourselves. Published by Harper & Bros., at \$1.25.

To every one who has been interested in all things Russian for two years, or more, and for their matter, at least, Ivan Panin's "Lectures in Russian Literature" will be most welcome. They are full of information about the men who created this movement in their own literary world, and which has gone on broadening and deepening till all literature has felt its influence, and been, for a moment, at least, under its spell. After reading the lecture on Tolstoi you will not be surprised to learn that M. Panin has abandoned himself to that mysticism which seems to have such peculiar charms for the Russian mind, and has joined a brotherhood—somewhere in the West—a society whose faith, though not derived from Tolstoi's teachings, yet runs parallel to his.

Not long ago the theological world occupied all minds; to-day it is the socialistic novel which claims attention—both of them, of course, the natural outcome of the attitude of men's minds towards these questions. Besant's "Children of Gideon," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" were as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Bellamy took up the theme in "Looking Backward"; even Howells touched upon it in his last book, and now this week brings us two more on the subject. Lucia Ames gives us the "Memoirs of a Millionaire," which may, perchance, make "Mildred Brewster Clubs," as popular as "Looking Backward" has made Bellamy societies. And now George Gissing comes to the fore in "The Nether World." This last I cannot recommend as a pleasant story—nor did the author intend it as such—but as a study of the countless thousands who are made to mourn either by man's inhumanity or man's indifference I know no more serious effort.

It is a well-known fact that many women can do anything better than they can teach their own children, and that many children can learn of any one else better than of their own mother. In either condition of affairs, J. Humphrey's little book, "Laugh and Learn," will be a great help over the first hard places. It is published by Scribner and Welford, and is a collection of nursery rhymes and games and lessons.

"Tilly Lass" is a novelette by that brilliant and fascinating man, whose versatility seems to know no bounds—Justin McCarthy. This time he defies all theories, and digs deep into the holy well of Romance. The scene is laid in Ireland, just at the close of the revolt of 1848, and will chiefly delight those who look upon the leaders of this movement as Martyrs and Heroes. But quite apart from its partisan aim, the story rushes along easily and brilliantly, and is well worth reading.

You will all, of course, be reading Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new book, "Little Saint Elizabeth, and Other Stories," by the time this article is printed. I do not know whether the prophesy of the publishers that the book will prove a second "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be verified; but that it will be a story full of charm the author's name is a sufficient guarantee.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley

has written for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

an article upon his last journey across Africa for the relief of Emin Pasha, which the publishers expect to issue in the June number, with striking illustrations.

The Magazine has already printed an important series of African articles, each being of interest to all who have followed Mr. Stanley's expedition.

To enable readers to have all the African series, including Mr. Stanley's, at small expense, the publishers make the following proposal:

For \$1.75 the Magazine will be sent from now until October (6 months), and, in addition, those numbers which contain the African articles already published, which are as follows:

- SLAVERY IN AFRICA, by Prof. HENRY DRUMMOND, author of "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and an experienced African traveller. With map of slave district.
HOW I OBSERVED SEASIDE LAND, by JOSEPH THOMSON, the first man who succeeded in passing across this hostile country. Fully illustrated.
EMIN PASHA'S COUNTRY, by H. G. PROUT, who was formerly Emin Pasha's superior officer, and General "Chinese" Gordon's successor in the Equatorial Provinces. Illustrated.
AMONG THE CONGO SAVAGES, by HERBERT WARD, late officer of the Congo Free State.

Forming the most authentic and valuable contributions on African matters printed during recent years.

Or for \$3.25 the Magazine will be sent for one year, and, in addition, the four African numbers mentioned above.

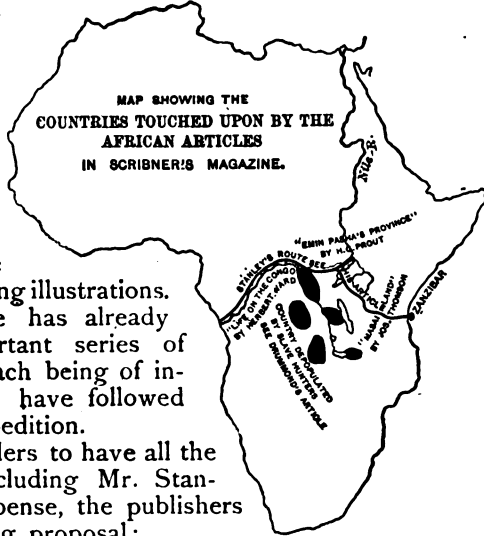
To understand the importance of these offers see the announcements of a few of the forthcoming features:

- Henry M. Stanley will write for no other magazine in this country or abroad upon his last journey.
Homes and Home Building. A series of popular illustrated articles of practical importance to those who contemplate building.
The Citizen's Rights. A number of articles which will appeal to every householder or citizen.
Jean Francois Millet. A timely account of the home and friends of the painter. Superbly illustrated.
A New Serial entitled "Jerry," a story of the greatest originality, by a new author, will begin in June.

Send your subscriptions now to

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,

743-745 Broadway, New York.

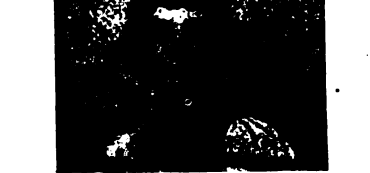


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THE ART INTERCHANGE.

April, May, June, 1890.



ITALIAN GIRL (One of the Studies Offered). Three months on trial, \$1.25; seven issues, seven design-supplements, seven colored plates. The colored plates are as follows: Italian Girl, Hollyhocks, Trumpet Flower, Cupids (large screen paper), Bird, Study of Morning, Outskirt, Balcony. The Art Interchange is an illustrated paper for Art Workers, appears 26 times a year and gives 26 colored plates and 26 design-supplements, for \$4.00. Catalogue, with nearly 100 illustrations, sample copy, and large colored landscape—A Quiet Nook—sent for 25 cts. Stamps received. Mention HOME JOURNAL. The Art Interchange Co., Pub's. 37 & 39 W. 22d St. N.Y.

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LATEST FASHIONS

BY MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

DRESSY SPRING STYLISH WRAPS.

SHOULDER capes are longer than formerly, reaching below the waist. They are made of habit cloth in castor, drab, beige or any light shade, and consist of three graduated half circles of cloth, with standing collar of velvet covered with braiding or passementerie, and tied in front with ribbon shade of the cloth; the edges are notched or left raw.

Capes are made with a square yoke of silk, covered with jet embroidery and a fall of deep rain fringe.

Most of the dressy spring wraps are in jacket shape, of sicilienne or royal armure, and covered with jet embroidery, with square sleeves richly trimmed with jet and finished with fringe; or they have a long, lace sleeve caught together at bottom under a tassel of jet; there is usually a lace vest and fall of lace at the bottom. Some are resplendent with rich passementeries in metallic beads.

THE SEASON'S TRAVELING CLOAKS.

TRAVELING cloaks are a feature of the season. Some are made of shot silk, with pinked ruchings of the same. The most useful ones are of mohair with deep yokes and collars of velvet; they are in Connemara fashion, or a newmarket back and Connemara front, with monk's hood. Some are edged with galoon and others have a woven stripe bordering. The Neapolitan traveling pelisse is marquis brown, with large bishop sleeves and monk's hood; a heavy silk cord girdle is knotted at the side.

Our illustration is a model of the fringe-trimmed jacket described in our last.

THREE STYLISH SPRING HATS.

PALE blue and black is the favorite combination in hats and bonnets of the latest importation; here are three of them:—

A wide brimmed hat of shirred lace, turned up at the back with an exquisite bow of pale blue gros-grain ribbon, in the centre of which is a tiny bow of black velvet ribbon; drooping from this, all over the crown, are bunches of pale blue sweet peas, with black velvet bow on the brim in front. A Marie Stuart capote is of black braid, with fine wreath of pale forget-me-nots under the edge all around; a pert-looking bow, of pale blue gros-grain ribbon, stands on one side of the pointed front; there is a smaller bow or knot of ribbon at the back, from which depend the long ties of blue ribbon.

A hat with projecting brim, narrow at the back, is of black open-work braid; the brim is faced with shirred pale blue crepe; the crown is of black *point d'esprit* over a puff of pale blue; at the back is artistically arranged a bunch of beautiful, nodding, pale blue tips, from which depends a scarf, of the *point d'esprit*, a yard and a half long, to be wound about the neck and fastened on the left shoulder.

Gowns of soft wool fabrics will be worn all summer at seaside and mountain resorts.

In addition to the Venetian wool fabrics, *clairrettes*, buntings, *henriettas*, *chuddahs*, etc., there are many new weaves.

Piccadilly woollens have an *ombré* effect. Carnian stripes of soft English wool are outlined with bands of bengaline.

Meltons and French washing chevots are desirable for traveling dresses. Rosebury woollens are in neutral colors, with Persian designs forming diagonal stripes so that, though made straight, they give the fashionable bias effect. Some of the India woollens have borders in lovely oriental effects, in high and low relief, shaded silk and cut velvet in arabesques or embossed work in Moorish or Greek devices.

A lovely costume is in *resida* bunting and *heliotrope faille*, a color combination much affected this season; the bunting has a narrow ribbon border showing stripes, in Persian colors, in which the green and purple predominate; there are sash ends of the *faille* falling on each side of the back drapery quite to the foot, edged all round with a narrow *passementerie* in which the colors of the border are reproduced; slashed jacket of the *faille*, with loose fronts which are edged with *passementerie*; as are also the arm-holes and collar; vest of folds of the bunting showing the bordering between, and *gigot* sleeves, of the bunting to the elbow, from there to the wrist of the *faille*, trimmed with several rows of bordering.

A STYLISH SPRING TOILETTE.

A TOILETTE worth description is of palest gray cashmere, and pale gray silk striped with straw-colored satin, covered with gray polka dots. The front is of the silk, all in one piece and adjusted to the tight-fitting lining by seven small darts; this is fastened at the side seam; over this are long, Louis XVth jacket fronts of cashmere, trimmed with straw *passementerie*; the back is of the cashmere, a plain princess. With this is worn a hat of Tuscan braid, faced with velvet of the same shade of gray, with a bunch of exquisite tips, falling over the puffed crown of velvet, which are straw-colored in the centre, tipped with gray.

Our second model has some Scotch features. It is of dark-blue bunting, with border, sash and sleeve trimmings of Gordon plaid; there is a pretty cutaway jacket, a novel collar and a jaunty turban of English straw, trimmed with a scarf of silk of the same plaid.



WHAT PARASOLS WILL BE CARRIED.

MANY artistic designs and novel combinations of materials and colors have been evolved this season by the manufacturers of these dainty toys—for toys they are more than articles of utility, some of them being so very diaphanous as to be of little or no protection against the rays of old Sol.

For morning or street use the fashionable girl carries her *en tout cas* of silk serge, in black or some dark shade, or in color to match the material or trimmings of her tailor-made gown or favorite walking costume; these have handles of natural wood, elaborately carved, or of highly-polished wood without ornamentation; if her gown is of India silk, a parasol of the same silk is in good taste; and if a plaid is used in the construction of her costume a parasol of plaid to match is appropriate; this may be entirely of the plaid or of plain silk with horizontal bands of the plaid, or with bands of the plaid running up and down between the ribs; these usually have a scarf of the plaid knotted round the top. Checker-board plaids in black and white, also checks of the same, are good for utility parasols, as they can be carried with almost any toilette.

With afternoon toilettes, and for watering-place use, our elegants carries a dainty affair made of silk gauze or some thin material, and no lining to speak of, decorated with ruffles or shirrings, tiny puffs or rich fringes.



Steeple tops have disappeared with the long Tosca handles; the latter are of medium length and the ribs also are moderate and more bowed than formerly, giving a dome-shape.

Light parasols have white handles, with ivory finish, and the ribs and stretchers are silvered or gilded, or covered with silk in white or shade of the cover.

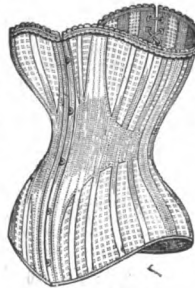
Black parasols have ebony handles and black ribs, and those of dark color have handles of bamboo, or of natural wood gnarled, knotted, and polished, or with the natural bark on them.

Some white silk parasols have inserted bands of real duchesse lace; some are of silver striped gauze, in accordion plaits, with silver ribs, wicker-work handle, and knob of flagree silver; others have knobs of Dresden china with hand-painted medallions.

One of white *point d'esprit* has three bands of marabout feather trimming, and one is composed entirely of a combination of black coque and white marabout feathers.

(Concluded on opposite page.)

IF YOU WILL TRY A PAIR OF THOMSON'S IMPROVED GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS



You will be satisfied They are the Best and most comfortable Corsets you have ever worn.

Scores of letters from ladies who say "they will wear no others," testify to their popularity.

Of the fifteen grades many of which are made in three lengths, (short, medium and extra long), none are so popular at this season as

Thomson's Ventilating

for summer wear. They are light, strong and cool, and can be purchased at any of the large retail

Fitting Corsets" is that when not found satisfactory, merchants will always refund the money.

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No. 7011. Korsch's Standard Silk Polka-dot Russian Net, in black only, 48 inches wide, \$1.18 per yard.

No. 6831. Korsch's Standard Silk Russian net, in black only, 48 inches wide, \$1.05 per yard.

No. 6511. Korsch's Standard Brilliant Tusca Net, in black only, 48 inches wide, 84 cents per yard.

No. 6831. Korsch's Standard Silk Drapery Net, in black only, 46 inches, \$1.20 per yard.

No. 6941. Korsch's Standard Silk Drapery Net, in black only, 46 inches wide, \$1.25 per yard.

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LATEST FASHIONS.

By MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

Some pretty parasols are of black polka dot net, gathered full, with a fall of deep vandykes round the edge.

An especially pretty, billowy looking one is of white silk muslin, gathered over the top with a five-inch ruffle of the same, having a selvedge edge; this is surmounted by a band of white embroidered daisies; there is a double ruffle of the same along each rib.

All have a bow or pulling or some ornamentation at the top, and the linings are of net crepe or very thin silk.

A beauty is in heliotrope point d'esprit, gathered very full, and edged with a band of mauve velvet ribbon with pansy design in natural colors. Some are in shape of a Japanese umbrella, covered with striped gauze in accordian plaits. Some are made of two shades of narrow, satin ribbon, woven in basket fashion, with fringe on the edge formed of alternate loops of the same.

Grass fringe, the color of the cover, is used; also feather fringes, and some are edged with saw-tooth made of narrow satin ribbon.

Satin in Pompadour effects, crepe Mogol, Tokio and hand-run Spanish and marquis laces, are used for these articles made for the protection of beauty against its worst enemy except Time.

SPRING STYLES IN FANS.

FANS are of moderate size and, except for very ordinary use, are of lisse, or lace, or a combination of both.

The Watteau fans might pass for heirlooms; they are similar to those carried by our grandmothers; of lace in antique pattern, with inserted medallions hand-painted in Watteau effects and colors.

Some lisse fans have sticks of carved wood, colored shade of the lisse, and a fringe of pendant metallic beads along each fold; others have very full, narrow ruchings of finely plaited lisse along the folds, giving a very feathery and dainty effect.

Flower fans will be popular for evening use, made of lisse with bunches of pansies, tiny roses, violets, or myosotis so arranged as to appear like a bouquet when folded.

There are some new varieties in Japanese fans with odd shapes and eccentric folds; those in black or gold or black and silver are most approved.

A CHARMING EVENING GOWN.

OUR illustration represents a lovely gown of pale mauve tulle, en train, with front of pale mauve fabric, embroidered with pearls and pendants in a peacock of mauve satin. The disposition of the waist and sleeve draperies is specially chic and becoming.

Evening dresses of net or lace are made over colored or shot silks, and often over brocades. For matrons they are usually combined with brocades in black grounds with color designs. Some pretty lace gowns over black, are trimmed with gold lace very artistically arranged and are resplendent with jet, and some with ornaments of metallic beads in Persian colorings.

NEW CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN.

THERE are few changes in the fashion of garments for little folks. American mothers have very conservative taste in this regard, and generally prefer plain English styles to the elaborate French ones.

The popular plaids seem specially adapted for little girls frocks, and are fashionable in all materials which are appropriate for them; they are usually made to be worn over a guimpe of plain material.

All skirts are made plain and full, or there may be a border if the goods are plain, of feather-stitching, hemstitching or herring-boning; a narrow, woven border, or rows of narrow velvet ribbon above the four-inch hem. The length of the skirt is more a matter of taste than fashion, and depends more upon the size than the age. Tiny tots, of two or three years, are covered to the feet; for a girl of eight the frocks should reach only a few inches below the knee, and should increase in length with advancing years until at twelve they should reach the ankle.

Meltons and French wash chevots are serviceable for school and ordinary wear, and cashmere and chuddahs, in pale shades or white, for more dressy toilettes.

Little Spanish jackets of velvet of a darker or contrasting color are very pretty with high-pointed sleeves reaching to the elbow, over a full undersleeve of the wool fabric; these jackets are trimmed on the edge with the finest possible pearl or cut-steel tulle, in groups of three or five. Some plain cashmere frocks have high-necked waists

shirred to form a yoke, and full bishop sleeves shirred at the wrist; these have soft girdles of velvet or surah, plain or plaided, which are drawn through a long buckle in front, drawn up high at the side seam and down again in the back where the ends are fastened under two rosettes. Plain camel's-hair or cashmere frocks, with zouave jacket fronts, have blouses and undersleeves of plaited surah; a folded sash of the wool conceals where the blouse and skirt meet, and falls in ends at the back.

A pretty little dress, for a girl of fourteen, is in coquelicot India silk, with tiny black sprigs over it; the skirt in accordian plaits; the waist and short sleeves are also in tiny plaits; there is a V-shaped yoke of black velvet, and sleeves of the same; a black velvet ribbon piques round the waist, and is finished with a rosette on one side of the back, and loops and ends on the other.

GINGHAM DRESS FOR CHILDREN.

GINGHAM dresses are made with English yokes of Hamburg embroidery and full bishop sleeves, gathered to a cuff of the same;

The Tuxedo dress suit for boys differs from the Eton regulation dress in that there is a short sacque coat instead of the jacket.

FASHION'S NEWEST FANCIES.

ORLEANS is the name given to the new, bright blue appearing this season in all dress materials, armure, silk, faille, bigone cashmere and broadcloth. It seems less pronounced than bright shades of other colors, and is almost universally becoming, especially when toned down with velvet of a darker shade or relieved by combination with tan, chamois, ecru, white or silver. Fine good passermenteries are favorite trimmings on gowns of this dye.

Velvet is more used than ever this season, in both millinery and gowing. Some of the hats have crowns of velvet, flowers of velvet, and ties of velvet. It is combined with all fabrics for both day and evening wear. Velvet ribbons also trim and border gowns of wool and tea-gowns of surah.

All brocades and stripes this season are in satin, or a combination of satin and high lustre gros-grain or faille. Satin regence is a new weave of silk; it is popular in black as it has the subdued lustre preferred at present; it is the favorite material for black gowns, although faille still holds its own, and both can be recommended for service.

Pretty spring house-dresses, for young ladies, are made of camel's-hair in pale tints, or white combined with plaided surah; for instance, old-rose camel's-hair, with a plaid in which are old-rose resida, white and amber, or a pale blue with plaid showing mauve, gold, rose and pale green. The Victoria plaids on a white ground make up well with white chuddahs and serges.

Fashionable girls are making a study of the history of the various Scottish clans, that they may be able to talk intelligently about the tartans which they have chosen to form a feature of some of their dainty spring and summer toilettes.

Black Chantilly net bodices, trimmed with gold lace, to be worn with skirts of other material, are among the fashionable novelties.

Skirts of surah, foulard, veiling or challie will be worn with waists of net or lace, belted with ribbons to match the shade of the skirt.

The butterfly bodice is so called on account of ornamentation, not its form; a large butterfly, of beaded passermenterie, is placed in the front of the bodice in such fashion as to adapt itself to the lines of the figure; smaller butterflies adorn the rest of the costume.

All of the dahlia or algerine shades, combined with certain shades of green, are much used for both bonnets and gowns. Artichoke and lentil are new shades of pale green. Vichy, a new blue. Congo is the name given to a silvery purple in compliment to Stanley, no doubt. There is also a Congo plaid.

Jet, which never loses its popularity, is more used than ever in millinery. Gold also has gained rather than lost in favor.

Swedish kid shoes, and sandals with embroidery in silk, jet or metal beads, are worn for house shoes; also the Queen Anne shoe, with long instep and large buckle of silver or brilliants.

The Tuxedo glove is the latest fad, made of heavy leather, with large metal buttons.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Stern Brothers and the Lilliputian Bazaar.

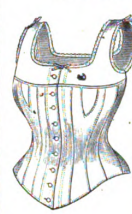


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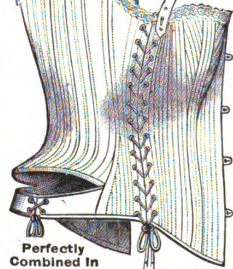
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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

THE greater number of the dress skirts now making are fashioned without a steel, though one small one may be used and the wearer not become an oddity. Elastic bands, placed ten and twenty inches below the belt, are sewed in the side seams and hold the fullness in the centre back. No matter how plainly the front of the skirt may hang, the lining is now two and three-quarter yards in width. Now that the making of summer dresses is on hand I want again to remind the many readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, of the French cambric or a bodice lining. It is sufficiently firm, thin, supple and of a pleasant feeling at all times, but more especially on a warm day. Do not buy cheap dress braids when the better-makes wear twice as long and save the trouble of sewing more than one piece on. Now that buttons are worn again on the front of the bodice they are put on every three-quarters of an inch, and the buttonhole is worked an eighth of an inch back from the edge, and are preferred worked by hand.

This spring is the hay-making time for the woman of renovations, as two and three materials are tastefully combined in new gowns, as well as in remodeled ones. The full sleeves should match the front if possible, unless they are of velvet to match the accessories or jacket fronts. Two distinct styles of full sleeves are worn. One has a very close-fitting wrist and full upper portion gathered into the arm so as to stand above the shoulder. The other one is full at the wrist, gathering to a narrow cuff, and also gathered at the shoulder.

SOME REMODELED HOUSE GOWNS.

Owners of last summer's gowns, made with a round skirt and bodice gathered at the waist line, may easily alter their appearance to accord with more advanced ideas. Put a border—above the hem of the skirt—of lace, embroidery or velvet, cut in shape, vandyke points upward. Have a row around the waist, points up, as a girdle; on the wrists, and a row round the neck, with the points down. If the form is rather thick-waisted omit the girdle, and have a belt of ribbon tied on one side and pointed in front like a girdle. If you have a dull black dress brighten it with full sleeves, collar and yoke of red or blue tartan surah, cut on the bias. Short-waisted people should wear a tapering V-shaped vest, rather than any yoke trimming. Wear half-worn skirts, after putting them in order, with loose blouses or fancy jacket basques, which are described elsewhere. Afternoon dresses, of old-rose cashmere, are universally becoming, stylish and reasonable, as pretty shades come as low as seventy-five cents a yard. The round skirt has three great box plaits in the back, and the rest gathered, with three rows of black velvet ribbon as a border. The leg-of-mutton sleeves have three rows of the ribbon for cuffs, and piece velvet is taken for a belt ending in girdle points in front, held by an elongated jet buckle. The bodice is without darts, the fullness is laid in tiny plaits, and has a blunt-pointed yoke of velvet, with a turn-over frill of old-rose silk, or white lace as neck finish.

BLOUSES AND ODD BODICES.

Tennis flannels, veilings, wash silks, Oxford shirtings, sanitary veilings, India silks, percales, and half-a-dozen more materials are used for the comfortable sailor blouse, to wear with any and all skirts. They have plain or fancy collars, shirt sleeves, a breast pocket, and are held to the figure by a drawing-string run in the hem. Figured materials are preferred to plain, and not an inch of any trimming is required. Stout ladies pull out the drawing-string and wear the blouse with a leather, ribbon or material belt. The odd basques are for more dressy occasions, and are now in the Spanish style, with a short, velvet jacket and sleeve caps edged with silk or tinsel drops, and a blouse having full sleeves of crepe, surah or India silk. Pansy velvet, gold drops and pale yellow crepe are pretty; also black velvet, silver or black drops and old-rose China silk. To come down to plainer fabrics select yellow, spring-green, dome-blue, heliotrope or old-rose veiling, and black velvet jacket fronts only. These are frequently dubbed "theatre jackets" though worn more for dressy home-wear, with plainer skirts than an ordinary bodice would admit of.

TWO NEAT COTTON GOWNS.

One of plaid pink, olive and white American gingham, at eighteen cents a yard, is charming enough for a garden party if worn with a large leghorn flat, trimmed with pink roses and black lace. Yet it is simply made by any home dressmaker. The skirt is cut on the bias, bringing each plaid block diamondwise, and hemmed; it is five yards wide. The round bodice has a one-piece back, shirred at the waist line, while the fronts are in folds from the shoulders to the waist centre where they meet over a vest of white embroidery. The full sleeves and bodice are cut on the bias and have turn-over frills at the neck, and wrists of fine embroidery in vandykes. A wide belt ribbon, matching the pink, is held in front with a pearl buckle, and the ends fall toward the left where they are caught in large rosettes near the foot of the skirt. The other gown is of old-rose sateen, having a Persian pattern outlined in black. This forms a full skirt, bordered with black velvet ribbon. The "early English" bodice is shirred around the neck to fit to the form, and has very full sleeves shirred above and below the elbow. The fitted belt of black velvet is shaped over the bottom of the waist line with a point in front. Deep cuffs and a gorget collar—one having a deep point in front like a tiny yoke—of the velvet, finish a quaint toilette. White and blue or green gingham need only a collar and cuffs of vandyke embroidery. The gingham, sateens and embroidered muslins are lovely this season, and quite cheap.

THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

THIS garment is becoming better known (whether more worn is another thing), and many ladies are anxious to know something of it, as its promoters declare it to be easier to walk in than the ordinary drawers and skirts; and at the present day women eagerly seize upon any help in the way of lighter skirts. The garment has been issued by three pattern houses, and is for sale at all of the large underwear establishments under the name of "divided skirt" or "bifurcated skirt." At the Dress-Reform Association—who really brought it into notice—persons are advised to make the first garment, worn in place of drawers of muslin, cambric or surah—the two former finished with lace or embroidery, and the latter having a feather-stitched hem. It requires five yards of 27-inch goods, and consists of two pieces shaped similarly to drawer legs, only each is 50 inches around at the lower edge, and slopes very little to the yoke, which has a deep point in front and is narrow in the back, fastening in front. The top of the seam may be closed or left open, as desired. Over this skirt, or drawers, the originators advise one of flannel and one of surah, both sewed to one yoke, made just like this, only longer, to act as the petticoats; then comes the dress skirt. Ready-made, the two latter are \$12, and the first one, if of surah, is \$7. Another reform garment combines the divided skirt and corset-cover. Any one wishing to try this mode of dress will find the garment easy to make, with a pattern as a guide, and whether the style is a comfortable one to wear is still a mooted question.

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JESSIE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"WICKLIFFE"—said Mr. Stone one morning as he looked up from the perusal of a note he had found on his breakfast plate, and fixed his eyes sternly on the face of his only son—"Miss Hall writes me that you are late at school so frequently that she considers it necessary to call my attention to the fact. There is no excuse whatever for such tardiness, and if it happens again I shall punish you severely. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wickcliffe, meekly, his eyes on his plate, and his voice trem-



so many excuses for him. And as father says, he has a habit of being slow, which ought to be broken while he is young. You know he is never in time for anything."

"Remember about the moat and the beam, little daughter," said Mrs. Stone. "I know some one who ought to try to curb her temper while young, that it may not lead her into sorrow and cause her bitter regret. Score a small victory with each day, and the grand result will be gained before you are really aware of it."

Jessie flung her head hotly under her mother's tender glance, and went up stairs feeling decidedly uncomfortable. She had determined again and again to begin a war on her hot temper, but had let one opportunity after another slip by, and now, though she knew she ought to make up that quarrel with Wick, she wasn't ready to do it while her heart was so full of resentment.

She had been obliged to leave school for a time on account of some affection of her eyes, and as she could neither sew nor read, time hung rather heavily on her hands, and she was able to do more thinking than she exactly liked. And, of course, she could not help thinking of Wick.

She remembered during that day a good many little sacrifices Wick had made for her at different times, and how ready he had always been to do favors for her. He had always declared, too, that she was the prettiest girl in town.

Jessie's resentment softened a little as she recalled these things, but returned in full force when she happened to glance toward the corner in which stood the old cotton umbrella.

"No, I won't apologize to him," she muttered. "He deserved every word I said, and more too. The idea of his dar-



ing to take my umbrella. He might have known he would lose it."

She did not see her brother again until the next morning at breakfast, and then she took no notice of his presence, addressing her conversation entirely to her mother.

But, as Mr. Stone had taken his breakfast at six o'clock that he might catch an early train, and Mrs. Stone was suffering from a nervous headache, the conversation was not very animated. Wick devoted himself entirely to his breakfast, and was quite as careful not to look at his sister as she was not to look at him.

"Now, Wick, get off to school as soon as possible," said Mrs. Stone, as her son rose from the table. "You must make it a point to be punctual after this."

"No danger of being late this morning," said Wick. "Why, it's only five minutes past eight! I'll have time to work on my chessmen a little." And he ran up stairs to get out his tools and the chessmen he was

carving as a birthday gift to a favorite uncle. Mrs. Stone went up stairs also, to lie down; but Jessie lingered in the dining-room to water her plants and feed the canary.

While she was thus engaged Jane, the cook, came in to clear the table.

"I suppose you had our breakfast a good deal earlier than usual this morning, Jane, on account of getting some ready for Papa," said Jessie. "It's only a little after eight now."

"I don't think it was any earlier, Miss," rejoined Jane, "and if it's by the hall clock you're going, there's no telling what time it is. Last night I hit against the clock when I was going through the hall and stopped it. But I didn't know it until I came down stairs again this morning, and then I set it by guess."

Jessie scarcely heard the last words. Her thoughts had flown to her brother. Wick was up stairs working on his chessmen, happy in the thought that he need not start for school for half an hour yet.

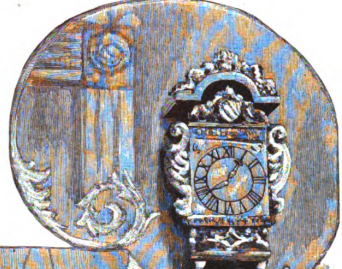
Jessie ran quickly up to her own room and consulted the watch on her bureau. The hands pointed to twenty minutes to nine. Wick would require fifteen minutes to get to the school-house. That gave her just five minutes to think.

She thought of the loss of her nice umbrella, and recalled with a pang her feelings at having to carry the old cotton one when she went out with Stina Ward. And Wick had said so many hateful things! She had said hateful things herself, but the loss of her umbrella gave her a certain right to say them.

But suddenly there came into her mind the words her mother had said about scoring a small victory every day over her temper. Here lay the opportunity to score a very great one. But would she take advantage of it?

She heard Wick whistling over his work. Time was passing. She must decide at once whether to seize this opportunity or not. Another five minutes' delay, and it would be too late. Wick's punishment would be assured, for had not his father said he must not rely on that hall clock?

"I—I will tell him," thought Jessie, something like a sob escaping her lips. "I'll be stronger than my temper this once, anyhow," and not giving herself time to change her mind, she ran across the hall, and threw open



the door of her brother's room. "Wick," she said, "the hall clock is half an hour slow. You mustn't lose a minute or you'll be late. It's a quarter of nine."

Wick sprang to his feet, seized his cap, caught up his bag of books, and was off like a shot.

Not a word of thanks did he utter, but nevertheless, Jessie's heart felt wonderfully light as she went back to her room.

She was putting the top drawer of her bureau in order at twelve o'clock, and was so busy that she did not hear the door open, and turned with a start when she became conscious that some one was standing beside her—turned to have a pair of arms thrown about her, and to hear her brother say:

"Jessie, I didn't have time to thank you this morning for what you did. It was awfully good of you—and after I'd lost your umbrella, too! It was real noble of you. And I'm going to buy you another umbrella this very day. I felt awfully about losing that umbrella, and—why, Jessie, are you crying?"

Yes, strange to say, Jessie was crying. And she refused to say why. She only begged Wick in a very broken voice—after kissing him—to go out, and let her be by herself.

And Wick went, looking very much puzzled. But he noticed one thing—from that day dated Jessie's ability to control her temper.



Come, Madge o' the mill,
Come Jock o' the hill,
Come blue-eyed Bess o' the glen!
Come Sue and Hugh
And Gregory too,
Come Polly and Molly and Ben!

The maypole's set,
And round it met
The boys and girls on the green,
To dance and sing,
Circle and swing,
And crown our May-day Queen.



The farmer's May,
As fair as the day,
And sweet as her own sweet name.
'Tis only she
Can our Lady be;
No other the crown would claim.

Come, Madge o' the mill,
Come Jock o' the hill,
Come blue-eyed Bess o' the glen!
Come Sue and Hugh
And Gregory too,
Come Polly and Molly and Ben!

See! all in white,
With the morning light
A shine in her eyes so clear;
With the Spring's own grace
In her smiling face,
She bends to our rousing cheer.

The curls that flow
O'er her shoulder so,
Make a silver mantle brave,
And her cotton frock
Would the ermine mock,
Or the foam o' the curling wave.



Come, Madge o' the mill,
Come Jock o' the hill,
Come blue-eyed Bess o' the glen!
Come Sue and Hugh
And Gregory too,
Come Polly and Molly and Ben!

The crown is wove
Of the flowers we love,
The jonquil and buttercup dear:
The truest gold
To be found, we hold,
In all of the gold of the year.

Then bow, then bow,
Before her now,
Set high on her throne of green;
And dance and sing,
Circle and swing,
Around our May-day Queen.

Come, Madge o' the mill,
Come Jock o' the hill,
Come blue-eyed Bess o' the glen!
Come Sue and Hugh
And Gregory too,
Come Polly and Molly and Ben!

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



FOR OUR SPRING GARDENS.

I AM very glad to know that the popularity of the Begonia is increasing. It is really one of the best of all window-plants, combining beauty of foliage with beauty of flower, fine habit, great freedom of bloom and ease of cultivation.

One of the best varieties of recent introduction is Paul Brunt, offered this season for the first time in this country. A few specimen plants were sent out by the dealers last year, for testing, and I can add my endorsement to that given by every one who was favored with one of this new variety. It grows in a fine, compact, bushy form, increasing in size rapidly. Its foliage is shaped much like that of *Diadema*, but it is larger and heavier in texture, and has sharper points. It is a rich olive color. The flowers are borne



THE POPULAR BEGONIA.

in wonderful profusion, all over the plant. They are on long stems, and are of the two forms seen in those of the well-known *Rubra*, a portion being very large and of a peculiar rose-color, the smaller ones being rose and white, with almost transparent petals. Its most prolific season of bloom is from November to May, and this makes it especially valuable for winter-blooming collections. All who admire the Begonia should get this variety. They will be delighted with it. Too much cannot be said in its praise.

AN ALL-SUMMER FLOWERING PLANT.

I infer from the many inquiries that have been received of late that the care and cultivation required by the *Gloxinia* is not generally understood. I regard it as one of the very best of all summer-flowering plants, and take this opportunity of giving some brief directions about growing it, which will, I think, enable the amateur to cultivate it successfully.

Be sure to get strong bulbs, if you want fine plants the first season. Small, shriveled bulbs, or, more properly, tubers, will not produce fine flowers. Large tubers may cost more than inferior ones, but the extra cost is money well invested. Procure as early in the spring as possible, and pot in a well-drained soil of leaf-mold, sand and loam. Let the leaf-mold predominate. A light, porous compost is very essential to the successful growth of this plant. Set the tubers in the soil so that the crown is covered to the depth of about half-an-inch. A six-inch pot will be large enough for the largest tubers. It is well to pot the tubers in the pots they are to bloom in, at the start, as it greatly injures the plant to shift it. Give enough

water to keep the soil moist. Give good light, but sunshine is not required. I find that the flowers color as richly in a shady place as in a sunny one, and they last a great deal longer. A moist atmosphere is desirable, but care should be taken to keep water from the leaves, as it will cause them to spot. The pots must be handled carefully, as the leaves are exceedingly tender and easily broken. A fine specimen ought to have from eight to a dozen large leaves, which will curl over the pot and almost hide it. It ought to produce from eighteen to thirty flowers in the course of the summer, and many plants will give more than this number. The mealy-bug is fond of it, and will take up his quarters among the axils of the leaves if not watched closely. He can be removed with a camel's-hair brush. The red spider sometimes troubles the plants, but if the air is kept moderately moist, he will give it the go-by.

After blooming let the plant ripen off. The leaves will turn yellow and die. Water should be withheld at this stage. When all the leaves have fallen off, set the pots containing the tubers away in some moderately warm place, and give no

water till the soil appears to be getting very dry, and then only enough to prevent the tuber from shriveling. It will be well to examine them once in a while. As long as they remain plump, moisture is not needed in the soil. In the greenhouse the atmosphere will furnish quite all the moisture required. In March bring out the pots and repot the tubers. Give light and water and warmth, and new growth will soon begin. Then repeat the culture of the previous season.

It is the practice of some persons who grow this flower, and grow it well, to take the tubers out of the soil and wrap them in paper during winter, but I have always had the best flowers from tubers kept over winter as recommended above.

A CHARMING SPRING PLANT.

Last season I spoke some good words for the German Iris, and advised those having borders to include it among their other flowers. Since writing the article referred to I have become more familiar with the plant, and the good opinion which I then had of it, and expressed in strong terms, has been strengthened. Last summer was a very dry one with us, and many flowers failed to give satisfaction, but the Iris was not one of them. It gave a profuse crop of large, beautiful flowers, and was the most admired plant in the whole border. And it deserved all the admiration it received. I know of no other flower which combines such extreme richness of color with such delicacy of texture. Its coloring is as magnificent as that of the pansy and almost as varied. Though rich and brilliant, it is never gaudy. The most fastidious can find no fault with it in this respect. Such blues, and purples, and violets, combined with yellows, and whites of cream and ivory tint, can be found in no other flower with which I am familiar. A bed of them rivals a collection of the choicest orchids. For cutting, for use in tall vases, we have nothing quite equal to it.

THE BEAUTIFUL PELARGONIUM.

I quite agree with the late Peter Henderson in his opinion of the Pelargonium. "This flower," he said, "is one of the most beautiful that can be selected for greenhouse use. It is able to make the conservatory more brilliant than any other flower I know of, with its rich and varied colors."

The Pelargonium is more generally known as Lady Washington Geranium. All Geraniums are properly Pelargoniums, but because

SOME NEW PLANTS.

One of the most striking novelties of the season, and one which promises to be a valuable acquisition, is the spotted *Passiflora*, John Spalding. It is a sprout from the well-known and popular Constance Elliot. It has all the hardness and freedom of growth characteristic of the variety from which it originated, and the same large and beautiful white flowers. The foliage is marked with bright yellow, in splashes and blotches, and the contrast between the two colors is most effective. As a plant for training up the rafters of a greenhouse it will undoubtedly be extremely popular. Its foliage is attractive enough to satisfy anybody, without flowers, and when these are added, it will be seen that in this new candidate for favor we have something of peculiar merit.

The new double *Tropaeolum*, Darkness, is far ahead of anything else in this line among the *tropaeolums*. Its flowers are large and regular in outline, and produced with great profusion. In color they are a very dark, rich, mahogany-red, lighted up with touches of crimson shading into brown and maroon. The color is most intense, and contrasts well with the pale-green foliage. For vases and baskets it will be very useful.

The new dwarf *Bouvardia*, White Bouquet, is an entirely distinct variety of this charming family. It forms a dwarf and compact bush, over which the pure white flowers are scattered in great profusion. For use on low, front benches in the greenhouse it will be found valuable.

The *Glechoma variegata* is a charming plant for bracket or basket use. It is a variety of ground ivy, having a pure-white variegation on a green ground. It can be grown in pots ranged along the front of benches in the greenhouse, where its drooping festoons will cover the space between the bench and floor.

Vinca Harrisonii is another very fine, trailing plant, having oval leaves distinctly banded with pale yellow. It has a soft blue flower which harmonizes well with the light colors of the foliage.

The variegated *Hydrangea* is a fine plant when well grown. It must be kept out of the hot sun if you would have healthy foliage. Its leaves are banded and blotched with pure white. It will bloom, if allowed to, but as the foliage is much more attractive than the flowers, I would advise nipping off all buds that start, in order to throw all the strength of the plant into its branches.

I have already spoken of the *Dracena* and *Croton* in another article. The varieties named are valuable for greenhouse use, and there are many more which can be employed with most artistic effect if the pocket-book will admit of it. The *crotons* are aristocrats among plants, and "come high." A well-developed specimen of some of the choicer sorts will



THE GERMAN IRIS.

of the fact that the plant under consideration is not a constant bloomer, like the ordinary geranium, many do not seem to be aware that the two belong to the same family. Such is the case, however. The Pelargonium, or Lady Washington Geranium, only blooms once a year. In May and June it gives a great profusion of flowers. It is, therefore, not a desirable winter plant.

It has as rich and varied markings as the pansy, and comes in almost as wide a range of colors—scarlet, crimson, rose, maroon, white, mauve, purple and cerise, with all these colors so blended in edgings, blotches and stripes that there is an endless variety. A well-grown plant will be almost covered with flowers, which give one the impression of a flock of gorgeous butterflies. The individual flowers are larger than those of the geranium, but there are not as many in a cluster. They are borne on longer stalks, and the stem of each flower is from one to two inches long, and on this account more useful for cut-flower work.

After blooming, the plants should be set in a cool and shady spot out-of-doors, and not given much water during the summer. They should be kept as dormant as possible till September. Then they should be shaken out of the old pots and cut back at least two-thirds. Indeed, about all that should be left of the old plants at repotting time is a central stalk and stubs of side branches. It is not desirable to save the old branches, because flowers are borne on new growth only, therefore, as much new growth should be secured as possible. Do not use large pots unless the plant is an old one with large roots. The same soil that grows a geranium well answers for this plant.

After repotting, give them a cool place, and they will soon begin to "break" freely; that is, to send out new branches. Do not encourage very rapid growth by warmth or fertilizers during the early part of winter. But in March give them a warmer corner of the greenhouse and all the sunshine possible, and semi-weekly applications of some good manure. They will make strong, rapid growth, and be in the best possible condition for giving a fine crop of flowers at the proper time. If one has not a greenhouse in which to keep them they can be put in the cellar, if cool and dry.



THE PELARGONIUM.

bring from five to ten dollars. This may seem like a high price to pay for a single plant, but the lover of flowers will not feel that he has thrown his money away if he invests in this way. A reasonable sum of money is never wasted when spent on a beautiful plant. In floriculture, almost everything invested brings the most satisfactory results, if caution and good judgment are exercised.



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

GOSSIP WITH MY READERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

PLANTS FOR THE GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW.

IT is always well to have in your collection, be it ever so small, a few plants with fine, attractive foliage, to brighten up the window or the greenhouse bench at times when there is an absence of flowers. With a few well-grown specimens of these plants you can secure a vivid effect, which will make the lack of flowers less noticeable.

One of the best is the Abutilon, Eclipse. This variety is of half-trailing habit of growth. Its leaves are long and pointed, and are of a bright green, profusely spotted with rich yellow. It is a good bloomer, having pendulous orange and yellow flowers. When seen among dark-leaved plants it has quite the effect of flowers. It is fine for use on brackets, where its long and slender branches can droop.

The Madame Salleron Geranium is more useful in the greenhouse than in the garden. Its pretty foliage of pale green and pure white contrasts well with all other plants. For edging a greenhouse bench it is better than anything else I know of.

Some of the light-colored Coleuses will be found of great use among other plants. The dark kinds can be worked in effectively if given a strong light to bring out their rich colors.

The new hybrid Begonias are found valuable in mixed collections, their rich foliage being quite as attractive as many flowers are. On account of their more robust character, they are superior to the Rex section.

BEST TIME TO MAKE A LAWN.

J. C. asks if spring is the best time to make a lawn. I think it is; for the grass has a chance to get a start before the coming of very warm weather, which is pretty sure to dry out the soil and injure the young roots if the seed is not sown till June, as some advise. If the lawn is made as soon as the ground is in good working condition the grass will cover the ground by June, and shade the soil so that it will not dry out very rapidly. If you wait till fall, the grass does not get age enough to be in proper condition to stand the winter.

A BEAUTIFUL CLEMATIS.

Mrs. A. D. P. writes about the Clematis:—"I enclose a photograph of a Clematis in my garden. It is four years old. I think the variety is *Jackmanii*. In the early summer it is a most magnificent sight, and a great many people drive out from the village to see it. It seems odd that with so many gardens in and about Schenectady, no one but myself seems to possess a Clematis like mine. I presume there are others, but they do not seem to attract attention; therefore I concluded that they must be poorly grown. I have also a *C. graveolens*, which is a wonderful sight when in bloom. Spring before last I planted it by a pole twelve feet high. It was about two inches tall when planted, and so feeble looking that I did not expect anything from it the first season, but it grew into a column as high as the pole by which it was planted, and nearly three feet across by August, and was a mass of pale yellow flowers, which were succeeded by most exquisite, long-tailed, silvery seed-pods. It lived through the winter, coming out alive to the very tips, and grew so luxuriantly last year that it shaded a large part of my little garden, and last fall I had it moved. The bees are very fond of it, specially the great, velvety "bumble-bees," who keep up such a commotion among the flowers that the whole plant seems alive.

"My little plant-room, which I heat with a kerosene stove, is flourishing as well as I have any right to expect. I always keep a broad pan of water on the stove, and the slow but steady evaporation keeps the air delightfully moist."

The Clematis is one of the best of our summer-flowering vines. *Jackmanii* is perhaps the most popular variety, with its many violet flowers, often six inches or more across. The size of its flowers is its only demerit.

HONEYSUCKLE FOR PORCHES.

Miss S. S. F. wants a good vine for her porch.—She cannot do better than to select honeysuckle *Halleana*. It is a free grower, a profuse and constant bloomer, and retains its foliage till very late in the season.

COVERING FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

A subscriber asks for some rapid-growing vine for covering a summer-house. I know of nothing better than *Clematis flammula*. It is beautiful at all stages of its growth, and especially so, when in bloom. *Ampelopsis*, or Virginia creeper is good, and has the merit of coloring beautifully in fall. If an annual is desired, use the scarlet runner bean, or wild cucumber; or some of the ornamental gourds. The foliage of the latter is coarse, but it gives plenty of shade.

ORCHIDS AND THE "SACRED LILY."—M. A. M. wants to know if orchids can be grown in a rose-house or one devoted to a general collection. I have grown these plants in the ordinary greenhouse quite successfully. For information about kinds, culture and prices, write to Siebricht and Wadley, New York. I would not advise keeping over the "sacred lily" for a second season of flowering. My experience convinces me that no bulb can be depended on a second year. Forcing so exhausts it that it has not sufficient vitality for giving a second crop of flowers. It is always best to procure fresh, strong bulbs which have been grown expressly for winter-flowering.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Mrs. P. S. sends leaves of a Texan plant which she would like a name for. She does not describe the habit of the plant, or its flowers. Judging from the foliage it is *Scutallaria*.

ROSA RUGOSA.—Miss W. W. asks what the new rose *Rugosa* is. It is a plant of Japanese origin, I believe, though I am not certain about this. I have a plant of it. It has very large, fine foliage, which is unusually rich in appearance, and colors finely in fall. Its foliage is its chief attraction. Its flowers are large and single, and not as delicate in texture or color as our native American rose. It is a free grower and a profuse bloomer.

SNAILS.—A "Constant Reader" asks what she shall do to get rid of snails which infest her garden. I am told that bran, sown thickly on the soil at night, and covered with lettuce or cabbage leaves, will attract them. They should be taken up and destroyed in the morning.

ERYTHRINIA.—M. Y. P. asks about the culture required by *Erythrina* or coral tree. It should have perfect rest in winter. It will do well in any cellar which is frost-proof and dry. In spring re-pot and give a rich soil of sandy loam, peat and thoroughly-rotted cow manure. Water well, and cut back to within a foot or two of the pot. It will soon start and make rapid growth. It prefers a moist atmosphere, which has a tendency to keep down the red spider which does it great damage if allowed to ravage on it unchecked. Its flowers are pea-shaped, and borne in clusters. They are of a rich crimson, and very showy.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Mrs. A. R. The plant of which you send leaf and flower is *Achania*. It is a very satisfactory plant for the sitting-room, because of its ability to stand dry air, dust, and frequent and decided changes of temperature. It is an almost constant bloomer. Its crimson flowers are in strong and pleasing contrast to the bright green of its foliage. It is of the easiest possible culture.

A VEGETABLE WONDER!



HENDERSON'S NEW BUSH LIMA BEAN.

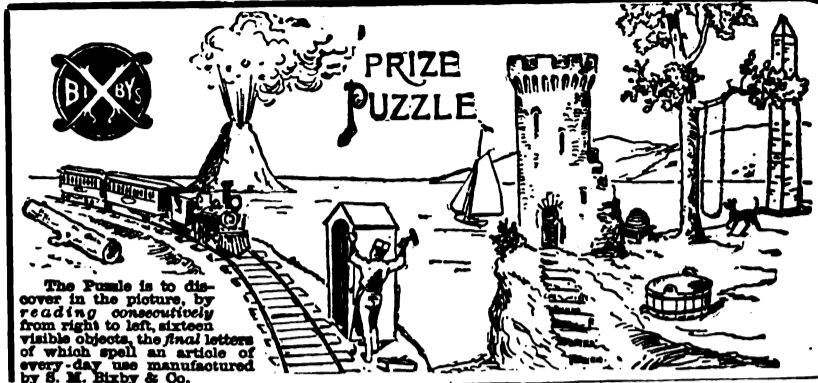
Just fancy a Lima Bean growing only 18 inches high! Yet this is exactly what we offer in HENDERSON'S NEW BUSH LIMA. Every one knows that the old Lima can only be grown on poles, so that those who plant the BUSH LIMA will not only enjoy the same delicious flavored beans, but by dispensing with poles save an unsightly expense. Our NEW BUSH LIMA is not only as productive (single plants have borne as high as 294 pods) but it is also TWO WEEKS EARLIER than any of the Pole Lima Beans. Planted at corresponding time, it is ready for the table (around New York) in July, and bears in the greatest abundance until frost.

Price (by mail) 25 cents per packet, 5 packets for \$1.00, 12 packets for \$2.00 (12 packets sufficient for an ordinary sized family for 1 season). Directions for growing on each packet.

With every order for a single packet or more, will be sent, gratis, our superb catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" (the price of which is 25 cents), on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement. Club orders for FIVE or TWELVE packets can have the Catalogue sent when desired, to the separate address of each member comprising the club, provided always that the paper is named.

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Plants grow from 4 to 6 feet high. Flowers last a week after cutting. A special and unusually hardy growth of these beautiful plants in four colors—rose, purple, white and flesh—at 15 cts. each; 7 for 25 cts., 5 for 50 cts., 12 for \$1.00. ISAAC C. ROGERS, Westchester, N. Y.



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The Puzzle is to discover in the picture, by reading consecutively from right to left, sixteen visible objects, the first letters of which spell an article of every-day use manufactured by S. M. Bixby & Co.

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FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE to the sender of the Greatest Number of the "B" size of "Three Bees" Blacking Labels, received by us EACH MONTH, during the same year. All those sending three or more of the labels will receive the game whether their answers are correct or not. Extra copies of the Puzzle will be mailed, or additional information given, upon receipt of a two cent stamp. Presents will be forwarded at the end of each month—postage prepaid. If you fail to receive one it is because your answer is incorrect, or you have not complied with all the requirements. COMPETITORS for our presents will understand our object is to secure a more thorough introduction of our "Three Bees" Blacking and "Royal Polish" among consumers. Do not credit disparaging statements about the goods, but test them yourself. When you are not readily found an *Enterprising Local Dealer will Procure a Supply* if a legitimate demand is made for them. Address, **S. M. BIXBY & CO., Advertising Department, 194 AND 196 WATER ST., NEW YORK.**

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A PUZZLER FOR BABY.

BY DUDLEY DORN.

THE old farmhouse was gray with age;
The porch was long and low,
And through the trees, waded by winter's breeze,
The sun glanced to and fro.
A warm fire blazed upon the hearth,
And in her easy-chair
Dear grandma sits, and slowly knits
Stockings for baby Clare.

And she, our babe with golden curls,
Stands watching by her side;
The gleam of light, on the needles bright,
From the fireplace so wide.
"Do grandmas ever knit in Heaven?"
She asks in quaintest way;
And to grandma's mild—"No, no! my child,"
She answers thoughtfully:

"No wonder that the angels' feet
Are bare, then. When ou die
Please don't forget to take one whole set
Of needles to the sky.
Where'll ou get yarn? Why, from the clouds—
I 'spected ou would know
They're just as full of the whitest wool—
Without I telled ou so."

And grandma strokes the golden hair
With gentle, loving hand;
And her specks grow dim with a misty film:
"My darling, in that land
They do not need stockings or shoes;
No northern blasts are given."
With earnest eyes our sweet pet replies:
"What 'ill ou do in Heaven?"

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS.



THE maternal pride that prompts all mothers to dress their children as well as possible under adverse circumstances, also induces them to spend many an hour over their clothes without begrudging either the labor or time. Fortunately, the most appropriately dressed girls are the plainest clothed, just at present; but, by being plain in style, it does not follow that the little frock is not to be of a dainty material, tastefully made and in a becoming manner. Do not put too sombre a color upon a sad-faced child; neither have all around sashes on a stout little figure, which requires tapering effects. A little thought will soon settle this part of the task, which is the simplest. Blouse suits of the cottons imitating flannel; lawn-tennis flannel, which is part cotton; and all-wool blue-and-white flannel, and serge are the most comfortable of play dresses, and for little ones at the seaside, nothing can replace them. If trimmed in any manner, let it be with cotton or woolen braid, according to the material of the dress. Sew the gathered skirt, which is amply full and hemmed, to a silesia under-waist, and have a sailor blouse, with the regular sailor collar and coat or shirt sleeves, with a round neck or tiny band as preferred. Misses wear the blouse suits made in a similar style, and their half-worn skirts may be entirely worn-out with two or three odd blouses made in this fashion, or, as belted waists of wash surah or striped tennis flannel.

COTTON DRESSES.

Nainsook for gimpes may be had ready tucked, or the white embroidery can be used. Separate gimpes are advocated, as they are easier to wash. White frocks are of plain nainsook or embroidered flouncing, 27 inches wide. Those of last season may be remodeled by adding a waist-belt of insertion, vest of the same and revers of edging over a tucked gümpe. If the skirt is too short, lengthen it with a row of insertion let in. Plaid and striped ginghams are always neat with accessories of embroidery, and small figured satens are frequently made over for little ones and worn with the inevitable gümpe, which is called an "American idea," though it originated in France.

MISSSES' DRESSES.

Any dress to be made over for a young girl can have new sleeves, yoke and skirt border of tartan plaid woolen goods, cut bias. This may be used for any plain, dark woolen goods, and if the renovated dress is of striped material, the extra portions added are of plain cashmere. Their sleeves are full, collars high, or pleated and turned over, and the skirts are usually full and gathered. Round waists, jacket bodices and pointed basques having full fronts, are worn by young girls, with full vests, girdles, half-belts and cuffs similar to those worn by older girls. The only silk addition made to their toilettes is of surah or India silk in small figures.

E. M. H.

AN ALLEGORY OF TO-DAY.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

FOR some time past I have had in my mind a little sermon—but you won't know it's a sermon unless I put it in the form of an allegory.

A young girl was in that restless, dissatisfied, questioning state so common with young girls nowadays. She had left school—what was she going to do with her future? Should she earn her own living? Oh, yes! answered her relatives—she needn't expect them to support her in idleness. But there were only two ways, teaching or sewing, in which a respectable young woman could earn money. The relatives wouldn't give her any, but they would dictate as to how she should support herself. But the young woman in the case disliked both ways of working, and positively refused to try either. Oh, then, cried the relatives, she's lazy, she's ungrateful, she's airish, she's peculiar!

Should she study music, languages, painting? Oh, no; she's got education enough; besides, she'll waste time and money! Should she qualify herself for a profession? Oh, no, it will hurt her matrimonial prospects! She'd better learn to keep house!

But now it was that the girl began to turn at bay. "If I learn to keep house, whose house shall I keep? Will you give me a home to keep house in?" Oh, no; they didn't bargain to do that—these solicitous relatives—but, she might be married some day!

That day might be a long way off. What was she to do in the meantime? She must reasonably expect to wait some time before the "right one" came. Should she employ herself sucking her fingers?

"But you can't afford to wait. You must get married, anyhow. Take the first chance you get—but may be you can't get a chance!"

Now comes the critical period. The girl's pride is touched—yes, deeply wounded.

"Yes," she declares, "I can get a chance! Jack Lawrence is ready the moment I lift my little finger. He's not good enough for me, but I'll take him rather than be nagged and harassed and domineered over, within an inch of my life!"

So far, the story sounds strangely familiar to you. You have heard, read, perhaps experienced the very same thing over and over again, with few variations. But now I'm going to alter the familiar story a little by turning on the allegory and sermon.

Presto! And what a change it is! The domineering, harassing and nagging give way to smiles and congratulations until the girl is amazed.

"Why, what is there in Jack Lawrence to make me so much better? You seem to think I am—"

"Nothing—but you're as good as engaged."

"And what if I am?"

"Why, then there'll be a wedding in the family—we can be fashionable while we're about it. And we'll have to get you an outfit."

"But isn't all that expensive? If you can't clothe me, or give me music lessons, how can you afford to give me an outfit or a wedding?"

"Oh, we'll find some way. Give Jack Lawrence to understand that you're ready."

The girl isn't ready, but Jack Lawrence understands that she is. They are forthwith announced as "engaged," and before the bride-elect can collect her senses, the cards are out.

Then come pouring in presents from every quarter. People whom she scarcely knows, some whom she has never seen, contribute as freely as though giving were a pleasure and privilege. The dressmaker receives more money for creating a single costume than the young girl herself ever had at one time in her life to spend. She had never thought of owning such silks, such silver, such china.

"Why," she exclaims, bursting into tears, "I didn't really want them. But I did want to go to college!"

The notes and calls of congratulation are more than she can stand. Whenever possible she breaks away from everybody and everything, and seeks the only possible solace in solitude and weeping.

"What have I done so very remarkable and praiseworthy?" she demands fiercely of her higher self. "Could people find nothing in me to approve of before? If they wanted to give me anything, why didn't they do it sooner? My outfit cost at least five hundred dollars—I could have lived on that a year. In that time I might have found some one worthy of me and whom I really could have loved!"

"With one-half of what these presents cost I could have completed my education and been able to support myself. Then I should have felt more like a true woman, better prepared for the responsibilities of married life, if I ever did marry. But now, I feel like a thief and a hypocrite; and am blighting my own future; I am selling my birthright for a mess of pottage!"

"But I was forced into this—it was not of my own free will that I came here. I was not threatened into it, as the heroines in novels were, but I was nagged into it as girls are nowadays. It will be a forced marriage all the same. Heaven help me! What shall I do? I have obtained goods under false pretences, and told the world a lie!"

What shall she do? If this girl marries Jack Lawrence she adds one more to the appalling black list of women who have been victimized by relatives and society in one generation, and then become responsible for a great part of the evils in the next. If she does not, she has already done precisely what she says she has.

You thought it was a very plain little story—but the allegory and sermon mean something tremendous. You see that they do.

If any moral is necessary, it is this: If you want to help your girls, help them in their own way. If you have anything to give them, give it in time to be of some real use to them. If you profess to do them a service, do it without compelling them to pay a thousand times as much as the service is worth.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY LAURY MACHENRY.



IS there a remark oftener made by women than "Oh, it's only a headache." Is there a pain more universal? Is there an ailment so universally submitted to?

"Misery loves company."—Does it help matters any that when we waken in the morning with a headache, we can reflect, between the throbs, that every other woman in town has one too! "Only a headache!"—and yet physicians, who recognize sixteen or more distinct forms of the disease are often completely baffled in their attempts to cure it. "Only a headache!"—and yet it takes all the enjoyment out of life and rolls up great, dark clouds that hide the sun.

I doubt if there could be a more painful combination than a headache coupled with an east wind!

I think you will agree with me that the most of our headache trouble arises from our neglect of ourselves or from over-working ourselves in some way.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that in headache the head alone is the offending part of the body.

It would, indeed, be an easy matter to cure a headache if the remainder of the body was in perfect, healthy working order. One of the most puzzling features of the ailment is the "sympathetic" phase. What is known in the profession as a sympathetic headache, you would probably recognize as a "bilious," or "sick," or "nervous" headache.

It is a headache brought on through sympathy with some other organ of the body, which is in some way irregular in the exercise of its functions, even though the head and brain may be in perfect condition.

Let me endeavor to illustrate, for surely this subject is worth the time and study necessary to a better understanding, and unless we are able to diagnose our own cases a little, it is far better to "throw physic to the dogs," etc.

Consider, then, that the brain is the centre of a great system of telegraphic wires. These wires connect with every part of the body, and we know them as the nervous system.

Now every single occurrence, every accident or incident, every disarrangement of any function of any organ of our being is telegraphed instantly to the brain—the centre—and that centre is excited or tranquil according to the nature of the nerve brought in. Take, for instance, the city of New York as an example of a telegraph centre; news is coming in from every direction every second of the day. So long as every part of the country is running along smoothly, the city is quiet and easy. But—what's this? Great fire in Boston! Loss, ten millions! Almost before the wires have ceased to click, the boys are rushing through the street with voices hoarse from shouting, and papers on which the ink is not dry. Front doors open; men and women are out on the stoops or at front windows, and in half an hour from the time that message came clicking over the wires, every person in New York, from the Battery to Spuyten-Duyvil, has felt a quickening of the heart-action, more or less intense and prolonged in proportion to the degree of interest he or she has felt in the news.

Now I think I am right in saying that this example may be followed precisely in considering the brain as the centre of the nervous telegraph system.

Every event, little or great, is telegraphed right to the brain. You are closing a door, and pinch your finger—the news is there already. You feel the sensation of pain instantly, and the sensation will continue until the bruise is mended. There is a continual flow of news from every part of the body to the brain, and the condition of repose is changed to excitement or depression according to the nature of this news; hence a disarrangement of the stomach, liver or kidneys, will produce headache, notwithstanding the head and brain are in a healthy condition.

Dyspeptic or bilious headache is very common, and, it seems to me, it is the headache which is most easily traceable to its cause and most readily avoided without medicine. I must pass it with only a word, for every one who has ever suffered from it knows, as well as I can tell them, the cause and remedy.

Its treatment belongs to the clergy rather than to the doctors.

It is the old story of appetite, indulgence and punishment.

So, if you wish to know my advice as to curing bilious headache, I say—Don't get it. Eat such food as agrees with you; be temperate in all things, and be as regular as clock-work about your habits. In the case of young people this headache can always be traced to some error in diet—as rich food in immoderate quantity, eating at unreasonable or unusual hours, drinking wine or beer, etc., etc.—and it readily gives way to an emetic and sleep. Almost any emetic will do—ipecac or sulphate of zinc. In the case of elderly persons, however, the headaches, although less acute, are apt to be more tedious and more exhausting. Rest in bed, cold applications to the head, and some purgative medicine taken so as to operate in the morning, will usually effect a cure.

Nervous headache is closely allied to the headache of anemia, and yet there is a difference, as many persons are affected by it whose blood is sufficient in quantity, and rich and strong in quality. This is the headache which affects persons of high culture, and vivid imagination, and especially at such times as the persons are deprived of their usual amount of sleep. It comes on when the patient dwells persistently upon any unpleasant subject; when she is "blue," and can see nothing but clouds in the future, thus trying the brain and disarranging its circulation; for it is a fact generally admitted "that thought exhausts the nervous substance as surely as walking exhausts the muscles."

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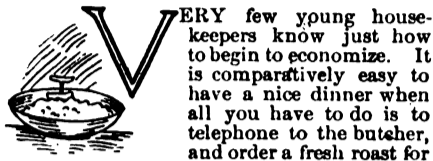
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WHAT TO DO WITH THE LEFT-OVERS.



VERY few young housekeepers know just how to begin to economize. It is comparatively easy to have a nice dinner when all you have to do is to telephone to the butcher, and order a fresh roast for every day in the week, with the accompanying vegetable relishes of the season, and express your desires to the cook through the medium of the speaking-tube. But it is quite another thing to go to your own larder and view the remains of the cold mutton, or roast beef of the day before, and be conscious that from what is before you in that larder you must contrive a palatable dinner.

Do not be discouraged: it is quite within the reach of your capacity. It is only necessary that you display the same thought and attention, in the direction of culinary art, that you formerly gave so cheerfully to your work at the easel in the studio of your painting master, and your well directed efforts will be rewarded with success.

Do not, I beg of you, allow yourself to be discouraged if your first efforts meet with disapproval from your good husband. You may have to endure to see your relishing attempts held up in disparaging comparison with "his mother's." Who has not had this to bear? But success comes after failure.

By way of suggestion the following recipes are given for "the left-overs." No dish is more palatable, if well prepared, than the much sneered at

HASH.

Take any cold meat—beef or mutton is best—chop fine, first removing all fat, gristle and bone. To two cupfuls of this meat add one cupful of mashed potato. Season with pepper, salt and a little herb. Set a clean frying-pan on the stove with a cupful of beef-gravy or clear soup. Then put in the meat and potato, stirring for five minutes till a stiff mass. Serve on a hot platter, and garnish with dice of toasted bread, sprigs of parsley, or slices of lemon.

Should any hash remain, it is nice next day molded into

CROQUETTES.

or rolls, with the addition of a little flour, and fried in boiling lard or dripping. These must be daintily served, and tastefully garnished.

FRENCH DISH.

Take about two cupfuls each of chopped veal and ham. Soak two cupfuls of bread-crumbs in one of boiling milk; season, and mix together with two well-beaten eggs. Put into a well-buttered mold or dish and bake for half-an-hour, not allowing the crust to become too hard. Turn out on a platter, and serve hot for tea, or, if desired, will make a nice addition to a scrap dinner.

POTATO PIE.

Cut any cold meat in inch square pieces; lay in a pie-dish with any cold gravy, or, if there is no gravy, add a sprinkle of corn-starch, and a little cold water. Cover the whole with a thick layer of mashed potatoes as a crust, and bake a rich brown.

BRAISED BEEF.

Take a piece of rump steak an inch thick; fry it slightly in butter, on both sides; add enough hot stock to just cover the steak; season with pepper, salt and a sprinkle of herb; add also a carrot and a sliced onion. Let it simmer slowly an hour and a half or two hours; put some butter and flour in another sauce-pan; add the gravy in which the steak was stewed, and a little tomato catsup. Lay the steak on a platter, arranging the carrot neatly around it; pour over it the hot sauce.

DEVILLED MUTTON.

Melt in a clean frying-pan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one of red currant jelly; when it simmers put into it slices of the cold mutton, cut evenly, and not too fat. Heat slowly, turning several times, till they are very hot, but not until they begin to crisp. Serve the slices on a hot platter, cover and set over hot water. To the liquor left in the pan, add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a small quantity of made mustard, and a pinch of salt; let it boil up and pour it over the meat on the platter.

TURKEY SCOLLOP.

Pick the meat from the bones of cold turkey, and chop fine. Put a layer of bread-crumbs on the bottom of a buttered dish, moisten with a little milk; then add a layer of turkey, with bits of the dressing, and small pieces of butter on top; sprinkle with salt and pepper, then another layer of bread-crumbs, and so on till the dish is nearly full. Add a little boiling water to the gravy left over and pour it on the turkey. Then, for a top layer crust, beat two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one of melted butter, a little salt, and cracker crumbs sufficient to make thick enough to spread on with a knife. Put bits of butter over, and bake three-quarters of an hour, with a tin plate over it. About ten minutes before serving remove the plate, and brown slightly. Chicken is also good served in this style.

BEEF KIDNEY STEW.

Wash, remove all bits of skin and fat, cut into small pieces, and soak in salt and water for one hour or more. Brown a lump of butter in a stew-pan. Drain the kidney, and put it in the stew-pan; nearly cover it with water, and allow it to cook slowly for two hours. Thicken with a little flour and butter and serve hot on toast.

FRIED SPRING CHICKEN.

Clean, joint, and soak in salt and water for two hours. Put in a frying-pan equal quantities of lard and butter, in all enough to cover the chicken. Dip each piece in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and drop in the boiling fat; fry till brown on both sides. Serve on a hot platter, garnishing with sprigs of parsley. Pour most of the fat from the frying-pan, thicken the remainder with browned flour, adding to it one cup of boiling water. Serve this in a gravy-boat.

CHICKEN PATES.

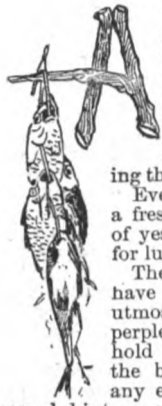
Chop meat of cold chicken fine, and season with salt. Make a large cupful of rich drawn butter, and, while on the fire, add two hard-boiled eggs minced fine, a little chopped parsley, and the meat of the chicken. Let this mixture almost boil. Have ready some paté pans of good rich paste, remove the covers with the edge of a knife, fill in with the mixture and arrange on a hot platter. In baking the crust it is a good plan to fill in with a square of stale bread, which is easily removed as soon as it comes from the oven. This keeps the crust from falling flat as it would otherwise do without the chicken mixture.

L. L.

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OF FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

By MARY J. SAFFORD.



WITTY dame once gave the above title to meats which made their appearance on the table a second time. Nevertheless, there is nothing more welcome to the average housekeeper than some new method of serving the cold joints left from dinner. Even if one prefers and can afford a fresh roast daily, the remnants of yesterday's repast may be used for luncheon or breakfast.

The following recipes, which have been prepared with the utmost care, may supply some perplexed mistress of a household with new ways of varying the bill of fare. They may, in any event, at least contain some casual hint or suggestion.

CREAM FISH.

A favorite lunch dish at a hospitable country-seat was made of fish left from the preceding day's dinner, but many of the guests laughingly protested that they should never have patience to wait for chance left-overs, and intended to buy the needful quantity.

The hostess' directions follow: Mash one pound and a quarter of boiled halibut fine, adding potato in the same proportion as for fish-balls; season nicely with butter and salt, and make very moist with cream. Put the mixture into a baking-dish, and brown in the oven. Serve with an egg-sauce, if preferred.

SCALLOPED FISH.

Break one pound of boiled or broiled fish—cold—into small pieces, carefully removing the bones and skin. Add one gill of milk, one gill of cream, one tablespoonful flour, one-third of a cupful of bread-crumbs. Boil the cream and milk, mix the flour with one-third of a cupful of cold milk, and stir into the boiling cream and milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Put a little of the cream sauce in the bottom of a small pudding-dish, then a layer of fish, seasoned with salt and pepper, then another layer of sauce, and another layer of fish. Finally, cover with the bread-crumbs and bake until brown. This quantity will probably require about twenty minutes cooking.

HAM PATE.

Housekeepers are often puzzled to devise a way to make the hard parts of a ham palatable. But after the better portion has been sliced off, the remainder can be converted into a very tempting dish.

Cut all the meat from the bone and chop it fine, boil six eggs hard and chop them also. Put in the bottom of a small, deep pudding-dish a layer of the chopped ham, then a layer of egg. Moisten with cream sauce, add a second layer of ham, another layer of eggs, moisten again with cream, and cover the top with bread-crumbs, dotted with bits of butter. Bake about half-an-hour or until the top is brown.

The cream sauce consists of one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, and a cupful of milk. Melt the butter and flour together and stir in the milk.

BEEF AND POTATO PIE.

A very appetizing way of serving beef is to cut the meat into slices, make a gravy of flour and water, seasoned with pepper and salt, put the beef in, add two or three tomatoes pared and sliced, and warm the whole quickly—do not let it become tough by stirring a long time. Then put the mixture in a platter, and arrange around the edge a border of mashed potato. Set in the oven till the potato is brown, and serve at once.

Mutton can be used in the same way and is equally relished.



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CHICKEN AND RICE CROQUETTES.

An excellent way of serving a small quantity of chicken is to cut all the meat carefully from the bones, chop fine, and to each cupful of the chicken add a cupful of boiled rice, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of milk, a little pepper and an egg. Set the milk on the fire, and—as soon as it boils—add the other ingredients, the egg, thoroughly beaten, last of all. Stir the mixture one minute. When it has cooled, take about a tablespoonful, and, with both hands, press the mass lightly into an oblong roll. When the whole quantity has been shaped, roll the croquettes lightly in bread-crumbs, then dip them in well-beaten eggs; roll a second time in bread-crumbs, and fry, until brown, in boiling fat. Two or three minutes will suffice. Be sure that the fat is boiling before putting the croquettes in.

TURKEY SOUP.

People who like the old-fashioned, rich soups, will find the following recipe for using the carcass of a turkey, delicious:

Cut off the meat from the bones and break the carcass into several pieces. Add two or three quarts of water—proportioned to the quantity of meat—two slices of carrot, two of turnip, two large onions, two stalks of celery, three tablespoonfuls of butter, and three of flour. Set on the fire and cook three hours, then add the vegetables and cook another hour. Strain, and put back on the stove. Brown the flour and butter together, add it to the soup, season with salt and pepper, and simmer for half an hour. If any fat rises, skim it off. Small squares of toasted bread may be added just as the soup is sent to the table.

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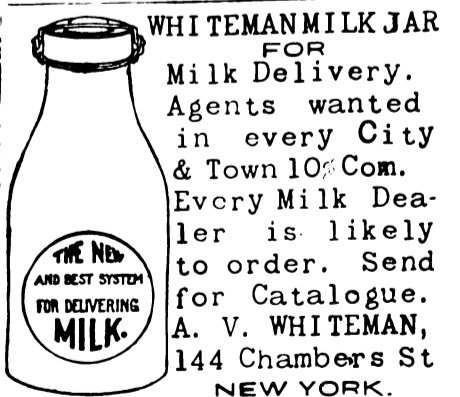
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SHINING AND "DOING-UP" SHIRTS.

HE "doing-up" of shirts is one of the most annoying and perplexing things that young housekeepers have to learn; nor do they always learn to do the work well. In fact there are but few young or old housekeepers who can laundry shirts well.

I have been through the whole routine of trials and troubles, and know all about it; but, at last, after considerable expense and a vast deal of experience, I believe that I have finally overcome all obstacles, and can now truly and proudly say I can "do-up" shirts and do them well. And, as I know how gladly I welcomed the glad tidings of "how it was done," I would like to tell the sisters of the JOURNAL.

First, on wash-day, before hanging the shirts out to dry, I starch the bosom, cuffs and collar in common, hot starch; though in freezing weather this would best be omitted.

Then, when folding down the clothes, I sprinkle the bodies of the shirts, and finestarch the bosom, cuffs and collar, as follows:

For each shirt I take one teaspoonful of starch, dividing it evenly and placing in separate dishes, one of which should be tin. I dissolve both in cold water and place the tin dish over the fire, stirring constantly; when boiling, I add a piece of sperm candle about the size of an hazel-nut, and twice that size of coach-candle (these candles usually come in sets called laundry candles) and a teaspoonful of gum-arabic water (which is made by dissolving two ounces of gum-arabic in half-a-pint of boiling water, then strained and bottled); let boil five minutes, then remove from the fire, and into it stir the cold starch. I then starch the parts to be starched, being careful not to brush off the small particles of polish which adhere to the linen and are needed to help give it the gloss; the starch must be well rubbed in, the plaits raised up with the fingers, so that the starch will penetrate all through evenly.

When perfectly starched, I shake out the shirt well, fold both sides of the bosom together evenly, pull the wristbands and collar into shape, lay them smoothly upon the shirt, then begin at the neck and roll the whole tightly together, wrap in a towel and let it remain several hours before ironing.

Now for the "doing-up." I first iron the back by folding it lengthwise through the centre; next iron both sides of the sleeves and the wristbands, ironing wrong side of the latter first; then the collar-band, yoke and front of shirt, except bosom. Now, I place the bosom-board under the bosom, and stretch and fasten securely; spread a wet cloth over and iron quickly with a hot iron to remove any lumps of starch; then remove the cloth and with a moderately hot iron, begin at the top and iron downwards, continuing the operation until the bosom is dry, or nearly so. I then remove the bosom-board and hang the shirt near the fire until thoroughly dry, when it is ready for polishing.

When I spread the bosom on a smooth and very hard board, I dampen it a little with a cloth dipped in the gum-arabic water, and iron until dry; then use only the rounded part of the polishing iron, using it briskly with short strokes, mostly crosswise of the bosom; this will put all the friction on a small part at one time, and gives the full benefit of all gloss in starch or linen.

Many women have an idea that to put into starch the proper ingredients is all that is necessary to produce that much desired gloss; but this is a mistake. The ingredients only give body, and to bring out the polish properly, a good polishing iron and a little "elbow grease" are required.

This is the true Chinese laundry polish, and if these directions are followed, there is no reason why anyone cannot "do-up" shirts as nicely as those coming from any laundry. Try it, and you will certainly be pleased.

AUNT MILLIE.

WINNIE'S ENGLISH WALNUT CAKE.

TWO cupfuls of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of six eggs, one pint English walnuts, or hickory-nuts, cut fine, not chopped, one teaspoonful vanilla or lemon. Beat the butter and sugar to a perfect cream, then stir in the milk, a little at a time. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and add, a little at a time, first the egg, then the flour, into which has been mixed the baking powder. Add the flour and eggs alternately, fill all is used, then stir in the nuts, and lastly the flavoring.

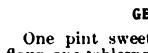
The same recipe makes an excellent layer cake, specially for coconut filling. Never use desiccated coconut if you want a really delicate cake. Grate a fresh coconut and let it stand a few hours, then make a thin icing and after spreading it over the layers, sprinkle it thickly with coconut. After the layers are all united cover the top and sides of cake with the icing, and sprinkle it thickly with coconut, and lastly sift some powdered sugar over the whole.

MRS. E. C. ALLIS.

A FEW DAINTY DESSERTS.

By EDITH A. GRANT.

FOR those who are oftentimes put at their wit's end for variety in desserts, the following recipes may prove helpful. They can, at least, be recommended for their reliability to make palatable dishes if directions are carefully followed. Housewives will find these dessert recipes as economical as they are dainty:—



GERMAN PUFFS.

One pint sweet milk, five tablespoonfuls flour, one tablespoonful melted butter, six eggs, leaving whites of three. Bake in buttered cups, half-filled, half-an-hour or twenty minutes, in a hot oven.

SAUCE FOR GERMAN PUFFS.

Whites of five eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; one coffee-cup powdered sugar, and the juice of two oranges. Turn the pudding from the cups into a platter and cover with sauce before sending to the table. Exceptionally good.

A GOOD FARINA PUDDING.

Half-a-pint sweet milk, a little salt, one teaspoonful of butter. When boiling add three tablespoonfuls of farina. Let it cook until stiff, and then add sugar and vanilla flavoring to taste, stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs and, lastly, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Pour in a mold previously buttered, and spread with cracker or bread-crumbs. Steam three-quarters of an hour. Serve cold or hot. If cold with cream and sugar, if hot, with the following sauce:—

A FARINA PUDDING SAUCE.

Half-a-pint of sweet milk, one egg, sugar and vanilla to taste. Heat the milk, add the beaten yolk of egg, a small teaspoonful of corn-starch already dissolved in a little cold milk, the beaten white of egg and the flavoring. Stir constantly after adding the yolk.

TAPIOCA CREAM PUDDING.

Four large tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in a little over one pint of milk. Put the tapioca and milk into a tin, and put the tin in a pot of boiling water; let it cook until tapioca is clear. Stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of desiccated cocoanut, and vanilla and sugar to taste. Cook two or three minutes longer. Pour into a pudding-dish and spread with the beaten whites of the eggs and a little cocoanut. Brown slightly in the oven.

A DELICIOUS CREAM PIE.

Cover plate with crust, and bake, watching carefully to press down the blisters. Cream—One cup of milk heated to scalding, add half teaspoonful of corn-starch mixed with a little cold milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one and a half teaspoonful of sugar, yolks of two eggs. When cooked to proper consistency pour onto the crust. Beat the whites with a little sugar, spread over the top and brown slightly in the oven.

Another and most delicious way of making a cream pie, is to beat with a fork or Dover egg-beater, one cup of sweet cream to a stiff froth, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Pour over the cold, baked crust, and dot the top with small pieces of apple, quince or peach jelly.

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar (white), four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three even teaspoonfuls baking powder, three cups of flour sifted twice with the baking powder. Mix butter and sugar together, add the beaten yolks, then the sweet milk, flour with baking powder and, lastly, whites beaten to stiff froth. Take out one teacup of butter and stir in it one large tablespoonful of grated chocolate—Baker's, if possible—that has been previously heated and dissolved with a tablespoonful of sweet milk. Alternate in the buttered cake-tin as for other marble cake. Ice with white or chocolate icing, or both, according to recipes of icing given in the JOURNAL.

A GOOD WAY TO MAKE COOKIES.

Three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one large teaspoonful soda, six eggs well beaten. Weigh flour, butter and sugar into a large bowl and rub smoothly together until loose and without lumps. Beat the eggs and add, mixing thoroughly with the hand. Dissolve the soda in sour milk, half a cup of milk, if eggs are large, a little more if not; mix with the other ingredients. Flour the paste-board well, roll very thin and bake in a hot oven.

LEMON PUDDING.

Grate two lemons, beat the yolks of six eggs with two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter and a tablespoonful of cream. Line a pudding dish with slices of stale cake, pour in the mixture and bake twenty minutes. Cover the top with meringue and set in the oven to brown.

FOUR HELPFUL RECIPES.

HAM SALAD FOR LUNCH.

THIS is a good dish to utilize the small scraps remaining of boiled or baked ham that cannot be nicely sliced. Chop fine one pint of ham with one pint of bread crumbs (white bread), moisten with milk (about a tea-cupful, possibly a little more), add a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a little pepper, put into a saucepan and thoroughly heat. Just before sending to the table, turn onto a small platter and slice one or two hard boiled eggs as a garnish over it. Serve hot for lunch or tea.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.

Beat the yolks of six eggs, grate half-a-pound of pineapple, add to it a cupful of sugar and one of hot cream; mix, set in a kettle of boiling water, and stir until it thickens; remove from the fire and set on ice. When cold, add a pint of whipped cream, mix through the pudding beat the whites of the eggs, and stir in. Pour in a mold and set to cool. When solid, turn out, and serve with cream sauce, flavored with extract of pineapple.

ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.

One pound of muscatel raisins, stoned; one pound of sultana raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of fresh beef-suet chopped fine, one pound of sugar, two ounces each of lemon and orange peel candied, the rind of one fresh lemon, two ounces each of bitter and Jordan almonds, cut in pieces, three nutmegs grated, a teaspoonful of ginger, same of salt, a pint of bread-crumbs, and three-quarters of a pound of flour. Mix well together in a large pan. Beat nine eggs, add a glass of cider, and stir into the pudding. Wet a pudding-bag in boiling water, then flour, turn the pudding in it, tie it up securely and boil nine hours. When done, lift out of the kettle and put in cold water; let cool, untie the string and turn out in a large dish. Have ready four ounces of blanched almonds and stick over the top of the pudding. Serve with plum-pudding sauce.—ELIZA R. PARKER.

CAULIFLOWER IN BATTER.

Thoroughly cleanse and cut away the outer leaves of a firm, fresh cauliflower; boil it in plenty of well-salted water, until nearly tender; then drain carefully, and divide it into tiny sprigs, or flowerets. Season these lightly with salt and pepper, and dip them separately into some rich, well-made frying batter. Drop carefully into a saucepan containing a generous supply of boiling fat, and let them remain until colored a lovely golden-brown. When done enough, drain well in order to render the sprigs crisp and dry; then pile up tastefully on hot neatly-folded napkins. Insert the sprigs of parsley every here and there, and serve immediately. If the batter is correctly made, and the cauliflower properly cooked, the appearance of this dish is most attractive—the outside of the sprigs being crisp and dry, while the inside remains moist and juicy.—MARY BARRETT BROWN.

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ASCUTNEY STREET.

(Continued from page 2.)

Captain Zenas could not go to-day. Matthew had more to do, therefore. A part of the time Dr. Griffith sat at the tiller. When Matthew took it from him, he asked Jane if she would not like to steer. How could any one suppose that her ready assent was in pure contradiction of herself? That because she would really rather have been somewhere else, she seated herself with Matthew in the stern, the tiller-shaft between them, and with good will took her lesson?

Not Matthew; he was blithe. Not Dr. Griffith; he saw as a man sees—even so keen a man as Dr. Griffith—where it stands him in closest behoof to be keen. For Margaret Sunderland, a woman with a little sympathetic, innocent feminine crookedness, it was the first glimpse toward the truth. All this day she watched. It was *sublesse oblige* with her. Because she had not been quite able to wish that her brother might do this thing, because she knew that, if the other happened, she would be secretly half relieved, or would have been before that talk with Hans, she set herself to see clearly, even in Hans' behalf. Through the nobility of this very contrariety of her own, she discerned the contrariety in Jane. Does a generous person reach out an eager hand to seize the best thing, the thing most unquestionably to be desired? Does a delicate woman put herself forth to take with over-readiness that which her hidden hope most covets, or does she half avert herself and put it by, letting some common claim and opportunity assert itself that the "thing so sweet, so dear," may not know its own great price, but may come insisting, if it will come at all? How far, possibly, might this go? How far was it a consciousness? With her brother standing aloof—the very fact, perhaps, awakening Jane to what she would be self-shamed to realize—might it even be that she should be drawn into this easier possibility, to cure herself of the first, that was so preposterous, so hopeless?

"I want the best of you to be in league with what I know is the best of me." That was what John had said. It repeated itself over and over again to Margaret now.

Jane got a little tired of Matthew, apart from whatever Matthew's seeking and lingering might mean. He was somewhat too content, to-day, perhaps; he was slipping into that easy assurance that had grown to be his habit from the way in which his world had treated him; it began, may be, to seem easy enough to enter, if he would, this other. He talked a little too much of his own life, plans and resources. In the midst of this wider, finer delight—this outlook upon river, hills and heaven that they had come for, in which might have been read to her, she knew, such wonderful sentences of a living word—little personal hopes and prides seemed trivial, obtrusive. She grew silent, and did not listen to quite all he said. It looked like listening, though, and Dr. Griffith interpreted it as contentment, if not pleasure. Margaret detected in the still face the shade of weariness, the line of endurance.

So they sailed past the sprinkling islands and up the beautiful straits; through the long, deep dale of the Sheepscote between Upper Westport and Edgcombe on the east, and came into bright Wiscasset Bay.

Jane got the children with her, a part of the time, after their lunch; but she could not even cling to them without seeming to cling to their more special surrounding; and Uncle Hans was never spared from their monopoly long. She began to tell them a story, and they called to him to come and hear. Then she brought it to its climax quickly, and Rick rebelled.

"They didn't go home and live happy ever after, right then. You've skipped!" he cried, resentfully.

"Have I?" Jane said, a little listlessly.

"I'll tell it all over again, by-and-by."

"Miss Gregory is tired," said Dr. Griffith. "Come away. We are going to haul up to the wharf." And he went ashore with them, one in each hand, his sister just before, and so led the way for the small party up the bank and over to the ancient blockhouse in the field.

Traditions of the old Indian times came in there. Dr. Griffith seemed to know them all; but he appealed courteously to Matthew, and left the narration to him wherever he took it up most confidently. He meant to give the boy his chance in every way. Afterward, Matthew contrived to be first off to the shore, conveying Miss Rickstack and Jane Gregory. It was easy to get in advance of Miss Rickstack down there among the shards and fragments of loose rock and the rough projections of the water-worn cliff base. The good lady was busy at once in looking after "queer stones"; besides, she was saying to herself, kind-heartedly, and with a pleasant bit of self-delusion, "We were all young once." Dear, gentle soul! She had been all her life, for her own part, utterly innocent of any sentimental riverside ramblings, or pairings off of any sort. She had not been pretty in her girlhood. As a matter of fact, she had, rather, the pairings—if one may be pardoned the unpremeditated play on the word—of all youthful social gatherings. But there is a point in life, no doubt, where the imaginations of the past take shape into realities through haze of distance, as those of the future used to do. Very likely Miss Rickstack thought she had done such things, or might have done them.

It was out here, among the heaps and débris of time and river work, done through centuries upon rock and soil—as they stood and peered far into a deep crevice that, the story says, runs back into the cliff, away underground, and was once made communicable with the rough stronghold of the early settlers; at least, some such half-hidden fissure did so, and it might well enough be that—that Matt said, abruptly:

"I can't bear to think you are all going off

so soon, Miss Gregory. These have been such pleasant days."

"They have been beautiful days," said Jane, calmly. "And we have owed much of our enjoyment to you, Mr. Morse." While she spoke, she moved along to pick up a clear, soft, gray-white, polished stone, that lay, conspicuous in shape and color, among dark pebbles.

If he had said so much to little Dorothy Serle, the pretty school-mistress at Beech Point, she would have blushed all up, and caught her breath, and waited, mute and fluttering, for his next word; a word that he knew in his conscience he had stopped short of many times, in his secret security and his half-readiness to compromise his freedom. He hardly knew what to make of this emotionless Miss Gregory.

"I don't feel satisfied—I wish I needn't think—that all the acquaintance would end here," he said, coming beside her again. "If I should come to Boston—I might, in the winter, sometime—would you tell me where you would be, and let me call and see you?"

"I do not know exactly where I—where we—shall be, Mr. Morse. I expect to be with Mrs. Sunderland. I dare say she would be very happy to have you come. But you had better ask her."

Was it shyness, or was it coldness, or was it the sort of encouragement a girl gives when she refers to those who have the guardianship or protection of her? He said no more for a few moments, and then made different essay.

"We have never been round Riggsville yet," he said. "It's a pretty row there, up the creek. I'd like to take you one afternoon before you go."

To which assertion, for it stopped short of asking, Jane said "Thank you," without committal; meaning and expecting to be altogether too busy for carrying any such idea into effect.

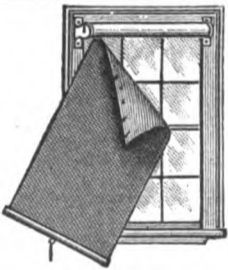
"Miss Rickstack!" she called, directly after, "there are some lovely things over here. And I do believe I've found an arrow-head." She stooped and picked up a three-cornered bit of flint, and Miss Rickstack came tumbling across the moraine.

Matthew Morse did not know whether he were rebuffed or not. This kind of courteous, self-possessed reserve was something new to him. It might be a higher tone of coquetry, or a mere decorum; he could not tell. It was not scorn, nor affront. It was too gentle, too tranquil. Whatever it did mean, it meant all the more thoroughly. For the moment he had to be content with that.

But she did not sit at the tiller any more with Matthew, going back. Matthew was interrupted, busy with rope and sail. They had tide in their favor, but the soft wind was ahead. Dr. Griffith managed the rudder for a good while; this left Jane a chance to attach herself to Mrs. Sunderland and the children, which she did with gladness.

Sweeping along with the swift current into the broad bay at sundown, the full glory of that wonderful mingling and play of color in sky and sea and shore broke forth before them. It is impossible to put it into word or picture. The hand of God spreads it out in a few such places; our small, human capacity may merely stand and be filled with it, nor dare to try its reproduction.

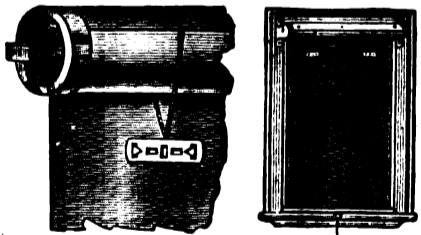
(Continued next month.)



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Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



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Dr. Wm. B. Towles, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia. Former Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Virginia.

"BUFFALO LITHIA SPRING, No 2, belongs to the ALKALINE, or perhaps to the ALKALINE-SALINE CLASS, for it has proved far more efficacious in many diseased conditions than any of the simple ALKALINE waters.

"I feel no hesitancy whatever in saying that in Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, STONE in the BLADDER, and in all diseases of Uric Acid Diathesis, I know of no remedy at all comparable to it.

"Its effects are marked in causing a disappearance of Albumen from the urine. In a single case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys I witnessed decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease."

Dr. Algeron S. Garnett, Surgeon, (retired) U. S. Navy, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

"My experience in the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is limited to the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism and that hybrid disease 'Rheumatic Gout' (so-called), which is the contradiction to the Rheumatoid Arthritis of Gerrod.

"I have had excellent results from this Water in these affections, both in my own person and in the treatment of patients for whom I have prescribed it. Of course, the remedial agent is its contained Alkalies and their solvent properties.

"Hence it is a prophylactic as well as a remedy in Nephritic Colic and forming Calculi, when due to a redundancy of Lithic Acid."

Dr. T. B. Buchanan, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

"Send me five cases BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, SPRING No. 2. I have made use of this Water for Gout in my own person and prescribed it for patients similarly suffering, with the most decided beneficial results. I take pleasure in advising Gouty patients to use these Springs."

The Late Dr. Thomas P. Atkinson, formerly of Danville, Va., who was President and Honorary Fellow of the Medical Society of Virginia.

"I have been a frequent visitor to the celebrated Hot Water Resorts, and also at the BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS. Close observation of the action of the different Waters has satisfied me that among sufferers from Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, and diseases generally dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, a much larger percentage are relieved by the Buffalo Lithia Water than by any of the Hot Waters. Experience has shown this water to be a powerful agent for the removal of Vesical Calculi. It has proved equally efficient in effecting the solution and preventing the disposition of the Phosphatic and the Uric Acid Sediment.

"When used at an early stage, while enough of the renal structure remains to answer the purpose of purifying the blood, it is of decided efficacy in BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, and, indeed, in some cases where the destruction of the Kidney has been greater, its use has resulted in partial restoration and prolongation of life."

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, \$5.00 per Case at the Springs.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,

Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

THE CARRIAGE

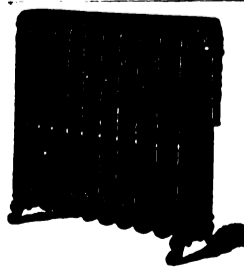
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I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:
**I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.**

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Will (if your druggist does not keep them) mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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PIK-RON

WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE WILL STAIN TINWARE WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND

Furnish at the same time.

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WILL CHANGE PLAIN WHITE GLASS TO EFFECT OF RUBY, AMBER, AMETHYST, OPAL, EMERALD.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers, of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

CORRECTION—In the March JOURNAL we advised those of our readers who desire to learn anything relative to United States stamps to send 25 cents for a copy of the book on that subject, issued by the United States Mint at Philadelphia. We find that the edition to which we referred as costing 25 cents is out of print, and has been substituted by a larger and fuller book, costing 50 cents.

G. A. C.—Sour milk would better be removed from a tin vessel as soon as possible, as it is never all to permit an acid to remain in a metal receiver. For this reason many people object to canning fruits in tins.

GERTRUDE—For a braiding pattern suitable for your beaver jacket, send to T. R. Packer, Lynn, Mass. He will send you a catalogue of his patterns from which to make a choice. You may also purchase the braid of the same firm, we think. Write to him as you have written to us, and there will be no difficulty in obtaining what you want.

ADMIRING READER—To paint or stain your soiled chair, we would advise you to purchase of some drug-gist or paint shop, the cherry staining, which is put up in cans. This stains most effectually, an old up chair, and with a coat of varnish, turns it into "a thing of beauty." Directions will be found on the can.

ORRISON—We know of nothing which will remove from a gossamer, paint which has become entirely dry and hard. To be successfully removed, turpentine, alcohol or ammonia should be applied while the paint is fresh.

Mrs. O. B. J.—White sheep-skin rugs, when soiled, may be cleaned by scrubbing with soap and water. Afterwards dry thoroughly in the sun.

ETNICS—Your case is no uncommon one. It often happens that the most worthy are passed by un-noticed. There is something more than mere worth which they need. Your sister is probably right when she says that your lack of popularity to your shyness. If you could forget yourself for a little while, you would perhaps find the tide of social life more easy to stem. Your shyness may be overcome in one way. In speaking to others, you may feel an interest. This interest is nearest their hearts, and questions them in an interested way. They will be glad to talk to you and you will soon forget your reserve. A little observation will soon enable you to discover that which interests those with whom you are conversing, and then, when the moment arrives for discussion, as it surely will, you will be ready to add your mite to the general conversation. We know of no other way to successfully combat shyness and reserve.

L. V. H.—It would be impossible, in the space allotted to correspondence, to give you any information upon the subject of church entertainments, that would be of any practical benefit to you. We trust our future we expect to publish an article which will give valuable hints in this direction.

Mrs. W. W. G.—You would better write to some pleasure dealer in relation to Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death." We could give you no idea where to obtain what you desire.

The formula for an invitation to a children's party is very much the same as that for an adult party of the same kind, the only difference being that the hours are fixed, as, "from two till six" or any other chosen hour.

IGNORANT—Except in rare cases, and then only under peculiar circumstances a woman should sign her own name and not that of her husband, to her letters. This name should be prefixed by the word "Mrs." in parenthesis, as a guide to the reader of the letter.

ETTA—Originally the first finger of the left hand was considered the finger for the engagement ring, but custom now places it upon the marriage finger—the third finger. At the time of the wedding, the engagement ring is removed, and after the ceremony, is replaced by the groom as a guard to the wedding ring. The kind of ring used as a fiancée is a matter of taste, and by taste and expense, though a plain band, or intaglio, or seal, would seem the best choice.

Miss MYRTLE M.—We would advise you to buy Mrs. Sherwood's "Usages of Best Society," which contains all information in relation to calling and kindred matters. "Cards and their Uses," is another excellent book for your purpose.

RUTH—It would be almost impossible for any one but an expert to tell just exactly what is the matter with your finger-nails; but we should imagine that it was a case of diseased tissue, which should not be tampered with, but should be treated by a competent person. Can the family physician give you no light? It may arise from some physical disturbance that a course of treatment would at least modify, if not cure.

We would not consider it correct to say "Reverend Mr. Blank" in making a formal introduction. Should Mr. Blank have arrived at the degree of "Doctor," you would then say, "Dr. Blank," but otherwise, simply "Mr. Blank" is better.

In introducing two sisters, all means introduce one as "Miss Temple" and the other as "Miss Alice Temple."

When a couple become engaged and can have no formal announcement, it is quiet proper for either to make it known in a quiet way among her friends. The news will soon become public property.

A SUBSCRIBER—If you would use a few drops of ammonia or camphor in the water with which you wash your nose, we think the habit of perspiration will gradually disappear.

ANXIOUS HOUSE-CLEANER—The simplest method of loosening wall-paper, is to start a kettle of water to boiling, and to pour it over the paper to loosen the paper, and it may be readily stripped off. If the boiling water is not a possibility, mop the paper all over with wet cloths, and leave the water to seep between the paper and the wall. If it harmonizes in repeating the process many times, it will loosen it. Do not paper a good ceiling, if you are of the opinion, the height of the ceilings and the prevailing color of the furniture, it would be impossible to advise as to the relative merits of plain or figured papers, or of decided or neutral tinted borders.

Miss K. G.—The gentleman should step forward and, without actually preceding the lady, hold the door open until she has passed in, he following immediately after and closing the door.

E.—There will appear, from time to time in our columns, new and original games for children and young people. We think that among them you will probably find what you require.

Miss L. T.—Just as deafness most frequently arises from a diseased condition of the throat. Imperfections of the complexion are due to physical disturbances which arise from no local cause. Probably your whole system is out of order and needs a course of medication; people are too prone to treat the skin as if it were a thing of itself, instead of an organ which shows only too quickly any defect in the working of any other organ of the body.

ZUEKA—One remedy for roaches said to be never-failing, is two tablespoonfuls of borax, mixed with enough flour and water to make a stiff dough. This should be left around at night, and in the morning you can sweep up the dead roaches by the hundred, so we are told. But we must add a word of caution in regard to these nuisances in your kitchen, they should be points of special care, for around the water pipes and water closets, they are most numerous, and behind the wainscot will start thousands. Sometimes a tap on the wainscot will start thousands at once, some no longer than the head of a pin. Into the cracks of a such wainscotting should be injected, very freely, powdered borax and insect powder to destroy the infant roaches.

ANXIETY—You do not give dimensions nor construction of your room; but if you desire to produce the effect of a high ceiling, by all means use a paper that has a tendency to stripes, rather than figures, and run a side-wall paper at least six inches up on the ceiling, putting the border on the ceiling, instead of on the wall. This will give increased height in appearance.

CONFECTIONERY—If you will add a teaspoonful of vinegar to your loaf-sugar syrup, it will prevent the brittleness of which you complain; when patted, your candy should be white as snow.

Mrs. J. B.—In treating what is ordinarily termed ear-ache in children, it is imperative to avoid putting anything into the ear, except under the direction of a physician; relief, however, must be had, and there is nothing so permeating, so soothing, so effective, as the application of steam. This is obtained by heating an iron, a brick, or what is even better—because flat and thus more readily managed—an ordinary stovepipe, when thoroughly heated—but not too hot—wrap up in two or three thicknesses of old flannel, enough to make it comparatively soft. Upon this flannel pour warm water (warm is selected as it cools the metal less quickly, though it is equally effective); steam is at once generated and the sufferer by placing the ear flat over the heat surface, is relieved by the steam, which rises and permeates every crevice of the afflicted member. Should a gathering be on the way, it is greatly hastened by this process, and the pus is soon brought to the surface, at which stage the misery is over.

Mrs. ALICE J.—To make over the blue flannel for your little girl in the style of a dark dead shade of red summer. Full the flannel to this with a little heading full into a belt, make full blue sashes, full into a broad cuff or band of the red; put five tucks in the skirt, which should be gathered with but quite full. Her hair should be gathered in neck and sleeves; lace should be of cream-white, rather than blue-white.

INQUIRER—There is really no process by which gloves can be successfully dyed at home; it is less expensive in the end to have such things done by professionals.

DAISY BELL—Why not have your albatross cleaned instead of washed. The scourer keeps the original texture and color. You might also try washing your material in corn-starch, but it only removes general soil will not remove spots, but it only removes general soil through it, as one would rub them through a basin of water.

ELLA J.—Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, and is represented, generally, with an owl as her companion.

"Paul and Virginia" was originally written in French, by Bernardin de St. Pierre.

At a luncheon where the ladies retain their bonnets, it is customary to remove the gloves. By a little observation of those around you, you will find no difficulty in following the regular and quite sufficient to prevent your doing anything absolutely rude or awkward.

PROSPECTIVE BRIDE—In consideration of the exciting quietness of your wedding, combined with the fact that you are to have two "at-homes," we would advise as little formality as possible in relation to these affairs, the more especially as the expenditure of money is an object to you. These affairs are very much a matter of taste. One "at-home" is naturally a "reception," but when two or three are projected, they are nothing more than evenings set apart for the greeting of your friends, at a time most convenient to themselves to come.

QUESTIONER—Do not be in too much of a hurry to send your little daughter to school; better let her grow up ignorant than delicate. Knowledge can be acquired in a few years; but health never, after having been once undermined by recklessness or necessity. You say she seems to be sick at her stomach without any apparent cause. Stop your soda and your peppermint; the child evidently has nothing the matter with her stomach—the trouble lies in one of two places—her eyes or her heart. Have both thoroughly examined. Complications with either one would produce the nervous irritability of which you speak. Interest, amuse, entertain her, and take her out of herself as much as you please or can; but if you value her future health and your own peace of mind and freedom from regret, never punish her for this irritability—or even speak hastily to her. Be firm with her and lead her to overcome it, by the exercise of her will-power; but, at the root of it all, there is disease which should be treated, and that promptly. Children have suffered for years with what was termed "crossness" when judicious treatment would have remedied the evil in a few months.

JULIA—Your letter in regard to your daughter's disposition is one which cannot well be answered in the columns of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. You have neglected to give your full name (which should accompany all correspondence), and so we cannot communicate with you personally. In your place we think it would be wise to break up housekeeping altogether, and separate the family.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER and R. S. V. P.—The condition of the complexion of which you speak, that of blackheads, arises mainly from a condition of the system. Put your system thoroughly in order and the greater portion of these distressing and unsightly so-called "flesh-worms" will disappear. Where they are large and deep-seated, and you will frequently remove the offending object, pressing closely together the opening thus left. By degrees the hollow will contract, and from time to time, you will notice a marked improvement in the size of the object removed. After each removal, touch the spot with spirits of camphor.

As part of the general care of the system, keep the face thoroughly cleansed every night with hot water, thoroughly applied with a soft flannel rag. This has a tendency to keep the pores disgorge their contents. Keep up perspiration as freely as possible; put this tends to aid the body in thriving off worn-out matter through the pores. When the pores are clogged, they soon fill up with the secretion which causes these unsightly blemishes.

MAY S.—One of the very best remedies for falling hair is a mixture composed of—
Quinine..... 30 grains
Glycerine..... 1 ounce
Wine..... 2 ounces

Rubin at night for one week during each month. Too frequent washing will often cause the hair to fall. Some physicians contend that to the greater frequency with which they wash their heads (their hair being short) is due the greater amount of baldness among men, as compared to that among women; too frequent and too severe brushing is also bad for the hair. It over-stimulates the scalp, and while at first it induces rapid growth, under this treatment the hair vesicles become weakened, and finally their power is lost.

MINT—A copy of the pamphlet issued by the Mint will give you all possible information upon any subject relating to United States currency; the price of the book is fifty cents. Address Superintendent United States Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

"146"—Every reputable establishment of art needle-work or Kensington painting, is full to overflowing with applicants for positions, and we have little faith in the establishments which offer their work to home-workers.

Mrs. DELANCY G.—Delsarte was the exponent of the theory that upon action, and not upon tone, depended expression. He contended that the acquisition of grace of motion, a corresponding increase of soul and mind would be acquired. He therefore spent his life in teaching his disciples such action as would most gracefully and effectively give expression to their feelings. To so fine a point did he reduce his theory that he taught them seven hundred and twenty-nine different motions of the eyelids alone, to express different varieties of sentiment. The original Delsarte has been dead about twenty years, but his son still carries out his father's theories, and has under him and his assistants in Paris, a large number of students.

A POSITIVE CURE

PROMOTES HEALTH STRENGTH & ENERGY.

A BOON TO MEN. A BLESSING TO WOMEN. Advice & Pamphlet Free.

DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELT & CORSET.

CURES RHEUMATISM INDIGESTION & ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

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Regular Standard Belt, for Men,	
Women and Children \$3.00 and 5.00	
Corsets, all styles \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00	
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Chest Protector.....	2.50
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Dr. Scott's Improved Elastic Truss.....	.50
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Indorsed and sold in every part of the world for beautifying and purifying the skin.

A lady writes us: "You ought to let the ladies know that the use of your 'Rubber Brushes' several times a day will revivify the complexion, smooth out the wrinkles and prevent the flesh from shrinking by wrinkling plumage. I know of a number who are using them with the most gratifying results."

PRICE-LIST:

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush,	\$1.50
Bailey's " Toilet Brush,	.25
Bailey's " Hand Brush (size 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 in.),	.25
Bailey's " Blacking Dauber,	.25
Bailey's " Ink and Pencil Eraser,	.25
Bailey's " Tooth Brush, No. 1,	.25
Bailey's " Tooth Brush, No. 2,	.25
Bailey's " Shampoo Brush,	.75
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Send us a postal note, and we will forward any of the above, pre-paid, upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods.

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CHAPTER XV.
(Continued).

"So it seems," he answered carelessly, looking at his watch. "Well I must be off. There is nothing I can do for you?" He took a flower from a vase on the table, and arranged it carefully in his button-hole.

Rosamond had imagined that her husband would give up going to the opera; she was hurt and astonished at his leaving her on the very evening of her return. The new reserve that had arisen between them kept her silent,

her own pride forbade her to ask him to stay, so she said "good night" without looking at him, and went alone into her stately, formal drawing-room. They were on the eve of a separation for weeks, possibly months, and he left her to hear the most popular prima donna in London.

Was it for the music that he was going, or was it to see some one who he knew would not fail to be there? For the first time in her life Rosamond tasted the bitterness of jealousy. The scales fell from her eyes, and she realized that for months her husband and herself had been as much apart as if one had been scorching in Arabia and the other freezing in Siberia; and now this soul distance was to be supplanted by an indefinite separation. She paced up and down the empty, silent room with clasped hands and knitted brow. She stopped before a mirror, and looked at herself. The face in the glass gazed back at her, frowning and indignant. The rich dress, the flashing jewels, the priceless old lace she wore, had been of no avail; she was as magnificent as an empress, as beautiful as Helen, but her husband, the boy whose love she had assumed to be indisputably hers, had hardly looked at her, and had left her alone to pass the evening beside Shuttie Kardenspin's wife, the daughter of a Spanish inn-keeper. She would have given worlds to unsay the words in which she had refused to go with him to the opera. There are hours in the life of every woman which we call the crisis of our existence. Rosamond Lawton standing before the mirror in her great, dreary drawing-room was passing through one of the bitterest hours she had ever known. She looked herself frankly in the face, and reviewed her own conduct, and her husband's, from the day when they had first met. She remembered him a romantic, passionate boy in the days of their courtship at Lawton Hall; then his face as it had looked on their wedding day, arose before her radiant and beautiful. The early days of their marriage came back to her, his tenderness, his adoration of herself. She went back in her imagination over every stage of their intercourse, recognizing for the first time all that he had given her, and the little she had given him in return. She only realized what his love was worth to her when she found that she had lost it.

She had grown cold as she sat staring with unseeing eyes at her own image. Then a sudden heat of passion swept over her. "My God, I cannot bear it!" she cried aloud, wringing her hands. She gasped for breath, and tore the diamond necklace from her throat as if its weight stifled her. The hot tears sprang to her eyes.

A miniature of her boyish bridegroom, which Armydis had painted for her, lay on the table. It had been, perhaps, the least prized of all her wedding gifts. She took up the miniature and looked long and tenderly at the ardent, tender face. How changed it was now! Those eyes that met hers so indifferently ten minutes ago, once had been as tender as the eyes in the miniature. There was a world of reproach in the portrait which she had never seen before. She kissed it over and over again; her tears fell upon the face; she spoke to it as if it could hear her pleading voice.

"My darling, my darling, forgive me, forgive me if you can!" Sir John had not gone directly to the opera as Rosamond imagined, but sat for a time moodily rolling and smoking cigarettes. It was a sultry night; he leaned out the window, looked at the stars, and tried to think of Phyllida; but her gracious image was constantly chased from his mind by that other face which had confronted him all through dinner. Rosamond was in the room below; he heard the rustle of her dress through the open window.

She never loved me, he thought, and I did love her, so now we are quits, except that she has never loved anybody. Well, am I to blame for that? And is it so sure after all? There was Terris: was all the love on his side in that affair? Who knows? She must have loved somebody, and men don't remain faithful to their early loves, as that fellow has done, for nothing.

So the devil tempted John Lawton, and he yielded to the temptation of palliating his own offense by striving to find his wife as culpable as himself. There are not many men strong enough to say—"I have sinned, and I will bear the consequences of my sin." With most of us the second step downward, more contemptible than the first, is the effort to shirk our own responsibilities for our own misdeeds. At the very moment when Rosamond was yearning to expiate the wrong she had done her husband, he was sullenly accusing her of another sin, of which she was as innocent as an unborn child.

He heard the cry of agony which she had given; he heard the bitter words which she let fall. He was shocked and startled at the sound of her voice thrilling with a passionate feeling he had never heard in it before. His first impulse was to go to her and comfort her, for ignore it as he might, he was still strongly bound to her by that sacred bond which God only should put asunder. He went down stairs, but at the doorway of the drawing-room hesitated and drew back. He could see his wife bending over something she held in her hand, now pressing it to her breast, now to her lips.

"If you only knew, my beloved, if you only knew!" moaned the weeping woman. "She was not speaking to me," he said to himself. "Who was she speaking to, or thinking of, since she is alone? Well I have no right to spy upon my wife now, God knows!" He turned and went noiselessly up stairs again. In spite of this resolution, as he went out a few minutes later, he made an excuse to go into the drawing-room for his lorgnette. Rosamond was alone, lying upon a sofa and feigning sleep, though he passed near enough to her to see that there were tears upon her face.

It was late when he reached the opera house. In the lobby he met Colonel Ackers and Miss Langdon coming away. She dawned upon his angry mood, radiant as a star. "Can I help you, Colonel?" "If you will stay with Miss Langdon while I find the carriage I shall be much obliged," said the Colonel, bustling off to look for the brougham.

Phyllida saw that something was troubling him. "How late you are," she said. "We have heard two acts." "Why do you go so early?" said Lawton. "Come back, where were you sitting? Come into my box. I want to talk to you." "I am so sorry, but we have promised Pattie to meet her at some stupid ball. I would much rather stay. Brenda is singing gloriously."

"Do not dance too late; remember you have made a promise to Brisais and to me." "I shall not forget," said Phyllida, blushing divinely. The Colonel came back, and Sir John made his way to the Kardenspin's box, where he found Teresita, radiant in yellow satin and diamonds. She smiled upon him, and made room for him beside her. "What has happened to you, querido amigo?" she said, giving him an unglowed hand. "Nothing. I have been bothered about some business, and I come to you to make me forget it."

There was no one in the loge but Shuttie Kardenspin asleep in the corner, red in the face and completely worn out. He had ridden that day in a steeple chase, and won the race; he was dropping with fatigue, but when his wife had commanded him to dress for the opera, he meekly obeyed. He had dined well and found an arm chair in the farthest corner of the box, only a little less comfortable for his after-dinner nap, than the sofa in the billiard room. "I am so glad that you have come," said Teresita. "I have not seen you for so long." "It must be at least a week," answered Sir John. They both laughed, for they had spent the morning together. "That was a good rehearsal we had to-day; you must come again to-morrow," said Teresita. "I shall come whenever you will permit me." He was satirical, and absent. Teresita was determined to rouse him from what she considered his impertinent indifference. She belonged to the siren species of woman, and, moreover, he had been the ideal of her girlhood. She wooed him with her dark, liquid eyes, in which laughed the spirit of coquetry; she flattered him with her soft, southern speech; she wove a net for him, of passionate glances, of graceful movements, of low-spoken words, of sudden sighs, of suggestive silences. He saw the meshes quite plainly, and he walked open-eyed into the snare. He had avoided it a hundred times, but since she had set her mind on making love to him, he was willing to listen to her to-night. It passed the time, it kept him from thinking too much of the woman he really loved, and whose path he resolved a dozen times a day never to darken again.

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The music of the great Lohengrin wedding-march flows across the senses like a strong, sweet tide of youth and beauty and love. There was a breathless silence in the theatre

while its notes vibrated through the house. In the midst of the applause which followed, two people entered a box opposite the Kardenspin's—Rosamond and Armydis. As soon as she took her seat, hundreds of eyes were fastened upon the beautiful Lady Lawton, who, the connoisseurs in such matters said, had never looked handsomer than to-night.

Rosamond saw nothing but the two people whispering together across the house. They were still unconscious of her presence. "Armydis," she whispered, "I want my husband. Bring him here."

"I will go as soon as some one comes in. I cannot leave you alone." "You must," she said fiercely. "I will not be insulted before the whole world."

Armydis remained beside her, however, during the rest of the act; when the curtain fell Mr. Silvertown came to speak to Rosamond, and shortly after Captain Terris came into her box. Armydis met his cousin in the foyer. "Rosamond wants you. Did you not know she was here?" he asked abruptly. "I have just seen her," answered Lawton, avoiding the indignant eyes that scrutinized his face.

"Well, are you coming?" said Armydis, roughly. Lawton made no answer, but walked off in the direction from which Armydis had come. Rosamond received her husband with a forced smile. "You see, I took your advice, and made Armydis bring me."

"You were wise. What a great house it is," he answered. He did not leave Rosamond again, but remained in the box until the opera was over. During the last act he gave himself up to the music, forgetting everything, losing himself in the magic splendor of the great fairy tale enacted before his eyes. Beset as he was by the warring emotions of that day and evening, he escaped from them, and wandered for a little in the enchanted garden of the great magician of modern music.

Armydis, coming back, took a seat behind the others, moodily watching his cousin's rapt face. He had received a rude shock that evening, and he found himself suddenly the ally of Rosamond, and the stern critic of his best friend. Until now, he had always commiserated Sir John, and looked upon Rosamond with cold disapproval, but he had chanced upon her in her sudden need, and she had turned to him and claimed his support. All the chivalry of his nature now championed the cause of that most laughable character in the eyes of the world—the jealous wife.

They all went home together, Rosamond soon after excusing herself and leaving the two cousins alone. Lawton, though ignorant of the true cause of Rosamond's agitation, understood perfectly his cousin's attitude towards himself. He was ready enough to condemn his own action to himself, to rail against his own weakness and his vanity, but he could not bear to fall in the estimation of Armydis. In his own mind he cursed his duplicity in using an empty flirtation with a light woman as a shield for the real passion by which he was possessed. It was not a fine part for him this playing fast and loose with women's hearts, this staking one woman's good name to save the reputation of another. Because Teresita was so foolish as to risk all scandal for the sake of being with him, it was no excuse for his attentions paid before the whole world, so as to mislead the thousand prying eyes to give food for the thousand censorious tongues, and divert their attention from that strange girl for whose sake he was thus sacrificing his honor. Still, while he was thinking these very thoughts, flagellating himself with one hand, with the other he soothed his wounded self-esteem. After all he was not such a bad fellow; he had temptations which no one but himself could realize; in his position so many men would have been much worse than he. There had been many another temptation which he had fought manfully. Armydis could not judge him, for every man must be judged from the standpoint of his own conscience, and Armydis did not belong to the same class of beings as other men. He was a monk, a Sir Galahad, a creature out of the middle ages, at once rough, strong, passionate and pure. The two men sat silently smoking, neither of them willing to break the awkward pause. It was impossible to speak on any indifferent subject.

It was a significant fact that in all his self-accusations Lawton thought very little about Rosamond. He acknowledged to himself that he was wronging Phyllida, that he was wronging his old friend Kardenspin, and Teresita, the reckless, pleasure-loving Spaniard; but with his own wife, it seemed to him that his accounts had long since been closed. He thought of her as the personage who had forced him into playing this shameful role. Armydis could not know the estrangement that existed between himself and his wife; he would not have him know, even to condone his own fault in his friend's eyes. Lady Lawton, the mother of his son, must in all eyes but his, be a woman to be looked up to, and admired. He had not seen her when she entered the theatre or he would never have remained in her presence beside the woman whose name the gossips were already linking with his own.

After a half-hour of this silent companionship Armydis arose. "When shall I see you again?" said Lawton, inexpressibly relieved that that painful silence was at an end. "I hardly know; I am very busy just now." "As if you are not always very busy! When is it that we are coming for tea at the studio?" "Whenever Mrs. Ackers sends me word that she has time to come. They have a great many engagements."

"You should write and fix a day. Why not make it Monday?" "Well, if that will suit the ladies. Rosamond has asked me to dine here that evening."

"I am very glad; the Kardenspins are coming." "So she told me," said Armydis shortly. The two friends stood looking uneasily at each other; neither liked to part from each other on these terms. "It's such a fine night, I will walk home with you," said Lawton.

Out in the street, the awkwardness vanished. Lawton linked his arm in his friend's and they walked along together in the familiar, boyish way, talking of the old days at home in the Vale of Lawton, trying to ignore that silent half-hour in the smoking-room. At the studio they parted, and after they had shaken hands, Lawton came back and said hurriedly, "Armydis, I didn't see you when you came in to-night; I had no idea my wife was in the theatre."

"I am glad of that, Jack. Good night."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plump; Bacchus, with pink eye;
In thy vine our carous be drowned;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!"

After parting with his cousin, Armydis climbed up to his eyrie at the top of an enormous building which swarmed with artists as a hive with bees. As he passed the studio of the young sculptor Gino, the door was thrown suddenly open, and a voice called from the inside—

"Is that you, Brown? Have you brought the wine?" "Armydis paused at the threshold, saying—"It's not Brown, and I have not brought the wine."

"I am expecting a better fellow than you, Armydis, but you shall come in and help us unload his burden when he comes." Armydis entered the room, and was noisily greeted by the company already assembled there. In the middle of the long, bare studio was an improvised table, around which sat a dozen men more or less well known to him. They were all in high spirits, and Armydis, vexed and worried by the events of the evening, was glad enough to find himself in such good company.

"No dress coats are allowed; joff with it or we will help you," cried a young man from the end of the table. He was the son of a Peer and the most radical of all that Bohemian group. "What do you expect me to do?" said Armydis. "Go up to my room and change my clothes at this hour of the night?"

"Put that on, and be thankful to find yourself in the skirt of an honest man," said Gino, tossing him his sculptor's blouse. Armydis sat down on an empty barrel, and one of his neighbors found him a beer mug, which was not in use at the moment, and emptied the last remaining bottle into it.

"What's this?" said Armydis, holding up the mug, "Champagne in mugs?" "Haven't you heard the news?" cried Gino, from the other end of the table. "I have sold my 'Echo,' and we are celebrating the glorious event."

Gino was an Italian, of whose genius his friends predicted great things. He came of an old Roman family who traced an unbroken descent from the days of the Republic. He had that perfection of manner and address which is the result of generations of cultivation. He was dressed in his working clothes, and had rolled up the sleeves of his blue blouse to the shoulder. They had crowned him with oak leaves in lieu of laurel, and he wore the chaplet like a young king. Some one was heard stumbling up the stairs and all the company pounded on the table and called loudly upon Brown, urging him to hurry, warning him not to stumble and let the wine fall. A little hairy man soon made his appearance carrying a basketful of bottles.

"Thou wert never more welcome, Brown, since the day of thy birth," cried Gino. "Armydis, you are the latest comer; you must serve the wine and count the bottles. I told him to bring two dozen."

"One dozen, sir," said Brown, the long suffering janitor of the building. "Two dozen, on my honor," said the host sternly. "Which was it, gentlemen? I leave it to you."

A perfect hub-bub followed, in which some took Brown's part, while others agreed with their host. "You were promised a share of the feast, and now you shall prove your guilt or innocence. If you can drink this whole bottle without once stopping to take breath, I am mistaken and it was one dozen; if you fail to do so it was two, and you must produce the missing bottles. Is that not a fair arrangement, gentlemen?"

There was a divided opinion, some thought it a pity to waste good liquor on a hireling, while others applauded the scheme of arbitration. "Cup-bearer, do your duty," cried Gino, waving his hand to Armydis. The latter uncorked a bottle which he offered to the janitor.

"Come, Brown, take your wine like a man, and remember that I am responsible for the confidence placed in you by these gentlemen. Keep up the honor of the Lawton Arms." "I looks toward you, gentlemen, and drinks to your success, Mr. Gino," cried Brown. The little man put the bottle to his lips, and, cheered on by a perfect babel of shouts, slowly lifted it to a perpendicular position.

"Gentlemen," said Armydis, "is our Gany-mede innocent?" There were cries of—"Yes, Yes; three cheers for Brown."

"Has he your permission to retire?" "He has," said Gino. "Then, Brown, take my advice and get to bed as quietly as you can; let us hope that your wife is a sound sleeper."

The champion of the Lawton Arms retired covered with glory, and Armydis proceeded to accomplish the duty imposed upon him. The good-fellowship, the reckless, boisterous camaraderie of his Bohemian friends had never

been so welcome to him. He gravely served the wine in imitation of the solemn, old butler at Lawton Hall.

"Some one go and fetch Theodora," said Gino, thumping on the table. "This banquet is not complete without some female society."

"Theodora is very young," said Armydis, "and she is now asleep. It would be a pity to disturb her."

"Theodora! Theodora! We must have Theodora," cried the guests. "Where does she sleep, Armydis?"

"I have made a bed for her in the coal-bin, but I know her too well to wake her."

"If you do not bring her yourself, Armydis, I will go, even I."

"You shall be obeyed Gino, I myself will conduct Theodora into your presence."

Armydis left the room, and returned a few minutes after, leading a young goat. The little creature was half asleep, and staggered along beside her master. Armydis lifted her in his arms and put her on the middle of the table in front of Gino. She was a beautiful little animal, snow-white, with the finest possible skin, and delicate little pink hoofs, polished to shine like pale coral.

"Theodora is very sorry that she had no time to make her toilet," Armydis said. "Perhaps it is not too late now. Hand me that wreath."

He took a garland of flowers from the centre of the table and wound it around the goat's neck.

"If you have any gold leaf, I will gild her horns."

The gold leaf was found, and Theodora's little horns soon shone like a coin fresh from the mint. She went to sleep again during the operation, and fell over against Armydis who supported her.

"What will the lady drink?" asked Gino, when Theodora, her toilet complete, was again aroused and coaxed to trot down the table, daintily picking her way among the plates and glasses.

"Theodora is, as you all know, still an infant; she has not yet been weaned from her nursing bottle."

"It is high time she were, Armydis, if she is to be the companion of artists. My lord of Dowersley, fetch the nursing bottle."

Theodora's bottle was brought, and filled with good red Burgundy. At the sight of the familiar bottle the goat pricked up her ears, and rubbed her nose against Armydis. He held the bottle to her unsuspecting mouth, and she began eagerly to suck at it.

"That is enough for the first time," he said, after a little, taking the bottle away.

"No, no—no heel-taps," cried Gino. Armydis suddenly caught the goat in his arms, and poured the wine remaining in the bottle all over her.

"Theodora, by this bath of Burgundy you are sealed to Bohemia." The kid turned angrily upon her master and butted him with all the force of her small body.

"My Lord of Dowersley, I commission you to make a bed for the lady on that bearskin; and, moreover, since it was Armydis who awoke her he must put her to sleep," said Gino.

The young aristocrat obediently sat down upon the floor with Theodora in his lap.

"A speech, Armydis, a speech," cried the master of the revel.

"No, I will not speak, *in vino veritas*. I am not prepared to tell you any of my secrets."

Gino refused to take no, and a young Irish painter, who had been doing his duty nobly as a trencher knight, offered to settle the point with fisticuffs. Whereupon Armydis, without a word of warning, stripped off his blouse, kicked off his boots, and getting on the table under the cloth, crawled to the very middle, and then stood upright, taking the cloth with him. Knives and forks, spoons and dishes, glasses and bottles, were thrown in disorder into the guests' laps. Meanwhile Armydis took the napkin from his arm and tied it round his neck over the cloth which entirely enveloped his head. Spreading out his arms, he made a mock speech in dumb show, gesticulating violently, and moving his mouth, into which the cloth had been crammed, as if he were making an eloquent address.

This performance was received with wild applause, with which the snores of Theodora, already sound asleep, mingled themselves. The hulking Irish painter, Rafferty, was the only one who did not join in the chorus of "bravos." As soon as the hub-bub had subsided he said insolently—

"Mr. Armydis, you have knocked over my glass and spilt my wine; do you call that the behavior of a gentleman?"

"Yes," said Armydis, coolly, "I consider whatever I may choose to do the behavior of a gentleman."

"I am not of your mind, sir. I demand an apology."

"Which I refuse to offer," said Armydis, promptly.

"Come, come gentlemen, don't let there be any feeling in this matter; it was all in sport, Rafferty," interposed Gino. "Look at me, my champagne went all over me; I am wet with it still, but good wine never hurt anybody, inside or out."

The young sculptor as he spoke, wiped his bare, white arm drenched in champagne.

"Mr. Armydis is your guest Gino, and you may be bound to put up with his vagaries, but I am not. I again demand an apology."

Armydis made no reply. He walked to the open window and looked down upon the wide lawn which spread behind the building.

"Well, what have you to say?" cried Rafferty, furiously.

"I have spoken," said Armydis, calmly folding his arms.

"You refuse to apologize."

Armydis nodded nonchalantly.

"Then I will give you a lesson, that you have long needed. I'll teach you how to behave to your superiors, you condescending snob of an aristocrat."

He approached Armydis who stood waiting for him alert and watchful.

Here the rest of the company interposed.

"My dear," said Gino, putting his arms round the Irishman's neck, "it's all a mistake. Do you think I would allow you to be insulted at my table? You are my brother, Armydis is my brother; we're all relations, don't you understand?"

Some of the men took part with one, some with the other. Cawdersley, who had been asleep beside Theodora, roused himself enough to say—

"Must be a fair fight, Queensbury rules."

"Is that what you want?" said Armydis. "Are you in need of a licking?"

For answer Rafferty threw off his coat, and shook his fist at him.

Gino in despair ran from one to the other. "It is all a terrible mistake," he cried, "they must not kill each other for this childish misunderstanding."

But the Italian's remonstrances were unheeded; the men formed a ring with that enthusiastic alacrity which stimulates the Anglo-Saxon at the prospect of seeing a fair fight. Rafferty was thought to have the advantage on his side by most of them, but Cawdersley, who was a connoisseur in such matters, offered to back Armydis to the extent of a hundred pounds.

The Irishman was three inches at least the taller, and must have outweighed his adversary by fifty pounds, but Armydis was in fine condition. His tremendous temperament required the check of the greatest physical activity, his muscles were tough as steel, there was not a pound of superfluous flesh on his well-knit frame.

The two men stood eyeing each other savagely, when Armydis suddenly threw up his hand.

"I refuse to fight," he said, "I could kill that man in a single round. Cawdersley there will tell you, that a week ago I punished the champion of Lawton, as if he had been a schoolboy."

"Yes," gurgled Cawdersley, "I back Armydis against the field."

"Any one can see that Rafferty isn't fit to fight, but he's made himself very offensive, and I intend to rid the company of his presence. Some time, when he is sober, I shall be glad to oblige him."

"Take that, you damned coward," roared Rafferty, rushing upon Armydis with his huge fist raised.

Armydis cleverly parried the blow, and with a sudden movement caught Rafferty up bodily in his arms, and before the horrified lookers on could interfere, he threw the great awkward fellow out of the window.

There was a moment of silence; the act had sobered the rioters.

"My God! You've killed him," cried Gino, himself as pale as death.

"No," laughed Armydis, "he's not even scratched, though he may be badly scared."

"It's a fact," cried Cawdersley, who was hanging out of the window, "there's a big mound of hay under the window, and he's landed in the middle of it."

"Suppose the hay hadn't been there, what then?" asked one of the group.

"In that case," said Armydis, coolly, "I should have merely put him out of the door. I happened to know that it was there, for I bear him from him again to-night, I fancy. There are two more bottles Gino, what shall be done with them?"

"Ah, my dear! We will drink to your health, said the Italian, affectionately patting his friend. "That was a great feat, and I must confess Rafferty only got what he deserved; but because he was my guest, I pray two of you put the poor fellow to bed, and make sure that he is not scared to death."

Cawdersley, with one of the others, went down to proffer their assistance to the fallen giant, and the supper party proceeded without further interruption.

The next morning Armydis awoke with difficulty, his head seemed to be nailed to the pillow by a hot iron spike driven through his temples. He lay quiet for some time pondering upon the unwonted circumstance of his aching head; he had a very vague recollection of what had happened the night before, and proceeded to freshen his memory by a cold bath.

His attention was aroused by Theodora who was butting violently against the door of the coal-bin; he let her out, and lo! the milk-white goat, his model for his great picture of Paris, was transformed into a bright, pink goat! Theodora came up to him, and smelt of him affectionately. Jocko, the jackdaw, screamed at him from his cage.

"What! Are you all so hungry? It must be later than I thought," cried the painter, hurrying with his dressing. "I have one friend at least who has something more than cupboard love for me. Ali, old fellow, what ails you this morning? You are as sober as a judge."

The dog wagged his tail, and looked up with reproachful eyes into his master's face.

"Now who told you that I made a fool of myself last night, I should like to know? You know it just as well as I do; there is no escape from public opinion even for a bachelor with a family of so-called dumb animals."

There was very little accomplished in the studio that morning. Armydis was not in a working vein. In the afternoon he went out for a long walk, coming back at the end of a twenty-mile tramp fresher than when he started.

He thought of what Sir John had said to him about writing to Mrs. Ackers, and fixing the day for the promised tea drinking in his studio. He was somewhat disturbed at the idea of seeing the young American girl again. He did not like Americans, and yet he had thought more about this girl than about any woman he had ever known; he knew that it was dangerous for him to see her again; he had resisted the thought of her as if it had been a temptation. He was so free and unfettered by the ties of human relationship. Lawton, his heart-brother, the friend he loved better than his own comfort, had really been the only person towards whom he felt bound by any strong affection. Was he ready to ex-

change his adoration of the ideal woman, for a mere human passion? So he reasoned with himself about the matter, as if it was not already too late.

He realized that his conduct towards Miss Langdon had been almost boorish. In Venice he had not delivered her cousin's note of introduction, and he had avoided the Acker's house ever since her arrival in London.

He had decided nothing when chance decided all for him; as he was marching along through a quiet suburb, he was hailed from behind, and a victoria with two ladies stopped beside him; he blushed like a boy of sixteen as his eyes met those of Phillida Langdon.

"Armydis, there is plenty of room for you; if you will sit at our feet we will drive you back to take tea with us," said Mrs. Ackers.

"Shall I not crowd you?" he said, hesitating.

"Nonsense, jump in, we often carry fat Frank himself in that lowly seat."

Without another word Armydis accepted the offered place, and sat down in the bottom of the carriage disposing his long legs as best he could on the step outside.

"It is so lucky that we met you, it has saved my writing to you, as I should have done this evening, to ask when we are to come to the studio."

"It is for you ladies to set the day; all days are alike to me, for all my time is at your disposal."

"Shall it be Monday?" said Mrs. Ackers.

"Yes, let us call it Monday."

"Remember," said Miss Langdon, "that you promised us real Bohemians. I want to see something of the artists here; they are always the most interesting people in the world."

"Mr. Armydis is not really a Bohemian, Phillida; I am sorry to disappoint you, but he has no claim to the title."

Armydis did not hear, he was looking at Phillida Langdon. He felt like a parched wayfarer on the brink of a precipice clinging to a frail bush, and feeling the earth slipping, slipping beneath his feet. By one vigorous effort he might possibly regain a firm footing and reach the dusty highroad above, but beneath him is a cool, blue lake of sparkling water. The sides of the precipice are sheer and rocky, but the music of the little waves at its base is heavenly sweet. The beaten road is a loveless, busy life; the shining blue lake is Love.

To be continued.

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The Departments will be Improved and Strengthened, and each of these will be made so strong and attractive as to render them separate features by themselves. A new feature will be a series of "Bright Sketches of Interesting Women," and "Half-Hours with Famous Literary Women," picturing the lives and homes of a number of bright and successful women who have never before been sketched in print. Readers of the JOURNAL may feel perfectly assured that their favorite paper has never before presented such a successive array of bright things as will be contained in subsequent numbers.

Features of our Summer Numbers

- An out-door flavor will pervade the issues for July, August and September, and make them fresh reading for the hot weather. These numbers will contain the following features:**
- A Day with Ida Lewis**
Spent in her Lighthouse Home. The first authentic description of the daily life of the "Grace Darling" of America. Beautifully illustrated.
- Fashionable Life at Gay Newport**
A popular picture of the summer life of the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and the leading families of wealth and fashion.
- A Girl's Life When at College**
Written by a bright college girl, showing the studies and pleasures of a young woman's life in college.
- A Story of Summer Life, by Julian Hawthorne**
Showing that "all that glitters is not gold" in summer life.
- A Beautiful Story of Sunny Italy**
By ANNE SHELDON COOMBS, in which the atmosphere of beautiful Italy is woven into a romance of unusual delicacy and skill.
- Amateur Photography for Girls**
Showing the best use of the camera in the hands of young women.
- Hints for Summer Tourists**
A helpful article, full of suggestions by the noted Dr. William A. Hammond.
- A New England Sea-Shore Story**
"A Maid of the Sea," told in a beautiful manner, and illustrated by a famous artist.
- A View of Naples by Moonlight**
As told by the versatile and favorite Mary J. Holmes.
- Baby's First and Second Summer**
A series of articles by Dr. Louis Starr, author of "Hygiene of the Nursery," and one of the leading American specialists for infants' diseases.
- Summer Articles by Felicia Holt**
On "Young Girls in Summer," "Dangers of the Seaside," "Promiscuous Bathing," etc.
- Closing a Country House for Winter**
A helpful article by Florence Howe Hall.
- Kate Upson Clarke's Beautiful Story**
"Myrtle's Mistake" will run through the summer issues, and also chapters of Mrs. Whitney's and Maud Howe's successful novels.
- A Story by Kate Tannatt Woods**
As well as this author's delightful "Letters To Beth" will be interesting features.

Our Fall and Winter Numbers

- When we come to describe what will be in our Fall and Holiday numbers, our space seems too small. We give the few we can in this limited space. Look at our array of story-writers alone:**
- A New Story, by Frances Hodgson Burnett**
Whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has won the hearts of millions of readers, young and old.
- A Novelette, by Anne Sheldon Coombs**
Which will appeal to every reader for its beauty and delicacy.
- A Story by Sarah Orne Jewett**
Whose rare gift of character delineation has placed her in the front rank of American story-tellers.
- A Holiday Story, by Susan Coolidge**
An author generally regarded as the successor of Louisa M. Alcott.
- A Delightful New Novel, by Marion Harland**
Dealing with the story of the domestic life of a literary woman.
- A New England Tale, by Rose Terry Cooke**
And there will be other stories, later on, by Hezekiah Butterworth, Edna Lyall, Kate Tannatt Woods, Josiah Allen's Wife, and other equally favorite writers.
- THERE IS PRACTICALLY NO END OF OUR SPECIAL FEATURES WHICH WE MIGHT MENTION.**
- An Article for Women, by Edward Bellamy**
The famous author of "Looking Backward,"—as a complement to his widely-successful book.
- Costly Gems of Fashionable Women**
Will give some idea of the beautiful diamonds and costly jewels of well-known women.
- Humorous Sketches, by Robert J. Burdette**
Who so pleasantly combines wit with wisdom.
- Talks to Boys, by P. T. Barnum**
In which the great showman will tell some things which boys enjoy.
- General Lew Wallace will Write for Boys**
As will also Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr., the most famous of boy writers.
- Bright and Popular Household Poetry**
By Margaret Deland, Will Carleton, Louise Chandler Moulton, James Whitcomb Riley, Edna Dean Proctor, Margaret E. Sangster, and others.
- The Story of a Fashionable Society Girl**
As told by herself from her debut in society until the present time.
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Picturing the life of an actress of to-day from behind the curtain. Written by one of the most famous actresses on the American stage.

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